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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 2, 1937 No. 1

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THE OLD YEAR

What is the Old Year? 'Tis a book
On which we backward sadly look,
Not willing quite to see it close,
For leaves of violet and rose
Within its heart are thickly strewn,
Marking love's dawn and golden noon;
And turned-down pages, noting days
Dimly recalled through Memory's haze;
And tear-stained pages, too, that tell
Of starless nights and mournful knell
Of bells tolling through troubled air
The De Profundis of dispair—
The laugh, the tear, the shrine, the shade,
All 'twixt the covers gently laid;
No uncut leaves; no page unscanned;
Close it and lay it in God's hand.

—Clarence Urmy.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GATES OF THE YEAR

The shadowy gates are swinging
That hide the dawning year;
The sound of muffled ringing
Is swiftly growing clear;
The far-off music, falling
Like flute notes soft and low,
Becomes a trumpet, calling,
And I must rise and go.

Lord, let my feet be surer
To walk the way unknown,
My heart a kingdom purer,
With love upon its throne;
And let me have a vision
Of truth, and life, and need,
And hands of quick decision
For every noble deed.

And thus with humble gladness
I greet the dawning year,
With hope that conquers sadness,
And love that casts out fear;
With courage for my roaming
In mingled peace and strife,
Till some day, in the gloaming,
I find the gates of life.

—John Mervin Hull.

THE HOPE OF THE NEW YEAR

Having closed the records of the "Old Year" with memories of many blessings, intermingled with few disappointments, the personnel of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, turns to the New Year with unbounded faith and a hope that 1937 will reveal many opportunities favorable to a joyous and profitable year.

245603

With this thought as an incentive,—the privileges of each day will be used not to show interest in just the temporal things, but, instead have as the high purpose of the school, as a whole, the development of the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of the boys, so that they will make valuable acquisitions to society.

This is possible, and can be better accomplished with a greater variety of trades taught, thereby creating a greater interest in the affairs of life. Besides, to know some trade well makes a fellow happy, contented and feeling sure of himself when passing out from the school into the wide world with its snares for the empty brain and idle hands.

It is true the school can boast of a laundry, bakery, dairy, sewing-room, print-shop, with one linotype machine, a farm of 800 acres, a school system of eight grades, a wood-shop. with one carpenter and few boys who do the repair work on buildings and farm tools as far as possible; but all of these do not suffice for the training of the 500 boys, varying in size and age, in the school all of the time. Believe it or not, this institution recognizes every day superior talent, the equal of any boy regardless of class.

Now, if the solons of 1937 see things in human values, they will not permit any more water to pass over the wheel, but will provide in the budget for equipment for the Swink-Benson-Trades-Building, so this handsome building will be transformed into a veritable bee-hive of activities.

Grateful to our numerous friends for past favors, we extend greetings of the season to one and all with the hope for continued progress and improvement in every phase of work of the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * *

THE WORK OF A WOMAN

The press carried an interesting story as to the manner in which Mrs. Fannie Morse, superintendent of the New York Training School for Girls at Hudson, disciplines her girls, and has changed the mental and spiritual attitude of 30,000 "outcasts" by talking and thinking of things other than their handicaps, such as birth, environment and offence. After a study of the new girl upon entering the

school, Fannie Morse then takes as her goal the development of abilities.

When this institution was taken over by this woman of fine Christian graces, she found it snapped with the idea of a prison life. There was not a suggestion of training only in name. The uniforms were drab, and every other activity was done with the precision of a military school under the strictest discipline. The whole machinery seemed to have been stuck. The routine of activities had not varied from the time the school had been established for some twenty five years or more.

During Fannie Morse's regime vocational training, with 20 courses of training was adopted and the girls choose the vocation suited to their taste. If a mistake is made in the first choice another chance is given with the hope the waywards will find themselves.

The story relates that the personnel, the student body, the outside sports and environments suggest to a stranger that instead of a school for outcasts it is a nice, refined boarding school for girls. This story shows that Fannie Morse has a vision, and nothing discourages her in her efforts to save girls who have never had a chance.

Elsewhere in the Uplift is the press item of the New York State Training School for girls. Fannie Morse in her accomplishments might be termed a companion piece for the wonderful Jane Addams, the founder of the Hull House, whose name is classed with the immortals.

May the New Year reveal many more characters who have a desire to deal in human values instead of giving entire time to personal affairs and the material things of life. The truly great man or woman always has an ambition to make a life, instead of just holding a job and making a living.

* * * * * * *

DANUEL BRANSON COLTRANE

A birthday is always a joy, and this is doubly true if one has passed through the long life of more than four score and ten with good health and all faculties unimpaired. This is the impression made upon the legion of friends of Mr. D. B. Coltrane, who wished

for him many happy returns on Christmas Day, the 94th anniversary of his birth.

A birthday in the life of this venerable citizen means more than a celebration. Retrospectively it is a joy, because during his many mellowing years there is gathered a chain of sweet memories of service to home, church, community and his fellowman, and, these count for more to true nobility in every walk of life, than either fortune or fame.

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, despite his years, stands upon the threshold of another year with a broader vision of true service, determined that his life in the future continue to be measured by deeds, and not years," knowing that he most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best." The Uplift is a well wisher of this distinguished citizen, who holds his position as a trustee of the Jackson Training School with all of the interest and vigor of young manhood.

* * * * * * *

BRISBANE DEAD

It is hard to believe that Brisbane, the internationally known columnist, is dead. He was profound, but brevity marked his pen pictures when either recording things of the past or forcasting conditions with the wisdom of the prophets of old.

His pen was facile, his mind fertile with courage of thought, and if one may judge the character of man by his column, it seems he reflected in his writings a humanly kind spirit.

He had an individual style of his own, a gift, therefore, his place will be hard to fill. He was a wonder and not very soon will another Brisbane be produced in American Journalism.

* * * * * * *

MAKING OVERTURES

Even the governor of Virginia has announced he would be glad to have the former King Edward make his home in the Old Dominion, feeling that "the people and customs of some sections of the state are more like Edward's native land than any place outside of his own country—England." That is a broad statement that per-

haps many of the conservatives of Virginia resent since Edward Windsor has exhibited a liking for the "high-life." But why expatiate on the poor fellow's past? He truly has paid the price. And it is like Brisbane said; it is like pounding a fellow when he is down. He should be permitted to go where he can find peace of mind and soul. Let it be in this country or some other. None of us have seen within the cup. Therefore, "judge not." Time will unfold the motive of abdication, let it be for his lady love, or a conviction of duty. It makes no difference now, the "die is cast."

* * * * * * *

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Christmas 1936 has passed, but the boys at the Stonewall Jackson Training School will always hold in memory the fine Christmas that was their privilege to enjoy. Nuts, candy, apples, oranges, tangerines, raisins, chewing gum, Cracker Jack and other delicacies made up the fine Christmas bags presented to them.

This bountiful gift was made possible by loyal friends, whose hearts are made to beat afresh in providing joy for others on Christmas morning.

Please accept through these lines the grateful thanks of the Jackson Training School and the boys for these kind donations.

Following is the final list of contributions to our Boys' Christmas Fund:

M. S. Lyles, Concord,	$ 5.00
Juvenile Commision, Greensboro,	3.00
Women's Club, Ellenboro,	1.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Mre. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	5.00
Curry F. Lopp, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Lexington,	5.00
Bernard Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gregory, and Family, and Friends, Cooleemee,	10.00
A Friend, Atlanta, Ga.	1.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
Welfare Department, Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Superintendent,	10.00

Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte,	10.00
A Friend, Charlotte,	2.00
Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Superintendent Guilford County Welfare Department, Greensboro,	2.00
W. J. Swink, China Grove,	50.00
A. W. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
Richmond County Welfare Department, O. G. Reynolds, Superintendent,	5.00
Woman's Club, Mrs. A. S. McRacken, Treasurer, Kenly,	2.00
Park and Juvenile Commission, W. F. Bailey, Director, High Point,	5.00
Durham County Welfare Department, W. E. Stanley, Superintendent,	7.00
Mecklenburg County Commissioners, Charlotte,	100.00
Wake County Welfare Department, Mrs. T. W. Brickett, Superintendent,	10.00
7-8-8, Concord,	25.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,	5.00
Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh,	5.00
Woman's Club, Mrs. C. D. Winebrewer, Wendell,	2.50
	$375.50

Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord, 130 pounds pecans.

N. C. Federation of Women's Clubs, by Mrs. George E. Marshall and Mrs. M. H. Johnson, Mt. Airy, 1 bushel apples.

Woman's Club, Hendersonville, Box of books, candy, etc.

Woman's Club, Mt. Gilead, Box books and magazines.

Boy Scouts, Troops No. 42, 43 and 44, Salisbury, Several bags of fruit, nuts and candy.

Cabarrus Cash Grocery, Concord, 1 box oranges, 2 boxes tangerines.

Woman's Club, Greenville, one year's subscription to the following magazines: Boys' Life, Child Life, American Boy.

F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord, 4 boxes B. B. Bats.

A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary Charlotte Y. M. C. A. 500 oranges, 500 apples, 500 bags candy, 1500 suckers.

J. W. Propst, Jr., Concord, 14 bushels oranges

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A New Year's Wish

May New Year and every day,
All '37 through,
Have some extra joy in it
Expressly for you.

—o—

There is no doubt about it. An heiress makes a capital wife.

—o—

It is a foregone conclusion that a Christmas present gives more real joy than a Christmas past.

—o—

If a man wants to pass along the street without being noticed let him walk behind a good-looking woman.

—o—

A lot of people do not show as much improvement, year after year, as the automobiles in which they ride.

—o—

It looks as if this country will never again be on an equal footing, when so many people ride, and so many have to walk.

—o—

The longest stretch in the United States, without a filling station, is that eight-mile bridge over San Francisco bay.

—o—

There will be amazing advertising in the next few years but it won't do the man any good who doesn't believe in advertising.

—o—

Before Christmas Santa Claus is always pictured as carrying a large bag. After Christmas the paterfamilias has the bag to hold.

—o—

In the old fashioned days Santa Claus was supposed to come from the North Pole. This year he seems to have migrated from Washington.

—o—

Inasmuch as you can't expect the world to do everything your way, why not be sensible, and for once, and do something the world's way?

—o—

Folks are advised, by physicians, to lie on the right side. But there are some people who lie on both sides, and do not seem to be satisfied with that.

—o—

There is many a family in this old showy world that keeps themselves poor all the time trying to be prosperous—keeping up with their more favored neighbors.

—o—

The papers report a girl who has sneezed for several weeks, without stopping. The way to cure her is let an eligible young man propose to her—he's not to be sneezed at.

—o—

When you think and imagine people are thinking evil about you, don't bother about it. But when you imagine evil about other people, get busy on yourself.

—o—

California, canceling for life the license of a reckless driver, makes

the Golden State too hot to hold him, and some other State will be afflicted with his recklessness.

—o—

When a woman tells and shows her husband the crumpled up fenders on his new car, she obtained in an accident, it shows that she is brave and not at all afraid of her hubby.

—o—

Mussolini will not allow a book attacking him be sold in Italy. It is pretty evident that Mussolini is determined not to let authors of such works make a lire out of him.

—o—

It is often quite disconcerting to newspaper readers to find that the fellow that makes up the columns will say at the bottom of the article on the first page, "continued on such-and-such" a page and put it on another page.

—o—

It is now made possible to plug in an electric shaver and shave without lather. Gone are the days of the past when you had your name in gold letters on a shaving mug, and, when you went in to be shaved, you plugged in on the gossip of the town.

—o—

We all have our idiosyncrasies. Have you ever noticed how fickle most of us are? People who carry watches don't pay much attention to what time of day it is, as you will see so often when a person takes out his watch, or looks at his wrist watch, and when asked by another person what time it is, he will look at his watch again to see.

Have you ever met up with the situation that when you sit down to real thinking, by yourself, you can think of a whole lot of deep things, but when you get with somebody else, or appear before a crowd, and start to talk you can't think of any of them. Your ideas have all flown away like a flock of scared birds, and you are left as dumb as a clam. It is really disconcerting.

—o—

Things grow more complicated all the time. A Massachusetts court rules that a woman on roller-skates is a vehicle. In Indiana a man is going to law to find out if a trailer in an automotive accessory or a house. Bulging from the pocket of a seedy looking farmer on the race track at San Antonio, Texas, was a wad of money. After the pocket was picked the "farmer" leaped down and arrested a suspect. The robbed man was a sheriff in disguise.

—o—

This is the day of all sorts of propaganda. Many people receive circulars, and other matter, suggesting if they are suffering from any ailment, these propagandists tell them they have a remedy that will cure them. These cure-alls too often turn out to be quacks. They get your money and do you no good. I do not advise anyone getting letters from unknown doctors to send them money. Better try your home doctor, or get treatment from a well-known specialist.

—o—

I am not going to formulate New Year resolutions for 1937, to be shattered a few days after they are

formed, but continue to live each day to the best of my ability. But I am going to make a wish for the incoming year, with a prayer, that it may be granted. The wish is this: Health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support my needs; strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them; grace enough to confess my sins and forsake them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity enough to see good in my neighbor; cheerfulness that shall make others glad; love that shall move me to be useful and helpful; faith that shall make real the things of God; and hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

THE TONGUE

There are poisonous gases with lethal effect.
The homes and the lives of a million it's wrecked,
There are cannons and rifles, and death rides the air,
In its wake there's destruction, heartaches, and despair.
The cyclones on land, the storms on the deep,
The sly silent terror of reptiles that creep,
The noose on the scaffold where criminals have hung,
Can't compare with the sting of a sharp human tongue.

The garden of Eden, man's first paradise,
Was shattered by Satan in snakish disguise.
The grimest destruction, man's saddest defeat,
Was when Satan said "Eve, of this tree you must eat."
Cleopatra the sensuous queen of the Nile,
Took thousands of lives with a tongue that was vile.
A subtle reproof, a piercing remark,
Can shatter the love and the light of a heart.

Aside from a weapon, a man's tongue can be,
A great inspiration, a sweet melody.
You can use it for good, you can use it for naught.
From the mire of the gutter dead souls have been brought
To the height of success, to sunshine sublime,
To a pathway of honor, from byways of crime.
Good advice to the old, priceless words to the young
Are:—Be careful! Be careful! how you use your tongue.

—Exchange.

DEVELOPS ABILITIES IN REFORMING GIRLS

By Howard W. Blakeslee

Fannie French Morse for 35 years has applied a single rule to 30,000 wayward girls—find the girl's abilities.

She shut her eyes to the handicaps of her charges, reversing the usual method of "reform," and the result is that she tops the present generation in numbers of once outcast girls helped to become successful women.

Mrs. Morse is superintentdent of the New York State Training School for Girls at Hudson. It had a prison pen when she took charge in 1923. Today it has the appearance of a girl's school.

Her 'graduates" are "paroles." Yet during the depression these girls were at a premium in some of the New York department stores, which wanted them for their merchandising selling abilities, all developed under Mrs. Morse's principle of "find the abilities."

The school is an institution of spacious grounds, topping a ridge overlooking the Hudson to the west, and the foothills of the Catskills.

Mrs. Morse has transformed the headquarters home where she lives, a once dilapidated colonial house, into a mansion. The girls are welcome visitors. With antiques which she has spent a lifetime collecting and achitectural restorations, Mrs. Morse provides them with object lessons in making a home charming.

The girls live in dormitories. Each is a complete home. The girls decorate their rooms to suit themselves. They choose their own roommates. Their discipline is that of a well-directed college.

"When I came here," Mrs. Morse said, "I found a prison, not a training school in anything but name. Girls marched in formation to and from their work and meals, clad in the drab monotony of uniforms. They could not talk at their meals or at work. Incarceration followed the slightest breach of discipline."

Today the girls have their own store and their own money for trading. They are trained there for most of the branches of department store merchandising. They can learn to make clothing for sale in the store. There are more than 20 courses of training.

The girls choose the vocations they think they want. They try it out under conditions resembling real life. They are free to try something else if they find themselves unfitted for their first choice. Most of the courses available in grils school "outside" are open to them.

In only one respect would a visitor supect that this was not a junior college of the free world. The girls refer to life as "outside."

A Norwegian girl who is now "outside" is a typical example of Mrs. Morse's results. She came to the training school with an intelligence test of 71. No attention was paid to this seemingly impossible handicap. Today she is a high-salaried steno--

grapher and an expert in art restorations.

About 500 girls are under Mrs. Morse's direction at the Hudson school. Before this New York work she was superintendent of the State Industrial School for Delinquent Girls, Massachusetts; superintendent of the Minnesota Home School for Girls; and made a survey under the U. S. Department of Justice of the National Training School for Girls.

Russell Sage college this year gave her an honorary doctorate of pedagogy and made her an honorary alumnus for "having saved thousands of girls from the stigma of reformatary confinement and sending them out well-equipped to take their part in the work and the home life of our nation."

The stones you throw at others today you will find in your pillow tonight.—Selected.

WHEN DOES THE YEAR BEGIN

By W. J. Banks

When does the year begin?

Our answer is "January 1st." But there are very many people, probably a majority of the world's population, who would disagree with us. Our ancestors, too, might have wondered why we accord this honor to the first day of January. Indeed, there are other months which appear to have good claims to be called the first month of the year, and consequently other days which could claim to be New Year's Day.

The ancient Egyptians and some neighboring peoples divided their years by the autumnal equinox, about September 21st. Indeed, that period of the year has much to commend it for special honor. Since man began to wrest a living from the soil the autumn has been the season of plenty and of joy. Little wonder that in many ages and climes it has seemed to men that a new part of their lives had started when the crops were harvested, stomachs were full and the season of rest was ahead.

The Jewish civil New Year is the first of the month of Tishri (September or early October) but the religious year begins at the spring equinox. And that, too, is a splendid time for a new year to begin. Surely it is a time of a new start, a New Year indeed, when nature awakens from her long sleep, when the earth becomes fruitful again, and all is youth and color!

The Mohammedan Nau Roz (New Year) comes with the vernal equinox, and the Hindus adopted a spring date also, in April. The early Christians, perhaps influenced by the Jewish religious celebrations, took March 25th as their New Year's Day as this date was supposed then to

coincide with equinox. It was observed throughout medieval times. Thus the direct antecedents of most of us started the year on that date for a much longer period than that during which January 1st had been in vogue in the Western World.

Ancient Greece celebrated the New Year at the winter solstice, about December 21st, then changed to the summer solstice, about June 21st. Among primitive peoples, too, both those seasons have been popular. In most pagan religions the sun god is important. It is natural, then, that the time when he ceases his retreat and turns northward again, should be an occasion for rejoicing, regarded as a new beginning. Similarly, the zenith of his power, in June, calls for celebration.

Thus each of the four divisions of the solar year—the two equinoxes and the two solstices—have been regarded as marking the year's beginning. Yet today most people accept none of them as such. It was Rome which first brought January 1st into prominence. At one time the ancient Romans, too, observed the winter solstice as the New Year. But with the adoption of the Julian Calendar, decreed by Julius Cæsar, January became fixed definitely as the first month of the Roman year. Hence, January 1st was New Year's Day. In those times, the rest of the world did as Rome directed.

But, as we have said, the early Christians began their year at March 25th, and after the fall of the Empire this was the general date throughout Europe. However, Saxon England adopted December 25th, for the time of the winter solstice was the great festival among the northern peoples. Upon the Norman conquest, William the Conqueror decreed a change to January, perhaps because his coronation as King of England was set for that time. But later the English changed again to the more general March 25th.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII introduced the Gregorian Calendar, now used by us. By then the vernal equinox, March 25th in Cæsar's time, had moved back to March 11th, due to the imperfection of the Julian calendar. This brought up to the 21st in the above year by reckoning October 5th as October 15th. We maintain the correction by not reckoning century years as leap years unless divisible by 400. The new calendar also restored the Roman New Year's Day—January 1st.

The Roman Catholic countries accepted this change at once. Protestant northern Europe fell into line about 1700. But even then, ultra-conservative England continued to reckon by the Julian Calendar, and to observe New Year at March 25th. When in 1752 England finally decided to adopt the Gregorian Calendar, angry mobs went about crying, "Give us back our eleven days!" Many ignorant folk actually believed that their lives were being shortened by eleven days. But the reform stood; and January 1st was accepted in England as New Year's Day.

Protestant and Roman Catholic countries now agreed on this matter, but the countries of eastern Europe which followed the Eastern or Greek Church, retained the Julian Calendar until the present century. By then the discrepancy had reached thirteen

days, and in Imperial Russia, for instance, New Year's Day corresponded to our January 14th. Not until after the revolution did Russia abandon the Julian Calendar.

Old China ended its year with the twelfth or "Pepper Moon," and the first fifteen days of the first or "Beginning Moon" were devoted to special observances. The time corresponds with our January or February. The Republican Government has adopted the Western calendar. But it is hard to change the age-old ways of 400,000,000 people. Even in the cities, government and western business offices must take note of the old Chinese New Year. The festival culminates in the picturesque Feast of the Lanterns.

So we see that the date of the New Year has varied widely in different times, and still varies in different climes. But, at whatever season man has observed the New Year, seldom if ever has he regarded it with indifference. Since the beginning of history, this has been a great, universal festival. And rightly so. For, inevitably, we associate with New year the idea of a renewal of our spiritual life, a rededication of ourselves to our ideals and our religion.

Of all the countless customs with which New Year has been observed throughout the ages and in every land, nearly all suggest in some manner the idea of renewal, or a new beginning. The Persians present each other with eggs, symbols of creation and a new life. Once the practice of calling on one's friensds at New Year as if to renew and strengthen the friendship for the coming year, was almost universal. It is an unhappy Japanese who cannot afford a new suit for this ceremoney. The Chinese must pay off all debts by New Year's Eve, so the first sun of the year may rise upon a clean slate.

The exchange of gifts at the New Year is an ancient custom, serving not only to renew and strengthen fellowship, but to invite good fortune to favor both donor and recipient. In France, Spain and Scotland, the New Year rather than Christmas or any other occasion is still the chief time for making presents. Scotland especially has preserved a great wealth of New Year's customs, including that of the "first footer." The first visitor to cross the threshold after midnight of New Year's Eve brings good luck to himself and to the household, provided he does not come empty-handed.

No matter how one is accustomed to greet the New Year, or at what season the celebration comes in one's own land, the conception of a fresh start in every sphere of one's life is a worthy idea. But it must go deeper than do most of our half-hearted, short-lived "New Year's Resolutions" if our spiritual rebirth at the New Year is to be genuine.

You may not be good enough to love your enemies, but you can be wise enough not to waste valuable time trying to get even with them.—Exchange.

A NEW YEAR PARABLE

(Selected)

Dr. David Smith has given us a beautiful incident which he calls "a parable of life."

He writes: "A few seasons ago a little yacht was cruising among the Western Islands of Scotland, and one sullen evening a gale set in from the broad Atlantic. It came moaning over the long, rolling swell, and caught the frail craft off a perilous lee shore. There was no shelter at hand; but the old skipper had known that treacherous coast from boyhood, and he said that there was a harbor some distance away, and he thought he could make it. And so, through the darkness, lit only by the gleam of phosphorescence in her wake, the little ship went plunging on her course amid the welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water; and they let go the anchor, and turning into their berths, went peacefully to sleep.

"In the morning the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little loch, girt about by dark, purple mountains. It was a quiet haven; but, looking toward the entrance, he beheld a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, and all awash with boiling surf. To think of passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller, and those jagged teeth would catch the frail timbers, and grind them to splinters, and every life would perish. He gazed awhile; then he shuddered, and, turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed, "Did we—did we pass there in the darkness?"

We regard the call of the new year, and we are astonished at the wisdom and the goodness of God which have led us so patiently and successfully through the perils of the past year. "And we shall never realize what a debt we owe to the unseen love which has attended us until we get home to the city of God, and from its shining battlements survey the long road which we have traveled over the wide wilderness God has been our Guide, our Pilot.

"He leads us on
By paths we do not know
Upwards he leads us, though our steps are slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day:
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on."

People are paid wages for doing things they are told to do; salaries for doing the same things without being told.
—Selected.

THE HAPPIEST RESOLUTION

By Mabel McKee

Justine Borden watched the clock as she pressed her one dinner gown.

Its minute hand seemed to drag, yet she had heard people say that it fairly flew as it measured the last few hours of every year.

What a happy New Year's Day loomed before her! Helping slow-witted Tommy with the noon feeding of the stock wouldn't seem work today. She wouldn't mind thawing ice out of the chickens' drinking troughs which he had forgotten to empty the night before. She'd go out at noon and help him scatter the straw in the cow barn the way Peter liked it, and she'd send a crock of her newest sausage to Peter's mother as a New Year gift.

"Peter and I are driving in to Newtonville tonight to spend the New Year, having a party all by ourselves," she had told the elder Mrs. Borden that morning over the rural telephone.

"It looks mighty foolish to me to go out in all this cold," Peter's mother had fretted her reply. "You might as well wait until Sunday to go. The almanac says we'll have warmer weather then."

Justine had laughed softly to herself when the telephone conversation was over. She whispered softly, "Peter doesn't mind the cold of a drive to Newtonville. Two years ago he drove there, when the thermometer showed five below, to have dinner with me on New Year's Eve."

Then she had been a teacher in the Newtonville schools, and Peter, the most eligible bachelor of Beech Grove neighborhood. On that New Year's Eve they had become engaged.

"We shall celebrate every New Year's Eve as the anniversary of our engagment," he had said in his drawling, musical voice.

They had been married the next June and come to live in a pretty new cottage on Peter's eighty acre farm. And their first anniversary dinner had been eaten, not at the tea room in Newtonville, where Peter had proposed, but at a table beside Peter's bed because he was ill with influenza. Justine had used her best silver and glassware and they had been quite merry until the cake and jello course arrived and with it Curt Kyle, Peter's brother-in-law.

After that they had to listen to Curt's account of his last "streak of bad luck." Justine had bitten her lips to keep from saying something when Peter had taken a crisp ten dollar bill from his pocketbook and handed it to Curt. That money had been saved to buy needed repairs for their radio. During the weeks that followed they had missed all the programs they loved best and Justine started to resent all the things Peter did for his "complaining, inefficient relatives."

Now as Justine held up the stiff, black taffeta, she forgot the Borden family's troubles. "It looks like a French model," she whispered, "and I made it myself."

She had kept the new dress a secret from Peter, just as she had the money for the New Year's party until last week. He had shaken her

slender shoulders with loving hands when she gave him the two crisp ten dollar bills, saying, "For our New Year's party, Peter. It's been saved dime by dime from our housekeeping allowance."

Together they had planned their party. Dinner would be at the tea room, breakfast at the big hotel where they'd spend the night. They would eat lunch at the new restaurant at the Junction as they drove home.

Justine slipped the dinner gown on a hanger and carried it upstairs to her closet. She took down Peter's best suit to press it. Just then Tommy called her name. His voice was so excited that she knew instinctively something was wrong.

"He's let the calves out again," she thought fearfully, rushing downstairs.

Tommy was holding an envelope toward her. "The mister sent it by Cy Letrich," he drawled. "Cy was drivin' by Curt's home when he saw him."

Justine's heart seemed to stop beating. Other notes sent her by Peter on occasions like this made her know that Peter couldn't come home as he had planned; that their complaining, inefficient relatives had spoiled their holiday.

After she had read the note Justine took her iron from the range and set it on the rack at the window to cool. There wasn't any need to press Peter's clothes. They weren't going to have their party at all. Curt had taken a cold and couldn't get outdoors, so Peter had to stay on at his sister's home, looking after the stock sick with distemper.

"Have some of the neighbors in for a good time tonight," Peter had closed the note. "But at twelve o'clock stop everything to think of me a minute. For right at the time I'll be thinking of you."

Justine tore the note into pieces, lifted the range lid and dropped them onto the glowing coals. Even when the piece which read "With love" dropped face up, Justine didn't smile. "If Peter loves anyone, it's his family," she said.

After that she went on with her kitchen work, thinking of all the occasions on which Peter's family had crashed their plans for happiness. Their first bitter quarrel had come last May when Peter had left her rock garden unfinished to help his brother Jim plant a late garden. Other quarrels had followed, each more bitter than the last.

Justine had planned to say at their dinner that evening, "Peter, darling, let's don't quarrel once during the New Year Let's have that for our joint New Year's resolution. Let's both agree to smile when the other gets fussy."

But now they wouldn't even get to make a joint New Year's resolution as they had done during the last two years. Peter would be caring for Curt's stock and she would sitting alone in their pretty farm home.

Just then she saw Poppy Jane crossing the yard toward the house. Poppy Jane didn't know about Peter's note and had walked a mile through this deep snow, though she was so frail, to stay at their home while they went on their party.

Justine drew her into the house and close to the range, "You're

frozen, child," she said.

When Poppy Jane was warm Justine told her that long trip through the snow had been unnecessary; that she wouldn't be needed to keep the home fires burning; that she and Peter wouldn't get to have their New Year's party at all.

Poppy Jane's face sagged. Two big tears came to her eyes. Justine was touched, thinking they were sympathy for her. And then the girl began in a heartbroken voice, "I told Emmy to come tonight to stay with me as you said I could. And we were going to make my new dress tomorrow for the guild party. If I'm at home I have to do all the work and can't sew any. Our machine is broken, too."

She broke the string of the bundle she had placed on the table and lifted out of it a piece of gray material, given her by her grandmother as a birthday gift a year ago. Poppy Jane's mother, who was the eldest sister of Peter, had been "aiming to get at it." for the last twelve months. And now the seventeen-year-old girl who was always shabby and quietly unhappy, was going to make it herself with the aid of her chum.

Justine's heart swelled with pity for the girl. Then it grew bitterly hard as she thought to herself. "They're ruining her life just as they're trying to do mine. They're keeping Peter to look after Curt's sick stock on our beautiful anniversary. And I'm to sit at home—"

The glass she was holding crashed to the floor. Poppy Jane's eyes widened as Justine laughed over the incident. She just stared as her uncle's pretty young wife exclaimed, "You're to stay on tonight with Emma coming to keep you company, Tomorrow you can make the dress together. I'm going home for New Year's Day. I'll take the four o'clock bus."

The idea to go away had come to Justine with a rush. After the first thought, Justine decided to stay at home a whole week. She'd leave Peter a note saying she hoped he'd come after her if Curt's stock could spare him. And she hoped he'd learn while she was away how lonely she had been all the hours he'd been helping his people.

She left Poppy Jane to finish the kitchen work while she flew upstairs to pack for the trip. The twenty dollars she had saved for the party would finance the trip nicely.

The new dinner gown was draped over the back of a chair waiting to be packed when Poppy Jane came into Justine's room to ask regarding potatoes for dinner. At sight of it the girl's eyes began to gleam. With a rush she was beside it, stroking it with adoring fingers. "It's the loveliest thing I ever saw," she said "The very loveliest."

Justine thought of the drab gray material downstairs, soon to be made into a dress for the girl. At the same time she studied the little figure before her with the new grace and happiness in her slim little body. "In the right clothes," she thought to herself, "drab little Poppy Jane would be sort of pretty."

Quickly she looked at the clock on her dresser, which like the big one downstairs was ticking out the remaining hours of the old year. Quickly she thought, "There will be time

for me to cut it out and baste it and fit it before noon. Then I can pack and get ready for the four o'clock bus."

Aloud she said, "Poppy Jane I have some peacock blue silk for sleeves and a collar for your new dress if you'd like it made like mine. I'll cut it out, baste and fit it before I leave, if you will promise to sew it very carefully, just as you learned in domestic science at school."

"Oh'" Poppy clapped her hands. "In a dress like this Ben Kirke will look at me as he does at Kathleen Curtis and the other girls."

Ben Kirke! Justine looked at Poppy Jane's eyes, hungry for admiration the other girls of her age knew. Her heart felt strange tugs for the neglected, lonely little creature. She walked to the closet and brought from it soft rose satin she had bought for a blouse for herself —a grade many times lovelier than the peacock blue material she had mentioned.

"We'll make the sleeves and collar of this dear," she said.

Poppy Jane gave soft little cries over the beautiful silk. She sang while they worked over it and then talked in hushed, eager little words, telling Justine about Ben Kirke, whose father was the biggest farmer in the neighborhood; about the good times the others had at the guild parties, while she sat alone.

Justine could picture the sentsitive, little wraith sitting alone in one corner or pretending she didn't want to play games. She had known poorly dressed girls, who were self-conscious.

"Promise me you'll play every game at next week's party, Poppy Jane," she said. "Now promise."

When Tommy came in, hungry for dinner, Poppy Jane fried him some ham and made him eat in the kitchen because the dining room had become a sewing room for the new dress. Neither she nor Justine would admit to being hungry until the clock struck one.

"I'll really have to eat a bit and then do my packing," Justine said "You and Emma can finish the dress tomorrow."

"Do you think we can make it look like your dress, Aunt Justine?" Poppy Jane's eyes were wistful.

Justine couldn't answer. Poppy Jane's rough little fingers had a way of pulling threads in the soft silk that was discouraging. He seams were crooked and her stitches out of proportion. She was sure to bungle the sleeves.

Still the dress would be prettier than any she now had. Justine tried to tell herself this and down a persistent voice while she put her toilet things in her traveling bag. And then she saw the little silver thimble Peter had given her on her first birthday after they were married.

"It seems to me that your stitches are lovelier because they really contain love," he had said. "You put love into the gifts you make for your sisters, your friends, your—"

Justine stood still a minute. Her sisters, her friends had beautiful things. They didn't need her stitches. But poor, forsaken little Poppy Jane!

With a rush she had all the things out of her traveling bag and the new dress hung in her closet. She wore the thimble downstairs to finish

making Poppy Jane's dress. Later she claimed that happy way Poppy Jane danced around the table was responsible for her saying, "I'm going to invite Ben Kirke and some of the other youngsters of the neighborhood in to watch the old year out tonight. And you're to wear it and look your prettiest."

Poppy Jane just sat down and cried like a little girl. "Oh, I know this is to be the most beautiful New Year of my whole life," she sobbed, laughing at times, too. "The very most beautiful."

"Surely," Justine agreed. "And I'll help you make other new dresses to keep it rosy."

There wasn't any time for Justine to think of Peter during that afternoon. Tommy had to be directed about caring for the stock. Emma, who came later, helped him with the milking so her chum's dress would be done for the evening. Justine made sandwiches and jello for the party, and Poppy Jane's hair had to be washed and curled so it would look as nice as the dress.

It was luminous little Poppy Jane who opened the kitchen door of the Bordon farmhouse to Peter just a little before eleven o'clock that night. But it was Justine who ran to him and saw how cold he was from his long drive through the bitter cold. She nestled in his arms close to the range and didn't worry the least bit because her new dress was ruffled by his heavy mackinaw.

Poppy Jane talked and talked in a radiant voice, telling him everything that had happened that last day of the old year, everything but about the interrupted trip.

It was to his big, rough hands Justine clung an hour later as the two of them sat at the kitchen table, eating the "heavy supper" for which Peter said he was so hungry after he had changed into proper clothes for a host at a party. She even smiled when he said that his mother had wakened his father and sent him to Curt's so that he'd be home to watch the old year out with his wife.

The clock ticked on and on, demanding attention to the fact that the New Year was almost there. Suddenly Peter noticed it. "Time to make a resolution or two together, Mrs. Borden," he began in his teasing, happiest way. "Remember your husband rode all the way through the night just to be here to make a good New Year's resolution with you."

Justine's heart laughed at memory of the resolution she had planned to make—not to quarrel through the year. They didn't need that one now. There would be no reason for quarrels now that Poppy Jane had made her understand why Peter did so much for his family. She understood how childish they were, and how useless.

She remembered Poppy Jane's words of the afternoon. "The happiest New Year of my whole life. The most beautiful."

Softly then she spoke. "Peter, let's make this year the nicest year of our lives. Let's laugh more; let's love more; let's help others more."

Peter's big hands, which tilled the soil and planted seeds to feed others as well as himself and Justine, drew Justine's close to his heart.

"That, my wife, is just about the

biggest, happiest resolution two people could make," he said. "But I'll join you in making it. The very nicest year of our lives it is to be. Right now it starts."

For the big clock was striking telling of the birth of a New Year and a new joyous note actually seemed to be in its voice, a note of promise.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Clifton Morris, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 7, who was paroled in July 1933, visited the School on New Year's Day. After leaving the School, Clifton worked in a cotton mill for about a year. For the past two years he has been working in a C C C camp, located up in the mountains of Western North Carolina, near Globe. He tells us he is employed as truck driver and likes his work very much. He had been spending the Christmas holidays with his parents in Lexington.

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Dermont Burkhead, of Lexington, a former member of our printing class, called on friends at the School on New Year's Day. He was paroled January 4, 1933. At the time he returned to his home, Dermont was unable to attend school, finding it necessary to obtain employment of some sort. After spending some time at a C C C camp, and at work on other federal projects, he found that conditions at home had improved to such an extent that he would again be able to resume his studies. He is now attending Lexington High School where he is a member of the junior class.

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The receipt of Christmas greetings from paroled boys have been reported to this office by several of the Training School's staff of workers. Among those sending cards were:

Emerson Frazier, Greensboro; Arthur Boyette, Newton Grove; Willard Newton, Pasadena, Calif.; Harvard Winn, Altamahaw; Howard Wilson, Burlington; Wallace Rackley, Faison; Rick Dalton, Chattanooga, Tenn; Wilson McLean, Lenoir; Earl Rogers, Rose Hill; Constantine Meena, Charlotte; Rufus Wrenn, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Horace McCall, New Bern; Clyde Bristow, Winston-Salem; Leonard Melton, Albemarle; Milton Hunt, Muskegon, Mich.; Vernon Bass, Fayetteville; Douglas Wilkes, Raleigh; Jack Palmer, Greensboro; Clyde Kivett, Concord; Howard Keenan, Anderson, S. C.; Lee McBride, Alexandria, Va.; Selma Cagle, Canton; William C. Jolly, San Francisco, Calif.

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Edward Finch, of Bailey, formerly of Cottage No. 7 and a member of our poultry force, who was paroled December 24, 1923, called on friends at the School last Monday. Shortly after being paroled Edward enlisted in the United States Army where he served five years, spending practically all the time at Fort Leonard Wood, near Baltimore, Md.

Since leaving the army he has been engaged in farming and according to his statements made in con-

versation with several officers of the School, he has been quite successful.

Edward is now 31 years old and has developed into a nice looking chap, having all appearances of being a rugged son of the soil. He is married and is the father of a little girl seven years old.

In commenting on his stay at the School, Edward stated that he was proud of the time spent here, and that the experience had been most helpful to him in many ways.

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CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

Life holds for us all sorts of pleasures if we but look for them, and of all seasons of the year, none are more pleasing to either the child or adult mind than the Christmas holidays. The Yule-tide season brings to us a charm that for real joy and happiness, completely overshadows all other holidays.

Keeping in step with the rest of the Christian world this was plainly evident here at the the School. For weeks in advance of the celebration of the birth of the Christ-child, one could see reflected in the faces of both the youngsters and members of the staff pleasant anticipation of what this gala season might have in store for them.

As the time drew nearer there was great hustling in all departments. The boys entered into the daily rehearsals for the Christmas play and other exercises with great spirit. There was a different ring to their voices as they practiced those beautiful Christmas Carols. The same spirit was plainly noticeable as we watched the carpenter shop crew arranging decorations in the auditorium; the young bakers preparing delicious cakes, others could be seen eagerly awaiting the arrival of the mail man on his daily rounds; some were seen hustling about the campus delivering packages, in fact we failed to notice a single lad who did not gleefully enter into the spirit which prevails at Christmas time.

Promptly at seven o'clock on Christmas Eve, our large family of nearly five hundred boys, dressed in Sunday uniforms, assembled in the auditorium, where they, together with a number of visitors, enjoyed a fine program. The program started with the singing of "Joy to the World." This was followed by the recitation of the story of Jesus' birth, found in second chapter of Luke. This was led by Thomas McCarter, of Cottoge No. 9, after which he delivered a beautiful Christmas prayer.

Rev. Voight R. Cromer, pastor of St James Lutheran Church, Concord, then addressed the assemblage. He said that Christmas was the time of the year when people in all walks of life were busy planning for the pleasure of others.

Rev. Mr. Cromer then told of that night in Bethlehem nearly 2000 years ago when two persons, a man and his wife, traveled from their home in northern Judea to Bethlehem, making the long journey that they might be enrolled for taxation. The town was crowded and they had to be content with the best shelter they could find, which was nothing more than a stable.

God came to earth that night, said the speaker, as a little child. That child, Jesus, of such humble birth

and poor parents, grew up much as we grow, lived among men, and finally died that we might be saved.

Rev. Mr. Cromer stated that we often think of God as being great, powerful, eternal. He is all that, but if we couldn't think of Him in any other way, He would seem afar off. But when we think of Him as coming to earth in the form of a little child, living among and walking with men, He becomes closer to us.

Just as Jesus' parents sought room in the town of Bethlehem many years ago, said the speaker in conclusion, God comes to us today, seeking room in our hearts. The same gift he made to the world nearly 2,000 years ago, He now offers to us. It is up to us to accept this, the greatest of all gifts.

Next on this Christmas program was the presentation of a play, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," written by Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of that famous story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and many others. This play, in three acts, very clearly showed how the spirit of Christmas brings all classes of people together. The Birds', who lived in a mansion and the Ruggles', who occupied a shack in the rear, though far apart socially, needed each other's company to make Christmas real.

The manner in which the boys played their respective parts, especially those portraying female characters, was excellent. While William Bell, playing the part of Mrs. Ruggles; Thomas Braddock, as Carol Bird; Albert Silas, as Elfrida, Carol's nurse, were outstanding, all the boys taking part are to be congratulated upon their ability as actors.

Between the acts of the play, four boys of Cottage No. 15, dressed as shepherds, sang songs.

Following the play little Miss Betty Hobby recited a Christmas poem in a most delightful manner.

There were great shouts of laughter as old Santa Claus emerged from a chimney. He announced that he wished all the boys a Merry Christmas. He also stated that he had visited all the cottages, with the exception of Cottage No, 6, where are are housed thirty-five of our smallest boys. This announcement brought looks of disappointment to the faces of these little fellows, but they were soon all smiles again when Santa told them he was going to visit their Cottage on his way South.

With all lights dimmed save those on the huge Christmas tree, the entire assemblage sang that most beautiful of all Christmas Carols, "Silent Night."

The program was brought to a close with a few remarks from Superintendent Boger, in which he extended to all best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

On the morning of Christmas Day all regular activities at the School were called off except the performance of necessary chores. This time was spent in the cottages, opening boxes received from home folks, playing games, listening to radio programs, and other forms of amusement.

Next in order was the event of the day—Christmas Dinner. All during the morning play period many were the side glances cast toward the kitchen as the aroma of delicious

viands floated out through doors and windows. When the call for dinner was made it was not necessary to repeat it, for the youngsters approached the heavily laden tables with alacrity. And in spite of the fact that they had been enjoying the good things found in the huge bags presented the night before, the way they made the "eats" disappear would have made a master magician feel like an amateur. The following articles were on the Christmas menu:

Chicken with Noodles
Rice Gravy
Baked Ham
Slaw Gravy
Cranberry Sauce, English Peas
Chocolate and Cocoanut Cake
Peaches
Milk

On Saturday the boys enjoyed another holiday, spending the time playing football on the athletic field, and on the campus.

On Sunday afternoon, December 27th, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., was in charge of the service at the auditorium. After the singing of Christmas Carols, he presented Mr. Lex Klutz, general secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who addressed the boys. He told them of greetings exchanged with people in the town of Bethlehem, when he was engaged in teaching in the far East. One person approaching another says, "may the Lord bless your way" and that person replies, "may the Lord bless your way, doubly."

Mr. Klutz then told of the wise men following the star which led them to Bethlehem where the Christchild was born. He also told of following the same route in company with a group of boys from twelve different countries. As the party approached they met a man who knew much about the stars and had studied about the wise men of old, who gave them much information concerning the great event of that Christmas night nearly 2,000 years ago.

Just as these wise men followed the gleam, said Mr. Klutz, we, the people of today, should strive to follow Jesus. Just as the stars lighted the heavens on that night, Jesus is now the light of the world, and unless we follow that great light, our lives will never be bright.

At the close of the service, following a custom of several years' standing, Mr. Sheldon distributed his contribution to the boys' Christmas cheer, each one receiving an apple, an orange, a bag of candy, and several suckers.

Mr. Sheldon then announced that as he would soon retire from active service in Y. M. C. A. work, this might be his last visit to the Training School. He expressed great pleasure in having had a part in the School's religious programs for many years, and regretted giving it up.

Superintendent Boger then came upon the rostrum, and on behalf of the hundreds of boys who had been helped by Mr. Sheldon and his associates over a period of twelve years, expressed deepest appreciation of the splendid service rendered by this good man. He then presented Mr. Sheldon with a handsome traveling case, the gift of officers and ma-

trons of the School, as a slight token of their appreciation of his part in the work of the institution.

Then followed an incident which came as a surprise to those who arranged the program for the afternoon. Clyde Adams, of Cottage No. 10, better known as "Jack Dempsey," one of our smallest boys but with a big heart and bigger smile, approached Mr. Sheldon. In his hands was a huge stick of candy, almost as large as himself, which he presented to our good friend, just to show that the boys of the School appreciated his efforts in their behalf.

Upon receiving these gifts Mr. Sheldon stated that having acquired the habit of making regular visits the School, he feared it would be hard to stop, and that he hoped to come often in the future, even though he might not come in an official capacity.

On Monday the boys enjoyed another holiday, but the following day being rainy, making outdoor play impossible, it was decided to again take up the usual routine of duties. Thus was brought to a close one of the most joyful Christmas seasons in the history of the Training School.

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Although the School Honor Roll is published in these columns each month, we thought it might be of interest to some of our readers, especially the various welfare workers and the boys' home folks, to look over a report covering the entire year of 1936. Our school department functions for a period of twelve months, and in the following summary the figure at the beginning of each paragraph indicates the total number of times each boy in that particular group has earned a place on the Honor Roll:

10—Clarence King.

9—Henry Abernathy.

7—James Causey, Walter Cooper, William Goodson.

6—Clarence Anderson, Lake Cooper, James M. Hare, Richard Honeycutt, George McManus, Warner Peach, Lawrence Tew, George Wilhite, Glenn Williams, Ellis White.

5—Sam Belk, Thomas Braddock, John Capps, William Corn, Spurgeon Dowless, Marvin Edwards, Bert Ferguson, Montford Glasgow, Charles Lewis, June Malone, Robert Maultsby, Walter Mitchell, Hansel Pate, Troy Powell, Oscar Roland, Cleveland Suggs, Walter Taylor, Richard Tysinger.

4—Jewell Barker, James Chapman, Floyd Combs, John Drum, Eugene Green, Iva Gregory, Hugh Huffstetler, Glenn Jenkins, Clinton Keen, William Knight, Vernon Lamb, Julius Lee, Felix Littlejohn, Thomas Little, Jack Norris, Charles Pepper, Ralph Rainey, Paul Rhodes, Homer Smith, Porter Stack, Boyd Strickland, Sidi Threatt, Charles Webb, James West, James White, Joseph White.

3—Marvin Adams, Claude Ashe, Marvin Ashe, Bernice Baker, Vernon Bass, Robert Batson, Everett Bell, Wilson Bowman, Theodore Bowles, William Brothers, Joseph Brown, Edward Carpenter, Randolph Davis, Leamon Finch, Norwood Glasgow, John Grider, C. D. Grooms, James Harvel, Perry Harvel, Max Hedrick, Houston Howard, Lester Jordan, John Kellam, William Kirk, Frank Lewis, Guy Lewis, Edward Lockamy, James

B. Lockamy, Marvin Malcom, Asbury Marsh, Wade Melton, William McRary, Harley Pennell, Roy Pope, Clyde Reece, John Robbins, Fred Seibert, James Sims, Richard Sprinkle, Morris Starnes, Percy Strickland, Howard Todd, Ralph Webb, Richard Wilder, F. M. Younger.

2—Robert Alexander, Albert Andrew, Earl Atwood, James Andrews, Lloyd Banks, Horace Bates, Alphus Bowman, Charles Bowman, Arthur Boyette, William Brackett, Glatley Branch, Alvis Browning, John Caddell, Jack Carver, Ogburn Cason, Archie Castlebury, Fletcher Castlebury, Robert Coleman, Ben Cooper, Arthur Craft, Wiley Crawford, Vance Dameron, Duke Davis, John Elliott, James Finley, Dewey Freeman, Merritt Gibson, John Green, Bernard Griffin, Howard Griffin, Robert Hailey, Thomas Hamilton, Theodore Hicks, Burman Holland, Donald Holland, Alfred Holleman, James C. Hoyle, Vernon Hubbard, Thomas Hudson, Basil Johnson, Joseph Johnson, Marvin King, James Kirk, Andrew Lambeth, Harvey Ledford, Max Lindsay, Bruce Link, Arthur Martin, F. E. Mickle, Randolph Miller, Joel Moore, Roy McAbee, Jordan McIver, David Odham, Ewin Odom, Glenn O'Quinn, Norman Parker, Claudius Pickett, Frank Raby, George Ramsey, Esmond Reams, Berry Rogers, George Shaver, Edwin Shuler, Lonnie Sloan, John Smith, Jack Springer, Maurice Staley, James Stepp, Robert Teeter, John Tolbert, Frank Wakefield, Barney Watson, Joseph Wheeler, John Whitaker, Everett Williamson, James Young.

1—Clyde Adams, Robert Allen, J. D. Ashe, William Beach, James Bell, James Boyce, J. C. Branton, Harold Brown, Elbert Bryant, Colby Buchanan, Carlton Calloway, Douglas Carter, Ralph Carver, William Cassell, George Chambers, John Church, Curtis Coleman, James Coleman, Sanford Collins, Joseph Cox, Charles Crotts, Nelson Daubenmeyer, Talmage Dautrey, Frank Dickens, Thomas Doby, Carroll Dodd, Lee Dowless, Grover Duncan, Reuben Duggins, James Elders, Noah Ennis, James Ferrell, Henry Fredere, Charles Freeman, Warren Godfrey, William Goins, George Goodman, Jeff Gouge, Herbert Gray, Coolidge Green, Arthur Greer, Charles Griffin, Columbus Hamilton, James Hancock, William Hare, Herman Harris, Isaac Hendren, James Hicks, David Hodge, Aaron Holder, N. B. Johnson, Ralph Johnson, Robert Keith, John P. Little, Stacy Long, Carl Mabry, Thomas Maness, Elmer Maples, Edward Martin, Fred May, Clarence Mayton, Jerome Medlin, Warren Medlin, Richard Mills, Paul Mitchell, J. C. Mobley, Julian Myrick, Wilson Myrick, Edward McCain, Thomas McCarter, Thomas McCausley, Ray McDonald, Joseph McPherson, Jennings Norris, James Penland, Grady Pennington, Folie Phillips, Milton H. Pickett, Thelbert Poole, Kenneth Raby, Hoyette Rogers, Perry Russ, Joseph Sanford, Marshall Scoggins, Coley Sharp, Wilmer Shoaf, Albert Silas, Eugene Smith, Carl Speer, Kenneth Spillman, Robert Stephens, Julius Stevens, Charles Taylor, Carl Toney, Robert Troy, Melvin Walters, Jerome Warren, S. J. Watkins, Adolph Watson, Luther Wilson, Thomas C. Wilson, Charles Womble, Richard Wrenn, Preston Yarborough.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER

(NOTE: Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1936.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Henry Abernathy 9
Glatley Branch 2
Theodore Bowles 3
Archie Castlebury 2
Fletcher Castlebury 2
Frank Dickens
Merritt Gibson 2
Donald Holland 2
June Malone 5
Asbury Marsh 3
Robert Maultsby 5
George McManus 6
Cleveland Suggs 5
Joseph White 4
George Wilhite 6

—B—

Hugh Huffstetler 4

SECOND GRADE

(No Honor Roll)

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Norwood Glasgow 3
Jerome Medlin
Edward McCain
Oscar Roland 5
Joseph Wheeler 2

—B—

William Brackett 2
Burman Holland 2
Joseph McPherson
Harley Pennell 3
Roy Pope 3

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Braddock 5
Jack Norris 4

—B—

Walter Cooper 7
James C. Hoyle 2
Lester Jordan 3
Charles Lewis 5
George Ramsey 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

William Cassell
Joseph Cox
Perry Harvel 3
Houston Howard 3
Clinton Keen 4
Arthur Martin 2
Ralph Webb 3

—B—

Colby Buchanan
Milton H. Pickett
Kenneth Spillman
Morris Starnes 3

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Clarence King 10
Walter Mitchell 5

—B—

Richard Tysinger 5

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Randolph Davis 3

—B—

Marvin Ashe 3
Carroll Dodd
Charles Webb 4

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 27, 1936.

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Robert Allen 4
(4) James Causey 4
J. C. Coxe
(4) Edward Johnson 4
Craig Mundy
Ray Norman
(4) Mack Setzer 4
(4) Fred Wheeler 4
(4) James Wilhite 4

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) J. D. Ashe 3
(4) William Goodson 4
(3) John Kellam 3
Claude Maines 3
(4) Arthur Martin 4
William Pitts 2
Albert Silas 3
(4) Preston Yarborough 4

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps
William Downes
Henry Fredere 2
(2) George Goodman 2
Max Lindsay
Lemuel Murphy
Fred Seibert
Boyd Strickland
Myron Whitman
John Whitaker 2
Richard Wrenn 2
Robert Worthington

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Batson
Jewell Barker
James Burns 2
Earl Barnes
Earl Bass
Howard Cook
(2) Frank Crawford 2
Paul Cochran
(2) M. C. Cranford 3
(2) Charles Furchess 3
(2) Eugene Green 2
Coolidge Green
(2) Norwood Glasgow 2
(2 Julian Gregory 3
Jesse Holleman
Edgar Hatley 2
(2) Max Hedrick 3
John Hampton
Robert Maultsby
William McRary
F. E. Mickle 2
John Piner
Grady Pennington
Frank Pickett
Kenneth Raby 2
(4) Hoyette Rogers 4
George Shaver 2
Fred Vereen
(3) Ellis White 3
Harvey Watson 2
(2) F. M. Younger 3

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett
Hurley Davis 2
(4) Glenn Haymore 4
James Hancock 3
(4) Lyle Hooper 4
(2) Ralph Johnson 2
Wade Melton
Richard Mills 3
Robert Mims 2
Richard Sprinkle 2
Thomas Stephens 2

COTTAGE No. 5

Ogburn Cason
John Grider
(4) A. L. Gaines 4
Herman Hunt 2
(2) Monroe Keith 2
Randolph Miller

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) William Burnette 3
(3) Theodore Bowles 3
(3) Kenneth Conklin 3
(3) Fletcher Castlebury 3
(3) James Coleman 3
Robert Deyton 2
Noah Ennis 2
Frank Glover 3
William Howard 3
(2) Columbus Hamilton 2
(2) Thomas Hamilton 2
Albert Newton
Joseph Sanford
George Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach
James Corn 3
Archie Castlebury 3
(2) Fred Dysen 3
John Elliott 3
(2) Houston Howard 2
(2) Perry Harvel 3
Caleb Hill 2
(4) Hugh Johnson 4
Robert Lawrence
J. D. Powell 2
(2) Milton H. Pickett 2
Paul Saunders 2
Percy Sanford 2
(4) Kenneth Spillman 4
Floyd Watkins
Lester Warren
William Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Sam Belk 3
Richard Freeman
(3) Wilfred Land 3
Edward McCain 3
(2) John Penninger 2
(2) Rayvon Michael 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Wilson Bowman 2
Hubert Carter
(4) Randolph Davis 4
Woodfin Fowler
Charles Freeman 3
(2) James C. Hoyle 3
(4) Theodore Hodgson 4
(2) Thomas McCarter 3
(2) Esmond Reams 2
(4) Homer Smith 4
(2) Percival Shuler 2
Cleveland Suggs 2

COTTAGE No 10

(3) Clyde Adams 3
Emerson Barnhill
(2) James Bell 2
(3) Floyd Combs 3
Fred Davidson
(3) Jeff Gouge 3
(3) William Knight 3
(4) Frank Ramsey 4
Troy Reynolds 2
(2) Jack Springer 2
Maurice Staley 2
(4) John Wright 4

COTTAGE No. 11

Edward Carpenter 2
James Chapman
(4) John Drum 4
(4) Dewey Freeman 4
(3) James Hicks 3
(3) David Hodge 3
(2) James Rector 2
Julius Stevens 2
(4) John Uptegrove 4
(3) Berchel Young 3

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 2
(2) Joseph Cox 3
(4) Frank Dickens 4
(4) Talmage Dautrey 4
(4) Marvin Edwards 4
James Elders 2
(3) Bernard Griffin 3
(2) Franklin Hensley 2
Richard Honeycutt
Charlton Henry
Lester Jordan
S. E. Jones
(4) Warren Latham 4
(3) Frank Lewis 3
(4) June Malone 4
Clarence Mayton 2
Asbury Marsh 2
Jerome Medlin 3
(4) Glenn O'Quinn 4
James Reavis 2
(4) William Stevens 4
Leonard Watson
Charles Williams
(2) Rossy Young 3

COTTAGE No. 13

Charles Banks
(4) Clarence Douglas 4
Claudius Pickett
(4) Edward Seamon 4
Marshall White

COTTAGE No. 14

James Andrews 2
Bernice Baker 3
Stacy Long 3
John Robbins
Paul Shipes
William Thore

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Marvin Ashe 4
(4) Henry Abernathy 4
(2) Roy Cruse 3
(4) George Gibson 4
(2) Joseph Hyde 2
(4) Walter Hill 4
(2) Glenn Jenkins 3
Caleb Jolly 2
(4) Clarence King 4
Clarence Lingerfelt 2
(4) George McManus 4
James McCracken 3
(4) Walter Mitchell 4
(2) Connie Michael 2
Marvin Malcom 3
(2) Edward Murray 2
Edward Martin 3
Charles Pennell 3
(4) Harley Pennell 4
Alvin Powell 2
Hansel Pate 3
Marshall Scoggins
(2) Harless Triplett 3
(4) Richard Tysinger 4
(4) Robert Teeter 4
(3) Carl Toney 3
(4) Winfred Whitlock 4
(2) George Warley 2
(2) Robert Wilson 2
(3) Paul York 3

HALL OF RELIGION AT THE TEXAS CENTENNIAL

The money for the beautiful Hall of Religion at the centennial was given by the stockholders of the Lone Star Gas Company. With its air-cooled rooms, its comfortable chairs, and friendly astmosphere, it is a favorite spot for visitors.

There are separate booths for different denominations, each fitted with relics, maps, pictures and other things of interest. Most of the booths have attendants who explain items in the exhibits.

The Lutheran exhibit is interesting and instructive. One item of interest is an oil painting of the old St. Martin's Church at Hortontown, near New Braunfils, Texas. This is the first church built in the state under the administration of a Lutheran pastor. It was built in 1850 and Rev. T. Kleis was pastor at the time. Since it was made of lumber and not of logs, it was considered a very fine building then.

Another thing of interest in the booth is a miniature representation, built of small logs, of the old St. John's log church of Meyersville, built in 1849. It looks like a one-room log cabin. In contrast to it is a replica of St. John's Church built at San Antonio in 1932. This is a very beautiful piece of architecture and modern in every respect.

JAN 1 1 1937 CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 9, 1937 No. 2

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U. N. C. Library

MY TREASURES

Nothing can erase the lovely things my life
has known;
These treasures I shall always cherish as
my very own.
The disappointments, unkind things, that
have but touched my way,
I brush aside, and quickly think upon the
beautiful day.
For each dawn brings a wonder I have not
seen before,
And with that wonder comes the opening of
still another door:
The blooming of a flower, the sunlight on
the sea,
The kindness of a friend; all these are joys
to me.

—Marcella E. Minard.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

I'D RATHER

I'd rather lose than win as some men win;
  I'd rather quit where many men begin;
I'd rather walk the paths that others pave
  Than know my winning dug my neighbor's grave.
I'd rather fall and stay there as I fell
  Than climb to heights, on which I am to dwell,
Where from my fortune's hanging in a scale
  That only figures when I see them fail.

I'd rather wear my suits with patches strewn
  Than pick a wardrobe from the man in ruin;
I'd rather have my soles feel of the chill
  Of winter snows, than gain through any ill
Adventure or through ways, where to expand
  I practiced in a manner underhand;
Or revel in a deal I put across
  To raise me by some other fellow's loss.

I'd rather be just what I am than know
  That I have caused the world a mite of woe,
For failure in itself is filled with pride;
  To feel it proves, at least, that I have tried.
So when they count my failures on the sheet
  Which tallies out the score I made, complete,
What numbers they shall find I do not care,
  Providing each will show I played it fair.

—Joseph R. Cushing in Sunshine Magazine.

DEUTCHLAND IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA
or
GERMON SETTLERS IN CABARRUS COUNTY

The Uplift in this number recognizes one of Concord's young men of fine ability, Smith Barrier, Junior, a student of the University of North Carolina, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Barrier, Con-

cord. He, through extensive research, writes a delightful history found in this issue of the Uplift, page 14, entitled "Deutchland in Piedmont North Carolina, or "German Settlers In Cabarrus County."

The story reads not only smoothly, but it carries a store of information from the date, 1683, when the "Mayflower of the Germans," "Concord," docked in the City of Brotherly Love, bringing the fore-runners of the Germans to this country, who settled in Germantown at the instigation of William Penn.

It is with regret that the size of the Uplift will not permit the publication of the story in one issue, but is will be given in several series for benefit of all who desire to know why these thrifty Germans left the Rhineland, facing the "perils" of an unexplored country and "venturing into the wildest outposts." They displayed an indomitable spirit, a characteristic that marks their descendents today, until they had "well established themselves in the young commonwealth, the United States."

This young student of promise is to be commended for his work, bringing to the public a story of the pioneers that should be cherished as a rich heritage, not only to those who are lineal descendants, but to all who have participated in the good fortune of Piedmont North Carolina.

With the young arthur, we heartily agree that present Cabarrus should "pause in reverence for its fathers who braved the greatest difficulties to make and build a new home, the first in an evolution of Piedmont progress."

We especially commend this article to teachers and students, so that there will be a clearer understanding of local history, and by having a better understanding of conditions there will be a higher appreciation of the past with a greater hope for the future.

* * * * * * *

UNKEPT MARRIAGE COVENANTS

The secular press during the controversy between the king of England and his cabinet played up the support given Edward VIII "by the masses of the English people." It is reported that the great interest displayed by him in the welfare of the poor has so

endeared him to the common folk of his realm as to enable him to win his battle if "he carries it to the people." Coal miners, dock workers and the under-privileged of all types believe, it is said that their king is for them rather than for the aristocracy, either wealthy or titled Let him therefore have what he wants, they demanded by means of parades and clamor.

Such gratitude restores one's faith in the responsiveness of human feeling rather than in the soundness of human reasoning. There is no class in society that suffers more severely by the growing prevalence of divorce than that one which lacks wealth and social rating. The rich seem able to massacre the marriage covenant and get away with it; the poor are less lucky. If you live in a city, observe how difficult is the problem of existence for women separated from their husbands and how dissatisfied, if not dissolute, men become when they have entered the circle of the divorced. There are occasional exceptions to the rule, but they are not frequent. The numerous remarriages of divorces indicate the weakening of the powers of fidelity.

When folk in high places condone disregard of the basic human contract and by their acts provide a precedent for lesser folk to follow, they do incalculable harm to their fellowmen. And the the class that most generously supports a popular idol is the first and worst victim of such betrayals.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * *

A GREAT NEED

Great movements cast perceptible shadows, therefore, the general opinion is that all correctional institutions, as well as prisons, will have at no distant date probation officers, (if the news of the press runs true), to follow-up and to safeguard the paroled from returning to their "old-wallows." Such supervision would not only mean a saving of money and time but would give returns in human-values, therefore, the investment would be safe and very satisfying.

Many times paroled boys, girls, men and women have impulses to do the right thing, but old associates offer the same inducements and the temptations are too great to resist. The influence

of a parole officer, just a word or kindly handshake, would be the means of guiding many weaklings to a safe refuge. This statement is made from observation, seeing the needs, and from the news-items of institutional periodicals, as well as newspaper reports. He who runs may read, or words to that effect.

* * * * * * *

COMMENTS

Congressman Mitchell of Tennessee intends to renew his fight against nepotism at the forthcoming session of Congress. He wants to make it unlawful for any member of Congress, under executives, the Supreme Court justices, or any other official to employ any person related by marriage or blood to the third degree. If success follows this intention the finale will be one "Grand March."

Think of it, if you please! The figures are staggering, but true never-the-less. Andrew W. Mellon has offered his $19.000.000 art collection to the government. Also this Pittsburg multi-millionaire intends to build at his own expense an $9.000.000 "National Art Gallery to house his famous art collections and other art treasures. Certainly President Roosevelt will recommend that Congress accept this wonderful gift.

We wish "Old Andy" lived in these parts and would give our boys a Gymnasium. The greatest creation and only piece of perfect art is the human life, the boy, so he could be housed and touched up physically, as well as spiritually. Wouldn't it be fine?

Dr. H. C. Link, eminent psychologist, in an address "The Return to Religion" points out that happiness is achieved by following the sayings of Jesus: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." The man or woman who follows this, says Dr. Link, is psychologically an extrovert, for "the terms extrovert and introvert essentially mean degrees of selfishness." Extroversion, and consequently unselfishness, makes for happiness. "The introvert or selfish person avoids the trouble of meeting people, the extrovert goes out of

his way to meet them. The introvert evades obligations, the extrovert accepts them. The introvert has no time for the things he dislikes to do, the latter does them anyway. The former, afraid of making mistakes and of embarrassing himself, risks no action. The extrovert may be afraid, too, but still acts, and by his mistakes and suffering ultimately achieves skill and confidence."

* * * * * * *

THE PROBLEM OF YOUTH

President Cleveland is credited with making the remark "don't judge a boy too quickly for you never know what is buttoned up under his vest," or words to that effect. Quite evident it is that Cleveland's bachelorhood days,—although when he did take unto himself a bride, he chose one of the most beautiful in face, grace and temperament that ever graced the White House—offered many opportunities for him to study the boy's problems. During the days of President Cleveland little was heard about psychology, psychiatry and other kindred studies, but just good old common sense was exercised in the management of youth And President Cleveland had it all. However, the quotation, "not to judge too quickly," if observed would be the means of smoothing out many innocent tangles of youth.

This statement also brings to mind an old Chinese proverb, "schools hide future primiers." In it are self evident truths, because every person of distinetion today was once a pupil in some outstanding or remote school. In some school, or some Sunday school today sits a future leader in the affairs of the church or state.

Not every time does leadership come from the over-privileged, but from the under-privileged regiment have arisen statesmen whose names have been heralded around the world. It is the fellow with a vision, with that referred to (under the vest) by the long departed president, who makes a success. Let us keep in mind that the Jackson Training School has at all times as many as 500 boys and herein are possibilities. The goal is to develop abilities. There rests the responsibility of every person officially connected with the institution.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A Little Child at Play

"More beautiful than roses
And the sweetness they convey;
More beautiful than music
That has ever passed my way;
More beautiful than paintings
Of sunsets at close of day—
The sweetest thing of all to see
Is a little child at play."

—o—

It is told in the papers that with the advent of radio, sale of talking machines has declined. Possibly so; but I have seen no decline in the talk fest when a party of women get together.

—o—

The best news I have heard lately is the report coming from the national capitol that no new taxes are to be levied in 1937. Glory, hallelujah!

—o—

A report is going the rounds of the press that a man in Ohio balanced 4,200 matches on the neck of a beer bottle. He ought to be secured in Washington to try his hand on the national budget.

—o—

It is a self-evident fact that a woman can make a dollar go much farther than a man. Indeed it goes so far that he never sees it again.

—o—

It is reported that there are 17,500,000 telephones in the United States. That ought to be enough of "Who is this!" for any people.

—o—

In Hollywood, it is said, they grow lemons in great profusion. I do not doubt it the way husbands and wives squeze each other out.

Have you ever noticed that a person coming from the postoffice, reading a letter or paper can get in the way of more people than anyone else?

—o—

Seizure of a liquor still in a Cleveland, Ohio, florist shop suggests a new version of the song "Moonlight and Roses," to Moonshine and Roses."

—o—

In Detroit an automobile slipped upon a banana peeling and two persons were injured seriously. That shows what comes of throwing your banana peeling out of the car window, as you throw the cigarette butt that causes the field fires.

—o—

We have just passed through the season of wishing every one "A Happy and Prosperous New Year." Why can we not keep up that good wish and smile throughout the days of 1937? All nature teaches us to be bright, and joyous, merry and happy. The brooks, as soon as they get freedom from those icy fetters of winter which hold them imprisoned in frozen captivity, begin at once to show their bright and joyous nature, and go rippling on in wordless song on their everlasting journey to the sea. The birds, as soon as they escape the peltings of icy blasts and catch the odor of budding flowers, open their tuneful lips, and melt their notes in joyful song. The dew drops which sparkle so radiantly in the morning, when kissed by the sun's first rays, are but the tears the

sad night weeps, and as soon as they get a divorce from the embrace of shadows, they smile under the kisses of sunbeams, and scatter their radiance on every object. And even the night which drops from her mantle such gloomy shadows, wears upon her brow a billion of glistening jewels, like silver daisies, and teaches us the comforting lesson that if we will but look up we, too, will find radiant stars of cheer and comfort twinkling in the sky of our existence and scattering forever upon life's pathway their drainless showers of beaming light, helping us to look up through nature to nature's God. Beautiful world! Make your little sphere cheery and happy and the circle will widen, like the circles from a pebble cast into the ocean of time!

—o—

What would it profit a man to have a billion dollars in gold on a desert island alone and without human companionship? It is through our contacts with other human beings —other minds—that we live and prosper in this life. It is only by doing things for other people that we derive from our span of life the sweetness to which every soul is justly entitled. Remove the desire to do good for others, and nothing of life is left but the husks of existence. I have suffered in life. So have you. We are all sufferers together. But, what compensations there are! What joy can yet be experienced. The joy of giving. The joy of receiving. The joy of confidence in our fellows and their ocnfidence in us. The joy of performances. The joy of work. The It takes strength to win in this life— supreme joy of success. Life is sweet to me, because my mind makes it so. strength—confidence—and faith in God and your fellow man.

FEATHERED MINERS

People in Venezuela say that if one wishes to find a gold-bearing vein of rock, he need only search out the haunts of a curious little bird, known as the "miner," and he is certain to find rich ore in the vicinity.

And, strange as it may seem, engineers who have followed this advice have almost invariably found it to be true. For a long time, they puzzled over mystery, then one of them happened to notice that the birds fed almost entirely on the berris of a certain kind of mulberry tree—a variety which grew only in soil containing a large percentage of quartz particles. Thus the birds were drawn to the regions where three were outcropping of veins of quartz. And, since most quartz in the region contain gold, it was usually an easy matter to find a good location for a mine, once the little creatures had pointed out the way.—Dorothy Reynolds.

A STORY OF FAMILY TREES

By Justus Timberlake

Our town has its share of "descendants." There's the D. A. R.' the Colonial Dames, and the "Scions of the Pioneers," and I know a bunch of men, my own age or more, who used to parade in the uniform of the Sons of Veterans.

The churches don't overlook this sort of thing, either. The Methodists are proud to be called children of John Wesley. The Lutherans enshrine Martin Luther in their very name. The Presbyterians crystalize John Calvin in their creed. And the Baptists claim they are mentioned in the New Testament!

We may have other "descendants" in our town; people who don't speak of their origin, even if they know it. They are the posterity of men who made things hard for Washington and Lincoln, for Asbury and Moody; offspring of adventurers who left Europe or the Atlantis seaboard for reasons not set down in the family record.

It happens that I know more about one such family than it knows about itself. Its first American representative was a "bound man," like those Mary Johnston described in "To Have and to Hold." He was deported from England two hundred years ago, with a record of idleness and petty crime. It was of him and his kind that a cynical poet once spoke:

"True patriots they; for, be it understood,
They left their country for their country's good!"

But they helped to make this country great. Laziness is not hereditary, and some things the eighteenth century called crime we might call a proper citizen's proper independence.

I could qualify for some of our "descendant" societies myself. One of my ancestors was with William the Conqueror, when that freebooter gained England in 1066, at Hastings; and another was with King Harold, on the losing side.

My family was represented in the Crusades. One of my collateral forbears helped to make the United States Constitution. And, though I never went to war myself there's a World War veteran in my family.

But somehow human descent doesn't interest me much. Just as certain of the worst sinners in our town are children of pious parents, so some of our best church members are descended from pioneer dare-devils and well-nigh pagan immigrants. And we have some descendants of American partiots and pilgrims who demonstrate to us pretty clearly that in their generation the old stock doesn't amount to much.

Most of the people who count for anything in our town are too busy with working for their families and for the kingdom of God to be forever advertising the varied foliage of their family trees.

You see, there's nothing any of them can do about the tree, as it now stands. There it is: with a governor's commission on one branch, a doctor's gown on another, a general's sword on a third, and, unless

somebody has covered it up, a rope on a fourth!

But they can do something about the tree as it will be tomorrow. So they are busy with that—in Sunday school, in the P. T. A., with the Boy Scouts, in business, and, believe it or not, even in their homes!

Turn to your Bible, and I'll show you something. That Book has plenty of ancestry, as shown in the family trees it catalogues. But most of 'em are lists, that's all. Nothing more to be said about these folk; whether they were once good or bad, now they're dead.

There's more in the Bible about posterity. And that's where you get action. Read what God said to Abraham about his descendants. Read the thrilling words of Jacob about his sons, spoken when he was on his deathbed. Read the glorious roll of the dead in the eleventh of Hebrews, with its rousing call to the living, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a number of witnesses, let us run the race that is set before us."

There's one society I'd join, if it could be organized: "Progenitors of the Twenty-first Century's Pioneers!"

Think what a nineteenth-century club could have been made up, let us say, of the grandparents of Lindbergh, and Stanley Jones, and Jane Addams, and Roland Hayes, and Gandhi, and Karl Barth. That would be a club for its members to be proud of!

And, just between us, there's a sort of clandestine branch of my desired Order already operating in our town. It doesn't hold any meeting, or wear any badges, but I know some of its members, and I can detect the signs of their membership. The important part of its family tree. if you care to look it up, is found in the last verse of the third chapter of Luke.

There's the grandmother of a young preacher, and the father of a girl who is already a research chemist, and the uncle and aunt of an orphan boy who just finished his internship and has sailed to take charge of a hospital in China; and any number of parents and grandparents whose offspring are as yet only "promising."

When it comes to proper pride, these living ancestors have a better brand of it, and more, than our regalia decorated descendants, all put together, posses in greatness of the past.

RICHES

The riches you carry with you constitute your wealth. That which you can take out of a bank, that to which you can have a title-deed, is naught compared with your personal wealth. The grandeur and the nobility of your character, the sweetness and helpfulness of your life, these are the things that are worth while, that give enduring satisfaction to yourself and those about you.—Selected.

FIVE CENTURIES OF COLLEGES.

(The Montgomery Advertiser.)

College education is now 300 years old in the United States. This year, (1936), is its 300th anniversary. Harvard was the first; and Harvard recently observed, with appropriate exercises, the tercentenary of its founding.

From that beginning colleges and universities in the United States have increased to 656 senior colleges and 438 junior colleges at present. Enrollments have increased from a dozen or so the initial year at Harvard to more than one million in 1936-37. The current enrollment is approximately one-half of the total living college graduates, which is 2,204,000. Yet only 29 of every 1,000 adults in this country hold college degrees; and 109 of each 1,000 adults hold high school diplomas.

Harvard was a church school. It was founded primarily for training ministers. The same was true of Yale, Princeton and all other nine colonial colleges with one exception. Even today, church colleges far outnumber State and privately-owned institutions of higher learning.

Although Harvard was of little consequence in public life for its first 200 years, higher education as a whole has grown in usefulness until it now finds expression and service in every phase of American life. Most leaders in public life, in business, in agriculture and in the professions are college graduates or, at least, college trained. And their period of cellege training continues to grow. For example, medicine has developed from knowledge mysterious through a one-year college until now a young man who receives his degree in medicine has had six or eight years in college.

Until recently so-called book farmers made good jokes but now men trained in agriculture are leaders not only in agriculture but in practical farming. And corporations, for many years, have depended upon young college graduates to replenish and enlarge their personnels in both technical and administrative fields. Until recently students who took engineering at a technical school, such as Auburn, gave little thought to such subjects as economics and finance but now they must know about economics and finance if they expect to become executives for industrial corporations.

Obviouly, therefore, courses for college graduates have no bounds and their opportunities are unlimited. This explains why enrollment in American colleges decreased very little during the depression and is now zooming to new peaks. A horizontal increase of 5 per cent this year over last is reported. Some of the Alabama institutions are much above this report. Auburn, for example, has an increase of 12 per cent, after refusing 300 non-resident applications which would have made an increase of 25 per cent. Columbia university in New York City, Amer-

ica's largest university, has an enrollment of 36,500. Last year it was 33,511.

Two other New York City universities are second and third. New York university lifted its 28,269 to a new high of 30,000, while the College of the City of New York jumped to 23,000 over 22,182 in 1935-36 University of California gained from 12,967 to 14,051, while Northwestern increased from 12,771 to 13,000. The University of Chicago saw its figures soar from 11,054 to 12,154, while 3,-300 freshmen registered at Ohio State university, making a total enrollment of 12,000.

Looking back a few years we find that at the beginning of the century (1900) only 168,000 young men and women were enrolled in American colleges. In 1910 about 3 1-2 per cent of the population of the United States of college age was in college. Last year the proportion had climbed to 16 per cent and is probably close to 17 per cent this year, or about 1,100,000.

While these figures are remarkable they are also encouraging. They mean that American youth is determined to be better trained, to have a better education, and to do bigger and better jobs of what they do. Education, of course, is the only way by which human beings have ever made progress and improvement. Without it, mankind would still be primitive.

From a retrospect of our first 300 years of collges we turn to the future. None of us, admittedly, are prophets, but we do know trat the past bespeaks in part the future. Since our colleges and universities have made and are making major contributions to society we conclude safely that in the future they will have a bigger part in our progress and our improvements. They are both a moving and a stabilizing factor in American society and American achievement.

BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, sister or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow heaven's decree,
Blessings that never were bought or sold
Center there, and are better than gold.

—Selected.

DEUTSCHLAND IN PIEDMONT NORT CAROLINA

By Smith Barrier

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PART I

A strange ship lay anchored in the harbor. Little Philadelphia stirred from its hard-earned peace to view the well-built, roomy ship pulling its way to the shore. The small capitol of Brotherly Love, a struggling village of some four-score houses and cottages, paused in its preparations for a third hard winter.

It was the sixth day of October in the year 1683. The strange ship, familiar only as one of those used in the West Indian trade. made ready for disembarkation. Captain Jeffreys was at the helm, the seamen along the meager docks said, having safely guided the vessel over the rough Atlantic since it left Rotterdam on the twenty-fourth of June.

Some hours later the quiet English Quakers of William Penn's Philadelphia greeted 13 fathers and their families, all jabbering in the hard, gutteral tongue of their parent language.

That was in 1683. These 13 German fathers with their families were to erect the first German colony in America. Their leader, Francis Daniel Pastorius, had arrived several weeks earlier to complete proper arrangements with William Penn. They were to settle at Germantown, near Philadelphia. Thus the German race came to America. These were the fore-runners of a great number of fellow countrymen to migrate to the present United States, to form a valuable nucleus in the new American nation, to play a big part in the making of Philadelphia and—of Piedmont North Carolina.

Piedmont North Carolina was then a vast spread of forests, an occasional spiral of smoke meandering skyward from the camps of redskins, most of whom were ignorant of the white man's existence. That was in 1683. Strangely enough, the "Mayflower of the Germans," this trading vessel in the Philadelphia port on October sixth in 1683, was named "Concord." Later—110 years to be exact—a seat was formed for a new Piedmont North Carolina county, called by Gehrke "the most German county" in the Tar Heel state at the close of the eighteenth century. This county seat was named "Concord."

Kinsfolk of these first arrivals from Germany played important roles in the organization of this new county, Cabarrus, and of this county seat, Concord. Not only that, but the entire Piedmont felt the responsible touch of German influence during the trying times of evolution from colony to state.

Legend tells how Cabarrus was formed because a German officer was

laughed at when he gave his commands in his emphatic, broken Pennsylvania-Dutch. This happened in Charlotte at a military occasion. A German militia company from the northeast part of Mecklenburg County, called the "Dutch side"—present Cabarrus—drilled behind the German orders of their captain. The crowd, largely Scotch-Irish, laughed. The Germans were insulted. They refused to return to Charlotte. A movement was begun to remove themselves from the Charlotee Scotch-Irish.

Who was this captain? Some records say John Paul Barringer, some say Martin Phifer or Fifer, as it was written then. The letter had been in the General Assembly as early as 1764, so his knowledge of the English language must have been considerable. Barringer was active in getting the new county formed. He gained the help of Stephen Cabarrus, after whom the county was named. Cabarrus, a native of France, was the speaker of the House of Commons, a post he held eight times. He represented Chowan County 17 times in the Assembly.

It was in 1792 that the new county was set apart. In 1729 New Havcver County had been made from the old proprietary district of Clarendon. In 1734 Bladen was made from New Hanover, Anson from Bladen in 17-49, Mecklenburg from Anson in 1762 and Cabarrus from Mecklenburg in 1792. The German settlements of both Buffalo rivers and Cold Water creek, at the time of the Revolution the most densely peopled portion of old Mecklenburg County, and the Scotch-Irish families along Rocky River and around Poplar Tent were included in this new county.

With the formation of the county in 1792, a committee of 11 was appointed "to fix on the most central place in the county for the purpose of erecting a court house, prison and stocks." It was to buy 50 acres of land and contract with workmen for the erection of these necessary buildings "as soon as the commission shall fix on the center." On this committee were four Germans—John Paul Barringer, John Lippard, Joseph Shinn and Daniel Jarratt, one of the first Cabarrus justices.

Conflict arose as to the location of the seat of government. The Scotch-Irish desired the town to be, according to different historians, at Rocky River, at present Cook's Crossing or at present Brown Mill. The Germans wished the center to be, with varying versions of historians, at St. John's Lutheran Church, at present Center Methodist Church or at present Sam Goodman home off Mt. Pleasant road. A middle ground was selected, bringing agreement

3. Bost. "Historic Sketch of Foundation of Concord."

to the controversy and being called "Concord," meaning "peace."

In 1793 the county seat was completed. The town was started with a blacksmith shop, a shoe shop and a grog shop. Soon after among the early merchants were Jack Phifer with a store at the present Lutheran Church site, Paul Barringer with a merchandise establishment on Hudgin's corner and George Kluttz with a hotel where the present court house stands. The town was not incorporated until 1851.

The formation of Cabarrus and Concord came nearly a half-century after the first Germans entered the Piedmont. It is with these pioneers that the author will travel.

These Germans or, as they were popularly called, Dutch, which is the Americanized phrase for Deutsch, meaning German in its native language, began their exodus from Pennsylvania into Piedmont North Carolina around the years 1745 to 1750. It is not definite as to when the first German reached Piedmont Carolina to settle permanently. Not only from the north did this stock of people flow into the rich lands of the Yadkin and the Catawba. Through Charleston, then called Charles Town, and through Wilmington they came.

Two travelers traversed the Piedmont in the early colonial days, and neither makes any mention of German or other white settlements. These pioneers were John Lederer, himself a German, in 1670 and John Lawson in 1701.

On February 16,1737(38) in a group of petitions to the colony's Provincial Council for land patents is found the entry: "Jacob Shives (Sheibe) 220 Bladen." Scheibe is a German name, and Bladen at the time included most of present Piedmont North Carolina.

The three earliest pioneers to Cabarrus were a Barringer, a Derr and a Smith with their families. This was probably in the late 1740's. This Barringer was the John Paul Barringer who was to play a great part in the early history of Cabarrus.

Legend brings to us how the Barringers felled the first trees on the old Ovenshine place, near the homestead of Henry Propst, several miles northeast of Mt. Pleasant. Soon after, the Barringers moved to the Dutch Buffalo Creek section, at the southeast tip of present Cabarrus County. Barringer applied for his land grant in 1753 but was not granted it until 1764. Like many others of the times he was a "squatter."

Martin Phifer, Sr. and the Caleb Blackwelders arrived about the same time. In the near-by lands settled other Germans from Pennsylvania, these including Valentine Leonard in 1746, Henry Weidner 1750 and Jost Henkel, the Dieters, Jacob Berrier and Philip Sauer in 1753. Phifer, one of the outstanding Cabarrus colonial leaders, had come to America in 1737. His family was of the nobility, gaining a diploma in Bavaria in 1590. He married Margaret Blackwelder, daughter of his fellow pioneer, Caleb Blackwelder.

In 1746 commissioners, running the line between the Granville District and the Crown land, were forced to discontinue their work about 500 or 600 yards east of Cold Water Creek in Cabarrus because the land was so thinly populated and there were no inhabitants to supply them with corn and provisions. This terminal was near Martin Phifer's home as he and Governor Tryon on August 30, 1768 visited the spot, marked by four blazed trees in a square.

Governor Dobbs gives us perhaps the first definite reference to Germans in the Piedmont in his report to the British Board of Trade on August 24, 1755. He wrote: "Besides these (Scotch-Irish) there are 22

families of Germans or Swiss . . . . since their settlement 7 or 8 years ago."

From Agent Matthew Rowan to the Board of Trade on June 28, 1753, a report included: "In the year 1746 I was up in the County that is now Anson, Orange and Rowan countys, there was not then above 100 fighting men there is now at least 3000 for the most part Irish Protestants and Germans and dayley increasing."

At any rate the migration rapidly reached its peak. Swiftly the news returned north that many and fertile fields lay open in Piedmont North Carolina. From 1755 to the Revolution the influx of Germans was greatest.

The growth of the Piedmont is shown in a letter from Nathaniel Alexander, military officer, to the colonial Secretary of State on January 25, 1764: "I very much want some commitions for part of the Redgment of Mecklenburg county as the people settle fast on our frontiers of late."

After the turn into the nineteenth century the immigration had stopped. Instead the natives were migrating westward.

Minus all the conveniences of the modern age, these true pioneers braved the greatest perils in coming to a youthful country and then venturing into its wildest outposts. It is with these pioneers, who left a life of hardship and submission in war-torn Europe to seek life anew in America, that this paper deals. It is the endeavor to construct a sketch of the German pioneers, of they themselves as well as of their share in the making of a new nation, from the time they left Europe until they had well established themselves in the young commonwealth, the United States.

Reasons For Leaving Europe

War is the game of kings. Man is the unit of recording the score. Seventeenth century Europe was deep in the throes of such a deadly game. Few survived. But among those remmants was the stock which has helped build up Piedmont North Carolina, not to mention other prospering centers of the United States.

The Thirty Years' War held sway over central Europe until 1648. King Louis XIV of France, in his campaigns against the German princes, had used the Rhinelands as his hunting grounds and thoroughfare for military travel. The result was the complete destruction of the land and the near annihilation of the populace.

Historian Freyteg describes the effect of the warfare on the County of Henneberg in central Germany: "In the course of the war seventy-five percent of the inhabitants, sixty-six percent of the houses, eight-five percent of the horses and over eighty-two percent of the cattle were destroyed." And he goes on to say that the Palatinate, the much-traversed district along the Rhine for the French armies, did not reach the ante-bellum number in population and in houses until 1849—two hundred years later.

It was from this Palatinate that most of the Germans who settled Cabarrus came. From the whole region of the Black Forest, including the upper Rhine, Wurtemberg, Baden, Bavaria and the Palatinate, the Germans migrated and settled finally

in Pennsylvania and North Carolina. Blackwelder, a name common in Cabarrus today, is the English translation of Schwartzwaelder, meaning Black Forester.

These Rhenish Germans were great farmers, their lands were fertile. Between campaigns of Louis XIV they would make new crops, only to have the invading armies harvest the rich yield and leave them in dire poverty.

But not only war kept the farmers in distress. The Palatinate was the stronghold of the German Reformed Church. The neighboring counties were strong Lutheran centers. Yet the ruling powers were Catholic. Persecutions were numerous and horrible, thousands falling as martyrs to Protestantism.

Germany was no unified nation then. Instead numerous petty rulers controlled many small states, each a tyrant in his domain. The farmers suffered under their strict tyranny.

Later, the War of Spanish Succession of 1700-13 laid the Palatinate once again open to foreign invasion. The rich Rhinelands were again laid to waste.

Many suffered under feudal bonds and desired to escape. Many—used to the once fertile agricultural lands of the old Rhineland with its universities and forests—desired a new home which would afford peace and a chance to live anew. Many sought adventure. There were many refugees from politics, from religion and from poverty.

England saw in these honest, striving farmers a desirable group to colonize its new settlements in America. England intended to have these Germans go to the royal colonies of New York and the Carolinas. William Penn, soon after his grant in 1681, offered full religious liberty in Pennsylvania and attracted many to his colony. Incidentally, Penn's mother was a Dutch Reformed.

After the War of Spanish Succession Queen Anne invited the refugees to come to England and then to America. It was then that the big flow of Germans to the new world began.

Voyage Over

But the departure from their homeland did not end the troubles and sufferings of these Germans. Transoceanic travel in those days could be conquered only by the strongest and fittest. The rough Atlantic treated the small, inadequate sailing vessels as toys, luck playing a great part in the voyage across.

Many of the settlers in early Cabarrus had tales of woe concerning their experiences of the trip over. Rev. Samuel Suther, first Reformed pastor in Cabarrus, left Europe with his father, mother and eleven or twelve brothers and sisters. They were on the ocean four weary months, encountering 13 storms. His father and two of the children died at sea. Six days before landing all food and provisions were exhausted. Then, just before landing, a great storm arose. No less than 220 of the ship were killed, including all the rest of Suther's family. He himself was thrown ashore, more dead than alive, and nursed back to life. He was 17 years old at the time, in 1739.

Both of John Paul Barringer's parents died at sea. In 1773 Kunze

tells of one "ship bearing 1500 Germans, of whom 1100 died at sea."

Children could not make the trip very successfully. A contemporary, Mittelberger, wrote: "Children from one to seven years rarely survived the voyage; and many a time parents are compelled to see their children die of hunger, thirst, or sickness, and then see them cast into the water. Few women in confinement escape with their lives; many a mother is cast into the water with her child."

In 1788 Rev. Storch, a Lutheran pastor in Cabarrus, made the crossing in seven weeks five days and called his trip "extremely short." Another pastor Rev. Roschen, was at sea 12 weeks from Bremen to Charleston.

As their homes and property had been ruined and they had been forced into poverty, many of these people did not have the money to pay their passage. In order to come to America many became "redemptioners;" that is, they entered a contract of limited service on arrival in America in return for their passage over. Barringer, one of the first three in Cabarrus, came over as an indentured servant or "redemptioner." He was to serve three years, but for good service freed after one year.

Muhlenberg, a contemporary, tells of the actions of the Neulanders, agents who encourage this system of redemption. He wrote:

"In order to enlist as many as possible, they employ all sorts of artifices. They are in the habit. . .of making a big show in dress. . .and in every way they represent themselves as rich people, in order to make the people all the more anxious to emigrate to such a happy and rich country. They make such representations and give such descriptions of America, that one must belive this country contains only Elysian fields. . . .He that emigrates as a servant becomes a master; a maid becomes a lady; a farmer, a nobleman; a citizen and mechanic, a baron. The government is elected by the people and at their pleasure it is again removed. . . . Families now break up. . .convert their small possessions into money. Before embarking (from Holland) they must sign an. . .obligation, drawn up in English language and the Messieurs Neulander persuade the people to believe that as impartial friends in connection with the accord, they are on the alert, that their fellow-countrymen may suffer no injustice. . . .(In Philadelphia) local merchants receive the list of passengers and the agreement, which the emigrants had signed in Holland, besides the remaining accounts for the journey on the Rhine and the advances of the Neulaender for refreshments. . . . Notices are then inserted into the nenspaper that so and so many Germans are to be sold for their passage. . . .The ship is the market. buyers make their selection, reach an agreement with them as to years and days of service, bring them to the merchants, pay the freight and other debts, and have the proper authorities make indenture for a definite term of service. The young and single persons of both sexes are the first to leave. . . .Old married people, widows and the frail no one wants to buy. . . .But if they have healthy children, the passage of the old peo-

ple is added to that of the children. (although) they seldom again see their aged parents. . . .Thus the aged aged leave the ship free, are poor, naked and weak, look as if they had come out of the grave, beg at his doors of German inhabitants since the English, fearing contagion, usually close their doors to them. This being the case, one's heart bleeds whn one sees and hears how the poor children of men. . .in part whine, scream, lament and beat their breasts because of the wretchedness and dispersion which they had not thought of before. . . .The Neulaender (and Dutch merchants who had deceived them) only laugh and give no other comfort than Pharisees bestowed on Judas Iscariot, Matthew 27:5: 'What is that to us? See thou to that."

Once arriving in Philadelphia, the Germans were forced to sign a pledge of allegiance to the British Crown.

They were sold at public auction. An advertisement in an old Philadelphia paper, The American Mercury of November 28, 1728, reads: "Just arrived from London, in the ship Borden, William Harbert, commander, a parcel of young likely Men Servants, consisting of Husbandmen, Joyners, Shoemakers Weavers, Smiths, Brickmakers, Bricklayers, Sawyers, Tailors, Staymakers, Butchers, Chairmakers, and several other trades, and are to be sold very reasonable, either for ready money, wheat, bread or flour, by Edward Horne, Phila."

Reasons For Leaving Pennsylvania

Germantown in 1683 was the first German settlement in Pennsylvania and in America. But this colony soon grew until its people desiring more room and more freedom, spread out farther west. Mainly into present Lancaster and York counties the German fatheres moved. Other Quaker State counties composed largely of German blood were Montgomery, Books, Cumberland, Northampton, Dauphim, Leheigh and Lebanon.

As more people migrated westward, the more liberty-loving became crowded. Their lands rose in value. Good land became scarce. Hunting grounds were lessened. In the year 1749 about 12,000 Germans came into Pennsylvania. About half of the state's population or 70 to 80,000 wree Germans in 1750.

For practically the same reason that they had left their fatherland in Europe, these Germans departed for their new-found homes south. Some sought adventure; some looked for new hunting grounds as skin and fur trading was quite profitable; some wanted good land, plentiful, cheap and fertile; some wished more religious freedom and a chance for greater missionary activity. The Carolinas afforded all this. News from the early pioneers as to the desirability of the Piedmont made the trail southward a well-worn by-way.

Trip South

Just after harvesting their crop, the Germans departed in families or in communities for their new home. They arrived in time to plant the new crop, having lived the winter of travel and home-building on provisions which they brought along.

In the spelling which they used, from Panselvancy through Marland and Vergeney into Sarlinay pushed a

steady stream of pioneers. They left the Lancaster-York region, usually entering the Shenandoah at Winchester. They rode down the valley to the Staunton River, where they turned down stream through the Blue Ridge into the Piedmont Plateau of North Carolina.

They had no roads to follow. They were the first. Indian trails were the lone source of travel, and these were not suitable for the wagons. Trees had to be cut, stumps and rocks leveled, rivers forded or crude bridges made.

The man and boys rode or walked along in front of the wagon, their guns thrown over their shoulders, driving the hogs, cows and sheep. The wife was at the reins in the wagon, while the children sat within. The large wagon would be piled to its greatest capacity with every available primitive household material, crude farm implements, seeds for next year's harvest, feed troughs, pots, kettles and water buckets. Dogs ran beside the company, night bringing them the duty as watchmen.

By easy stages the hardy families progressed southward.

Characteristics Of The Germans

What type of folk were these men and women who braved unknown forests and Indian trouble for the making of a new home?

The family was held above everything by these pious people. They believed all began in the confines of a loving, spiritual home. Side by side with the family, they did two things above all else: they clung to their Bibles and they tolerated no drones.

Extreme religiousness and industriousness must thus be pictured as demanding characteristics. Bernheim calls them "the most industrious settlers that have ever come to America." Their churches prospered. Their farms had the appearance of order, thrift and comfort.

They were retiring and peaceful, patiently suffering wrong for a long time, yet unwilling to submit to oppression too much. They may be led, not forced. They were not narrow-minded but open to convictions. This probably accounts for their action before and during the Revolution.

Obedience to law was their virtue. Honest and upright, they shrank from debt.

A world of individualism and idealism, with its music and literature and art, afforded them great happiness.

Connor describes these Germans as "shrewd, economical, conservative, lovers of learning and of religion."

"An example," says Faust of this folk, "of the humbler virtues which constitute, nevertheless, the backbone on good citizenship, such as respect for the law, honesty and promptness in the discharge of business obligations, dogged persistence, industry and economy."

Early Homes

John Paul Barringer, or under his real German name, Johanne Paulus Behringer, was freed from indenture in 1744. He married Ann Eliza Eisman and moved to Wyoming Valley, Pa. Several years later he came south with his two children, Catherine and John. Following an old buffalo trail to the Yadkin, he met some Scotch-Irish. He turned

off around Salisbury to the southeast and settled in present north central Cabarrus, later moving to the Dutch Buffalo lands in southeast Cabarrus. Barringer was 23 years of age when he gained liberty from indenture.

The Scotch-Irish preceded the Germans to the Piedmont. Today most of the location names are Scotch-Irish or English, few being German. Of the 19 Piedmont counties with much German blood, 17 are named for English and Scocth-Irish leaders of North Carolina and other colonies (Burke, Cabarrus, Davidson, Davie, Forsyth, Gaston, Guilford, Idedell, Lincoln, Montgomery, Orange, Randolph, Rowan, Rutherford, Stanly, Stokes, Surry) and two for Indian tribes (Alamance, Catawba).

Like Barringer most of the settlers in Cabarrus were "squatters;" that is, they did not have legal patent for their land. The land in Cabarrus was on the southern border of the Granville District (from latitude 35 degrees 34 minutes to the Virginia border). The Granville officers were highly inefficient. It was nearly impossible for these settlers to gain legal patent to the land Quit rents, due to Granville, were likewise not collected regularly. These rents, a fixed annual sum which remained the same whether the price of land rose or fell, were established under the royal colonial government in North Carolina at three shillings sterling or four shillings proclamation money (legal tender paper currency) per 100 acres.

The great migration followed Barringer and other early pioneers. These Germans settled in compact communities with the church and school—at many times, in the same building—as the center. The development of the industrial life was based on free white labor as opposed to the English large, scattered plantations with large negro slave labor.

The early Germans, following the custom of the old castles in Germany, first built their homes on the hill tops. Later they moved into the more fertile bottom lands.

First dwellings consisted of a single room with a loft overhead and a great stone chinney at one end. The logs were interlocked in dovetail fashion, spaces for windows and doors having been cut in the massive logs before putting them up. Comfort and protection were provided. The homes were located near springs or streams.

Later, growing more prosperous from their profitable farming and trading, the single-room log cabins were set aside for more spacious and convenient houses.

Conditions

The climate of the Piedmont was greatly adaptable to the hard-working and thriving Germans. Large families and old age seemed to run hand in hand among this folk.

Writing in 1812, Williamson said: "There are not many counties in which the state of health differs so much as it does at present in the different parts of North Carolina. At the distance of 60 to 70 miles from the coast the land begins to rise into small hills, stones appear on the surface and the streams ripple in their course. As we advance a little further to the westward, we find all the variety of hills and dales

that may consist with a fertile country, fit for cultivation. In that happy climate, where the soil is good, and the water pure; where inhabitants enjoy the desirable effects of winter, without suffering by the rigorous severity of cold; there are few of the diseases which are most painful and destructive in cold climates; neither are the inhabitants wasted by the more fatal diseases of warm climates."

He continued, "There are some very old people in the western parts of Carolina, but they were not born in that county; they are older than the settlements." He told of a Mrs. Tommie, a Palatine, who died about 1798 in or near Fayettevile. She was 106 years of age, having been in residence 55 years.

Large families were notable throughout the German settlements.

Rev. Roschen, who came to Davidson County in 1788, reported: "Persons generally marry very young. He that will work, can soon have a plantation; and poor people are not to be met here at all. . . .Families (have) often twelve or thirteen children living. . . .I myself am acquainted with a planted here, who had had a family of 23 children, born of one mother, and who, with the exception of two, are all living and well."

From the census of 1790 the number of males under 16 years of age exceed those over 16. In the nothern states, including Maryland, those over 16 exceed, while in the south it is vice versa. The majority for those under 16 is greatest in North Carolina with the exception of Kentucky. The western section shows a larger margin than the eastern. The ratio of males in North Carolina under 16 to those over was 11:10. In the Salisbury district it was 8:7 while in the Edenton district it was 29:28.

"The greater proportion of people under 16," wrote Williamson, "must be the combined effect of early marriage and a good climate. . . .Families are easily supported where the lands are good, and the winters mild."

(To be continued)

THE BOY WHO GOT AHEAD OF HIS TEACHER

(Selected)

Do you know that a hundred and fifty years ago boys and girls were as bright and ambitious as those of today—and perhaps even more so In those days there were no movies, nor many shows, to take the youngsters' time and they found pleasure in reading and studying.

Well, about that time there lived in New Hampshire a very bright boy, and he was clever, too. He was a real-blooded boy, and loved all sorts of sports, among them fishing, and this was a great snare to him,

and caused him many a hard-fought battle with the temptation to absent himself from school.

On one occasion, Daniel brought upon himself a reprimand from his teacher for fishing without leave, and staying away from school a whole afternoon. The teacher felt that he could not possibly let such a flagrant transgression go unpunished, so he set Daniel the very difficult task of translating one hundred lines of Virgil, to be recited the next day, in addition to his other studies.

Daniel decided to surprise his teacher; so he did not retire that night at all, but sat up all night poring over his Virgil. The next day when the hour for recitation came, and the hour arrived for Daniel's penance, there was a twinkle in the teacher's eye at the prospect of Daniel's discomfiture; but to his very great surprise Daniel recited his hundred lines with ease.

"Very well," said the teacher, disappointedly preparing to close the book, with no word of commendation.

"But, Doctor," assured Daniel, "I have a few more lines that I would like to recite."

"Go on, then," replied the teacher, supposing that the lad might have ready twenty or thirty lines more; but Daniel kept on until he had recited another hundred lines, at which the teacher was so taken aback that he said heartily, "Really, Dan, I compliment you on your industry," and again prepared to close the book.

"But," said Daniel, "I have studied further."

"Very remarkable, Dan; you may continue to recite."

Daniel reeled off the third hundred, which he appeared to know quite as well as the previous two.

"You are a very smart boy, Dan," said the teacher, with a mingled feeling of approval and relief; for it is rather tedious to listen, critically, to the translation of three hundred lines of Virgil.

"But," boasted Daniel, "I am not through yet."

"Pray, how much more have you read, boy? asked the teacher in genuine amazement.

"I can recite five hundred more, if you like, Doctor," said Dan, seeing that the tables were turned, and fully enjoying the teacher's astonishment. "No, that will do for today, Dan," he assured the boy; "I don't think I have time to hear any more now. You may have the rest of the day for fishing.

And so Daniel Webster went off to look for his fishing pole, chuckling to himself about how he got ahead of his teacher.

Hearts that are high and true are always hearing new calls to service. Each duty brings another into view and strength to do it.—Selected.

SCOUTING AN INSTITUTION

(Sulfolk-News Herald)

Next to the school and the church in the order named, we have no doubt but that scouting is the most vital force in any community insofar as boys of that age are concerned. Furthermore, we do not hesitate to say that if the head of the public school system, his assistants and teachers were asked to express their opinion, they would frankly admit that a boy who has had scout training has a distinct advantage over one less fortunate.

The boy scout movement has been signularly free of ballyhoo and commercialization. For this reason it has become a national and local institution without which the locality and the country generally would suffer an immeasureable loss. Successful public men ascribe to scouting many chief reasons why they have risen to eminence in their profession or vocation.

Scout training gives youth an objective toward which to strive and the courage he needs to achieve it. it creates in him self-confidence without arrogance and self-reliance without egotism. It shapes his conduct with his fellows and develops a correct estimate of his associates and a proper appreciation of their rights. Moreover, it develops the latent moral fibre which is so necessary to guard against injury in youth and thereby builds the most valuable asset in any life, character.

The sponsors of the organization in this area, conscious of the worthiness of their cause, are going among the people this week to present scouting to those who have not yet had it touch the lives of their boys and to renew the pledges of others who are already "sold" on the idea.

The News-Herald for the reasons given, feels that in contributing to scout support fund the citizens of this area are making an investment in manhood that will come back through indirect channels to bless and enrich them. It is, therefore, hoped none will turn away empty-handed these guardians of the welfare of the youth of our community. They are giving their time and effort in a public service than which none is nobler.

A carpenter can build a house but only God can make a man. It is for other men already grown to maturity to see that he is not destroyed in the mills of the gods during the process of development. Scouting will go far toward protecting him from the evil influences and the deadly traps set for his unwary feet. See your boy through and if not so blessed, then a neighbor's.

The man who is forever boasting about his ancestors automatically admits that there isn't much about himself worth talking about.—Selected.

THAT WHICH IS FIT, SURVIVES

(Selected)

Somehow, much of the "sure and certain" atitude seems to have been taken out of the "moderns," both young and old, whom a few years ago were trying to debunk almost everything from the faith of our fathers, on down to chaperones and old-fashioned blessing at meal time.

We should never get so "modern" as to lose sight of the good, solid ideals that stood our fathers and mothers and their forebears in good stead for their natural liftime. Only the other day we heard a fellow say: "anything is all right in this day and time, if you can get by with it . . ." Mister, you are wrong. It is quite possible, and quite wise, to acknowledge the modern changes all about us, and get in step with all that is changing for the better, and at the same retain some of the solid character and the unmoved faith in the older things that will always stand . . . . Such as, for instance, paying one's debts, and going to church, and visiting one's neighbors, and helping a friend in trouble, and insisting that children obey and respect older people, and such things as that.

If a thing, or an ideal, is old, it is a sign that it was fit to live. Old families, old customs, old styles, survive because they are fit to survive. If you drown the good in a flood of the new, the right and good will come back to join the good which the new brings with it. Old-fashioned hospitality, old-fashioned politeness old-fashioned honor in business —all have had qualities of survival, and will come back in greater measure as the moving years beat out their march.

CONCORD SHOT IS HEARD 'ROUND WORLD

Dr. Lewis P. Hale, in quoting from Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Concord Hymn," explained last week that the lines—

> "And here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard around the world,"

was of course only figurative—that it meant only that the governmental effects of it resounded the world around.

But he added further that not long ago a radio hook-up was effected whereby a shot on the old Concord battleground was actually heard around the globe.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A recent post card from Horace McCall, a former member of our printing class, stated that he had enjoyed the holiday season with relatives in New Bern and was on his way back to Washington, D. C., where he has been employed on one of the daily newspapers for more than a year.

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker, officer in charge of our carpenter shop, was slightly injured last Thursday when he was struck in the abdomen by a piece of timber which was thrown back by the rip-saw. While the blow was painful, causing him to be very much nauseated, we are very glad to report that no serious injury has developed from the mishap.

—o—

This has been what is known at the School as "rush week," on account of twenty-two boys being allowed to return to their homes. There is quite a lot of detailed record work connected with this particular function of the School, which takes up considerable time on the part of the office force and seriously handicaps those engaged in the regular routine duties.

—o—

The extreme warm, rainy weather for the past two weeks has interfered with the hog-killing at the School. All are anxious for some clear, cold weather in order that the butchering activities may be carried on as usual. This will furnish our tables with plenty of sausage, spare-ribs, etc., and at the same time will relieve the steady flow of grain from our corn supply.

—o—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the last quarter of 1936 as follows: First Grade—Archie Castlebury, best in scholarship; Second Grade—Robert Keith, highest general average; Third Grade—Jerry Smith and Joseph Wheeler, best in word contest; Fourth Grade—Thomas Braddock and Jack Norris, highest general average; Fifth Grade—William Cassell and James Chapman, best in spelling; Sixth Grade—William Brothers, best speller; Seventh Grade—Giles Green and Kenneth Messick, best in declamation.

—o—

We wish to take this opportunity to acknowledge the following donations to the Boys' Christmas Fund, which were reported to this office too late to be included in the list of contributors published in last week's issue:

Miss Conner Winningham, Acting Superintendent of Public Welfare, Graham, N. C., and Mrs. Harvey Boney, Superintendent of Public Wel-

fare, Kenansville, N. C., donating $5.00 each.

We are deeply grateful to these good friends for their contributions toward our boys' happiness during the Christmas season.

—o—

Orville Clark, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who was allowed to return to his home in Washington, August 31, 1933, stopped in to see a few friends on his way to Charlotte last evening. He is employed as truck driver for the Hampton Roads Motor Transfer Company, traveling mostly between Norfolk, Va. and Salisbury. Occasionally he has some merchandise to be delivered in Charlotte. Last night was a time when this occurred, so he stopped for a few minutes to greet old friends at the School.

Orville seems to be getting along very well. He is now twenty-one years old and has developed into a husky man.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read John 10:1-10, and in his talk to the boys, he called special attention to part of the tenth verse: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

John's reason for writing the Book of John, said the speaker, is given in the last part of chapter twenty: "That ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

Jesus taught us truth with reference to mankind as they were, continued the speaker. He was not afraid of any man. He was just as much at ease when standing before Pilate as he was when ministering to the lowest person. All men were human beings before God if they tried to live as He would have them live. Christ saw friend and brother with infinite capacity.

Jesus had lived with God, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood. and was therefore able to reveal God to men—"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth.'

The speaker then stated that we might ask, "What is God like? What would He do or say " These queries are answered when we look into the life of Jesus. In his teachings we find God to be a God of mercy, light, goodness and truth. An abundant life is a joyous life. Some people feel they can not enjoy life if they are Christians. That is all wrong. God gives us real joy if we are really Christians. Most wordly pleasures bring sorrow with them. Being a Christian adds joy to our lives. Compare people who are living according to God's will with those who are heathen. The latter do not show much joy in their faces or lives.

Jesus adds to joys that we have, rather than taking away real pleasure. A Christian life expands and grows; it does not live for self, but lives as wide as God's creation.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then asked his listeners to compare the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea. The former

gives water as it receives it. Fish can live in its clear water. The Dear Sea gets and gets, but never gives. Fish cannot live in its water.

He then added in conclusion that the same comparison could be made in the lives of men. Those who receive God's word and share it with others, are truly enjoying life's blessings, but those people who live for self, continually receiving countless blessings but never thinking of the needs of their fellow-men, are dead.

THE MELODY SWEET

There came from the alley and into the street,
  The haunting refrain of a melody sweet.
A whistling street urchin had carried it down,
  From his gallery throne to the turbulent town.

He gave it to Joe of the strawberry cart,
  Who nestled the melody close to his heart.
Joe carried it on till he came to a stop—
  And hummed out the tune for the boulevard cop.

The cop, calling the station, found the turnkey alone,
  And sang him the melody over the phone.
The turnkey, good fellow, in whose heart yet dwells
  God's pity, soon passed it into the cells.

The prisoners took cheer at the melody sweet,
  And out through the bars it went back to the street;
And as the song once again played on the happy boy's lips,
  He met some sea-faring men bound for their ships.

Well he gave it to them and they carried it on,
  And no one is sure just how far it has gone.
Which all goes to show that when God would spread joy,
  He finds he can always depend on a boy.

—T. R. Burd.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 3, 1937.

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Robert Allen 5
(5) James Causey 5
(2) J. C. Coxe 2
(5) Edward Johnson 5
(2) Craig Mundy 2
(2) Ray Norman 2
(5) Mack Setzer 5
(5) Fred Wheeler 5
(5) James Wilhite 5

COTTAGE No. 1

(5) William Goodson 5
(4) John Kellam 4
(5) Arthur Martin 5
Julian Myrick 3
Jack Norris 2
Latha Warren 2
James West 4
John Wilson
(5) Preston Yarborough 5

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce
(2) John Capps 2
(2) Henry Fredere 3
(3) George Goodman 3
Douglas Hinson
(2) Lemuel Murphy 2
(2) Boyd Strickland 2
(2) John Whitaker 3
(2) Myron Whitman 2
(2) Robert Worthington 2
(2) Richard Wrenn 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Robert Batson 2
(2) Earl Bass 2
(2) James Burns 3
(2) Earl Barnes 2
(2) Paul Cochran 2
(3) M. C. Cranford 4
Charles Furchess 4
(3) Julian Gregory 4
(3) Norwood Glasgow 3
(3) Eugene Green 3
(2) Coolidge Green 2
(3) Max Hedrick 4
(2) F. E. Mickle 3
(2) William McRary 2
(2) John Piner 2
(2) Frank Pickett 2
(5) Hoyette Rogers 5
(4) Ellis White 4

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 2
Horace Bates
Garrett Bishop 2
Carlton Calloway 2
Mathis Garrett
(5) Glenn Haymore 5
(5) Lyle Hooper 5
Thomas Little 3
(2) Richard Mills 4
Charles Mizzell 2
Lloyd Pettus 3
Frank Raby 3
(2) Richard Sprinkle 3
Melvin Walters 2

COTTAGE No. 5

William Cassell 2
(5) A. L. Gaines 5
(3) Monroe Keith 3
Jack Tate

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Willam Burnette 4
(4) Theodore Bowles 4
(4) Kenneth Conklin 4
(4) Fletcher Castlebury 4
(2) Robert Deyton 3
(2) Noah Ennis 3
(2) Frank Glover 4
(2) William Howard 4
(3) Columbus Hamilton 3
(3) Thomas Hamilton 3
Marvin King 2
(2) George Wilhite 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) John Elliott 4
(2) Caleb Hill 3

(3) Perry Harvel 4
(5) Hugh Johnson 5
(3) Milton H. Pickett 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Sam Belk 4
(4) Wilfred Land 4
(3) Rayvon Michael 3
Edward McCain 4
Ernest Owens
John Penninger 3
Ralph Rainey 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Braddock 3
J. T. Branch 2
(5) Randolph Davis 5
Reuben Duggins
(2) Woodfin Fowler 2
(2) Charles Freeman 4
C. D. Grooms 4
(5) Theodore Hodgson 5
Lurren Kinney 3
(3) Thomas McCarter 4
(3) Esmond Reams 3
(5) Homer Smith 5
(3) Percival Shuler 3

COTTAGE No 10

(4) Clyde Adams 4
(5) Jehu Wright 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) James Chapman 2
Earl Duncan
(5) John Drum 5
(5) Dewey Freeman 5
(4) James Hicks 4
(4) David Hodge 4
William Kirk 3
Andrew Lambeth
(2) Julius Stevens 3

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Joseph Cox 4
Fred Carter
(5) Frank Dickens 5
(5) Talmage Dautrey 5
(5) Marvin Edwards 5
(4) Bernard Griffin 4
(3) Franklin Hensley 3
(4) Frank Lewis 4
(5) June Malone 5
(2) Asbury Marsh 3
(2) Jerome Medlin 4
(5) Glenn O'Quinn 5
Ewin Odom 3
Andrew Powell 4
(2) James Reavis 3
(5) William Stevens 5
Lonnie Sloan

COTTAGE No. 13

Fletcher Boggs 3
(5) Clarence Douglas 5
Robert Hailey
(2) Claudius Pickett 2
Eugene Patton 2
Wilmer Shoaf 3
Eugene Tollie 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Bernice Baker 4
John Crawford
James Kirk 2
James Stepp

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) Marvin Ashe 5
(5) Henry Abernathy 5
(3) Roy Cruse 4
(5) George Gibson 5
(5) Walter Hill 5
(3) Glenn Jenkins 4
(2) Caleb Jolly 3
(5) Clarence King 5
(5) George McManus 5
(2) James McCracken 4
(5) Walter Mitchell 5
(2) Marvin Malcom 4
(3) Edward Murray 3
(2) Charles Pennell 4
(5) Harley Pennell 5
(2) Hansel Pate 4
(2) Marshall Scoggins 2
Wallace Somers
(3) Harless Triplett 4
(4) Carl Toney 4
(5) Richard Tysinger 5
(5) Robert Teeter 5
(5) Winfred Whitlock 5
James Watson 2
(4) Paul York 4

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONC 16, 1737 No. 3

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ESSENTIALS

Roll up your sleeves, man, and begin;
Disarm misfortune with a grin;
Let discontent not wag your chin—
Let gratitude.

Don't try to find all things askew;
Don't be afraid of what is new;
Nor banish as unsound, untrue,
A platitude.

If folks don't act as you should choose,
Remember life is varied; use
Your common sense; don't get the blues;
Show latitude.

—Selected.

— Published By —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

PRIDE AND HUMILITY

James McDougall, a young Scotchman and candidate for the ministry, was on his way to the pulpit to preach his trial sermon. James had worked hard on that sermon, and he felt that it was a good one. He knew he had a good voice, and he was confident of making an excellent impression. As he walked up the aisle and mounted the pulpit steps, the pride in his face and walk was evident to everybody in the church. Old Robin Malair, the sexton, slowly shook his grizzled head. "I hae me doots o' you laddie," he said to himself. The sexton had seen many a candidate mount those steps, some in pride, and some in humility; so now, he looked on with misgiving. James McDougall made a miserable failure in the pulpit that day. And when his wretchedly delivered sermon was done, he walked slowly down the pulpit steps, head bowed, and heart humbled. "Ay, laddie," mused old Robin, "if ye had gone up as ye came doon, ye'd have come doon as ye went up!"

—The King's Business.

FOUNDER'S DAY

The date of the opening of the Stonewall Jackson Training School was January 12, 1909, making the school 28 years old this month. Well do many of us recall this memorable date as we looked upon the contributions, from many business concerns in the state, of furniture, table linen, silverware, kitchen utensils and crockery, making it possible to begin work during the session of the legislature, having something tangible to present to that august body also that the first appropriation, $10.000, had been used wisely. The dream of reforming the boy was crystalized into a happy reality.

There was little to work with 28 years ago, but the faith and hope in the cause put it over in fine style. Although it took bulldog tenacity in the face of discouraging comments, to continue the

work; but push, pluck and perseverance motivated the project till today the state has an investment of something over a million dollars in this school. Of greater interest yet, the number of wayward boys salvaged could not be estimated.

The first boy (and plainly can the writer visualize him sitting all alone on the steps of the King's Daughters Cottage, the first cottage opened) was from Burlington. This boy succeeded in life, and that is sufficient compensation for the effort in establishing the school. Neither was this boy a bad boy, just a little incorrigible like thousands of others needing a firm but steadying hand to start them off on the right foot.

The school has grown by leaps and bounds, a wonderful foundation for the followers to build upon, and give in return as dividends, boys reclaimed as most worthy citizens. We make bold to state neither an individual nor the state makes a mistake when investing in human values, especially is this emphasized in this age of crime.

It is far better to spend money to save the youths than to spend money chasing crime and then spend more for release from the bonds of law when once incarcerated.

The slogan of the state as a whole, and of individuals should be "use every effort to prevent crime," knowing that the tendency to crime is on the increase among the youths of both sexes.

* * * * * * *

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The quarterly meeting of the trustees, January 7, for the first time in many seasons did not have a quorum., therefore, no business pertinent to the school was transacted. Those present were Chairman L. T. Hartsell, Sr., Concord; Messrs Paul Whitlock, Charlotte; Herman Cone, Greensboro; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Durham; Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

The report of the superintendent was read and after this some of the activities of the school were discussed, and the members present urged the chairman with other board members to meet the Committee on Appropriations during this session of the General Assembly, in the interest of the institution.

The small attendance at this time was no surprise, because the date conflicted with that of the inauguration of Governor Hoey,

besides others were detained due to the bad weather and the epidemic of flu that is spreading over the country.

The news of Mr. D. B. Coltrane's inability to attend was received with an expression of deep regrets by those present. Mr. Coltrane, a regular attendant and a constant friend of the school since its very beginning, has been confined to his home for a week or more. He never misses a meeting of the trustees. This school is to him as an own child, having nursed it from infancy by material aid and as a wise counsellor. We pray for his entire recovery. He has been to all of us in the past a pleasure, and in the future a hope.

* * * * * * *

GOVERNOR HOEY

There is great satisfaction and joy when one knows a trust has been conscientiously guarded. This is the harvest reaped during the four years of Governor Ehringhaus' administration, so clearly recognized when he turned over the "repaired ship" of State to his worthy successor, Governor Clyde R. Hoey.

Harking back to the days long before Ehringhaus was chosen by the people as their chief executive this remark was made, "some day the little "Wise Man from the East will be our governor, and he will make a plumb good one." The prophesy has been fulfilled.

At a later date when Clyde Hoey made a speech at this institution, the whisper was, "Hoey is gubernatorial timber." Again the forecasting proved true for he has been placed in the excutive mansion as the choice of the people.

Not only those who were present at the inauguration of Governor Hoey, but thousands from all parts of the state who tuned in on their radio to hear the address of the incoming governor to the General Assembly, pronounced it a classic and complete.

In outlining the policies of the state, he dodged no issues, but made clear his position on the controversial issues that he will later have to meet, with the ability and courage of a statesman. His responsibility as the Chief Executive of the people is free of personal obligations, therefore, he will not be the governor of any clique, clan or faction, but will serve all of the people without discrimination.

The personnel of the Stonewall Jackson Training School with the

other citizenship of the State greet Governor Clyde Roark Hoey with glad acclaim and extend to him at any time the hospitality of the School.

Having the spirit of an optimist, knowing that impossibilities have become possibilities, there is an inner urge that some day one of our boys, with the proper consideration and equal advantages of others may rise to the peak of some high office. Who can tell? Therefore, the superintendent and all officials of the institution crave the interest of people at large, also state officials with the hope that the results of the work of the Jackson Training School for 1937 will excell that of any previous year.

* * * * * * *

"CRITIC"

The author of the following, unknown, writes that of all people in the world "a critic" is the most disgusting, and can nearly throw one in a frenzy. The person who has been a grafter all of his life is a wizard in the art of criticising. There are people who never had a creative thought, never had a constructive thought, but have been the beneficiaries of some fertile brain, and yet the "critic" in the pomp of the inflated estimate of self can vividly see the mistakes in any kind of constructive organization.

The fellow who is busy in doing something is always growing by studying the accomplishments of prior generations. That type of man or woman come under the class of "constructive critics", but the other class is styled as "knockers." In short they pull down, even the reputation of their fore-runners, in their desperate effort of playing to the public.

Theodore Roosevelt did not feel that the critic counts for much as shown in the following:

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doers of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; because there is no effort without error and shortcomings; who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, spends himself in a worthy cause;

who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high acchievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat.

* * * * * * *

ALMANACS

The Almanacs distributed this time of year are suggestive of Benjamin Franklin, born January 17, 1706, in Boston, who in 1732 issued "Poor Richard's Almanac," and the same was continued for twenty-six years.

As a boy he had the temperament of a wanderlust, leaving home without the knowledge of his people. He found his way to Philadelphia, where he established himself as a printer, and is accepted as the first writer to assume a "nom-de-plume." He was usually called "Poor Richard," therefore, he published his work known as "Poor Richard's Almanac," preferring this to plain Ben Franklin.

Similar works soon followed that of "Poor Richard" who was outstanding during the Revolutionary struggle, also Ambassador to France, besides was the first man to give demonstrations of practical electrcity, a subject that he wrote about extensively.

The New England Almanac, issued by Isaac Thomas, Worcester, was a worthy successor of Poor Richard. This almanac was issued in 1775, and continued for seventy-five years. Another remarkable publication of this class was the "New England Almanac and The Farmer's Friend," gotten out by D. M. Daboll, Groton, Connecticut, continuing for one hundred and twelve years. There are others that could be named. Enough to know that the evolution of the almanac would prove an interesting subject for an evening's study.

These almanacs had their legitimate aims and uses, strictly attending to the business for which they were specially intended,—meteorological information, the phases of the sun and moon, useful receipts and items of general interest.

The almanac of today contains all of these features, and advertisements of articles of monetary value to the publishers. This is a popular book of information with the farmers especially for those who are religiously guided by the moon during the planting season. The Old Salem Almanac is the most popular in this part of the country.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

It's Up To You

"It's up to you in your battle of life,
For business, position or trade,
It's up to you, 'mid the din and the strife,
Whether you make the grade.

"Don't get discouraged. Don't say, "I can't";
Do it well, whatever you do;
Just use what you have and get what you want,
And remember, It's Up to You."

—o—

Did you ever notice how many people are willing to help you celebrate any occasion that does not cost them anything?

—o—

You do not see as much in a small town as you do in a large one—but you hear a great deal more.

—o—

The struggle between right and wrong has been going on in this struggling old world ever since civilization began. And after all these years there are a lot of people who cannot tell the difference between them.

—o—

We have often been told that life begins at 40. But that is not disconcerting to many people as to be told that social security doesn't begin until 65.

—o—

"How long does a fish continue to grow?" a Boston Professor has been asked. Don't know what the Professor said, but I am of the opinion that it grows several inches every time the fisherman tells the tale.

One good thing about that horrible Spanish revolutionists, uprising is they are not borrowing money from your Uncle Sam.

—o—

Many people cheer their friends by reciting their troubles to them.

—o—

If, in discussion with your wife, and she will not listen to reason, suggest giving her a new hat. That generally caps the climax.

—o—

The first lie detector was used in the garden of Eden, so it is no new idea that is being promulgated these days.

—o—

It's funny to see the man, who spent his summer in a trailer, following his wife around the house when he gets settled down at his home.

—o—

There is an old saying that "Money Talks." Maybe. But it does not have much to say when an income tax collector is around.

—o—

It does seem as though a great many people, who drive cars so fast must have a knowledge that something is going to happen, and are trying to get as far as they can, before it does happen.

—o—

It is said that if you wake in the night and cannot go to sleep it is because you don't need any more sleep. I do not believe in this idea, for when you feel in your pocket for money, and haven't any money, it

shows that some rules don't work both ways.

—o—

Having seen many wrens and many wasp nests—and having charged into the latter, and gotten many a stinging rebuke—I believe the Texas story of a wren's nest being in a wasp nest, originated with some fellow who doesn't know a hornet from a handsaw, when the wind is in the right direction.

—o—

It is very difficult for some persons to continue conversation after running out of something to say. But it is better to say nothing than to say a whole lot of things you do not mean, and part of then not true.

—o—

The statement is made that the Federal Court has struggled with the problem: "What is an infant?" An infant is a thing you bounce on

—o—

your lap during the day, and carry around during the night.

Just after a Massachusetts girl refused her escort a kiss, their car hit a tree. He succeeded in getting a blunder buss; but this should be a warning to girls not to slect quick-tempered swains for companions.

—o—

A Connecticut woman was arrested after spending four hours in a telephone booth. It appears rude to interrupt a description of a new hat.

—o—

Some one has invented a mechanical device which wakes the dozing driver when his drooping chin touches a button A dozer loses consciousness an instant before he nods. Loss of consciousness, relaxing of muscles, causes the nod. The doze-no-no alarm. would, perhaps, make a loud noise, but it would not wake the dead in the car which left the road the instant before the chin of the dozer touched the button.

A LITTLE WHILE

Just a little while to walk the narrow pathway,
  Just a little while to serve Him as we go;
Just a little while to praise the blessed Saviour,
  Just a little while to share His love below.

Just a little while to lift a brother's burden,
  Just a little while to bravely bear our own;
Just a little while to lead a wayward comrade
  Safely back into the Father's heart and home.

Just a little while, dear Lord, be Thou close by us,
  Through the shadowed place, through sorrow's darkened night,
Till again we reach Thy holy hill of gladness,
  And behold Thy face in morning's joyful light.

—Myrtis Chagnon.

DEUTSCHLAND IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA

By Smith Barrier

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PART II

From German To English Language

When Valentine Leonardt, a pioneer to the Piedmont, came over, he had to sign his pledge of allegiance to the British Crown in German acript. This parent of the present Lexington Leonard family knew no English.

These Germans found themselves in a strange environment which was made all the more difficult by their ignorance of the language of their neighbors and of the government. The Germans loved their mother tongue and did not relish the thought of giving it up for the English. As a result the Germans in both Carolina and Pennsylvania retained the accents of their fathers for many years.

The dialect they spoke was commonly Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch or, as we say today, Pennsylvania Dutch. It was a mixture of the Frankish (Palatinate) and Alemannic (Wurtemberg and Switzerland) German dialects, with its adaption to the English.

Accustomed to writing their words as they were pronounced, they found great difficulties with the English. There was much interchange in the consonants 'v' and 'w', 'd' and 't', and 'b' and 'p'.

The names underwent radical changes in some instances, in others they remained intact. Some kept the German spelling; some translated the meaning into English some spelled it in English as it sounded; some used variations. For example, at a recent reunion of the Klein family, the original name, there were five variations—Kline, Cline, Small, Little and Short.

In the homes of these early Germans they used their native tongue exclusively. Only gradually did they take up the English, their children, finding themselves against such great odds, being highly influential in the change.

An English traveler, Smyth, from Hillsboro, then called Hillsborough, to Salisbury in 1773 became lost on his route. "It was also unlucky for me", he wrote in his journal, "that the greater number of the inhabitant on the plantations, where I called to inquire my way, being Germans, neither understood my questions, nor could render themselves intelligible to me. . . .I am confident that I rode over the distance of twenty-five miles before I had reached, in a direct line, ten miles from Hillsborough, from whence I had set out in the morning."

Sauer's German almanac from

Philadelphia 1738-78 was the main book of its kind for the Germans in their native language, although Franklin published one for a short time. Other journals and books in German were published by Sauer from time to time.

This ignorance of the English language, which was the speech of the government officials, placed a great handicap on the Germans. It kept them out of public affairs and politics for a long time. But with the Revolution they came in greater contact with the English. The masses of the Germans took up English, although the leaders had already learned the new tongue. Martin Phifer, Sr. had been in the Legislature as early as 1764.

With the children demanding English instead of German, the small German-taught schools decreased and those of English grew. The pastors, most of whom were straight from Germany, continued to preach in German but gradually had to turn to the English as their congregations demanded. American-born pastors rapidly took the place of the German leaders early in the nineteenth century. Rev. Storch was the last of the German-born pastors. He could converse fluently in five languages, which included, we learn from his journal, English, Latin, French and German.

Church history gives an excellent picture of the transition from German to English. In 1819 Rev. Storch for Cabarrus and Rowan counties ordered a number of printed minutes of the Lutheran Church Synod meeting of that year, his order being 100 copies in German and 25 in English.

At Lincolnton on July 17, 1820 the western Lutheran churches formed the Tennessee Synod. German was made the official business language of the Synod, all transactions to be published in this tongue. By 1825 the minutes were printed in both German and English. An interpreter had to be appointed in 1826 for the members who did not understand German. It was ordered at the same time that the "business of the Synod shall be transacted in the German language during the first three days, afterwards, the English shall be used."

At the organization of the Classis of the Reformed Church in 1831 in Guilford County, eight services were held, five of which were in English. The minutes were printed in English.

As late as 1859 Victor Barringer wrote: "I labor under the disadvantage of not understanding the German language....I know enough of it to exchange a few ordinary words in conversation but not enough to decipher and translate old documents."

This depicts the Germans' transformation from their mother tongue to the language which their environment required them to take up. At the turn into the letter half of the nineteenth century, English was used widespread except in the rural homes. There until as late as nearly the twentieth century, scatterings of German words were used.

Churches

This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard; fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. Eccl. 12:13.

The Germans were a great and profound religious people. Their Bibles, cathechisms and hymn-books were closest to their hearts and always carried most safely on their migrations. And, too, the churches gave the Germans an outlet and a growth for a great love—music, an art in which the German folk has contributed Beethoven, Handel, Mendelsohn, Mozart and Wagner. Every Sabbath the German families would weather the rough methods of travel for distances as much as 25 miles to gather with their fellows in Christian service, at first conducted by leading citizens of the group, later by ordained ministers. As the country became more densely settled, new churches grew up. Cabarrus church history gives a large chapter to the Germans.

All the Germans were either Lutherans or Reformeds. Today these two denominations are still strong in this section, although many original members have changed to other sects. The Lutheran doctrines were based on the teachings of Luther, those of the Reformed on Zwingli and Calvin. The Reformed Church was also known as the Calvin, the German Presbyterian, the Reformed Evangelical, the Dutch Presbyterian and the Calvinist Congregational churches. All these were sects whose doctrinal symbol was the Cathechism of Heidelberg.

The teachers they brought with them or an educated person among them would conduct what services the early pioneers had. These would bury the dead and baptize the children, reading sermons and prayers. In homes and brush arbors they would gather for worship. Visiting missionaries at irregular intervals would administer the sacraments.

At first the Lutherans and Reformeds worshiped in union. They recognized few denominational differences, one document, giving reason for union, saying, "Since we are both united in the principal doctrines of Christianity, we find no difference between us except in name." Neither possessed ordained ministers nor ample housing facilities, so they would build a church together, using it on alternate Sabbaths for their own service. Both would gather every Sunday. Each had equal rights and privileges, using an union hymn-book.

Both sects appealed to Pennsylvania and Germany for aid in the form of missionaries. The Reformeds sent to the Pennsylvania Synod for ministers and financial aid but received only temporary assistance. The Lutherans, appealing to the only organized Lutheran Synod in America at the time, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, had similar fortune. Later, in the early 1770's, they succeeded in gaining aid from Germany.

The Reformeds had pastors before the Lutherans, sharing them with their kin. The first regular minister to come to Cabarrus was Rev. Samuel Suther, whose descendants still live in Cabarrus. He arrived sometime prior to 1768. Rev. Adolph Nussman in 1773 arrived to become the first Cabarrus Lutheran pastor.

Yet prior to the arrival of the regular pastors, Cabarrus was privileged to services by German missionaries of the Reformed Church. Rev. Christian Theus preached in South

Carolina as early as 1739 and made missionary tours through the Piedmont North Carolina Germans from 1745 to 1760. Rev. Mr. Martin was in Davidson County from 1759 to 1764 and undoubtedly entered Cabarrus from time to time. In 1764 Rev. Mr. Dupert was in the section, and "visits were made regularly four times a year unless hindered by sickness and highwaters."

Rev. Suther arrived around June, 1768 and, though no definite record is available, probably organized the Cold Water Reformed Church, which ranks along with Lowerstone in Rowan and Pilgrim in Davidson as the oldest Reformed church in the Piedmont. Both Reformeds and Lutherans held service under Rev. Suther.

Governor Tryon, as told in his journal, on his trip through Cabarrus in 1768 attended service under Rev. Suther on August 21, with his host, Martin Phifer, Sr.

Cold Water Church, an union congregation, is first mentioned in the Lutheran state books in 1814 with Philip Cress and Michael Winecoff as officers. The split of union occurred later in the century, with the Lutherans forming St. James' in Concord in 1843 and the Reformeds moving to Old Gilead, now called New Gilead, three miles out on the old Concord-Salisbury road, in 1851.

Rev. Suther was highly influential not only in Cabarrus but in both Carolinas. He was born in Switzerland in 1722, coming to America when 17 years old. Teaching in Philadelphia, he became connected with the Reformed Church there in 1749 and was ordained. He arrived in Cabarrus around June, 1768, remaining there until October, 1771. Leaving Cabarrus he served the Reformed churches in eastern Carolina, then returned to the Piedmont and finally went to South Carolina in 1786, where he died September 28, 1788. He was an intense patriot. Credit of thoroughly organizing most of the Reformed congregations still in existence at the formation of the Classis of North Carolina in 1831 falls largely to Rev. Suther.

The stalwart of Lutheranism in early Carolina was St. John's Church, whose guiding hand was felt not only in and around Cabarrus, in which territory eight off-spring churches have arisen, but also in North Carolina, whose first ecclesiastical assembly of the state Lutheran Church met there May 20, 1794. It is thus around St. John's, many of whose records have been kept, that Cabarrus Lutheranism centered.

Like other church communities St. John's was first an union congregation. However, in 1771 a split occurred with the Reformeds, and the Lutherans built a church largely on the suggestion and financial aid of John Paul Barringer. A large pew was constructed by the congregation for the special benefit of Barringer and his family. Daniel Jarrett was the contractor. This church, at times called Dutch Buffalo Creek Church, was first built three miles east of the present site, then about one-half mile east and in 1771 was moved to near the present location.

But St. John's was still without a regular pastor. In 1772 it combined with Organ congregation in Rowan to send two delegates to Germany in search of help. Christopher

Layrle from St. John's and Christopher Rintelman from Organ departed on horseback to Charleston where they embarked to London. In England they received great support especially from Crown, as he was also Elector of Hanover. Continuing to Germany they gained the aid of Rev. John Casper Velthusen of Julius Charles University in Helmstaedt, Duchy of Brunswick. For the next 20 years the fate of the Lutheran Church in North Carolina lay in the worthy hands of this group.

Rev. Adolph Nussman and Teacher Gottfried Arndt returned to America with the America delegates to give Carolina Lutheranism its first real leadership. Born in 1740, Nussman was from Maastricht, Holland, and had once been a Franciscan monk of the Roman Catholic Church before being converted to Protestantism. After attending the University of Goettinger, he came to America in 1773 with Arndt who had studied at Teachers' Seminary in Hanover. In Cabarrus Nussman married Barbara Layrle, daughter of the Layrle who had come to Germany. His work in Carolina until November 2, 1794, when he died of cancer, will be discussed in connection with St. John's.

Rev. Nussman and Rev. Arndt, who was ordainned in 1775 by Rev. Joachim Beulow of Saluda River, S. C., were the only Lutheran ministers in the Piedmont during the Revolution. Their missionary work, endless and tireless, was not limited to Lutherans but to all Christians. Not until 1787 did other Lutheran pastors come from Germany to aid these noble workers. In that year Rev. Christian Eberhard Bernhardt came to Davidson County, in 1788 Rev. Carl August Gottlieb Storch to Rowan and Rev. Arnold Roschen to Davidson, relieving Bernhardt who had gone to Stokes and Forsythe.

Rev. Nussman and Prof. Arndt first settled at Hickory union church in Rowan in 1773. But after about a year, dissension between the Lutherans and Reformed arose, and they parted, the former to Zion's Church or now Organ, the latter to Grace Church or now Lowerstone. Before Organ Church was completed, Nussman came to St. John's in Cabarrus, and Arndt was sent in 1775 to be ordained. Nussman had his farm quite near the church at St. John's.

Following the Revolution a great lack of religious feeling spread throughout the puzzled new nation. Bernheim writes that the War caused "the almost deification of Liberty and the rapid rise of infidelity, rationalism and religious indifference."

The fathers of St. John's, to meet this shift from the path, adopted a very strict constitution in 1782, as follows:

"(1) The pastor was bound to confess, with heart and mouth, to the symbolical books of the church. (2) A regular support, for pastor and school teacher, was expected from the members. (3) All marriages had to be proclaimed three Sundays, in succession, before the marriage could take place, and no one, but a minister was allowed to perform the ceremony. (4) The church council was designated as adjunct executors in all wills and testaments."

Soon after, they passed further rules against the growing indifference to religion, as follows:

"(1) Resolved: That the doors of the church shall no longer be closed before the commencement of the Lord's day services; but as soon as one half of the congregation shall have assembled, the doors shall be opened, and at 10 o'clock the services of the sanctuary shall commence: and those persons who shall be guilty of making a disturbance during service shall be reported to the magistrate. The services shall also commence in future without any further calling in of those persons who remain outside....2. Resolved: That whenever slanderous reports are circulated which might cause dissensions in the church, they shall be made known to our President, Paul Barringer, who shall investigate the matter, and shall decide in such a way as shall best promote the interests of true religion and the church.

On November 6, 1784 the congregation set about to reorganize and resolved to build a new church, this to be on the same site as the old one. A subscription list taken in the currency of English money, ranging from 10 pounds to 3 shillings, totaled 172 1-2 pounds or, in the general ratio of five dollars per pound, $862.50. The church was dedicated on July 4 of the following year. Soon after, another subscription was taken for the purpose of purchasing a large silver goblet for communion service. This new building was a frame structure, exceptionally large for the times and painted red, being called called the "Old Red Meeting-House."

Rev. Nussman died November 3, 1794, but not before he had seen all the North Carolina Lutheran pastors gathered togethered for the first church assembly of the denomination in the state. This meeting was held at St. John's May 20, 1794 to ordain the first Carolina Lutheran minister. He was Rev. Robert Johnson Miller, whose ordainment was petitioned by Methodist Episcopal congregations in Lincoln County. He had been licensed by the Methodist Episcopal Conference but had not had the authority to administer the sacraments. Serving the Lutheran churches in the English language as compared to the German used by the other pastors, he was known to the Germans as the "English Lutheran pastor."

Following Rev. Nussman's death, St. John's had a vacancy for two years. Rev. Storch came from Rowan to supply during 1796. In 1797 Rev. Adam Nicholas Macard was called from the Cold Water Creek congregation and served three years. Rev. Storch returned in 1800 and, after Rev. John Henkel had been called from Virginia in 1803 but had died before being able to leave, continued as pastor until 1821. St. John's became one of the strongest churches in the whole state.

A Reformed theological student, Samuel Weyberg, came to Cabarrus in 1791, returned to Philadelphia in 1793 to be ordained and moved back to the Piedmont. He preached in Cabarrus and Rowan until 1803. In that year George F. Bollinger returned from Louisiana, to where a large group of Cabarrus Germans had gone in 1800 on great inducements from the French and Spanish governments, to beg Weyberg to join them. Weyberg went, becoming the first Reformed missionary to the great west and preaching, Welker says, the

first Protestant sermon west of the Mississippi.

The first Cabarrus-born German pastor was George Boger, whose father, Jacob, and mother, nee Loefler, had come from Pennsylvania to the Dutch Buffalo section. Boger was born December 15, 1782, attended German school in Cabarrus at the age of 7 or 8 and English school for four months when 15 or 16, and took religious instructions under Rev. Weyberg at 16. He became a member of the Reformed Church on Whit Sunday, May 12, 1799. Declaring his intention to enter the ministry, he studied under Rev. Weyberg and preached his first sermon when 17 years four months old. When Weyberg left, he served several congregations in the county. After further study under Rev. Storch, a Lutheran, he was ordained by Rev. Andrew Loretz, another Lutheran in Lincoln County, on March 6, 1803. His service continued active among Cabarrus, Rowan and Stanly churches until 1830 when Rev. Daniel B. Lerch came to assist him. In 1847 he had to give up all work and died June 19, 1865 at the age of 82 years.

As a reaction to the post-Revolution religious indifference, a great revival set in with the turn of the century. It swept the whole country, the German Lutheran and Reformed settlements not being excepted. Rev. Storch, then a pastor at St. John's, wrote a friend in Germany on February 25, 1803:

"By the side of this pestilence (infidelity) there prevails now, for over a year, a something, I know not what to name it, and I should not like to say fanaticism. Christians of every denomination assemble themselves in the forest, numbering four, six and sometimes ten thousands persons; they erect tents, sing, pray and preach, day and night, for five, six or eight days. I have been an eye-witness to scenes in such large assemblies, which I cannot explain. I beheld young and old, feeble and strong, white and black—in short, people of every age, position and circumstances, as though they were struck by lightning, speechless and motionless; and when they had somewhat recovered, they could be heard shrieking bitterly and supplicating God for mercy and grace. After they had thus spent three, and even more, hours they rose up, praised God, and commenced to pray in such a manner as they never were wont to do, exhorting sinners to come to Jesus, etc. Many of those who were thus exercised, were ungodly persons before, and we can now discover a remarkable change in them."

After this spirit of revivalism, the people gradually came back to the paths of the organized church.

Education

Running hand in hand with their religious fervor was a great love for learning which motivated their many attempts to obtain for themselves and their children every possible means of education.

Coming to their new homes in groups mostly, one of the first buildings erected was a church-school, a small log cabin for use in both religion and education. Of unhewn logs, with cracks filled with red clay and the ground as the floor, these crude structures contained benches of

logs trimmed flat on the upper side, minus any backs or desks. A long hickory rod was its only decoration.

Without either pastor or. teacher, the earliest pioneers had to depend on the most educated of its group to conduct what primitive progress it made. Then sometime around 1768 Rev. Suther arrived to serve the Reformeds. He also held school among his congregation. Other famous pastor-teachers were Rev. Nussman and Rev. Arndt.

In 1773 the St. John's Lutheran congregation built a school-house just west of the church and secured a Mr. Friesland to teach. This building contained two rooms with a large stone chimney in the middle. One room was for the school, the other for the teacher and his family.

About 1789 Joseph Hentzley taught school on Buffalo Creek while Martin Schlump conducted another in the same neighborhood. These schools were all in German. John Yeomans in 1798 opened the first English school in Cabarrus. Among his pupils was George Boger.

Rev. Nussman was greatly interested in education, and his efforts to further the conditions in Cabarrus were rewarded to a great extent. Arriving in 1773 he immediately set to work to gain help from Germany. Prior to the Revolutionary War there had been placed on deposit in as a benefit for St. John's church. After the war the congregation requested a supply of devotional and German school books in place of the money. Likewise at Rev. Nussman's request, several professors at Helmstaedt edited a series of German textbooks for use in North Carolina.

Conditions for education were bad in the Piedmont. Lack of facilities was the greatest check. "A book-printing establishment." Rev. Nussman wrote to Helmstaedt on November 12, 1788, "would be of the greatest benefit to religion and which could readily obtain assistance here, if we only had the type. The capital necessary for such an establishment could not only be kept up, but also improved, for there is no German printing office from Georgia to Maryland and not even a good English one in North Carolina."

Several German wills contain clauses for the provision of their children's education. John Paul Barringer's directed that his children "should be educated in the best schools of the county."

In the second graduating class at the University of North Carolina was a German, the first to finish from this institution. He was John Phifer, son of Martin, Jr. and grandson of Martin. He was the first Cabarrus native to graduate there.

Soon after the turn of the century, a general hands-off policy arose as to education or rather to public education. The individualistic life of the youthful United States existed without thought of community cooperation, necessary for public education.

Coon says, "Hatred of taxation, sparse population, primitive means of communication, the presence of slavery, the educational destitution of the masses of the people and the lack of a common religion made it extremely difficult during this period to gain friends for any measure looking to social and physical im-

provement." He was writing about North Carolina as a whole during a time when illiteracy was at its height in the state.

The fight for public schools lasted through the first half of the nineteenth century, but not until about 1840 did the movement materialize. On December 18, 1818 a measure was was introduced in the North Carolina Senate, a "bill to establish and regulate schools in the several counties in this state." Cabarrus, Senator, John N. Phifer of German descent, was among those voting "aye." After passing a second reading in the Senate, the House voted it down.

Farming

Back in Germany they were the best farmers in the land. Coming into America and into Piedmont Carolina, these German settlers brought above all their knowledge and skill of farming. On the many and fertile fields of their new-found country they prospered. The Piedmont became a great farming center, one of the most progressing and forward-looking in the nation.

Most of the early farms were about 200 to 300 acres. The plots of the Cabarrus farmers were considerably less than the big Eastern plantations, although Martin Phifer, Jr. in Cabarrus was said to have been the largest individual land-owner in the entire state during the eighteenth century.

Like today the value of the land varied with the location, the quality of soil, the amount of cleared acreage and many other factors. In 1762 one lot of 180 acres sold for 10 pounds 3s 4d, while another of 151 acres for 50 pounds 16s 16d. Fifty pounds in that time had the purchasing power of 500 bushels of corn, 300 of wheat or 350 of dried peas.

Several new and valuable features were brought to the Carolina farms by the Germans. First, were the meadows, a distinctive feature of German farming. Unknown to the Piedmont prior to their settlement, the Germans made wide use of the meadow. George Washington on his southern tour noted "the first meadows I have seen since I lift Virga." between Charlotte and Salisbury. Earlier, in 1768 Governor Tryon, visiting, the county, described John Paul Barringer's farm in his journal: "A beautiful plantation and skillfully managed, particularly the meadow land, which produced excellent hay."

The German believed in soil and timber conservation. They practiced both individually and collectively. They made great use of fetilizers.

It is difficult and expensive for individual farmers to conduct experiments in agricultural methods. And, too, in a group the ideas of each individual can be collected and interchanged. The Germans realized this and early began organizing agricultural boards and societies, A Rowan County German, Charles Fischer, drew up the first such society in the Piedmont in 1821. This followed the establishment of the Agricultural Society of North Carolina in Raleigh, December, 1818, at which four German members attended.

The barns of the Germans were adapted from the famous Pennsylvania-German type, although considerably smaller.

Every possible farm implement

was employed. The first settlers brought some implements. Their mechanics were versed in the art of manufacturing the necessary tools. In 1786 the inventory of a German farm lists harness for two horses, an iron tooth harrow, forks, scythes, axes, mattocks, hoes, shovels, saws, hammers, chisels, augers, a gimlet and wedges.

That the Germans were far advanced of their English neighbors in eastern Carolina is told by contemporary observations. Bishop Spangenburg, founder of the Moravian settlement at Wachovia in 1752, in traveling through a non-German section of Carolina in 1752, said: "In 140 miles I saw not one wagon or plough, nor any sign of one." A traveler along the seaboard in 1775 wrote: "Every implement of husbandry was unknown....The only instrument used is a hoe with which they at once till and plant the corn."

Crops for the eighteenth century German farmer were almost like those of today, except that then rice and indigo were among the main crops.

On August 24, 1755 Governor Dobbs in his report to the Board of Trade wrote concerning this section: "There are 22 families of Germans or Swiss, who are all industrious people, they raise horses, cows and hogs with a few sheep, they raise Indian Corn, wheat, barley, rye and oats, make good butter and tolerable cheese, and they have gone into indigo with good success, which they sell at Charles Town, having a wagon road to it." He mentions that during 1755 a drought completely ruined the indigo crop and hurt the corn yield.

A vegetable garden was an important item in the German farm. Their crop included beans, pumpkins, lettuce, cucumbers, peas, cabbage, potatoes, turnips, squashes, watermelons and cantaloupes.

Great pride was taken in their flowers and lawns.

Along with their gardens and larger crops were the orchards. These contained apples, peaches, pears, quince, and apricots.

Like his Indian neighbor the German farmer was superstitious. He planted his crops with the phase of the moon, with other "little things" playing an important part in his farming. Of a good farmer Nixon wrote: "He consulted his almanac, believed in signs and relied on the twelve signs of the zodiac."

Slavery

Black slavery was not as common among the Germans in the Piedmont as it was along the English plantation region of eastern Carolina. Not being accustomed to such servitude in their native Germany and having a taste of extreme hardships in their own migrations, they did not generally adapt themselves to negro slavery as in other sections.

Yet some of the German leaders, the richest of the group, possessed negro slaves, though not as many nor as universal as their Scotch-Irish neighbors. The four largest Mecklenburg (including Carbarrus) slaveholders in 1790 were Scotch-Irish: John Springs with 50, Thomas Polk 47, John Davidson 26 and William Polk 21. Leading German slaveholders were well down the list, with Caleb Phifer having 19, Martin Phi-

fer, Jr. 16, Martin, Sr. 14 and John Paul Barringer 13. Few Germans beld slaves, many Scotch-Irish did.

The population of Cabarrus County in 1800, according to The Raleigh Register of November 15, 1802, gave the district 4, 395 whites, 2 free negroes and 699 negro slaves.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, wrote in 1789 of the Pennsylvania German, to whom he largely contributed the prosperity of the state of Pennsylvania. He said, "The Germans seldom hire men to work upon their farms. . . .Slaves were particularly objectionable to the Germans, because the latter did their own work and thus would be compelled to work side by side with a race instinctively repulsive to them."

Cattle Raising

Cattle came with the first Germans into Cabarrus. They were driven along in front of the wagons. Meaning food and hide to these formers, every attention was paid to the hogs, cows and sheep. Protection against the winter was provided. Throughout the year ample feed was supplied.

Williamson observed that cattle were more common and easier fed in the coastal region. It is conceded that the Piedmont brands were considerably leaner than those of better conditions. Yet the Germans managed to keep their stock above the standards of their neighbors. Gehrke says, "Contemporary accounts unanimously testify not only to the existence of livestock on German farms, but also to the superiority of their horses and cattle to those of the other racial elements."

A great love of the German was his horses. He took great pain and pride in raising a fine stable of fine horses.

Industries

Although excelling in their masterful farming, the Germans did not limit their business attentions to this vocation. They took great part in the opening of a commercial and manufacting land which was later to become the great industrial Piedmont.

The first cotton mill south of the Potomac, built one mile east of Lincolton, was established by a German, Michael Schenck, in 1813 with the use of water power. Cabarrus' first "cotton factory" was completed in 1840 on the Beattie's Ford road near Concord. Four Germans were included among its officials which listed Paul Barringer, president; K. P. Harris, secretary and treasurer; George Barnhardt, Christopher Melchor, John B. Moss and John F. Phifer, directors.

Mechanics were among the first settlers. These were important for the manufacture of farm implements and household necessities. Blacksmiths and carpenters were common among the Germans as well as their neighboring Scotch-Irish. Tin yards and saw mills could be seen along the streams.

There was much trading done in deer and buffalo skins. This profitable business was taken via pack horses to both Philadelphia and Charleston.

(To be continued)

THE PRICE OF WISDOM

By Agnes Barden Dustin

The four hungry winter picnickers had eaten the last bit of juicy broiled steak and had drained the last drops of steaming coffee from the thermos bottles.

While they rested on their bundles of fir boughs beside the embers of their fire on a flat rock, Elsa and Virginia had joined their trained voices in "The Mountain Echo Song," and their distinguished guests and cousin, Anne Hallam, noted nature writer and lecturer, had related an Indian legend of the mountain on which they were encamped, with the dramatic force of a born story teller, the art of which had left her auditors thrilled and breathless.

"It's pure luxury to bask here," Anne Hallam had said, "but I expect we'd better be moving," with a glance at the westering sun. "First, I want a snapshot of that lone hemlock up on the crag." She had slipped on her snow-shoes and with camera in readiness, had crossed the slope above to the outcropping ledges on which the storm-embattered tree stood like a winged victory.

Martha was thinking as she neatly repacked their knapsacks, and her thoughts were not pleasant ones:

"What an ignoramus I am beside Elsa and Virginia," her heart was crying out bitterly. "And Anne Hallam is wounderful, everyone knows. Never in a thousand years could I be like them. I feel just dumb and foolish, knowing I don't belong, though everyone is so kind. They only invited me because I was in Virginia's class at school, and live near. It's the only chance I ever had to see a luxurious home filled with beautiful things and catch just a glimpse of what such a life could mean, but I wish I were back on the farm, for I have nothing in common with such girls."

Martha's visit was not giving her the pleasure to which she had eagerly looked forward when invited for a weekend visit to the Stanleys' luxurious summer home at Mascola Lake at the foot of the mountain on which was Martha's year-round home. Elsa and Virginia, with their mother and four servants, had opened Stanley Lodge in midwinter that their noted guest might photograph winter scenes for her new book on "Trees of New Hampshire in Winter."

Martha could enjoy the unaccustomed luxury of her surroundings, and save up each novel incident of the carefree, happy lives about her to relate to the waiting folks at home: but a dissatisfaction with herself for her lack of knowledge of the occupations and accomplishments with which these fortunate girls busied themselves had been growing, and discontent, tinged with envy, threatened to destroy her peace of mind and render only a humiliation the visit of which she had hoped so much.

The three girls beside the fire buttoned their sweaters and fastened on their snowshoes as the older woman hurriedly approached, winding her camera film.

"It's going to snow, girls," she called. "There's a bank of black

clouds off to the north. You can't see them from here. There's a blizzard in those clouds, or I don't know the tricks of weather on old Bald Knob. We must get down off the peak as quickly as we can."

"We'll make it, all right," Elsa said confidently. "None of us is afraid of a little wind and snow." She glanced anxiously at her sister.

"But those clouds are scurrying up over the sun at a great rate," Virginia shivered. She was a slighter and fairer edition of her sturdy, brown-haired sister, and storms of any kind held a terror for her which she would seldom acknowledge. "Suppose we take the shorter way down to the little village of Mascola and telephone to have the car meet us there instead of at Stoney Brook Bridge, as we left word at home," she proposed. "It would save two miles or more of tramping."

"Suppose we do," supported her cousin. "Snow-shoeing in a storm isn't an enjoyable experience."

"Are you sure you know the way?" Martha inquired of Elsa, her steady gray eyes troubled. "We have to go down Quent's Ravine to reach Mascola from here, you know, and that's such a wilderness of thick spruces."

"We can't miss it," Elsa replied with confidence. "Just keep going down and we can't fail to come out on the cleared lands at the foot of the mountain. Let's get started."

Virginia kept casting perturbed glances backward as the little party of four plodded down the mountain. The peak of Bald Knob, far above them, was already black capped, and a thick gray film had covered the sun. "If we only had our skiis," she regretted.

"It's so steep in places that we'd break our necks using them," Martha reminded.

"We're doing famously," Anne Hallam called back some time later. She was leading on with good courage, though the black cap was creeping fast down to engulf them, and a rising wind, shrilling past, whirled along a few thin flakes of snow, stark menace to the little group of lonely travelers.

Suddenly Anne Hallam's right snow-shoe struck a stone covered with drifted snow. She stumbled, plunged forward, ploughed into a drift with both arms extended, and with a frightened cry, disappeared from the sight of the horrified girls.

"Look out! Keep back!" Martha cried.

"Shs'e fallen over the ledges."

The ledges over which Anne Hallam had slipped in the gathering dusk were comparatively low at that point. The thick, sturdy branches of a spruce caught her and the broke the fall, casting her, badly shaken, with a wrenched shoulder and a badly twisted knee, into the deep snow of Quent's Ravine.

"I've—lost—my snowshoes!" groaned Anne Hallam, trying in vain to flounder to her feet as Martha cautiously let herself down over the cliff and gained her side.

Martha was binding up the aching knee with her scarf when Elsa and Virginia, breathless from fear and haste, reached them, having descended by a gap higher up.

"We shall all f-freeze," shuddered Virginia, as the sisters stared helplessly at each other and turned pale,

terrified faces to their suffering cousin. It was deep twilight in the ravine, and the snow drove down the wind in long, sleety lines.

"We can't freeze when there is plenty of firewood around," Martha comforted. "It's only, we must have shelter. There's a wood-chopper's camp down by the Cold Spring. I stopped there once with father when we were hunting a lost heifer. We must get Miss Hallam down there, someway."

"I could manage to shuffle along—" Anne Hallam tried gamely to illustrate just how she could help herself, but found that she was utterly unable to move the injured knee without excruciating pain.

"We'll make a sled and draw you," Martha promised matter-of-factly. "It's down grade all the way, and there's three of us. Where's that little camp-ax we brought for firewood, Elsa? Fastened to your belt? Good. Let's cut off this long spruce bough that touches our heads."

It took much effort and patience to hack through the tough branch, but Martha's sturdy, work-hardened muscles were equal to the task. When the furry bough was dragged alongside, and Anne Hallam was helped to lie stretched upon it, clasping the rough stem with thickly-gloved hands, Martha and Elsa entrusted the camera and luggage to Virginia, took sturdy hold of the severed branch, and started on their long and difficult haul to the only haven they had the slightest chance of gaining in the rising storm. How slight was that one chance the girls did not realize until they had pulled their heavy loads a few rods and had to stop to rest, weary and breathless.

"We've got to make it!" Martha set her firm lips. "And soon. In the dark we'd lose our way and—" the two girls looked at each other in silent dismay, and in silence bent again to their hauling. Hampered by the driving wind that swept with fury down the narrow wooded valley, growing more and more anxious at the thickening fall of snow, and impeded by the deepening accumulations under foot, the girls struggled on with their burden, their one idea to reach shelter before complete darkness should halt their slow progress.

They could hardly see one another's faces in the gloom of the writhing spruces when Virginia dropped down on a rock and sobbed: "I'm so tired, girls, I just can't walk another step! We've been miles and miles, and we're lost, and it's night now, and I'm freezing—"

Elsa went to give what comfort she could to her sister, while Martha bent over their silent passenger on the make-shift sled. Anne Hallam tried gamely to speak a word of encouragement, but her lips were stiff with cold and her hands so numb that she could no longer hold to the snow-covered branch. Martha chafed some warmth into the chilled fingers, and tied a woolen scarf across the unprotected face, so white and still. With frightened Virginia between them, clutching her sister's arm, Martha and Elsa wearily stumbled along through the woods, not daring to stop, and now with little hope in keeping on.

Suddenly Martha halted in the thickening dusk and both Elsa and

Virginia dropped down in the snow, nearly helpless with fatigue.

"Look, girls!" Martha pointed excitedly. "That big pine! I know that tree. It marks the trail to the Spring. It's not—so—very—far—" but her teeth chattered so that the last words were hardy audible.

A bit heartened by Martha's assurance the girls struggled to their feet and plodded slowly onward, dragging their half unconscious burden.

From the great pine a blazed trail led steeply down to a little old log shelter, half buried in the snow, looking dismal and forlorn, a poor protection from wind and storm.

Keeping close together the three girls shoved open the sagging door, half carried, half dragged the older woman inside, and sank down beside her on the frozen earth of the floor.

Barely enough light came in at the open door and the one unshuttered window to show dimly the interior of the shack. There were a rusty stove, a dilapidated bunk, a rude table and bench made of slabs, and a little pile of wood in a corner.

Martha was the first to arouse herself. "We must get a fire going," she shivered. "Where's the knapsack, Elsa? With the matches?"

"Virgie had it, I guess," Elsa mumbled. "No, Anne." She moved along on her knees and fumbled at her cousin's wrappings. "Why, it's—not here!" she gasped. Martha had already ascertained that fact and was staring at Elsa with a scared face. "She must have lost it when she fell and we never noticed," she groaned. "But perhaps there are matches in this camp."

Both girls got stiffly to their feet and searched the bare interior. There were two empty cans on a log shelf, a tobacco pouch under the stove, a rusty iron frying-pan, a dented tin pail, and that was all.

Martha, wordless, stumbled to the door and latched it shut. Elsa had huddled down beside her sister, who was sobbing from time to time. Martha bent over Anne Hallam, barely conscious from pain, cold and exhaustion.

"We must have a fire," Martha reiterated. "Come, girls, before the light quite goes. Find some dry sticks. Father showed me once how to light a fire Indian fashion, but I don't know if I can do it alone."

It grew darker every minute in the closed shack. Elsa could scarcely see the whitish blur of Martha's toiling hands. Martha had selected two dry sticks with great care, and had shredded a handful of birch bark, close to the stove. She was down on her knees, boring one stick into the other and working with all her might. Elsa could hear her short, panting breaths, and knew that the plucky girl's strength was nearly spent, but she guarded the shredded bark entrusted to her care, and dared not interfere by so much as a motion. Life and death hung on the skill and endurance of the country girl that night.

A tiny spark flared from under Martha's straining hands, and Elsa caught her breath sharply. Surely there was an acrid smell of smoke in the air. Elsa dared not breathe. Another spark flashed and was gone. Then two or three.

"Push that bark close—nearer yet," panted Martha. With trembling hands Elsa heaped the inflammable stuff around the whirling stick. There was a strong smell of smoke, then a shred of bark, paper thin, shriveled, caught, flashed free; another and another ignited until the light, curling mass burst into flame. Martha's weary hands dropped helplessly, but Elsa was ready. She lit a long, curling piece of tender bark before the tiny flame died away, and from that a thicker piece, until both girls at last held each a precious, flaming torch. Quickly they were applied to the dry leaves, bark and twigs heaped in the rusty stove, and a merry crackling and warm, rosy light soon cheered the bleak cabin. Tears of weariness and relief glistened in Martha's eyes as she fed the fire with more substantial fuel.

"We can burn the table and bunk —we've got our camp-ax," she said thankfully.

Virginia was already stretching eager, shaking hands to the grateful warmth. The girls united in ministering to their wounded comrade. They brushed away the snow, dried her wraps, bound up the injured knee, melted snow and gave her hot water to drink, until she revived and was able to sit close to the glowing fire-light and rest and talk to them in its glow. Martha broke up branches, the bench and the boards of the bunk, and soon had a fuel heap beside the stove that gladdened and reassured all hearts. There were a few sandwiches and three fruit cup cakes left in the lunch box Virginia had faithfully clung to, and these they divided and ate with the ravenous appetites cold and toil had engendered.

Then Anne Hallam, worn out, dropped asleep. Virginia huddled down beside her in the firelight, while Martha and Elsa agreed to watch, turn about, to keep up the fire, while the others slept.

But there was little rest for the anxious watchers. Anne Hallam slept but fitfully on her hard earth bed. She tossed and moaned restlessly, muttering half deliriously of storm and writhing trees, waking to shake and shiver with a chill. With anxious hearts the girls worked over her, wrapping her in their warmed coats, and rubbing her cold hands and feet, till daylight at last brightened the snow-covered window of the shack.

The sun had never seemed so beautiful to the watching girls as it did when it smiled through the woods that morning, putting an end to the long hours of dread darkness. Virginia awoke and came to join them as the two stood peering out into the snow-filled world.

"Your cousin must have a doctor," Martha said anxiously. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do, girls. I'm goingto try to find my way home. I know I could do it if the snow wasn't so deep and soft. But if I can get through, help will come soon. Otherwise no knowing how long before we would be found. If I don't you can be no worse off."

In spite of the sisters' tearful protests, Martha resolutely strapped on her snowshoes, and alone set off on her hazardous journey.

The way out of the ravine and down across the rock-strewn, brush-filled cut-overs, was a long and hard

tramp; but Martha thought little of her own hunger, weariness and danger of getting lost. Help must be brought to the woodcutter's cabin, and that soon, if Anne Hallam's life was to be saved. So Martha floundered along as well as she could, working her way downward through the unfamiliar wilderness until, after following the frozen bed of a stream for awhile, she broke through a thick screen of young pines and came out into a familiar pasture; and far down on the hillside the wood smoke from the kitchen fire was rising in the frosty air from her own farmhouse home.

Martha gave a weak cry of joy, and staggering with weariness, made what haste was possible through hardhack, around boulders, and across familiar fields. Her father, milk pail on arm, was going towards the barn. Martha shouted, her voice a hoarse whisper, and waved her hands. Her father dropped his pail and came plowing through the drifts toward her, but before he reached her, she dropped down into a faint.

When she became partly conscious, she was being carried into the warm kitchen, and anxious family faces pressed around her; and there, propped in her mother's arms, she told her story and answered questions like one in a dream.

"The chopper's shack," she heard her stalwart brother Jim repeat. "We'll have to get the neighbors to help, Dad." Then Martha fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

When she awoke, in her own bed, Elsa and Virginia, in bathrobes and slippers, and looking little the worse for their adventure, were sitting on the foot of her bed; and her mother was bringing in a breakfast tray.

Their cousin Anne would be all right, they assured Martha, in answer to her anxious questions. The men had brought her on a stretcher down the mountain, and they had telephoned for a doctor from town. The roads had been broken out, and that afternoon Anne Hallam would be taken to the Lodge in the big car.

"And oh, Martha, we're so wickedly proud of you," Elsa cried. "Mother and Anne say you are the bravest and most sensible girl they ever knew; and the doctor said you saved Anne's life, and probably ours, too."

"And Cousin Anne says you are to go back to school with us—she has it all arranged with your family," Virginia added all in a breath. "And you're to stay with her vacations and learn how to help her with her photography. How we envy you, Martha!"

When left alone at last, Martha lay thinking gratefully of the opportunities that were to be hers for study and work. She thought also, with wonder, of the envy and discontent that had made her so unhappy at the mountain picnic; and there came into her heart then, always to remain, a knowledge of the gift of her own individuality—the best of all life's gifts.

"I don't have to be like Elsa or Virginia or anyone," Martha said to herself, happily. "I only have to be myself to fill the niche in the world I was made to fill, and do the work that I, and I alone, can best do."

It was knowledge gained at a price, but had the cost been far greater, Martha would willingly have paid.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A committee from the Cabarrus Grand Jury, now in session in Concord during the January term of Superior Court, visited the School last Friday. They were conducted through the various departments by Superintendent Boger, and upon leaving expressed themselves as being delighted with the manner in which the work is being carried on here.

Members of this committee were: Messrs. Joe P. Fisher, Clyde Shoaf, C. S. Sides, Carl Propst, of Concord; and Ray Holshouser of Kannopolis.

—o—

We were all happy to see the sunshine break through the clouds last Thursday, for the first time in almost three weeks.

Just imagine yourself "cooped up" for this length of time in a small cottage basement with little opportunity for recreation, as was the lot of all boys on the outside work forces. Then to be able to get out into the wide outdoor spaces and breathe good fresh air again, it is not surprising that the boys enthusiastically welcomed the opportunity to play games and run and frolic to their hearts' content.

We hope the sun will continue to shine in order that we may be able to enter our fields to gather supplies of green vegetables and carry on the usual routine in all outdoor activities.

—o—

Dan Guins, of Lenoir, who was paroled twenty years ago, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. He was admitted from Sampson County, July 29, 1914 and was permitted to return to hih home February 18, 1917.

After working on a farm for some time following his parole, Dan saw a better opportunity in the furniture business and moved to Lenoir about fifteen years ago. He now works in Hibrighton Furniture Factory, where he has been employed for about seven years. He is now 38 years old, has been married about sixteen years and has seven children, the oldest being a daughter nearly fifteen years old. Some time ago he purchased twelve acres of land a short distance out from Lenoir and has a home of his own.

In conversation with a number of members of the School's staff, Dan was quite reminiscent, recalling many interesting incidents in the early history of the institution. He said there were but three cottages in operation at the time of his parole, he being a member of the family in Cottage No. 3. where he was employed as cook. Dan also stated that he helped build the King's Daughters Chapel and remembered well the dedication ceremonies and the money and other articles placed when the corner-stone was laid.

This was Dan's first visit to the School since being paroled and he was very much impressed with the progress made in the past twenty years. He was also very enthusiastic in his praise for what the School had done for him, saying that his stay here was the best thing that ever happened to him.

Dr. J. C. Rowan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the thirteenth chapter of First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, and the subject of his talk to the boys was the Twenty-third Psalm. Following the opening prayer, Dr. Rowan had the boys repeat the First Psalm in unison, and heartily commended them on the manner in which they responded to his request.

At the beginning of his remarks, Dr. Rowan stated that the Twenty-third Psalm, coming out of the long ago from a land across the seas, was often called the "Shepherd's Psalm,' and was probably responsible for saving more souls than any of the other Psalms.

When we read the words, "Beside the still waters," said the speaker, we doubtless think of some beautiful stream—perhaps a beautiful river winding its way through mountains, on down to the sea or a small brook running through a beautiful meadow.

When David wrote those words, continued the speaker, he did not have such a picture in mind. The shepherd country of the Far East is parched and dry. Here and there are found wells or springs of fresh bubbling water. By the sides of these are large, flat watering troughs. The shepherds know where these places are and lead their sheep up to them.

He next called attention to the words, "He restoreth my soul." What idea do we have in mind when we read or hear the word "soul?" In the Hebrew language, soul means one's self, hence these words simply mean, He restores me.

Sheep, continued the speaker, never learn to select the right way. They are stupid, and instead of going to the proper feeding ground, they are likely to stray into some other fold, gardens or other places where sheep are not wanted. There was a ruling in the far eastern country long ago that when a sheep strayed into places belonging to another person, the animal's life was forfeited to the owner of that particular fold or piece of property. Sheep must be led. A good shepherd never drives his sheep—he leads them. Here we get a beautiful picture of God. He selects the right path for us to travel, if we will let Him. This path is shown us in His Word—the Bible.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," was the next portion of this beautiful Psalm called to our attention by Dr. Rowan. Said he, when we think of death, we should not fix our eyes upon a casket or a shroud, but as an entrance into that new life promised by God to those who walk in His way. When David wrote these lines he was thinking of the deep ravines in that country, the homes of robbers and the lair of wild beasts. "Thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me," brought to mind the staff used by the shepherds of that time. One end was bent and was smooth. This was used in assisting sheep which had fallen. The rough, heavy end was used in fighting the sheep's enemies.

"Thou preparest a table before me," brings to mind a beautiful scene at the end of the day. In the

Hebrew language "table" means something spread out, thus large grassy places. In these grassy places poisonous plants were found which would be injurious should the sheep eat them. The good shepherd, therefore, went ahead of the sheep and removed these. This gives us another beautiful picture of God, in which He prepares a place for those who are true to Him, to be enjoyed by them when they come to the end of the journey of life.

"Thou annointest my head with oil," refers to the shepherd standing at the door of the fold, examining each sheep as it passes through. When he finds one having a bruised head or torn by briars, he pours olive oil into the wounds. "My cup runneth over," pictures the sheep tired, exhausted. The good shepherd stands there with a large two-handled cup and lets the weary sheep drink of cooling water.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever," means that God's goodness having followed us so long, will continue till all traveling days are done, said Dr. Rowan in conclusion, where we, like the sheep entering the fold for the night, will know no more hardships or sadness.

This was the first time Dr. Rowan had visited the School in several years and we were delighted to welcome him again, and we also wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for this beautiful sermon, in which so many great lessons were presented in such a manner that even the youngest boy present could easily grasp their meaning. Such inspiring and helpful addresses are of great benefit to those engaged in the work the School is trying to do, and we want to assure our good friend, Dr. Rowan, that any time he may find it convenient to visit us again, he will be accorded a most hearty welcome.

The Englishman's Traditional "horse-and-buggy" speed in overtaking a joke was curiously illustrated the other day, October 7, when T. J. Hutton of Barret, Herts, England, sent two Confederate bills to "the manager of the Bank of the Confederate States of America," asking that they be cashed and the value returned to him by registered mail. The letter and bills were turned over to the house regent of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., who returned the bills with the sentiment once written on another bill by a Confederate soldier:

"Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
A pledge of a nation that passed away,
Keep it, dear friends, and show it."

By the time the letter and its contents reach Mr. Hutton, he will have a chance to realize that the joke is on himself, though he meant it seriously enough.—The Lutheran.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 10, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) J. C. Cox 3
(6) Edward Johnson 6
(3) Craig Mundy 3
(3) Ray Norman 3
(6) Mack Setzer 6
(6) Fred Wheeler 6

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Coleman
(6) William Goodson 6
Claude Manies 3
(6) Arthur Martin 6
Percy Newsome 2
William Pitts 3
James Sims 2
Albert Silas 4
(2) Latha Warren 3
(2) John Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) John Capps 3
(4) George Goodman 4
Max Lindsay 2
Lemuel Murphy 3
Fred Seibert 2
(3) John Whitaker 4
(3) Myron Whitman 3
(3) Robert Worthington 3
(3) Richard Wrenn 4

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook 2
(3) Paul Cockran 3
(4) M. C. Cranford 5
(3) Coolidge Green 3
John Hampton 2
(4) Max Hedrick 5
(3) Frank Pickett 3
(6) Hoyette Rogers 6

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 3
(2) Garrett Bishop 3
Hurley Davis 3
(6) Glenn Haymore 6
James Hancock 4
(6) Lyle Hooper 6
Ralph Johnson 3
Robert Mims 3
(2) Charles Mizzell 3
Joseph McPherson
Robert Orrell
(2) Lloyd Pettus 4
(2) Frank Raby 4
Thomas Stephens 3
(2) Melvin Walters 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Cassell 3
Samuel Everett 2
(6) A. L. Gaines 6
(4) Monroe Keith 4

COTTAGE No. 6

(5) William Burnette 5
(5) Theodore Bowles 5
(5) Fletcher Castlebury 5
James Coleman 4
(3) Robert Deyton 4
(3) Frank Glover 5
(3) William Howard 5
(4) Columbus Hamilton 4
(4) Thomas Hamilton 4
Leonard Jacobs
(2) Marvin King 3
Harley Matthews
Joseph Wheeler
(3) George Wilhite 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Sam Belk 5
Harry Flowe
(4) Rayvon Michael 4
(2) Ernest Owens 2
(2) Ralph Rainey 4

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) J. T. Branch 3
(6) Randolph Davis 6
(3) Charles Freeman 5
(2) Lurren Kinney 4

Elbert Kersey 2
Glenn Richardson 3

COTTAGE No 10

(5) Clyde Adams 5
James Bell 3
Glenn Collins
Floyd Combs 4
Jeff Gouge 4
Rufus Linville
William Peedin 2
Weaver Penland 2
Frank Ramsey 5

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Edward Carpenter 3
(6) Dewey Freeman 6
H. A. Holmes
(5) David Hodge 5
(2) Andrew Lambeth 2
Calvin McCoyle 3
(4) Julius Stevens 4
Charles Womble 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 3
(2) Fred Carter 2
(6) Talmage Dautrey 6
(6) Marvin Edwards 6
James Elders 3
(5) Bernard Griffin 5
Lester Jordan 2
(5) Frank Lewis 5
(3) Asbury Marsh 4
(2) Andrew Powell 5
William Powell
(2) Lonnie Sloan 2
(6) William Stevens 6

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Fletcher Boggs 4
(6) Clarence Douglas 6
(3) Claudius Pickett 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Bernice Baker 5
Curtis Coleman
Lee Dowless
Jack Daubenmeyer 2
Doyle Holder 2
Stacy Long 4
William Warf

COTTAGE No. 15

(6) Henry Abernathy 6
(4) Roy Cruse 5
(6) George Gibson 6
(6) Walter Hill 6
(3) Caleb Jolly 4
(6) Clarence King 6
(6) George McManus 6
(6) Walter Mitchell 6
(4) Edward Murray 4
(6) Harley Pennell 6
(3) Marshall Scoggins 3
(4) Harless Triplett 5
(6) Robert Teeter 6
(5) Carl Toney 5
(5) Paul York 5

THE GREATEST THINGS

The best day—Today
The greatest deceiver—One who deceives himself.
The cheapest, stupidest, and easiest thing to do—Find fault.
The greatest trouble maker—Too much talk.
The worst bankrupt—The soul that has lost its enthusiasm.
The best teacher—One who makes you want to learn.
The best part of anyone's religion—Gentleness and cheerfulness.
The greatest need—Common sense.

The most expensive indulgence—Hate.

CAROLINA ROOM

JAN 2 5 1937

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 23, 1937 No. 4

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STRONG IN DEFEAT

He drew his sword and threw away the sheath;
His magic presence steeled the wavering lines,
And when relentless destiny decreed,
He stood without complaint or bitter word—
Lone and majestic in sublime defeat.
The fire-tried gold of this man's nature stood
The crucible of Life's adversity;
With courage undismayed, he long endured.

—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE FAULTLESS SOLDIER

The idol of the Valorous South, he won
The admiration of his enemies;
No mean or selfish motives prompted him.
To Lee, the voice of Duty was sublime;
A foe was he, without the smirch of hate—
A friend who knew no thought of treachery;
'Twas he who charmed fell envy into love,
And silenced bitter malice into awe;
No place was there for rancor in this soul
That took the Humble Master as his Guide.
Though calm and glorious when triumph came,
Still greater was he in his manliness—
Arthurian Champion, he of the Blameless Life—
The Knightly Chieftain of the Hope Forlorn.

—By Roland Fred Eberhart.

ROBERT E. LEE

The name of this gentleman, soldier, statesman and Christian, is known throughout the length and breadth of our land. It seemed to require a great war to bring into prominence his sterling qualities of mind and heart. America's greatest treasures are not in her vaults, but in her men and women who have lived like heroes and heroines both in times of peace and of war. Whatever side

men may have taken in that bloody struggle between the North and the South, in which he played such a leading part, all of them revered his name. It will be a sad day when leaders of such sincerity, gentlemanliness, honor and Christian character do not merit and enjoy the respect of all.

After that war closed General Grant tried to prevail upon General Lee to adopt a policy which he himself thought would be both wise and good. When he saw the policy did not commend itself to General's Lee's judgment he ceased to urge it; and later when General Grant wrote his memoirs, he included this sentence about Lee: "I knew there was no use to urge him to do anything against his ideas of what was right." It has been said of Lee that he loved when others hated, and was silent when others spoke with bitter tongues.

* * * * * * *

A FAMOUS FLAG

One of the South's most famous battle flags is now in the Confederate museum in Richmond, to which it was presented by the family of the late Col. Charles T. Loehr, historian of the First Virginia regiment, to which the flag belonged.

The women of Richmond made the flag out of stripes of silk cut from their dresses, and it had its baptism of fire at Bull Run. It led the First Virginia in many battles, and saw its last service on the field at Gettysburg, where the regiment formed a part of Pickett's division in its ill-fated charge, one of the most desperate in military history, whose failure lost the battle and perhaps the war.

Of the regiment's plight at the close of the battle Colonel Loehr wrote: "The color guard is dead and the color sergeant has lost his arm; our colonel lies dying on the field, and about 160 who went into the charge."

It is fitting that the famous flag should be added to other priceless relics in the Confederate museum, which are viewed with reverence by many thousands of visitors from North and South alike.—Selected.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT

Again comes the good and inspiring news that S. Clay Williams, chairman of the board of directors of the Reynolds Tobacco Company, has given $50.000 to Wofford College as a memorial to William A. Law, an alumnus of that institution.

The occasion, or the inspiration of this magnificent gift was not announced, but let it be as it may, if the story were known perhaps it would reveal the fact that at some time the deceased friend, W. A. Law, of S. Clay Williams, projected plans of growth for the institution and the whole affair crystalized later. Such instances have been known to happen. But, it takes a noble, unselfish and charitable character to light the torch that becomes extinct at death, and immortalize the works of a friend by keeping the glow burning.

The clouds often obliterate all hope of a continuation of public welfare work, or the developments desired in our institutions of learning; but when philanthropists, blessed disciples of the Master, like S. Clay Williams, makes things possible, a dawn of a new day begins and we begin to hope for our own institution, the home of the wayward boy, the Jackson Training School.

This endowment of S. Clay Williams, has set in motion a force for good that will bear good fruit for many years after the passing of the benefactor so well known in the Old North State.

A LIFE OF SERVICE ENDS

Daniel Branson Coltrane, rich in years and full of the sweetness and joy of righteous living, went to his eternal rest at 5 o'clock Saturday, January 16, three weeks after the celebration of his 94th birth day.

He will be greatly missed in every walk of life, especially by his friends who are accustomed to passing in and out of the National Bank. His chair will be vacant, a sad reminder of the friend of man who so ably filled it; but his characteristic greeting,—a wave of the hand, a courteous bow, and a kindly smile, radiating a rich

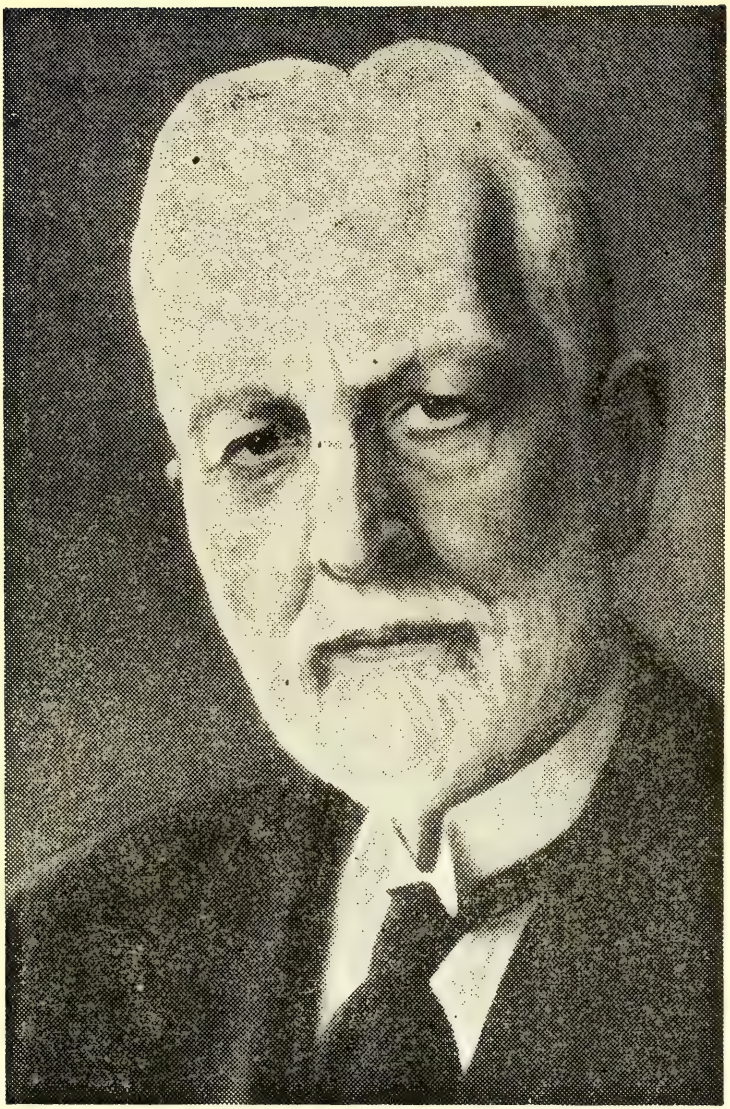
personality upon all passing his way, will remain with those who knew him intimately and esteemed him most highly.

Those who journeyed with him when in the full strength of his manhood, and through to the time when an aging man, understand fully that he was endowed with those matchless qualities that build for time and eternity.

As a churchman, he was a tower of strength, answering where duty called; as a father, he was tender, living a life worthy of emulation; as a veteran of the now thin gray ranks, he was loyal to the cause, "lost but never forgotten;" as a citizen, he responded to every emergency that contributed to the moral and civic benefit of the community; as a son of the "Old South," he reflected the qualities of his thrifty and sturdy forebears, burgeoning out a life, full and complete, in spite of the devastation of the southland after the surrender; as a friend, he was true, speaking with the courage of his convictions unhesitatingly and as a champion of the cause of the delinquent youth, especially the wayward boy of the Jackson Training School, he gave twenty-eight years of loving service as trustee. He knew the history of the school from its genesis, better than any other person now living.

This city and community are richer for his having lived in our midst and poorer now that he has answered the last call, meeting the conqueror as he lived, brave and unflinching. The most prized contributions to his family, his friends and fellow citizens are not the things of material worth, but the memory of a man who loved and served with the spirit of the Master.

We extend sympathy to the bereaved Coltrane home upon which the grim reaper has laid a heavy hand within the past week. First, a devoted brother, Dr. D. A. Garrison of Gastonia, whose long life of service and sacrifice was a benediction. Now, it is the head of the home, the beloved father, Daniel Branson Coltrane, whose body was committed to the earth Monday, 2 o'clock, in the family burial plot, and there await the dawn of the ressurrection morn. Thus, though he is dead, he lives.



DANIEL BRANSON COLTRANE

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

SATISFACTION

"There's no thrill in easy sailing,
When the sky is clear and blue,
There's no joy in merely doing
Things which any one can do.

"But there is some satisfaction
That is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination
That you thought you couldn't make."

—o—

A Durham man gave his wife 50 cents. He believes in peace at any price.

—o—

I know of a man so stingy that he has ordered enough samples of wall paper, from different concerns, to almost paper four rooms.

—o—

There are many ways of improving the body by adjustments, rubbings and vibrations, but there hasn't been anything yet invented that will beat a little oak sapling when your back needs a right good scratching.

—o—

In the "good old days" it was generally the habit to begin the meals with an opening prayer. Now the custom seems to be to open the meals with a can opener.

—o—

When money talks, everybody stops to listen.

—o—

"Don't swing to left or right, the safest place is the middle of the road," advises a lecturer. And lay yourself liable to be run over by an automobilist. That advice will not do on American roads.

That Kentucky school teacher who shot five times at a burglar, and missed every time, should study triggernometry.

—o—

Chain letters that credulous thousands mailed in 1934 poured $31,699 into Uncle Sam's cash till during the fiscal year 1936. In his annual report Postmaster General James A. Farley said undelivered chain letters were opened after a lapse of one year.

—o—

Pay-day prohibition is threatened in Prussia unless workers stop spending their money for liquor. Hasn't some one remarked that prohibition does not prohibit?

—o—

A woman of experience says it is easier to acquire husbands than it is to get rid of them. She evidently has not been reading the work of the courts on divorces.

—o—

If you live beyond your income the outcome is bad for you.

—o—

It is said of many people that they are "born with a silver spoon in their mouth." Even at that there are people who will wish it will choke them.

—o—

The thirteenth annual Newspaper Institute of the North Carolina Press Association, held at Chapel Hill and Duke last week, was the best one of the series. The co-operation of the two outstanding universities with the Press Association, was all that

could be desired, and the press members were royally entertained at both institutions. Most of the members of the Press Association were vigorous, talented young men, and women, this writer has known for a short time. I missed so much the able, energetic, State-loving older ones with whom I journeyed down the editorial path from 1874, and whose companionship was such a joy and a pleasure in these annual gatherings. Only a few of the "old timers" are left. The others have passed on. In the changing complexion of the Association I have observed that where persons are united by the bonds of genuine friendship, there is nothing, perhaps, more conducive to felicity. It supports and strengthens the mind, alleviates the pain of life, and renders the present state, at least, somewhat comfortable. It gives joy which like a ray of the sun, reflects with a greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend. The North Carolina Press is a congenial, friendly, working body of women and men, having the best interests of the State and humanity at heart endeavoring to accomplish something worth while. It is a comfort, an inexpressible comfort, of feeling, in their meetings, you can express yourself freely, having neither to weigh your thoughts nor measure your words, but pour them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that faithful hands will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

A WORD OF PRAISE

How slow most of us are to speak a word of praise. We are usually quick to find fault when someone makes a mistake, but slow to commend when he does well.

How about it, husband? Do you ever praise your wife? Do you ever tell her how sweet she looks in her new dress as you used to do in the days of your courtship and honeymoon? Do you ever tell her that her bread is good and her carpet neat and clean? Or do you speak about the bread only when it is sour, or about the carpet only when the baby has been cross, so that your wife could not find time to sweep?

How about it, wife? Do you ever say to your husband, "Well done," when he raises a big crop, or do you simply nag at him because one of his crops is a failure, or because perchance his neighbor's crop is bigger?

Who can tell how much good is done by a word of praise. It often puts new life and zeal into the discouraged and downcast heart.—**Selected.**

DEUTSCHLAND IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA

By Smith Barrier

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PART III

Trade And Travel

These German settlements in the hills of the Piedmont were quite secluded. Contact with the outside world was seldom and difficult.

Newspapers were few. Only those of large cities were avilable, and those only after several weeks had elapsed since publication.

There was no government postal service, letters going via special messenger or travelers. In 1776 a special messenger for letters cost 8s per day, a price apparently to be paid for the return trip also whether or not another message was brought back. A traveler in January, 1773, carried a letter from New Bern to Wachovia, taking two weeks. The following year from Charleston to Suffolk, along roads better than those inland, it took 27 days for the 433-mile trip or 16 miles per day. Ocean-going mail averaged about three months, although Rev. Roschen's letter from Rowan County, dated May 7, 1790, did not reach Germany until Whitsuntide, 1791.

From tongue to tongue traveled the greatest part of the news. Travelers would tell the natives the news from the outer world. At church meetings, master days and other get-togethers this news spread to every home.

Yet some visited the large cities on the coast quite frequently in their trading business. Being in the northeast corner of old Mecklenburg and thus off the regular Salisbury-to-Charlotte route, the Germans traded not much with Charlotte but rather with Salisbury, Fayetteville or Cross Creek, Camden, Cheraw Hills and Charleston. Some went north to Halifax, Petersburg and Philadelphia. Many of the present generation recall mention by their parents of the "Old Potato Row," a trade route between Salisbury and Camden through the German Cabarrus section.

Gov. Dobbs in 1755, writing of these Germans, said, "They sell at Charles Town, having a wagon road to it, tho' 200 miles distant, because our roads are not yet shortened, and properly laid out, and from the many merchants there, they afford them English goods cheaper, than at present in this Province, the trade being in few hands they take a much higher price."

Barter was used mostly in trade. Hard money was scarce, what little they had being English, Spanish, German and French coins. Of course, there was paper currency issued by the provinces. This proclamation or "proc" money was established as legal tender by the government at a ratio to the hard coin. Chief Justice

Haskell at the Salisbury court in 1766 said, "Scarce any specie circulating among the people of this section, not enough to pay the stamp duties, should that odious act be enforced."

This "proc" money varied in value from time to time. In 1767 it was rated at two-thirds its face value while by 1773 it was down to one-half face value. After the government of the new state had been set up, paper issues became frequent and greatly depreciated in value. The much-used expression, "Not worth a Continental," may be applied to the state currency also. In 1792 a man bought 1084 Continental dollars for 3 pounds 19s or $19.75, and the state issues had a corresponding depreciation. Long after the Revolution foreign money was still in use.

Travel was hazardous and cumbersome. One large road, the Great Trading Path, ran through Cabarrus. This ancient Indian path ran from present Oxford through Hillsboro, at Mebane cutting a nearly straight line, which swerved to the south slightly, to Spencer and Salisbury. From there it continued through Kannapolis and split before reaching Concord, one lane going to Charlotte through the Scotch-Irish region and the other continuing through Concord to Waxhaw. This was the oldest highway in North Carolina.

But once leaving the main road the traveler was left in the midst of small Indian and animal trails. These paths were marked by "blazes," large chips about 12 inches long sliced off the side of the trees with an axe. These were cut on each side of the path about every 30 or 40 yards. Distances were noted by a notch for each mile from the last settlement. Every time the road was repaired, which was irregularly, these "blazes" were renewed.

The English traveler, Smyth, who tells of "blazes" mentioned above, toured the south and the midwest in 1773. On horseback he had to ford Rocky River several times on his trip from Salisbury to Charlotte or Charlottesburg, as he called it. The trip, a distance of 60 miles he said, took him one day. He wrote, "During this day's ride, I observed that the settlements are fewer, the plantations smaller, and the land, in appearance, less fertile than on the other side of Salisbury."

Progress must have been rapid after Smyth's journey for in 1786 another traveler wrote of this same territory; "The road (from Salisbury) to Charlotte, in Mecklenburg County, was equal to any English turnpike and traversed a beautiful level."

Drinking

As we consider coffee and tea today, so did the German at these times consider his liquors and wines. But the German was not alone in this custom. It was part of the society of the times. A symbol of hospitality was a cup of one of the spirituous drinks which flowed from the many distilleries of the country.

Nixon writes, "Liquor was plentiful and anly twenty-five cents per gallon. . . .The fiery fluid which they drank for health and happiness was a requisite of the domestic board."

Gov. Tryon in his trip through Cabarrus in 1768 visited Captain John Paul Barringer and did "full

justice to Barringer's fine wine." An entry in his journal lists: "Fryday 2nd September: Two Waggons the Governor ordered from Major Fifer and Captain Polk to carry Liquors (with the government militia to Alamance)."

Many of the German wills contain clauses bequeathing their distilleries.

At the time the church was not opposed to drinking. Ministers possessed distilleries as well as the laymen. Writing to a friend back in Germany, Rev. Boschen in 1790 said, "There is no lack of beverages. Only the wine is expensive. I must pay twenty pense a quart; and that is of the very worst. I drink cider and a beverage made of cider and spirits distilled from the juice of Apples (Appelbramtrwein), which keeps as well as wine, suits my taste just as well, and in color, brilliancy and clearness surpasses even the white French wine. The people here in general, however, drink much rum and other distilled wines, which I do not like. Good beer is also made here."

The church changed its stand soon after the middle of the nineteenth century. The North Carolina church groups about 1858 adopted resolutions making liquor immoral and subject to discipline.

The travel diary of a colonial gentlemen gives an idea of how those men took their drinks. John Barringer, traveling from Lincoln County to James River, Va. in 11 days, kept a diary which he called "His Mamberrantan book August 27 day 1752 to his gorney went." On his way he bought "one quart of wein, ld; 1 pint of pere, 2d; 1 pot of sider, 4d; and 1 tram, 3d;" and the following other interesting items are noted: "pocket olemnock, 1d; pare of prittle pits (bridle bits), 2s; prekfast, 8d; 1 sheve of ots, 4d; 1 bushel of ots, 2s; 1-2 bushel of corn, 1s; ferrish (ferry) at rapehanick (Rappahanock), 1s; to Suppar and loghing, 1s 2d; and to a tiner (dinner), 3 3-4d." (A shilling is equal to the American twenty-five cents approximately, a pense to a fraction over two cents.)

Amusements

Hard-workers these Germans were, but they liked their play also. Today in rural Cabarrus as well as neighboring counties quilting parties and corn shuckings are enjoyable and happy occasions to both young and old. The Germans of colonial days had similar pleasurable get-togethers, inaugurating these customs in the territory.

Quilting parties, spinning matches, corn shuckings, log rollings and house raisings were the style of the day. Combining skill with fun was particularly enjoyable to the German. In the fall of the year many shooting matches were held, the Germans being expert riflemen. Hunting was a favorite sport.

Horses were the great love of the Germans. Many races were held and bets placed accordingly. A well-known story is told of two Germans in this section who raced their horses and bet heavily. Both were brought to court. The loser expressed his sorrow and penitence. The winner said, however, "I'm not sorry. I won." This trait of betting was first told of the Germans by the Roman historian, Tacitus, back around 100 A. D., when he observed that one of

the main characteristics of the folk was betting, even to staking their freedom and life.

Muster days, county courts and annual elections for members of the Provincial Assembly were occasions for everyone to gather in the towns in a general holiday. At first, muster days, when the militia paraded, were times when only the men assembled but gradually the women and children joined their husbands, sons and brothers in this big social and political event. At these gatherings news from the outside world found its way into every home.

In The Revolutionary War

No other folk among the American people were more patriotic than the Germans, but these were not the first to take to the radical movement. They were slow to turn against the British Government. They had little in common with the eastern radicals of North Carolina where the Tar Heel movement for independence was strongest and first. However, once convinced that the cause of independence was right, the Germans contributed to their fullest capacity.

Long before the Revolution armed conflict was occurring in North Carolina. Governor Tryon had many troubles with the people, his opponents being called "Regulators." But the people of Cabarrus were not sympathizers of the "Regulators." Some were, of course, but not the majority.

In August and September of 1768, Gov. Tryon visited Mecklenburg and Rowan counties, spending much time among the German leaders of present Cabarrus. Captain John Paul Barringer and Major Martin Phifer, especially the latter, were paid numerous visits by the governmental party. From his journal we find much interesting information:

"Friday 19th August....halted at Major Fifers in Mecklenburg County.

"Sunday 21st. The Governor attended divine Service when Mr. Luther (Suther), a Swiss, tho' a dutch minister recommended with warmth a due obedience to the Laws of the Country, and a union of heart to support the Peace and Tranquility of the Province.

"Saturday the 27th. In the evening he set out for Martin Fifers where he met the Colonel and Captains of the Mecklenburg Regment who produced their respective lists of Volunteers, amounting to upwards of three hundred men, which number the Captains had reason to believe would be greatly increased before the day of March.

"Sunday and Monday the 28th and 29th. The Governor halted at Major Fifers.

"Wednesday the 31st. The Governor waited on Capt. Barringer.

"Thursday September 1st. The Governor waited on Colonel Harris.... In the evening....to Colonel Moses Alexander.

"Friday the 2nd....The Captains of the said Regment dined with the Governor this day, where every necessary instruction was given to them for the assembling and marching of their men from Major Fifer's the 12th instant....This evening the Governor returned to Major Fifers.

"Tuesday the 6th. The Governor remained, not well, at Salisbury (ar-

rived there September 3rd).

"Wednesday the 7th. The Governor set out for Mr. Fifers where he halted the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

"Monday the 12th. The Governor after reviewing the Mecklenburg Battalion on their march proceeded to Salisbury.

"Tuesday. The Mecklenburg Battalion at 11 o'clock in the morning marched through Salisbury in two ranks by files in great order, with two pieces of Artillery in front, and the train of nine wagons in the rear."

Having arrived at Hillsboro with the same Rev. Suther the Governor had heard as chaplain for the Mecklenburg-Rowan groups, the head of the government army, Lieut-Gen. Rutherford issued the following order on Saturday, September 24, 1768: "It is ordered that Mr. Suter preach tomorrow to the Rowan and Mecklenburg Battalions....Service to begin at 11 o'clock."

Another order of September 13, 1768 as to rations was as follows: "The Commissaries to furnish the Troops with one ration of Provisions per day, each ration one pound of flour and one pound and a half of fresh meat."

It was during this time that the famed Cabarrus Black Boys held up and destroyed a government supply of powder. This ammunition had been ordered by the county's officer, Colonel Moses Alexander, as Commissary of the Mecklenburg and Rowan volunteers. When the "Regulators" were pardoned, only the influence and intervention of the local officials placed the Cabarrus Black Boys on the liberated list.

During May in 1775 Mecklenburg opened the movement among Piedmont North Carolina against the British colonial government. The greatly-controversial Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was drawn up on May 20, 1775. Later, on May 31 of the same year, these identical gentlemen drew up another document, the Mecklenburg Resolves. The former was a radical document. declaring independence, the latter a petition against the government. The South Carolina Gazette and County Journal of Charleston carried a story from Charlottetown dated May 31, 1775 in its June, 1775 issue, which included the Resolves but not the Declaration.

Among the signers of these Mecklenburg papers was John Phifer, son of Martin and son-in-law of John Paul Barringer. He was the only German in the group, most of which was composed of Scotch-Irish as the Charlotte area was entirely of this folk. The Germans were quite secluded from Charlotte. But John Phifer, one of the German leaders, took an active part in the pre-Revolution maneuvers. Besides signing both Mecklenburg documents, at the meeting he was appointed along with Thomas Polk and Joseph Kennedy on a committee to secure all the military stores for the county's use.

John Phifer also attended several provincial conventions during the early Revolutionary days. He was at the Hillsboro meeting on August 21, 1775. At the Fourth Provincial Congress at Halifax, April 4, 1776, Phifer was one of the three Mecklenburg delegates. At the Congress at Halixfax, November 12, 1776, he

represented Mecklenburg when the new state drew up its constitution and elected Richard Caswell as its first governor.

Late in 1775 the Provincial Council raised two more battalions of minute men in the Salisbury district and appointed to the first batallion, Colonel Griffith Rutherford and Lieut-Col. John Phifer. Martin Phifer, Jr. was appointed captain of a second company light horse.

Although quite aged and hindered from action for this reason, John Paul Barringer was a guiding influence during these times. At the opening of the war, he was offered an appointment as officer in the British army if he would take the Crown's side. He refused.

Too old for service, Barringer had to remain at home. During the latter years of the war Fanning and a group of Tories from east of the Yadkin swept into the Dutch Buffalo settlements of Cabarrus. They robbed the Whig Germans, destroyed their property and carried to prison in Camden twenty leading citizens, including Barringer, Caleb Blackwelder and Major James Smith of Davidson County. The officers said they would be returned if someone would come to Camden and pledge to their conduct. Aged Mrs. Blackwelder went, but the British refused to free the prisoners. They were kept until the end of the war.

Not until the summer of 1780 did the British troops enter the Piedmont. Priod to their arrival the Tories and the Whigs clashed at Ramsauer's Mill near Lincolnton on June 20, the Whigs routing their opponents to give the British their first setback in the south after nearly two years of success. This battle was between Carolinians in native garb, the Whigs being distinguished by a bit of white paper pinned to the front of their caps, the Tories by small sprigs of green pine.

Lord Cornwallis and the British entered Charlotte in September. Picketing and guerilla warfare in their own backwoods manner by the natives proved costly and troublesome to the British, used to open-field fighting. One British officer labeled Charlotte a "Hornets' Nest." At Kings Mountain, at Cowpens and at Guilford the British suffered loses not replaceable. Cornwallis was forced to Yorktown where he had to surrender, ending the war. Cabarrus militia were among the lines of the Continental troops in this Carolinas campaign.

Martin Phifer, Jr. was distinguished for gallantry as colonel of regiment of cavalry on duty at Philadelphia. His two brothers, Caleb and John, were colonel and lieutenant-colonel, respectively. The latter served against the Scovelite Tories and Cherokees, being broken down from exposure and dying in 1778. It is tradition that the British army, passing from Charlotte to Salisbury, built a fire on the tombstone of John Phifer to show their hatred for his memory, so active had he been.

The pastors were at the head of their folk. Once Rev. Nussman had to conceal himself in the thickets on Adams Creek to remain out of the searching hands of Tories.

The Cabarrus Germans were widely represented in the Revolution. The Blackwelder family had seven

sons in the war, all of whom were killed. The Pension Rolls of Cabarrus in 1835 showed 21 Revolutionary soldiers living, 12 of whom were Germans.

Hessians

As exemplified by the Blackwelder family, the loss of the Germans was great in the Revolution. One means of replacement proved to be new-found fellow-countrymen. These were the Hessians.

A political custom of the time was the hiring of foreign troops to fight the wars. It was business for the soldiers, a business for the government. It was no patriotic jamboree. The British Crown had hired soldiers from Germany, mostly Hessians, to fight the "Rebels" in America.

At the battle of Savannah, during which the port was captured by the British, the American-Germans came into direct contact with the Hessians, who were encouraged to stay and settle among their kinspeople. The Hessians deserted.

Naturally these Hessians would join the German natives. They were poor people from Germany, who had joined the army to escape extreme poverty in the bad conditions of their country. The American-Germans took to these new friends readily and refused to give them up to the British, who found themselves unable to distinguish between the Hessians and the native Germans. The Hessians made good citizens and intermarried with those who shared their homes with them.

Little is known of the Hessians in Cabarrus. A captain of a Cabarrus company in the Confederate army, Jonas Cook, has recalled from personal acquaintance and hearsay several Cabarrus Germans who were Hessains. This list includes Jacob Closian, Johann Morgandine, William Folk, Christian Faggenwinter, Conrad Hese, John Juke, Lewis Coan, William Heitzleman, Henry Linker, John Reed, Nicholas Isenhaker, Henry Cottizer, Wilhelm Minsinger, George Easenhart, Martin Widenhouse, Paul Netterhaver, Myers, Fischers, Shimpocks, Yertons and Bangles.

The best known of these Hessians is John Reed, on whose property was discovered the first gold mine in Cabarrus. This was in 1799. On his farm in the southeast tip of Cabarrus on Meadow Creek, his 12-year-old son, Conrad, found the first stone. While shooting fish with bow and arrow with his brother and sister, their parents being at church, Conrad saw a yellow stone in the water. He carried it home. His father brought it to Concord, but William Atkinson, a silversmith, did not know what it was. The Reeds used the yellow stone as a doorstop for several years. Going to Fayetteville to market, Reed took the stone with him and showed it to a jeweler. He was told it was gold and that, if he would leave it, the stone would be fluxed. On his next trip Reed was offered the amazing price, so he thought, of $3.50 for the bar six or eight inches long. He sold. Returning home, he found gold all along the creek surface. Mining was begun and proved prosperous. The largest nugget taken up weighed 28 pounds, or in modern currency value around $15,680.00 (at approximately $35.00 per ounce).

Public Officers: State And Local

Although handicapped at first by their lack of knowledge of the prevailing English language, the Germans quickly adapted themselves. They soon became active in politics and government affairs, both state and local.

Martin Phifer, with Richard Berry, was the first representative of Mecklenburg County to the Provincial House of Commons. That was in 1764, the county having been created two years previous.

Martin's son, Caleb Phifer, was one of the first Senators from the new Cabarrus County in 1793.

The list of Germans representing Mecklenburg County in the House of Commons, prior to the separation of Cabarrus, is as follows: Martin Phifer 1764-68, 1772-73, 1777; John Phifer 1775-76 to Provincial Congresses; and Caleb Phifer 1778-89, 1791-92.

Representing Cabarrus County in the House of Commons until 1850 were: John Phifer 1803-05, 1810-15; Paul Barringer 1806-15; John F. Phifer 1816-18; Chris Melchor 1819-24; J. C. Barnhardt 1825-28; Daniel M. Barringer 1829-34, 1840-42; George Barnhardt 1835; Daniel Boger 1836; Caleb Phifer 1844; L. B. Krimminger 1846; and Rufus Barringer 1848.

Representing Cabarrus County in the Senate until 1850 were: Caleb Phifer 1793-1801; John N. Phifer 1818; William R. Pharr 1819-21; Paul Barringer 1822; John Phifer 1823; Chris Melchor 1829-31, 1836-40, 1846; George Kluttz 1833-34; W. F. Pharr 1842-44; and Rufus Barringer 1850.

In local affairs the Germans gained their share of the appointments. From a Mecklenburg court order of July, 1777, the several appointments included the following Germans:

"George Barringer, tax assessor 1778; John Barringer, tax assessor 1783, road overseer 1778; Mathias Barringer, road overseer 1778; Paul Barringer, overseer of the poor 1779, tax assessor 1779, road overseer 1778, constable 1785; Michael Cressman, tax assessor 1777; Jacob Faggart, road overseer 1784; Charles Fischer, road overseer 1778; John Furr, tax assessor 1778; Chritopher Herlasher, constable; Robert Kerr, tax assessor 1781; John Phifer, major 1775-76, colonel 1776, tavern keeper, colonel 1778; Martin Phifer, justice of peace, constable; Robert Phifer, constable 1778-80; Wallace Phifer, constable 1779; Chritopher Sites, constable 17-75, road overseer 1778; Michael Wissner, constable 1777-78; "and others whose appointments were not specified: "Isaac Blackwelder, Henry Faggart, Charles Goodman, Joseph Goodman, John Hagler, James Kerr, John Kerr, Joseph Kerr, John Meisenheimer, Jacob Secrest and Phillip Wolf."

Yesterday And Today: German Family Names

Today a roll call in some sections of Cabarrus would be identical to one should it have been made in the days of Governor Tryon or of the Revolution. Names, important and prominent in current affairs of the community and state, are identical to those of leaders in the days when there were no United States in reality.

Some names have come down without change, such as Muller, Klein, Krauss, Wolff, Wentz and Boger. Some are translations of their former German ones, such as Small from Klein, Upchurch from Oberkirsch and Blackwelder from Schwartzwaelder. Some have undergone minor and major alterations, adaptions or Anglicizations, such as Barringer from Behringer, Goodman from Guthmann, Faggart from Fegert, Ridenhour from Reitenhauer, Beaver from Bieber, Lyerly from Layrle, Snyder from Schneider, Barrier from Berger and Foil from Pheil.

From the records of old churches and port entries come many names which are today found in Cabarrus. The parents of many present prominent families are listed in the following group of instances.

Under Rev. Nussman the Cabarrus Lutherans progressed greatly and largely through the help of friends back in Germany. Among those contributing to the cause of the Carolinians we find Krause, Kruse, Hahn, Reinhard, Mueller, Friese, Barnhardt, Wolf, Lenz, Ehlers and Graebe.

Among the 30,000 immigrants into Pennsylvania listed by Rupp from 1727 to 1776, the following German names are found among those up to 1750, many of these coming later into North Carolina: Muller and Mihller, Schneider, Wolff, Krauss, Fuchs (Fox), Bernhardt, Berger, Hoffman, Kassel, Dielinger, Melcher, Liepport, Pfarr, Klotz, Pieler, Schmidt, Lantz, Fischer, Wentz, Boger Warner, Klein, Heill, Peck, Probst, Umberger, Kettner, Diehl, Pfeiffer, Eisenhauer, Gutmann, Behringer, Trauttmann, Meisenhein, Walther, Welker, Kehler, Petry, Oehler and Frezer.

From some Berks and Lancaster county records in Pennsylvania from 1723 to 1735 are listed Lantz, Pacht, Fischer, John, Petrus, Muller, Keller, Dollinger and Wolff. Found on past and present record of these and other Pennsylvania counties are such names as Syfert, Boger, Loefler, Trexler, Kruse, Miller, Edelmann, Bieber, Berger, Behringer, Melcor, Seitz, Heilig, Meisenheimer, Krauss, Kohlmann, Klein, Bostain and Bost.

In 1774 Organ Lutheran Church in Rowan, near the Cabarrus German district, prepared to build a new church. In its records the following members are listed: George Ludwig Siffert, Wendel Miller, Peter Edelmann, Johannes Steigerwalt, Philip Grass, Peter Steigerwalt, Michal Guthmann, Christoph Bless, Leonhard Siffer, Jacob Klein, Anton Jruhn, George Heinrich Berger, Christoph Guthmann, Johannes Rintelmann, Johannes Ekel, Bastian Lenz, Jacob Benz, Georg Eckel, Franz Oberkirsch, Johannes Jose, and Heinrich Wenzel.

The council meeting of St. John's Lutheran Church on January 16, 1790 was attended by Paul Barringer, Peter Quillman, George Meissenheiner, Daniel Jarratt, Matthew Meyer, Nicholas Reitenhauer, Jacob Fegert, Andreas Staunch, Ulrich Durr, Jacob Bast and pastor, Adolph Nussman.

Those Reformed people petitioning Rev. Loretz to ordain George Boger early in 1803 were William Schmetter, John Shuman, Michael Peeler, Joseph Correll, Christopher Loefler, Henry Barringer, Adam Correll, Christian Shuman, Nicholas Shupping, Ludwig

Bieber, Jacob Meisenheimer, Henry Casper, Christopher Lyerly, Jacob Reide and Frederick Seibert.

With these names as a connecting link, pressent Cabarrus pauses in reverence for its fathers who braved the greatest of difficulties to make and build a new home, the first in an evolution of Piedmont progress.

"Ideals are fine things if you choose the right kind."

1807—ROBERT E. LEE—1870

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

With the changes of the years a letter of Robert E. Lee and another of Stonewall Jackson have come into possession of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society at the University of Richmond. These letters, brief in length but rich in portrayal of Lee and Jackson, reveal the Christian idealism and devotion to country of the two great Confederate chieftains in full measure.

When some of the papers of Dr. J. L. M. Curry passed into the keeping of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society, these letters were found among them. They are further evidence of the wide reach of Dr. Curry's perrsonal contacts and of his devotions to the South which never waned during a long and useful life, whether his activity put him in the Confederate Congress, in the faculty of Richmond College, in Spain as the minister of the United States, or in labor for the educational renaissance of the South in his associations with the Peabody and Slater benefactions.

General Lee's letter was written to his second son, General William Henrey Fitzhugh (Rooney) Lee, whose wife, Charlotte Wickham, had died the preceding December, while Rooney Lee was held a prisoner of war at Fort Lafayette. Rooney Lee had been released from prison on an order of exchange dated February 25, 1864 and had come to Richmond in March. His grief at the loss of his wife was overpowering and his father's letter to him was part of his etoffir

effort to arouse his beloved son from his sorrow and to spur him on to his active service in his cavalry command.

When General Lee's son, Captain Bobert E. Lee, published the volume entitled "Recollections and Letters of General Bobert E. Lee," some readers noticed the absence of any letter of condolence from General Lee to his afflicted son at the time of Charlotte Wickham Lee's death. They felt that Lee had surely written such a letter and wondered about its omission though there was included in the volume a very tender letter from General Lee to Rooney Lee's mother. The existence of this letter of General Lee to his son wos probably not

known to the family when Captain Bob Lee compiled his letters and recollections of his father that so poignantly paint Lee as the devoted husband and father who, in joy or in sadness, acknowledged the will of God as the determining will in his desires.

This letter came by fortuitous chance into the possession of Dr. Curry and was discovered several years ago when a trunk of paper left by Dr. Curry was gone through by Dr. Garnett Ryland, professor of chemistry in the University of Richmond, whose constant effort to preserve the records of Virginia's history has helped to build up the strength of the library of the University of Richmond and the unique and priceless colection of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society This collection is housed at the University of Richmond and cared for by Dr. Ryland and Dr. W. A. Harris.

Under the stress of grief and the strain of campaign General Lee sought in that foreboding spring of '64 to give comfort from his faith and strength from his devotion to duty to his bereaved son as he wrote him from the camp in Orange County:

Camp Orange Co., 24 Apl '64

I recd last night my dear son your letter of the 22nd: It has given me great comfort. God knows how I loved your dear wife, how sweet her memory is to me, & how I mourn her loss. My grief could not be greater if you had been taken from me. You were equally dear to me. My heart is too full to speak on this subject, nor can I write. But my grief is not for her but for ourselves. She is brighter & happier than ever, safe from all evil, awaiting us in her Hevenly abode. May God in his mercy enable us to join her in eternal praise to our Lord Savior. Let us humbly bow ourselves before Him & offer perpetual prayer for pardon & forgiveness!

But we cannot indulge in grief however mournful yet pleasing. Our country demands all our thoughts, all our energies. To resist the powerful combination now forming against us will require every man at his place. If victorious we have everything to hope for in the future. If defeated nothing will be left us to live for. I have not heard what action has been taken by the Dept in reference to my recommendations concerning the organization of the Cavy—But we have no time to wait & you had better join your brigade. This week will in all probability bring us active work & we must strike fast & strong. My whole trust is in God, & I am ready for what ever He may ordain. May He guide guard and strengthen us is my constant prayer!

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee,

Genl Wm. F. Lee

The letter of Stonewall Jackson, also found among the papers of Dr. Curry, was written to that statesman and educator then a member of the Confederate Congress. Dr. Curry was interested in securing legisiation to

forbid the transportation of mail on Sunday and had written to Jackson in that connection. Such a proposal found a sympathetic allegiance in Jackson's steady Presbyterianism. His reply to Dr. Curry was written on April 18, 1863, just three weeks before the mighty Stonewall was "to pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

This subject of Sabbath observance was much in the mind of Jackson, and, just a few hours before his death, was discussed with his chaplain in much the same tenor of view he expressed in the following lines written to Dr. Curry that April day in '63 from his camp near Fredericksburg:

Fredericksburg, Va.
April 18th, 1863.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to thank you for your letter expressing your views respecting the importance of not requiring mail to be transported on the Sabbath. If your sound position, that a nation can not with impunity violate Divine Law is adopted, and adhered to by our government, I shall expect her prosperity to be greater than can otherwise be attained; and shall look forward to see our country the most prosperous on the Globe. Hoping that you will succeed in having your views carried out, and that I may some day have the honor of knowing you personally, I remain with high respect your obdt. servt.

T. J. Jackson.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry, M. C.

One of the chaplains who ministered to the Stonewall Brigade has left a vivid picture of these great Confederate leaders at worship in the rude log structure that did service for a house of God in a forest where the ring of the bullets in battle might meet the dying echoes of hymns of prayer and praise.

Describing a camp service, this chaplain wrote: "The devout listener, dressed in simple grey, ornamented only with three stars, which any Confederate colonel was entitled to wear, is our great commander, Robert Edward Lee.

"That dashing-looking calvaryman, with 'fighting jacket,' plumed hat, jingling spurs, and gay decorations, but solemn, devout aspect during service, is 'Jeb' Stuart, the flower of cavaliers—and all through the vast crowd wreaths and stars of rank mingle with the bars of the subordinate officers and the rough garb of the private soldier. But perhaps the most supremely happy of the gathered thousands is Stonewall Jackson."

In his masterly biography of Stonewall Jackson Lieutenant-Colanel G. F. R. Henderson (vol. II, page 493) gives this visible picture of Lee and Jackson and Stuart at worship in camp. This picture grows even clearer to our mind's eye when we read these letters, shut away for a time from men's glance, but brought again to the light, letters so stout in belief, so firm in conviction, and so revealing of the invisible spirit of the Christian faith that was in these captains of men who were also captains of their own souls.

LEE'S GREAT WAR CHARGER

By R. T. Corbell

Authentic information concerning "Traveller," General Robert E. Lee's famous war charger, has come to light in the yellowed paper of Volney Osborn, retired Loudoun County farmer and business man. Mr. Osborn, in the evening of a busy life remembers, as a boy, seeing soldiers of both armies in '61-'65 pass along the highway on which the old family homestead faces. Over this route Colonel John S. Mosby and his Partisan Rangers moved to some of his most daring exploits.

The section of fair Loundoun, near Bluemont, in which Mr. Osborn resides, was a part of "Mosby's Confederacy," an area from which the plumed guerilla chieftain darted on numerous occassions with his band of dauntless horsemen to harass Union armies moving through Northern Virginia and to the Valley.

A Virginia horseman happening at the Osborn homestead was delighted to find among the elderly gentleman's effects a letter written by the man who sold "Traveller" to General Lee. The subject of horses had come up and the conversation had turned to some of the celebrated horses of history—to Stonewall Jackson's "Little Sorrel," J. E. B. Stuart's "Nelly Bly," to Napoleon's gray mount at Austerlitz, of General Ashby's milk white steed, when Mr. Osburn mentioned that in his papers there was a letter containing complete data on "Traveller."

The letter dated August 10, 1886, was written by Major Thomas L. Broun, who once owned the good gray steed that became to the Army of Northern Virginia almost as well known as his illustrious master. The letter was written at the time the question of erection of an equestrian statue of General Lee in Richmond was being agitated. Major Broun said his purpose in writing it was his desire that Lee's war horse should be represented in the memorial. This was done and on Monument Avenue in the old capital of the Confederacy General Lee rides "Traveller," both in enduring bronze. There sits the knightly Lee on a magnificent steed, a horse that fits the description given "Traveller" by Major Broun.

Intriguing to horsemen is the reference in Major Broun's letter to "Traveller's" breeding. Major Broun states he was of "Gray Eagle stock." In that statement is the key to "Traveller's" endurance, strength, mettle and easy carriage. "Gray Eagle" was a famous four-mile thoroughbred race horse in the South in ante-bellum days. It is not of record that "Gray Eagle' ever stood in West Virginia, where "Traveller" was foaled. It is entirely likely, however, that some of his sons were offered for public services in that area, and that "Traveller" carried in his veins the blood of this celebrated thoroughbred strain. The breeding of the dam of "Traveler" is not mentioned in Major Broun's letter. That she was a mare of great quality, however, is apparent in the sturdiness of "Traveller." Horsemen who have delved into "Traveller's" history incline to the belief he

was more than a half-bred and most likely was three-quarters of seven-eights thoroughbred.

Major Broun's letter follows:

"In view of the fact that interest is felt in the monument about to be erected to General Lee, and many are desirous that his war horse should be represented in the monument, and as I once owned this horse, I herewith give you some items respecting this now famous war horse.

"He was raised by Mr. Johnson, near the Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, Va. (now West Virginia), was of the Gray Eagle stock, and, as a colt, took the first premium under the name of 'Jeff Davis' at the Lewisburg Fair for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was 4 years old in the spring of 1861.

"When the 'Wise Legion' was encamped in Sewell Mountain opposing the advance of the Federal army under General Rosecrans in the fall of 1861, I was a major in the Third Regiment of Infantry in the Legion and my brother, Captain Joseph M. Broun, was quartermaster in the same regiment. I authorized my brother to purchase a good serviceable horse of the best Greenbrier stock for our use in the war.

"After much inquireage and search, he came across the horse above mentioned and I purchased him for $175 (gold value). In the fall of 1861 when the 'Wise Legion' was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell Mountains, I rode this horse which was then greatly admired in the camp for his rapid stride and walk, his high spirit, bold carriage and muscular strength. He neither needed whip nor spur, and would walk his 5 or 6 miles an hour over the rough mountain road with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein. Such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead as soon as he was mounted.

"When General Lee took command of Wise Legion and Floyd Brigades that were encamped at and near Big Sewell Mountains in the fall of 1861 he first saw this horse and took a great fancy to him. He called it his colt and said he would need it before the war was over. When the general saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about 'my colt,' as he designated this horse.

"As the winter approached the climate in the West Virginia mountains caused Rosecran's army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. General Lee was thereupon ordered to south Carolina. Upon seeing my brother upon this horse, near Pocotaglio, South Carolina, General Lee at once recognified the animal, and again inquired of him pleasantly about 'his colt.' My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the general promptly declined. At the same time he remarked: 'If you will willingly sell me the horse, I will

glady use him for a week or so to learn his qualities.' Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to General Lee's stable.

"In about a month the horse was returned to my brother, with a note from General Lee stating that the animal suited him, but that he could no longer use so valuable a horse in such times, unless it were his own, that if my brother would not sell, please keep the horse with many thanks. This was in February, 1862. At that time I was in Virginia on the sick list. My brother wrote me of General Lee's desire to have this horse and asked me what he should do. I replied at once: 'If he will not accpet it, then sell it him at what it cost me.' He then sold the horse to General Lee for $200 in currency, the sum of $25 having been added by General Lee to the price I gave for the horse in September, 1861, to make up for the depreciation in our currency from September, 1861, to February 1862.

"In 1868 General Lee wrote to my brother stating his horse has survived the war—was known as "Traveller" (spelling the word with a double 'L' in Good English style and asking for its pedigree, which was obtained and sent by my brother to General Lee."

The Mr. Johnson referred to by Major Broun as the man from whom he bought "Traveller" was Captain James W. Johnson, a son of the man who bred the famous horse, according to a reference to the general's war horse by General Fitzhugh Lee in his "Robert E. Lee." The author adds that "Traveller" was foaled near Blue Sulphur Springs in West Virginia.

Generall Lee often rode "Traveller" in Lexington while he was president of Washington University, and at his funeral the good gray steed, the stirrups of his saddle turned, followed the hearse to the church. "Traveller" was appraised by a board in August, 1864, at $4,600 in Confederate currency.

"Traveller's" mounted skeleton now stands near General Lee's old office at Washington and Lee University.

LEE MABRY

(Stanly News-Press)

Grover Lee Mabry, who for 31 years was a living, breathing demonstration that a man may be down but not out, died at the home of a brother, J. Wesley Mabry, Albermarle, route 2, Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Death was due to a heart ailment from which he had suffered for some time.

When he was about 10 years of age, an incident occurred which was to change the whole tenor of his life, and which was to cause his name to live for years after his death as a

synonym for patience, kindliness and perserverance in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties and handicaps.

Young Mabry was assisting other members of the family in hauling wood and was driving a wagon loaded with heavy logs. For some reason the mules pulling the wagon became frightened and bolted, overturning the wagon. Mabry was caught beneath the wagon and its load. His spinal cord was severed, the third vertebrae was broken, and he received other injuries which at the time appeared almost certain to prove fatal. A strong desire to live, coupled with expert medical attention, worked wonders in recovery. Although the lower portion of his body, including both legs, were completely paralyzed, Mabry retained the use of both hands and arms, and of his naturally cheerful disposition.

In an effort to better his condition, Mr. Mabry was sent to Johns-Hopkins hospital in Baltimore, and later made several trips to the Whitehead-Stokes hospital in Salisbury. At these institutions it eventually was disclosed that the paralysis of his lower body would be permanent, and that there was no hope for ultimate partial recovery.

Faced with the knowledge that he was a hopeless cripple, and having a deep-seated aversion to becoming a public charge or a handicap to relatives, Mabry immediately began the task of finding ways and means to support himself. Realizing that there were thousands of other shut-ins in the country, bedridden and without outside contacts, he hit upon the idea of establishing a magazine devoted to these unfortunates. For three years, in 1913, 1914 and 1915 he published the "Sunny South Sunshine", a 20-page magazine, which had a national circulation in 1915 of 8,000 paid up subscriptions, and 2,000 other copies were sent free to shut-ins who were unable to pay the small subscription price of 25 cents per year. In addition to preparing the copy for this magazine, Mabry set all the type. Forms were made up by his brother, J. Wesley Mabry, with whom he lived for the last 23 years of his life, and the edition was run off on a small hand-press.

For various reasons, foremost among these being the fact that paper had advanced so much in price as to make the venture non-profitable, Mabry suspended publication of the magazise in 1915. He always retained his interest in similar publications, however, and up until the time of his death was a frequent contributor to these. He made contact with hundreds of invalids and cripples over the United States and in foreign countries, and carried on a voluminous correspondence. Visitors were always apt to find Lee sitting up in his specially constructed bed with a typewriter in front of him as he typed out a message of cheer to some unfortunate sufferer.

Spurning pity, deeply sensitive, and possessed of a burning desire to "make his own way," Mabry engaged in many other ventures which brought him in more than enough to take care of his needs. At the time of his death he was conducting a magazine subscription agency which had an annual turn-over of about $8,000. In addition he made axe-

handles, hammer-handles and other woodwork, tinted photographs, and was an expert in the making of flower baskets. He could wield a needle like a seamstress, and added to his income by selling pieces of crocheting and knitted articles.

Christmas time was always a season of joy for Mabry. Telephone calls from young tots to "Santa Claus" always were routed by arrangement with the telephone company to Lee, who took a keen delight in talking to the children about their expected gifts. He took over this role for 13 years, often averaging as many as 2,000 calls during the holidays.

He was an honorary member of the Albermarle Lions club, and had been honored by various civic organizations of the city on many occasions. He was one of the best informed men in the county, and had a thorough grasp on state and national happenings.

In the death of Lee Mabry Stanly county has lost a man who, although confined to his bed for 31 years, has yet left an impress that should be an honor to any man who lives out his allotted three score and ten years. He will live on in the memory of all who knew him.

CIVIL WAR MUSEUM PLANNED FOR PETERSBURG

(Suffolk News-Herald)

A nationwide search for artillery pieces used by both the Union and Confederate armies during the War Between the States will be conducted by the Army Ordnance Association to discover and procure Ordnance for a great artillery park at Petersburg National Battlefield Park. The proposal, made to the Association by the Viriginia State Chamber of Commerce more than a year ago, has the backing of the National Park Service.

Plans for the park are being made in connection with the development of the new Petersburg National Military Park, which commemorates the greatest siege operation ever conducted on the American continent. Before Petersburg the first railway artillery ever used in warfare—naval hawitzers mounted on flat cars, were successfully tried out, while the ring of steel drawn around the forces of General Lee included many batteries of ordnance, and the Confederate defenses also included many batteries of cannon.

Where is this ordnance today? The Association believes that many of these cannon have become victims of the scrap heap, while others rust away in country farmyards or on village greens, unnoticed and their historical significance fogotten.

That the epoch-making role that these guns played in the life of the nation may not be forgotten the Army Ordnance Association, a national, independent society of American

citizens pledged to industrial preparedness, has formed a committee of its members to assist in locating these pieces and in having them permanently emplaced in the Petersburg National Military Park. Here they will compromise the only complete museum of Civil War Ordnance in the United States.

The Committee organized for this purpose consists of the following officers and members of the Association: Brigadier General Benedict Crowell, of Cleveland, Ohio, president of the Association, Brigadier General John Ross Delafield of New York; Lieutenant Colonel LeRoy Hodges, managing director of the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce; Lieutenant, Colonel Calvin H. Goddard, of Washington, D. C. originator of forensic ballistics; Stephen V. Granscay, curator of arms, Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York; F. W. Foster Gleahon, of Washington, research student in the ordnance of the Confederacy, and Claud E. Fuller, writer on and collector of historic arms. Cooperating on behalf of the National Park Service will be Arno B. Cammerer, the director, Dr. J. Walter Coleman, superintendent of the Petersburg National Military Park, and Branch Spalding, acting assistant director, Branch of Historic Sites and Buildings, National Park Service.

The operations around Petersburg began on June 15, 1864, when General Grant tried to take the city by assault. His army was repulsed, however, and then began the famous siege which lasted until April 2, 1865 when General Robert E. Lee was forced to evacuate the city after the defeat by Warren and Sheridan at Five Forks. One week later the gaunt men in gray were brought to bay for the last time and the War Between the States was over.

To commemorate these events, the Petersburg National Military Park, embracing approximately 1,823 acres was established by Act of Congress, July 3, 1926. Jurisdiction of the Park was transferred in 1933 from the War Department to the National Park Service.

The Park consists of a loop containing the roughly paralled Federal and Confederate lines which are made easily accessible to the public by a road system. A policy of preservation rather than restoration has been carried out with the result that the earthworks are quite well preserved after seventy years. Fourteen large Federal earthworks and six Confederate forts are included in the Park. The secondary works and the battlefield of Five Forks lie outside the Park limits.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In a recent telephone conversation with Mrs. Emma J. Eagle, of Concord, who, for many years was a member of the Training School staff, we learned that Mrs. M. W. Fetzer, former matron in charge of Cottage No. 2, had the misfortune to fall the other day and injure her leg. The

accident occurred at East Lynn, Mass., where Mrs. Fetzer has been making her home since leaving the School several years ago. Her many friends here regret to learn of the mishap, and tender best wishes for a speedy recovery.

—o—

Dr. E. A. Branch, of Raleigh, director of oral hygiene of the State Board of Health, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Sebelius, of Nashville, Tenn., visited the School last Wednesday. Dr. Sebelius is assistant director of the dental department of the State Board of Health of Tennessee, and was most enthusiastic in his praise of the dental programs sponsored by Dr. Branch in this state.

Dr. Branch is quite a frequent visitor here and has become a great favorite with both the boys and officers. He brought smiles to the faces of the youngsters when he announced that he was going to leave about one hundred packs of chewing gum for the boys, the gift of Dr. L. E. Buie, who conducts dental clinics at the School each year.

—o—

Jason Myatt, who entered the Training School in 1909, coming from Smithfield, was a visitor here last Monday. He is now forty-three years old and is a fine, upstanding young man. His coal-black hair shows an occasional streak of gray, which adds to the dignity of his appearance.

In looking over the records of the correspondence we find that his widowed mother made earnest appeals for the boy's admission to the School, and later expressed gratification at his acceptance.

Jason spent about two years at the School, and expressed himself as being very proud of what the institution did for him, saying that he would always hold in memory the pleasant times spent here.

For the past twelve months Jason has been employed by the treasury department of the federal government, and is now located in Raleigh.

—o—

For several years our good friend, Mr. William H. Barnhardt, of Charlotte, has presented a handsome leather-bound Bible to each boy upon being paroled from the School. The extent to which this gesture on the part of Mr. Barnhardt is appreciated by these boys, is shown by the following letter recently received:

Spray, N. C.
January 11, 1937

Dear Mr. Barnhardt.

I am writing to let you know how much I appreciate the nice Bible you gave me when I left the Training School. I can't express in words how much I appreciate it.

I do not know of anything you could have given me that I would think more of than I do my Bible, and I have been reading it.

Am going to try to be a better boy in the future than I have in the past. I certainly appreciate what they did for me while I was at the School.

If you ever come to our town, come to see me.

Very truly yours,
Ira Grogan.

P. S.—I am going to try to read my Bible through.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II John 1-11, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to the 11th verse: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galillee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

In the course of his remarks Rev. Baumgarner stated that the changing of water into wine for the wedding feast was the first miracle Jesus performed. At this feast the strain of hospitality had come and the host and hostess were distressed and disturbed when they learned that the supply of wine for their guests would not be sufficient. Hospitality in that country was a prime factor, and it was considered a disgrace when one failed to show hospitality. Something had to be done. Jesus' mother may have been a relative of the bride, since she was also distressed about the matter.

The best wine was usually served the guests at the beginning of the feast, continued the speaker, but on this occasion they claimed the best had been left for the last, after they had tasted that which Jesus caused to be made from water.

Marriage, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, is sacred, and Jesus took this opportunity to show that it is blessed, and a gift from God, the Father. Christ placed his seal of approval on marriage and the home.

Continuing, the speaker said there were three points to remember about Jesus' ministry: (1) Jesus was not as John in esthetic nature nor in religion, which is the fullness of life. John the Baptist believed in abiding by the strict Jewish laws in every way, while Christ taught a new version of freedom. John was holding to old laws and traditions; Christ held to freedom of man through the spirit of God. (2) The spiritual quality was emphasized rather than the material. Often we overshadow the real things of life with worldly affairs. If we would desire to be helpful in the world, we must make sure we are building on a firm foundation. (3) Jesus is a revelation of God. "I and the Father are one," said he. Some think of God as a stern ruler over us. We must not think of Him in that way for He is a loving Father, merciful and forgiving. Christ has brought God into our homes and lives. We do not feel as near to God when singing "Before Jehova's Throne," as when we change to the words, "Dear Father." We should go to Him in prayer, thank Him for blessings and ask for real needs and strength in life. We must give our lives to Him and ask Him to point out the way to us.

The block of granite which is an obstacle in the path of the weak, becames a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.

—Selected

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 17, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Allen 6
(4) J. C. Cox 4
(7) Edward Johnson 7
James Johnson
(4) Ray Norman 4
(7) Mack Setzer 7
(7) Fred Wheeler 7
James Wilhite 6

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Blevins
Glatley Branch 3
(7) William Goodson 7
Horace Journigan
John Kellam 5
(2) Claude Maines 4
(7) Arthur Martin 7
(2) William Pitts 4
James West 5
Prestan Yarborough 6
R. L. Young 3

COTTAGE No. 2

Henry Fredere 4
(4) Lemuel Murphy 4
(2) Fred Seibert 3
Boyd Strickland 3
(4) John Whitaker 5

COTTAGE No. 3

Neely Dixon 4
Charles Furchess 5
(4) Coolidge Green 4
Eugene Green 4
Julian Gregory 5
Edgar Hatley 3
(5) Max Hedrick 6
Jesse Holleman 2
Robert Maultsby 2
F. E. Mickle 4
(4) Frank Pickett 4
Kenneth Raby 3
Fred Vereen 2
Ellis White 5
F. M. Younger 4

COTTAGE No. 4

William Bell 2
(3) Garrett Bishop 4
(2) Hurley Davis 4
Mathis Garrett 2
(7) Glenn Haymore 7
(7) Lyle Hooper 7
(2) Ralph Johnson 4
(2) Robert Mims 4
(3) Charles Mizzell 4
(2) Robert Orrell 2
(3) Lloyd Pettus 5
(2) Thomas Stephens 4
(3) Melvin Walters 4
Odell Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) William Cassell 4
(7) A. L. Gaines 7
John Grider 2
Jack Gunter 2
Herman Hunt 3
(5) Monroe Keith 5
Jack Tate 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(6) William Burnette 6
(6) Theodore Bowles 6
Kenneth Conklin 5
(6) Fletcher Castlebury 6
(2) James Coleman 5
(4) Robert Deyton 5
Thomas Doby 2
Noah Ennis 4
Ray Laramore 2
(4) Frank Glover 6
(2) Harley Matthews 2
(4) William Howard 6
Charles McCoyle 2

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 2
James Corn 4
Fred Dysen 4
John Elliott 5
Caleb Hill 4
Houston Howard 3
Hugh Johnson 6

Wayland Morgan
Milton Pickett 4
J. D. Powell 3
Percy Strickland
Lester Warren 2

COTTAGE No. 8

Albert Andrew
(6) Sam Belk 6
Edward McCain 5
(3) Ernest Owens 3
Charles Taylor

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Braddock 4
(3) J. T. Branch 4
Wilson Bowman 3
Gladston Carter
Hubert Carter 2
(7) Randolph Davis 7
Rueben Duggins 2
Woodfin Fowler 3
(4) Charles Freeman 6
C. D. Grooms 5
James C. Hoyle 4
Esmond Reams 4
Homer Smith 6

COTTAGE No. 10

(6) Clyde Adams 6
Emerson Barnhill 2
Albert Beaver 3
(2) Glenn Collins 2
(2) Floyd Combs 5
Fred Davidson 2
(2) Jeff Gouge 5
William Knight 4
Walter Merritt
(2) William Peedin 3
James Penland 2
Jack Springer 3
Carl Spear
Sidi Threatt
William R. Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 11

Walter Blevins
Earl Duncan 2
John Drum 6
(7) Dewey Freeman 7
(2) H. A. Holmes 2
(6) David Hodge 6
William Kirk 4
(3) Andrew Lambeth 3
Theodore Rector
(5) Julius Stephens 5
Burchell Young 4

COTTAGE No. 12

Joseph Cox 5
Frank Dickens 6
(7) Talmage Dautrey 7
(7) Marvin Edwards 7
(6) Bernard Griffin 6
(6) Frank Lewis 6
Clarence Mayton 3
June Malone 6
(4) Asbury Marsh 5
Jerome Medlin 5
Glenn O'Quinn 6
Ewin Odom 4
(3) Andrew Powell 6
Rossie Young 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Jack Daubenmeyer 3
Henry Hallman 2
Paul Shipes 2
Glenn Williams
(2) William Warf 2
William Thore 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(7) Henry Abernathy 7
Warren Bright
(5) Roy Cruse 6
(7) George Gibson 7
(7) Walter Hill 7
(7) Clarence King 7
Cleo King
(7) George McManus 7
(7) Walter Mitchell 7
(5) Edward Murray 5
Charles Pennell 5
(7) Harley Pennell 7
(4) Marshall Scoggins 4
(5) Harless Triplett 6
(6) Carl Toney 6
(7) Robert Teeter 7
(6) Paul York 6

Man's moral nature is a riddle which only eternity can solve.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 30, 1937 No. 5

A YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER

God, make me a man!
Give me the strength to stand for right
When other folks have left the fight.
Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he wills, he can.
Teach me to see in every face
The good, the kind, and not the base.
Make me sincere in word and deed,
Blot out from me all sham and greed.
Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active self-control.
Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play,
And keep me pure from day to day.
O make of me a man!

—Harlan G. Metcalf.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY?

Is there for honest poverty
  That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
  Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
  (As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
  Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
  Shall brithers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

MUSINGS OF A MINISTER

The teachings of childhood run true to form. They usually chart one's life regardless of arguments to the contrary. Having a mother educated and reared in a Movarian school, she was truly indoctrinated in that particular faith, and had the heighest regard

for their customs of living, and these practices were injected in the life of each child despite the fact there was no Moravian church near.

Therefore, we read with interest and profit the column of Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Moravian Church, Charlotte, in the Sunday papers. The following is taken from Sunday's Charlotte News, 17th of this month. Rev. Spaugh's articles always carry a worthwhile message. Read:

The closed mind is one of the greatest obstacles to progress. More have such than ever realize it. To keep the mind open enough to receive and examine new thoughts and ideas and at the same time keep it from becoming so open that every thought blows right through, is no easy task.

It seems difficult for most of us to realize that we never become too old to learn, if we desire to do so. A noted psychologist stated that the average man closes up his mind at about the age of 24.

Life's pathway is strewn with hosts of failures, the majority of whom died from the head down, not from the feet up.

Call it laziness, or lack of perseverance, the end is the same—the scrap-heap. Many a man who complains about being down on his luck might remember that he is probably down on his haunches.

A wise man once observed, "He who endures conquers." Holding open the doors of the mind is a tiresome task, but it has its rewards.

The prophet Isaiah wrote, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not be faint."

The enthusiasm of the new makes it a joy to mount up with wings, but the hard pull comes when we settle down to walk. Then it is that before we know it we have found a comfortable seat along the highway of life from which we are content to watch the rest of the world go by.

* * * * * * *

ADULT EDUCATION— CABARRUS COUNTY

All patrons of the public school systems know something of the schools because nearly every home of our community has a contact with these institutions through the children. Besides there is the

Parent Teachers Association that co-operates with the teachers with the desire to burgeon out a school unit better adapted to the needs and ability of students.

But there are few people who have a speaking acquaintance with the program of "Adult Education" sponsored by the federal government for the joy and benefit of those whose minds are gloomy and blank because of the lack of educational advantages when children.

You, who have had superior advantages educationally just visualize, if possible, how you would feel when scanning a book and not know either a letter or word in it. The light that would wreath your countenance after learning to read would be like the glow and radiance of the sunshine after three weeks of gloom without the sun.

The following report is presented by Mrs. C. W. Murph, supervisor of Adult Education in Cabarrus County, showing the activities for December 1936:

Total number of teachers in unit during month	9
Enrollment for the month	434
Average number of students enrolled per teacher	23
Largest number students enrolled per teacher	193
Number students taught to read and write first time	6
Number students taught to read newspaper first time	6
Number students taught to write first social letter	5
Number students taught to write first business letter	5
Number of students with perfect attendance	215
Number of free magazines distributed	350
Number classes visited by County Supervisor	24
Number teachers' meetings held by County Supervisor	4
Number of general group meetings held with teachers, their students and County Supervisor	17
Number of personal conferences with teachers	93

* * * * * * *

A RAT WEEK

We are truly glad to see that the Mooresville Enterprise made the suggestion, and wisely too, that a nation wide anti-rat-week be observed. They are not only a menace to the property, but they convey diseases, a fact that has been so indelibly impressed upon the mind of the writer till the pesty things produce a jittery feeling.

The Health Bulletin of December 1936 emphasizes that public opinion must be molded for a strict sanitary ordinance, in town or city, if the rat population is decreased. To do this all trash must be removed where rats can harbor, and garbage cans must be tightly closed so there will be nothing rats may feed upon. They go only where they thrive, and it takes only a short period of time for them to build a colony. It goes without an argument that if rats thrive on filth, they naturally carry diseases, or the germs that produce diseases.

We hope that other papers, the strongest medium to mold public sentiment in favor of a nation-wide-anti-rat campaign, will write advocating the elimination of rats similar to following taken from the Moorseville Enterprise:

The American people are generally agreed that this country is already bounteously supplied with holidays and "special weeks." But the suggestion of a Vermont man that a national "rat week" be observed each year sounds like a rather sensible suggestion. Surveys conducted in recent years show that the American people lose millions of dollars annually through destruction caused by rats. Farmers do not have to be told that they are among the most destructive pests known to humankind. City people, along with the residents of towns and villages, are not ignorant of that fact, and also suffer heavy losses, often the loss of their homes when rats, chewing matches, ignite the refuse they have used to build their nests. A great national "rat week" during which everybody would join in a coast-to-coast warfare on rodents would undoubtedly save millions of dollars annually. And the time thus spent would be worth far more than the effort thus expended.

* * * * * * *

THE SPINSTERS

The pastor, Rev. Clinton C. Cox, of Drexel Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, expressed himself in one of his sermons in postive terms that the "spinsters" were not esteemed comparable to the service they render. In order to clinch his statement he cited the wonderful service to the world by Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross, Jane Addams, a noted social worker and founder of the Hull House, Florence Nightingale, the saint of modern nursing,

Frances Willard, founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Uuion, Christabel Pankhurst and Susan B. Anthony, organizers of the woman's suffrage movement in England and America respectively, Mary Lyon, pioneer in education and founder of Mount Holyoke College and myriads of others who stand first in the school rooms, orphanages, hospitals and missionaries in the foreign field.

The spinsters have made and continue to make valuable acquisitions to society for in cases throughout the country they have stepped into homes bereft of parents and tendered most valuable service in molding the lives of young people into fine Christian citizenship. The occasion for the riducule that is often thrust in a joking way at these dignified spinsters is "they never had a chance," but they will mighty soon make it known they are what they are through choice. However, they are most valuable in any home, and have proven themselves valuable and indispensible.

* * * * * * *

ROOSEVELT—THE HUMANITARIAN

President Roosevelt's inaugural address was a calm message of facts, and an expression of hope for the millions of people who wish to see some practical demonstration of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of mankind.

His love for his people at large is expressed briefly: the test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much. it is whether we produce enough for those who have too little. A message so fitly spoken, and timely "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Throughout the entire address the humanitarian spirit of the president was felt.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

LORD, HELP ME

"Lord, help me from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—
others."

—o—

A lot of people run down their neighbors, and they do not own an automobile, either.

—o—

The name fits the case. The all-time answer to "What's in a name," is given by Omer Speed, of Cleveland, O. He was arrested—for speeding.

—o—

I wonder if some of those fellows who lean on their spades and shovels, or loiter over the work they have to do, are practicing to become "sit down strikers."

—o—

Higher wages and shorter hours may be harmful to the Brookings survey, but they are a darn big help to the fellow who has to work for his living.

—o—

It is very probable that that Protestant minister who says that the "laying on of hands" never cured anything, never experienced a session with his father, in the woodshed, when he was young.

—o—

It is stated that the prison officials of Richmond, Va., contemplate raising cotton on their recently acquired farm. Wonder if they will have to sign an agreement with the government, and if the prisoners will get pay for cotton they do not raise?

A Durham observing man says that some of the people about the country don't mean what they say any more than they mean it when they shake hands with somebody they don't like.

—o—

Mrs. Margaret Sanger received the Louisville Town Hall Club Medal for contributing to enlargment of life. I guess it must have featured not staying at home with the babies, even if married.

—o—

'Tis said that the banks are now turning to private channels for loans and investments. Too late to turn to me. All of my surplus cash is invested in cotton and hosiery mills, which are not paying dividends—if at all only a few cents—not enough to interest the banks. Gone with the wind.

—o—

Here's a trick that probably would not work the second time. Tax Collector T. L. McKee, to save $450 for Chilton county, Ala., while going out to lunch, thought it too much money to leave in the cash drawer, wrapped the bills with a rubber band and dropped them in the trash basket. When he returned thieves had lotted the drawer and taken $166. The $450 was still in the innocent-looking wastebasket.

—o—

The idea of male domination has had a backset. It happened in Hollywood, from whence cometh many new quirks. For months casting directors had been frantically seek-

ing some one to play the role of Huck Finn, that freckled, ragged, barefoot hero of Mark Twain's famous story. If ever a youngster was 100 per cent boy, Huck was. 300 lads flocked to the studio to try for the coveted role. If a rustle were heard when the decision was announced, it must have been Mr. Clemens revolving in his grave, for the urchin chosen for the part was a 13-year-old girl!

—c—

There is power in great Faith. No doubt about that. Did you ever stop to think about it? We can never be of very much help to brethren—or fellow men—until we come into personal touch with them. The successful physician must give something more than medicine to his patient. He must give something of his own personality; something of his own faith. Some years ago a very prominent surgeon in a great city was about to perform a delicate and dangerous operation on a young man Dr. Stephen Paulson was very much interested in. Early on the morning of the operation, the surgeon called the Dr. up and said: "Dr. Paulson, do not worry about Bob. I have prayed about this operation and everything will go well." This surgeon's faith and moral force lifted his skill into the realm of miracle at that particular time. We have not outgrown the Great Physician today. It seems to me, as I look at the world, that it needs Him more than ever. Only Christ can heal the world's leprosy and blindness. We need the healing touch of the Master.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S SIDE

When you're forming your opinions
  Do it carefully—then go slow;
Hasty judgments oft are followed
  By regretting—that I know,
And in argument be careful
  Not too quickly to decide—
Try to look upon the subject
  From the other fellow's side.
Ah, if we would use but caution,
  And a little less of self;
Think a little more of kindness,
  And a little less of pelf
Try to help the other fellow,
  Not to hurt him, don't you see
How much fairer, brighter, better
  This old world of ours would be?

—(Selected).

1937 IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

(The Health Bulletin)

Just sixty years ago this month, the bill to enact a law creating the State Board of Health was introduced in the Legislature of 1877 then in session. The measure, much amended and changed from its original form, was finally enacted into law on February 12, 1877. The appropriation made by the Legislature for the inauguration of the work was $100.00 a year. The Medical Society of the State of North Carolina was designated as the State Board of Health.

At that time the State was hardly out from under the oppressive heel of the conquering North. Only three years before the last Federal soldier had been removed from Raleigh. Many of the people were in extreme poverty. There was much preventive illness, such diseases as typhoid fever, malaria, smallpox, and the bowel diseases of infants were prevalent in practically every section of the State.

Dr. Thomas F. Wood of Wilmington was the leading spirit in the movement creating the Board of Health. The Medical Society of the State later designated him as the first Secretary, or State Health Officer. Naturally the appropriation of $100.00 a year was hardly sufficient to pay the postage on the necessary correspondence. Dr Wood conducted the office from his home in Wilmington where he was editor and publisher of a successful Medical Journal.

In 1878 he published the first educational pamphlet on a health subject ever published by the State Board of Health. The title was "Timely Aid for the Drowned and Suffocated." This was in the summer months. There were few bridges across the streams of the State. In freshets which were common, many of these flimsy structures were destroyed. All physicians traveled on horseback for the greater part of the year. Saddlebags in which to carry their medicine was the most important part of the physicians' equipment. Death by drowning was, therefore, very common in undertaking to cross these swollen streams.

By the time the Legislature of 1879 met, it was seen that the plan of having the State Medical Society to act as the State Board of Health was not practical and, therefore, an amendment to the law creating a Board of Health very similar to the present set-up was enacted. The appropriation was increased from $100.00 to $200.00 a year, at which figure it remained until the General Assembly of 1885 increased it to $2,000 a year.

Dr. S. S. Satchwell of Pender County was the first President of the Board of Health. During 1879, following the amendment to the law, several educational pamphlets were issued. One of these was entitled "Limitations and Prevention of Diphtheria." This was long before the discovery of diphtheria anti-toxin, and the disease was more than horrible to contemplate. Physicians had no effective treatment avilable and numbers of children died annually from it. It is significant to point

out here that while diphtheria antitoxin has been avilable to physicians now for about forty years, and for some fifteen years a preventive treatment has been available, yet the State Board of Health during the past fall has been more concerned with the prevalence of diphtheria in the State than with any other problem.

Throughout all the vicissitudes of the past sixty years, the State Board of Health, however, has maintained its chief objective and that is the prevention of the spread of communicable diseases and the promotion of better health for all the people. The result of the work done in the field of preventive medicine and public health during these sixty years stands out as one of the most important contributions to civilization. The span of life has been increased during that time more than twenty-five years. This has been largely accomplished through the control of epidemic diseases such as bubonic plague, malaria fever, typhoid fever, and smalpox, and particularly through the prevention and control of the fatal diseases of childhood.

This new year finds a State Board of Health grown to maturity in many respects, an organization proud of its past history, but fully conscious of its responsibility to the future needs of the people. At present there is some form of whole time health department service in operation in seventy-one counties. Among the remaining twenty-nine counties, however, there are eight or ten counties with large population and much wealth whose people are but little better acquainted with the manifold advantages of a modern local health department than were the people of sixty years ago. One chief effort of the State Board of Health this year is to try to establish an organized health department in all such counties. Another goal to be striven for this year is the extension of prenatal, obstetrical, and pediatric service into every county, available to the poorest of the population.

The communicable diseases must be brought under better control, and a safe water and milk supply together with modern sewage disposal must be extended far beyond where the pavement ends in all the cities, towns and villages of the State.

Verily, there is plenty of work to be done.

CONPENSATOIN

O life, thou hast given me laughter
  Of children, and the song of birds,
And the sea-mist's cloak of magic
  That is silver when wind is stirred.
And thou hast brought me sorrow,
  But along the way thou hast lent
The singing heart of courage,
  And the flower of sweet content.

—Elizabeth Howe Harris.

UNCOVER CONFEDERATE OUTER DEFENSE TRENCHES

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

A half-mile section of Confederate outer trenches, refilled and leveled by Federal besieges more than 72 years ago, has been found and staked out in the Petersburg National Military Park, scene of the last battles of the armies of Lee and Grant.

Petersburg's early defenders under General Beauregard, awaiting the arrival of the Army of Northern Virginia, abandoned their entrenchments and fell back nearer the city on June 15, 1864, when attacked by the Union advance units in a series of engagements which launched a memorable 10-month siege. After both armies had established new lines, the Confederates' original outer works were behind the Federal front. The trenches consituted a hazard and accordingly were refilled with earth and the ground leveled.

Enrollees of the Civilian Conservation Corps, working under supervision of National Park Service historians have traced a half-mile of the line through woods and old fields by digging intersecting ditches at 20-yard intervals and revealing numerous cross-sections. The military trenches are recognized by the dark top soil which Grant's soldiers threw into the light clay pits.

The newly found defenses linked Battery Nine, at the interscetion of Prince George Court House Road, and Jordans Point Road, with Battery Eight, about a half-mile north toward Hopewell Road. The site is slightly less than two miles east of the present Petersburg city limits.

A musket and several uniform buttons were uncovered in one of the cross-sections of the trench. They will be added to the collection of military relics on display at the park. Explanatory markers will be set up later along the entrenchments and plans are being drawn for partial restoration of one of the battery positions revealed by the recent investigations.

CCC crews are clearing and staking the lines of a new road which will connect existing routes along the battle front in the sector between Battery Five and Battery Nine. It will provide access to the elevation at Battery Eight, most scenic point in the 1,971-acre park which forms a rough crescent east and south of Petersburg. The area embraces virtually all the earthworks where the two armies faced each other throughout the weary months of the last stand of the war.

Crushed concrete, salvaged from the structures of Camp Lee, World War training center, will be used in construction of the new route. Enrollees have completed improvements to a mile and a half of Prince George Court House and Jordans Point Roads and also have carried out a variety of landscaping and planning projects along about seven miles of the Fort Stedman, Fort Howard and Fort Lee-Battery Pegram Roads.

CHURCH AND STATE IN GREAT BRITAIN

(The Lutheran)

When Mr. Roosevelt is inaugurated President of the United States on January 20, he will take a prescribed oath of office in the background of which is his responsibility because of his position to the God of nations. This oath will be administered by the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, and not by an ecclesiastical official, our constitution thus manifesting the government's separation from the regime of the Church. But in London when George VI presents himself for the coronation ceremonies on May 12, the Archbishop of Canterbury will officiate. The ceremony of investiture is thus lodged in the Established Church, in distinction from the purely civil rite known by Americans.

But in performing his part at a coronation, the Archbishop of Canterbury is obeying orders, and not giving them. There was a time in English history when the Church's superiority over the state was recognized and the ecclesiastic officiating was a representative of the Pope. It was Henry VIII who in the years 1529 to 1536 brought about the severance of connections hitherto observed with reference to the papacy and obtained for the crown the top position in the English Church. He retained the archbishoprics that Rome had established, but they were made answerable to him and no longer to the Pope.

Henry VIII was almost a contemporary of Luther. He was born in 1491, came to the throne in 1508, and died in 1547, a year after Luther's death. His reign was entirely with the period during which both Great Britain and the continent felt the effects of the same group of co-operative and contending forces. In all of these the church was involved with permanent results. Prior to Henry's coming to his throne, the English clergy and the college circles had welcomed the revival of learning and culture of the Renaissance. The printing press made available the New Testament of Erasmus' translation and the classics of Greek philosophy and literature. The reformatory movements in Germany excited attention in Great Britain; in fact, Henry VIII himself in 1521 "replied to Luther" and got for himself and his successors the right from Rome to add Defender of the Faith to his titles of civic power. But Henry was in himself a definite force, one reads. His ambition to strengthen the prerogatives of the royal family, that is, of the Tudor dynasty, led him into diplomatic negotiations with Spain, France, Germany and the Papacy. With the Pope he got on well enough until he sought to retire Catharine, his first wife, and to marry Anne Boleyn. Neither his troubled conscience nor his desire for a son was received as grounds for a divorce from the Spanish princess. For reasons of state, of which Charles V, Catharine's brother, was the most powerful, the

Pope refused sanction to the separation. Henry then made use of his parliament, and thereby gained for himself the authority he sought. An obedient parliament severed the bonds with Rome of the English Church and state and made the King the Pope's partial successor in ecclesiastical authority with the title, Supreme Head in Earth of the Church of England. It was not Henry's intention to depart doctrinally from the traditional tenets of the Roman faith, and adherence to the church of the nation was required by laws that had teeth in them that bit. To this successive persecutions testify. These laws have since been softened. Both Catholics and Jews, Anglicans and Dissenters enjoy freedom of worship and access to civil privileges, with one exception. The sovereign of Great Britain must be a member of the Church of England.

It is possible that the present distribution of religious affiliations has some bearing on the attitudes of the British people toward the orthodoxy of their sovereign. In the Cyclopedia Britannica, from which most of the facts above stated have been taken, one reads that the Anglican group (Church of England) has 2,294,000 adherents. The Roman Catholic group numbers 1,930,000. Besides these, there are almost 2,000,000 "dissenters," three-fifths of whom are Congregationalists, Wesleyan Methodists and Baptists. It can be seen that the Established Church is now a minority in membership and thus less free to dominate the life of the people. Nevertheless, it continues to have the government's protection in providing financial support, and for its bishops there are seats in the House of Lords to the number of twenty-six. The Archbishops of Canterbury and of York and the bishops of London, Durham and Winchester always sit.

Just what degree of political, partisan maneuvering has recently occurred in England one can only guess. Certainly the Duke of Windsor gave small heed to the requirements of his position as Supreme Head in Earth of the Church of England when he settled his affection on a divorced woman. And with due regard for his undoubted popularity among the people, it is easy to suppose that he gave some of them a capital chance to make an attack on the Episcopal authorities when they supported the cabinet bringing George VI to the throne.

LIFE

Life is like a scale in music,
Starts in space and ends;
And whether sharped or flatted,
Its harmonies must blend.

—Bertha M. Manerman.

CHEMISTRY IN THE KITCHEN

By Eugene W. Nelson

When chemistry first invaded the kitchen, it was solely for theoretical purposes—for learning what chemical reactions go on when bread is baked or when soda is added to cake batter. In the past year or so, there has been another invasion of the kitchen by the chemists, but this has been of a much more practical nature. Of course, much has been added to our knowledge about the chemical make-up of foods, but there have also come out of the laboratory numerous devices and improvements to help make the kitchen a better place in which to work.

One such invention recently perfected at the Corning Glass Works (now famous because the 200-inch telescopic lens was cast there) allows glass disks to be soldered to the metal tops of tin cans. This can be done economically on a commercial basis and gives the housewife the combined benefits of the visibility of a glass jar and the unbreakable quality of the tin can. The soldering process itself is considered as being a real triumph of modern chemistry.

From the laboratories of the food industries has come an idea which will prove a blessing to all who have at any time struggled to pull apart sticky blocks of seeded raisins. Lubricated raisins were the outcome of the discovery that, if a little oil is sprayed over seeded raisins, they are no longer sticky but instead are clean, bright, and shiny. This oiling improves the appearance of the raisins, too,—removing the cloudiness so noticeable in unoiled raisins. Another interesting discovery was that the oil extracted from the raisin seeds was ideal for this purpose. As one gallon of oil will lubricate more than a ton of raisins, the remainder being sold as salad oil.

Another contribution to the solving of kitchen problems, similar in nature to the lubricated raisins, was made a few months ago by the chemists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The rapid darkening of freshly sliced fruit has long been a serious problem to the canning industry—as well as to housewives—because such discoloration detracts from the appearance of the fruit. Apples are perhaps the worst offenders in this respect. Experiments at the Department of Agriculture showed that certain enzymes in the fruit combined with gases in the air will result in a chemical reaction which turns the fruit tissues brown. Search for a chemical to "kill" the action of the enzymes led to the discovery that if a little pineapple juice is sprayed on the freshly cut surface of apples or any other fruit, the original color will be retained for some time. This is due to a certain chemical compound (glutathione) contained in small quantities in pineapple juice, and if this substance is sprayed on apples in its undiluted form the fruit will remain undarkened for nearly a year.

A number of our beliefs about

various foods have been upset by the modern methods of laboratory investigation. The value of spinach as a mineral-bearing vegetable is such a one. The first analyses of spinach revealed that it contained extremely large quantities of iron, calcium, and other such elements. Late investigations, however, have shown that although these minerals are undeniably present in large amounts, only a limited portion of each element is in such a state that it can be assimilated by the human body. It is now the opinion of dieticians that the main value of spinach is for use as roughage.

While on this subject, it might be well to mention some of the discoveries in relation to the presence of metals in foods. Many gruesome experiences during the past centuries have contributed to our present fear of metals in our food. Arsenic and its compounds have long been standard poisons; lead poisoning was a problem two thousand years ago in Rome; the compounds of radium and mercury—as well as the metals themselves—are very deadly to those who handle them without the proper precautions. Naturally, these facts have made us more or less suspicious of all metals.

In striking contrast to this popular view, then, are the laboratory findings of the dieticians. For instance, it has long been known that a certain amount of iron in the system is required to keep the skin and blood in good condition. Iron, however, can be assimilated only if there is copper in the diet—and copper is generally regarded as being even more poisonous than lead! When aluminum kitchenware was first put on the market, it was claimed by many that the food acids would dissolve this metal and cause cancer. Laboratory tests on mice and guinea pigs have not only proved this claim to be utterly without foundation, but have shown that some aluminum is vitally necessary to life. Other metals which have been found to be of great importance to our health are iodine, manganese, magnesium, silicon, and zinc.

New foods are also being given constantly to the kitchen from the test tubes of the chemists. One of the latest of these sources has been found in the soy bean. Although known as a food to the Chinese for over five thousand years, American scientists have just discovered the soy bean. However, they are rapidly making up this lost time and already have found more uses for it than the Orientals ever did. Fully seventy highly nutritive food products can be prepared from these beans, ranging from sauces and macaroni to ice cream powders and milk.

From this brief review it can easily be seen that there is a wide range of application for chemistry in the kitchen—in originating new foods, learning more about the old ones, and devising labor saving devices. Perhaps, in the near future, there will develop a specialized branch of applied chemistry for this purpose. Certainly it is a fertile field.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

(Selected)

Tris is the month—January—that we commemorate the life of our third and last martyred President William McKinley. He was born January 29, 1843, at Niles, Ohio.

As a boy the future President worked in an iron foundry. That had been his father's and his grandfather's occupation. But young William preferred an edncation and in 1859 entered Allegheny College.

Ill health, however compelled him to quit college.

When the Civil war broke out he enlisted in the twenty-third Ohio volunteers. He displayed such outstanding bravery in a number of battles that he soon became a lieutenant. He was recommended for promotion by Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, who years later became President of the United States. Before the close of the war he received the commission of major and held that title until he became governor of Ohio.

After the close of the Civil war he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Ohio.

He was a member of the house of Representatives from 1876 to 1891, and during his tenure was sponsor of the famous McKinley tariff bill. In 1890 Ohio went democratic and Representative McKinley was defeated for reelection for Congress. The following year, however, he was elected Governor of Ohio and reelected in 1893.

During the years 1892 to 1896 the country underwent a depression. The people, however, clamored for a change in administrative policy, and in 1896 elected McKinley President of the United States, following the most exciting and dramatic campaign since the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. He ran for President on a high protective tariff. The monetary question was also a big factor in the campaign and the Republican party advocated the single gold standard, and was opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 ounces of silver to one ounce of gold, as advocated by William Jennings Bryan and the democratic party, although in his early days in Congress, Mr. McKinley had advocated that very thing. He received 271 votes in the electoral college as against 176 for Bryan.

After he became President Mr. McKinley's first act was to call Congress into special session for the purpose of enacting tariff legislation. The outcome was a high protective tariff in an act known as the Dingley bill. The outstanding accomplishment, however, during his first term was the annexation to the United States of the Hawaiian Islands, a question that had been under riscussion for a number of years. This act was consummated in 1900.

The main event of his first administration was the Spanish-American War. Mr. McKinley made an effort for a year or more to avert war, but feeling ran high in the country over the treatment of Cubans by Spain, which then owned Cuba and the Philippine Islands. Finally the blowing up of the American battleship Maine in the Cuban harbor

of Havana, brought the situation to a rapid culmination, and war was declared in April, 1898. It was of comparatively short duration and resulted in the Utnited States acquiring both Cuba and the Philippine Islands.

President McKinley was reelected in 1900 and took office March 4, 1901. In September of that year he was attending the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., and while holding a public reception was shot by one, Leon Czolgosz, who was later executed for the dastardly crime. The President lived eight days and his last words were: "It is God's way: His will be done, not ours." His death was not only mourned in the United States, but throughout the civilized world and memorial services were held in many countries besides our own. He was buried at Canton, Ohio, where he had lived 1867. In 1906 a statue was unveiled to his honor at Columbus, Ohio, and in 1908 the beautiful mausoleum at Canton was completed.

A FAYETTEVILLE INCIDENT

A group of citizens of Fayetteville, one night last week, made a hero out of a gambler.

Henry M. Pemberton, returning from New York where he had been to collect his winnings of the Irish sweepstakes race, was met at the railroad station by a brass band, lifted to the shoulders of his fellow-townsmen, carried to the old market place and there the old market bell was rung in his honor.

There is something strangely wrong with our thinking when such ado is made over gambling success. Had Mr. Pemberton been a doctor and successfully performed a delicate operation on some one in another city, had he been a minister and conducted a successful revival meeting in some other community, and had he returned under identical circumstances, it is unlikely that such greeting would have been accorded him.

The tendency today is to stress those things which are unessential and incidental to our daily living. As individuals, we are inclined to applaud the fellow who drives his automobile over a given course in a sensationally short time, to make a hero of the man scores the winning touchdown in the football game, or who knocks the most home runs during the baseball season.

For our part, we prefer to see those men and women honored who make a definite contribution to their fellow-man through inspired service and leadership.

—Oxford Public Ledger.

THE BINDING OF BOOKS

By Don Young

Until less than a hundred years ago books were bound entirely by hand, and it is only in recent years that iron fingered machines prepare books for library shelves. All modern books have paper as the basic substance for their pages, but there is still a wide selection of materials for brinding these pages together. Bookbinding began in the Christian Era. During the lifetime of Christ, reading matter was assembled on paper in a continuous roll. This scroll form of book was common during the time of Christ, and was made either of papyrus paper or animal skin. Later, parchment was discovered. Calf or goatskins were tanned and dyed either yellow or a dull red. They were then cut up into different sizes for manuscripts. These would outlast even our modern paper if kept in proper conditions of atmosphere.

The man who invented glue is known as the father of bookbinding. He was Philliatius, an Athenian. Although other men may have made glue. Philliatius was the first to use *it* for piecing together sheets of paper into scroll books.

The great length of roll necessary to hold all of one book made the scroll hard to handle, especially if it became necessary to look up a special passage. The book of Mark which is not long is said to have filled a roll about 19 feet long. It became necessary in books of large size to divide them into chapters and write them on rolls of convenient length, numbering them in consecutive order.

The mounting of each roll of paper on a cylindrical roller with ivory or other knobs at the ends provided an opportunity for additional craftsmanship. The rolls were often kept in shelves with rectangular hollows cut in wood. A little tag was tied on each one.

The modern style of binding separate sheets together between heavy protecting covers was not made in a single day. Books composed of single sheets were folded once and collected into small piles of convenient size. To keep these leaves flat and prevent them from curling up or becoming wrinkled, they were stored away between thin wooden boards. The invention of book binding came about by the simple procedure of joining the sheets and boards together by thread and tape. These wooden covers were readily decorated and marked for identification.

In the twelfth century the earliest leather bindings were made. Leather had been used in the making of harness and saddles. Leather workers had learned to soften it and shape it into desired forms. It was only another simple step to draw and glue the soft leather over the oak boards of a book. With stamps and leather tools the craftsman was then able to decorate the leather according to the style and fancy of the day. These first decorations were made by hammering an impression into the leather, and the art of coloring and gilding the decorations was to come later.

To emboss leather the design is first made and transferred to the surface of the material. Then with a sharp knife the outline of the design is incised upon the leather. With an iron tool the incised lines are then opened out—in other words, the sides of the cut are pressed apart, widening it so that the lines are strongly outlined. The leather is next saturated in water until it is soft and pliable. Then with blunt iron punches the craftsman beats down the parts of his design which are not wanted in relief. This process raises still more the ornamental design. If still greater relief is desired, the design is beaten up from behind. The great relief obtained is filled on the underside with a mixture of glue and sawdust which hardens and holds the leather permanently in place. Figured punches later came into use to decorate the background of the work.

The appearance of tooled leather on bookbinding seems to improve common practice to sponge new leather with caustic soda to stimulate with age and it has often been a the mellowness of age.

During the fourth century of the Christian era jeweled bindings and carved ivory panels came into use. As such precious bindings were costly, they could be owned only by persons of great wealth. However, many of the most precious bindings were the devotional books in the churches.

About twenty-five years after the invention of printing, the art of gold tooling was brought to Venice from the East. It quickly developed in Italy and spread to other countries. In gold tooling a sticky substance is first put on the leather, then sheets of gold leaf beaten very thin are laid upon it. Hot tools are next pressed onto the gold leaf where the lettering or decorations are to appear. These tools have designs or letters cut upon them, and where the heat and pressure are applied, the gold leaf sticks to the leather. The gold which is not pressed by the hot tool is afterwards rubbed off. The affint fioyy shrdlu etaoin bgkq cmwf affinity of gold leaf for leather is great, and when it has been put on, it will hardly come off.

Velvet and embroidered bindings, common to most countries, increased in vogue and became especially popular during the Stuart period. Nothing is known of the history of velvet. It may have been invented in China, but the earliest places in Europe where it was made were in southern Spain. The materials used for embroidery were floss silks of many colors. Small seed pearls were often sewn into the designs by the hundreds. Gold thread was made by twining long strips of gold or gilt silver around a thread of silk or flax. Fine gold wire was also woven into embroidery material.

Embroidery book covers were sometimes used merely as envelopes for leather covered books that were richly tooled. In some instances there were somber coverings used when the owner of a devotional book was in mourning and wished no brilliant colors.

The early types of book bindings are named, not after their makers, but after the men who collected them. Many of the finest Italian and French

bindings were made for Jean Grolier who was treasurer of France in 1545. Bindings of this period which bear a resemblance to those collected by Jean Grolier are known as Grolier bindings.

Grolier was at one time the French ambassador to Italy and while there he made the acquaintance of Aldus who was one of the foremost bookbinders of the world.

Of Jean Grolier's collection of 3,000 finely bound books, about 356 are now in existence. Their rich old bindings make them rare treasures. They bear their owner's ex libris "Grolier Lugdunensis et amicorum."

Maioli bindings are named after Thomas Maiolus, another famous collector of the period who used inscriptions similar to Gorlier's.

During the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries bookbinding was on a par with painting and sculpture. The care with which books were bound and covered made them true objects of art. The pride both maker and owner took in their books was fully justified in their beauty and durability.

Today thousands of volumes are printed and bound to supply the demand of the millions of people who every day visit libraries and bookstores the world over. So fast is the demand supplied that it is not possible for craftsmen to spend hours in fashioning each book that goes to the vast public. Machines which pump paste and glue, and stitchers which sew threads in the twinkling of an eye are now the "artists" who fashion our books.

There are still a few small shops that carry on in a measure the old craft of bookmaking. The type is set and printed by hand and the pages are sewn upon frames in the same manner as of old. These books with their carefully tooled bindings are necessarily high in price, and are supplied to collectors who still admire fine books. Often these books may be found upon the restricted shelves of the public library where they are kept under lock and key. Only those who earnestly appreciate their value are allowed to examine and read them.

It is fitting that we have two kinds of bookmakers, those who make books for everyday use, and those who add permanently to the great collection of the ages.

INTEGRITY

Shine not from any borrowed light,
But seek your course by your own star;
If you would win this life's good fight,
Just be yourself—and travel far.

—Franklin Rowell Hoff.

AUTUMN LEAVES

By May Genevieve McGee in N. C. Christian Adrocate

I have been so lonesome since the leaves fluttered away. I did not want to say good-bye to what I love. I miss their soft crooning, their harp-like songs when the world is dark, and I miss their deep, diapason chorus when the wind is wild. I miss their playful antics when coy breezes blow. And in the courts of kings and queens their gracious morning greeting cannot be surpassed with its charming rhythmical bowing, self-taught. I miss their quiet moments when they meditate and pray at twilight. They are so still. Not a leaf stirs. It lifts my heart and I pray with them.

But, after all, it was a happy farewell. Autumn turned to me with a gay good-bye.

"In her gold red tunic,
Like an Eastern queen,
She had untarnished courage
In her wilding mien."

And how they frolicked with each other as they tumbled to the ground.

And I want to add two more lines of Dr. Stidger's poem,

"There is laughter in the falling
Of the leaves from autumn trees."

And I want to add two mort lines of Dr. Stidger's poem,

"There is laughter, song, and loving
In the heart at one with God."

And isn't that the reason the leaves can laugh and glow when they fall?

One day they had a forest festival and some of us slipped in without an invitation. I was among the elm trees. The leaves were golden with frilled edges and I never saw such glee as they floated out in air, chasing each other and dancing a piccolina with no parents and no orchestra. They joined hundreds of their playmates in a golden carpet at my feet. The leaves live gloriously and they leave us gloriously.

Have you ever thought of the life of a leaf? Of course, it is a co-operative life, for one leaf could not do much. We often look at leaves. They are so common. But do we really consider them? Could we have springtime without green leaves? After the bitter cold and sting of winter, how we watch for the first budding leaf! They bring hope, good cheer, and strength. When the blazing sun brings summer heat, we seek the shade of a tree. Would we seek it were it leafless? Even the cattle love the shade and shelter of leafy trees. The artist has put this on canvas with cows assembled under a shady tree.

And these bits of pulsating emerald life bring us beauty that could not exist without them. Imagine a skeleton tree with dangling fruit. Imagine summer forests of mighty oaks, elms, and maples without leaves. These small flutterers, in their splendid teamwork, give grandeur to the woods and with gracious benevolence they protect the homes of the feathered denizens.

You have seen the leaves silvered

on a moon-drenched night, when Lady Moon decorates them: It is rare beauty. Gentle, kind, beautiful leaves—we love you.

"A flaming maple tree against an autumn sky" brings a majestic mood. "The sumac leaves in autumn speak aloud God's name."

Too short a life, you say? It is not "how long we live, but how well." Dear leaves, you have lived valiantly —

When you make your job important it will almost invariably return the favor.—Exchange.

THE WINSTONS' MORNING PRAYERS

By Elizabeth P. Allen

The new mistress of that brand-new house on Park Avenue was tripping down the softly carpeted Queen Anne stairway, to her first breakfast in her new home. She had hurried down before her new husband to see that everything was in order; opening the door of the breakfast room, first; giving a loving, dainty touch to its shining array of bridal silver, and then hastening on to the library. This was the cosiest room of all. True, there wasn't much "library" about it yet, for all of Mr. Winston's books, and all of hers, could not be made to fill many shelves. But there was her pretty, tall escritoire, and Mr. Winston's writing table, and the amusingly new dictionary on its jaunty stand, and—oh, there was library enough, and it was a dear room, with a friendly little coal fire glowing out a warm welcome at her. The bride looked smilingly content, and yet a trifle anxious, too; else, why that pucker between the pretty brows? And what was she looking for? Ah! here it is, a little bell, with an image of some queer old heathen idol for a handle. She opens the door, and tinkles the bell sharply in the hall, while her color comes and goes. Almost immediately her domestic appears, having clapped a clean white apron on top of a checked gingham one, of less immaculate character.

"Sit down, Martha," says the lady nervously. "Mr. Winston—will be down directly, and we will have prayers."

But Martha was nervous, too; she took her seat on the edge of a chair that never was meant, I think, to be sat on, and edged this chair so close to the wall as to endanger seriously the stamped leather paper. Then she pulled one finger after another, until she had cracked all her joints. Still Mr. Winston did not appear.

"I'll just tell you the truth, Mis' Winston," she burst out at last: "I don't like this thing of coming to prayers. I'm a first-class cook, and I know I can give satisfaction in my meats and fancy breads, but I haven't been brought up religious, and I don't take to it. Why, I ain't seen the inside of a church this five years, and as for prayers, none of my families ever asked it of me before."

"But would you have us take God's good gifts like dumb brutes, Martha," said the new house mistress, her voice trembling the effort it cost her, "and give Him no thanks?"

"Oh, I ain't raisin' no objection to prayers," answered the cook; "fact is, I wouldn't think as much of you if you didn't have 'em; quality folks mostly does; but I feel queer, and' like a fish out o' water, when I ain't in my own kitchen."

"Very well," said the new mistress a little hurriedly, for she heard Frank shut the door upstairs, "I only ask you to try it for a week; after that you may do as you choose."

"Good morning, Martha," said the gentleman, gaily, as he came in. "Well, Mrs. W., is my congregation ready?"

His tone was rather light, perhaps; but the new duty embarrassed him, and he took this altogether masculine way of hiding his embarrassment. When Letty had first proposed setting up a family altar, Mr. Winston had demurred, laughed at her a little, asked why their individual prayers wouldn't do, called her a superstitious child, but finally yielded to her entreaty that their new home might be placed under the shadow of the sweet sanctities belonging to both old homes.

And, having yielded the point, he made up his mind to be gracious about it, and do the thing in the best possible style. That was part of his nature. Frank Winston never willingly made anyone uncomfortable, though he was a careless fellow on the whole. Martha for her part, was much impressed with the rich, sonorous voice, as he read with faultless elocution the story of the child Jesus, and still more so by the fervent and far-reaching petitions. That both tone and words were conventional, habits of mind and speech inherited, or acquired by unconscious imitation, she could not possibly know. But there was never a word more about her staying away from morning prayers; she allowed no domestic exigency to keep her away, and her keen, though undeveloped, intelligence was aroused to a lively interest in the reading of prayers, which was to prove a surprise to both master and mistress.

One of the newnesses enjoyed by the young wife was the shining condition of the kitchen. Coming from the South, where the negro cooks held absolute sway in their domains, and where the old pots and pans had done service for a lifetime, Mrs Winston had not imagined that a kitchen could be such a thing of beauty. She was always making the excuse of "trying a new recipe," to spend a morning hour with Martha. And Martha, being essentially sociable, was well pleased with her company.

"Who is sick, Mis' Winston?" she

inquired on one of these occasions, when mistress and maid were sitting together, their knees under the white oilcloth covered table.

"Sick? I don't know, I'm sure; why do you think anybody is sick, Martha?"

"Didn't Mr. Winston pray for him this morning?" asked the domestic in reproachful surprise. "I thought he seemed mighty sort o' anxious about the Lord raisin' him up off his sick-bed."

"Yes, yes," agreed the mistress, hastily; "so he did." But she had a secret, shame-faced feeling that he did not mean anything by that well-rounded sentence about the "sick and the afflicted."

"I wish you'd please ask Mr. Frank who it is, Mis' Winston," was Martha's next startling request; "'cause this is my afternoon out, and I thought I might take him a glass of that calf's-foot jelly. It's more'n you all is going to eat 'fore you're tired of it, and that prayer has been runnin' in my head all day; seems as if I wanted to do something for the poor fellow myself."

Mrs. Winston told her husband when he came home to lunch, and they joked over it a little, but with some constraint.

"Your maid takes morning prayers with uncomfortable literalness," said the young man; "perhaps it would be better if we did the same. Oh, by the way, there is a sick man in our congregation; I stepped into Mr. Stuart's office to engage half of the window, you know, and I had to wait a few minutes while he and a brother deacon consulted about giving help from the church fund to a carpenter, a man named Brooks, who broke his leg yesterday."

"Oh, well, that will satisfy Martha," said Mrs. Winston, eagerly; I hated her to think—to know, that is—'

"Yes, it would be a pity for her to know how little we think or feel what we say at prayers," agreed her husband, honestly.

So Brooks, the carpenter, stopped the gap very well. Martha told him that he was prayed for at her house, and told Mrs. Winston that she had told him, and this time they joked still more faintly about it, and the gentleman said they had Brooks' faith on their consciences now; Brooks wouldn't believe in their prayers, unless they followed them up by more tangible help. Of course, the help followed, and their connection with the Brookses established a sort of domestic mission between the new house on Park Avenue and the rickety tenement on Tanner Street. And now Mr. Winston began to have a livelier consciousness of what he did mean when he came with his petitions to the Almighty.

But, careful as he set himself to be, Martha's next innocent bomb exploded in heat in his affairs. The new home on Park Avenue was getting ready for what its master called a "blow-out," which sadly slang phrase seemed to mean a large entertainment—large, to judge by the time mistress and maid spent stoning raisins and cutting up citron for fruit cake. Martha entered heartily into the festive spirit of the occasion, and as she attacked the last green

sugary lobe, she proffered the request that the blinds in the back should be left up "just a teenty mite," enough for her to see the assembled company.

"Of course, you shall see the people," agreed her mistress, gleefully, "if I have to walk them all around by the back windows myself."

"I specially wants to see Mr. Frank's brother and his wife," confessed Martha. "Susan Parks has been 'lowing to me that they beat my folks for looks, and I've been 'lowing they don't. So now's my chance to get even with Susan."

But what was this? Mrs. Winston's face flushed an angry color, her eyes looked forbidding, and the pleasant smile vanished from her lips.

"Mr. Winston's brother will not be here, Martha," she said stiffly, "nor his wife; they have both behaved very badly to us, and we never expect to invite them to the house."

Martha dropped the citron, and the knife, and her hands, and her under jaw; it looked for a minute as if she meant to drop her mistress's acquaintance, from the stillness of surprise that came over her. Then she shut her eyes, and repeated, in clear imitation of Mr. Winston's resonant tone, "Forgive us our offenses, O Lord, this day, even as we, obeying Thy commandand and following Thy blessed example, do this day strive to forgive all who may have offended or injured us."

Martha opened her eyes when she had finished her quotation and fell upon her citron vengefully. But she opened her lips no more that day, except in answer to a question. And when the little silver bell rang for prayers the next morning no Martha appeared. Mr. Winston waited a few minutes, and looked inquiringly at his wife.

"We will have prayers without Martha this morning," she said hestatingly; "I'll see about it another time."

"Is it one of her practical jokes on us?" asked the gentleman.

But when inquiry was made, the domestic declined to come to prayers any more, and also declined to give her reason. Then Mrs. Winston confessed, with considerable trepidation, what had passed between them, over the kitchen table. What if Frank should fly in a rage, and order Martha off on the spot! Just before the party, too! Mr. Winston looked red enough in the face, when he heard the quotation from himself, to have done even such a desperate thing as that; but he tried to meet it in his old, light way.

"See here, Letty," he said "we've either got to get rid of this woman, or—or"—his voice suddenly lost its banter, and he spoke with great feeling—"or we've got to set about living nearer to our prayers!"

It was the evening of the entertainment at the new house on Park Avenue. Mrs. Winston came shimmering into the kitchen with her pretty white satin gown and slippers on; why not? There wasn't a cleaner floor in her house. "Martha," she said shamefacedly. "I have left the blinds up in the back parlor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Winston have promised to come early, so don't miss seeing them."

"Lord bless you, honey!" said the cook, her glumness disappearing. The waiters from "Bonsacks" stood around in their high-and-mightiness and wondered what it all meant, but Martha knew, and the guardian angels of the new home, who had come unbidden to the feast, though they had not heard the story then, knew how sweet and pleasant it was beginning to be for brethren to dwell together in peace and unity.

The family were a little late in coming down to prayers the next morning after the "blow-out," and when the husband and wife opened the library door there sat Martha. She was waiting for them against the wall, dressed in her white apron, and with a radiant smile, and something very like tears in her old eyes.

AMERICA TO HER PEOPLE

What do you fear, my people?
  What is it that you dread?
Have I, your land, once failed you
  That you go with drooping head?

Are my kind fields less fertile,
  My water courses dry?
Have my mines ceased their treasure?
  Has the blue left my sky?

Lo, I have fires to warm you,
  And trees to roof from storm;
My gentle herds, my cotton fields
  Make clothes to keep you warm.

My fruits, my vines, my gardens
  Yield food to keep you whole.
No earthly gifts are lacking—
  The fault lies with your soul.

Straighten your backs, my people!
  Lift eyes from the gray sod.
Give praise for what I give you,
  And trust your fathers' God.

—Chicago Tribune.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The latest report from Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, who recently underwent an operation at the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, is very favorable. He is beginning to take nourishment regularly, is resting well at night, and is gaining strength rapidly.

—o—

A few boys are being allowed to leave the School practically each day, on the approval of the welfare department of the counties from which they came, of the placement or home conditions.

At this writing the latest to go was Virgil Cecil, of Cottage No. 2, who was placed on a farm near High Point.

—o—

An unusual sale was made at the School the other day, that of five hundred bushels of field peas.

The readers of these columns will probably recall that our crop of peas at the close of the past season amounted to nearly one thousand bushels, many more than were needed for our own use.

Another unusual thing about this sale was that the purchaser paid for the entire lot of peas in ten-dollar bills, the total sum being one thousand dollars. This amount has already been deposited to the account of the State Treasurer, to the credit of our allotment account.

—o—

Last Wednesday was a cool, sunshiny day, and was more than welcome as it gave our butchers an opportunity to get rid of several large porkers which have been expensive eaters for some time. They were ready for the slaughter pen many weeks ago but weather conditions would not permit killing.

We had begun to think we would have to sell them to packing houses, and it may be necessary to dispose of some of them in that manner, if weather conditions do not prove more favorable.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, he presented Dr. Charles R. Nisbet, pastor of Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon, who read for the Scripture Lesson the story of the Crucifixion, as found in the 27th chapter of Matthew.

In his talk to the boys, Dr. Nisbet told them he was going to talk about the greatest word in the English or any other language. He stated that some might say "love" was the word; others would select "faith"; while still others might say it was "hope." These are all great words, said the speaker, but there is one larger than any other, except the word God, and that is "salvation." It is the biggest word because it takes in every other word, including faith, hope and love; it embraces all great doctrines and all that these other words mean.

The Bible, said Dr. Nisbet, uses the word, salvation, in three tenses—past, present and future. In speaking of the past, we mean that God comes to us through Christ, to save

us from our sins, blotting out all evils of the past, treating us as though they had never happened. When we have to face the record of the past, we cannot deny that we have done many things contrary to God's teaching, but through the saving power of Christ we can feel that we are forgiven, and think of only the finer things of the past. Christ makes us clean in the sight of God.

When we think of the word in the present tense, continued the speaker, knowing that we are God's children, we gain strength to resist the many temptations of today. Sin will not have dominion over us when we have the power of God with us.

Dr. Nisbet then stated that the great power of God is able to save us from the dangers of the future. Sometimes we are afraid of the future—we have a horror of death, feeling that we are sinners in the sight of God, but we must remember that the Bible gives us positive assurance that if we remain true to Him, Christ will present us faultless before the throne of God with exceeding great joy. While we all have faults, this great thing, salvation, will remove them when we come to the presence of God.

In conclusion Dr. Nesbit urged the boys to study the Bible, thereby learning the way God wants them to go, saying that if they followed this more closely in youth, they could make their lives worthwhile, and the world would be much better for their having lived in it.

The season for common colds being "just around the corner," as Science Service reminds us—these selfsame colds being one of the "most costly" as well as most distressing of all afflictions of mankind—the question recurs as to what can be done to protect against them. The germs cannot all be kept away. The defenses must be within the individual. Experiments reported to the American Chemical Society have sought to discover whether susceptibility can be reduced. One hundred persons underwent the test of riding a stationary bicycle. Only three reached the top rating of ability (technically, to use 1,500 cubic centimeters of oxygen per minute for each square meter of their body surface). Then the number of colds suffered by these hundred in the next seven months was reported. The results showed that 64 per cent of those in "good condition" got through with one cold or less, while 80 per cent of those with lower ratings had four or more colds. The results of these tests merely suggest the advice which is not new: "Keep fit"—for "physical fitness' means that the body's mechanism removes the germs faster than the organisms can grow. And victories over these enemies of human health are difficult to win in overheated rooms.

(New York Times)

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 24, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Robert Allen 7
(5) J. C. Cox 5
(8) Edward Johnson 8
(2) James Johnson 2
(5) Ray Norman 5
(8) Mack Setzer 8
(8) Fred Wheeler 8
(2) James Wilhite 7

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Cole
Robert Coleman 2
(8) William Goodson 8
(3) Claude Maines 5
(8) Arthur Martin 8
Julian Myrick 4
Jack Norris 3
(3) William Pitts 5
Reece Reynolds 2
Bunn Shoe
Albert Silas 5
Robert Watts
(2) Preston Yarborough 7

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 4
(3) Fred Seibert 4
Richard Wrenn 5

COTTAGE No. 3

Frank Crawford 3
(5) Coolidge Green 5
(2) Eugene Green 5
John Hampton 3
(6) Max Hedrick 7
(2) Ellis White 6

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) William Bell 3
(3) Hurley Davis 5
(2) Mathis Garrett 3
(8) Glenn Haymore 8
James Hancock 5
(8) Lyle Hooper 8
(3) Ralph Johnson 5
Thomas Little 4
Richard Mills 5
(3) Robert Orrell 3
(4) Lloyd Pettus 6
Frank Raby 5
(4) Melvin Walters 5
(2) Odell Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers
(4) William Cassell 5
J. C. Ennis
(8) A. L. Gaines 8
(2) John Grider 3
(2) Herman Hunt 4
(6) Monroe Keith 6
(2) Jack Tate 3
Walter Taylor

COTTAGE No. 6

(7) William Burnette 7
(7) Theodore Bowles 7
(2) Kenneth Conklin 6
(7) Fletcher Castlebury 7
(5) William Deyton 6
(2) Noah Ennis 5
(5) Frank Glover 7
Thomas Hamilton 5
(2) Charles McCoyle 3
Joseph Wheeler 2
George Wilhite 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) James Corn 5
(2) Fred Dysen 5
James Finley
(2) Caleb Hill 5
(2) Wayland Morgan 2
(2) Milton Pickett 5
Kenneth Spillman 5
Percy Sanford 3
(2) Lester Warren 3
William Young 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Albert Andrew 2
(7) Sam Belk 7
Wilfred Land 5
(4) Ernest Owens 4
John Penninger 4

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

(7) Clyde Adams 7
(3) Glenn Collins 3
(2) Fred Davidson 3
(3) William Peedin 4
(2) James Penland 3
(2) Jack Springer 4
(2) William R. Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 2
(2) Walter Blevins 2
(2) John Drum 7
(8) Dewey Freeman 8
(7) David Hodge 7
(2) William Kirk 5
(4) Andrew Lambeth 4
William Martin
(6) Julius Stevens 6
(2) Berchell Young 5

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Joseph Cox 6
(2) Frank Dickens 7
(8) Talmage Dautrey 8
(8) Marvin Edwards 8
(7) Bernard Griffin 7
Charlton Henry 2
Lester Jordan 3
Frank Lewis 7
(5) Asbury Marsh 6
(2) Jerome Medlin 6
(2) Ewin Odom 5
(4) Andrew Powell 7

COTTAGE No. 13

Robert Hailey 2
Claudius Pickett 4

COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Coffer
Lee Dowless 2
Spurgeon Dowless
Doyle Holder 3
Stacy Long 5
Wilburn Suite
(2) Paul Shipes 3
(2) Glenn Williams 2
(3) William Warf 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(8) Henry Abernathy 8
(6) Roy Cruse 7
(8) George Gibson 8
Caleb Jolly 5
(8) Clarence King 8
(8) George McManus 8
Edward Martin 4
(8) Walter Mitchell 8
(6) Edward Murray 6
(2) Charles Pennell 6
(6) Harless Triplett 7
(8) Robert Teeter 8
(7) Paul York 7

"MAN"

I think that I shall never scan
A poem beautiful as man;—
A man whose hungry heart is raised
Upward toward God through all his days;—
A man who visions God all day,
And bows a reverent head to pray;—
A man who, in God's image made,
Can face this life, calm, unafraid,—
Who burdened with his daily care;
Is sure that God is just and fair.
Poems are work of human mind
But only God could make mankind.

—J. W. Kisselburgh.

FEB 2 1937

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 6, 1937 No. 6

There is such a thing as taking ourselves and the world too seriously, or at any rate too anxiously. Half of the secular unrest and dismal, profane sadness of modern society comes from the vain idea that every man is bound to be a critic of life, and to let no day pass without finding some fault with the general order of things, or projecting some plan for its improvement. And the other half comes from the greedy notion that a man's life does consist, after all, in the abundance of the things he possesseth, and that it is somehow or other more respectable and pious to be always at work making a larger living, than it is to lie on your back in the green pastures and beside the still waters, and thank God you are alive.—Henry Van Dyke.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AN AMERICAN CREED

In these days of laxity and disregard, we are reminded of the famous "Creed for the Busy Man," propounded by Elbert Hubbard, who went down to a watery grave with the "Lusitania," as a sacrifice to the god of war. The immortal Hubbard unleashed precepts that would insure American ideals and success and happiness, if made the rule rather than the exception.

Clip this creed, if need be, and keep it near. By so doing you will promulgate its principles:

THE BUSY MAN'S CREED

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results.

I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods.

I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job.

I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself.

I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds.

I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship, and in honest competition.

I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for any man ready to do it.

I believe I'm ready—right now!

—Sunshine Magazine.

DR. E. A. BRANCH VISITS THE SCHOOL

Dr. E. A. Branch, Raleigh, who is director of oral hygiene of the State Board of Health came to the school last week. He is always a welcome visitor. The boys know that he is their friend and will go the limit in making them physically fit to meet the emergencies

that they will have to encounter after passing out into the affairs of life.

With Dr. Branch at this time were Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Sebelius, Nashville Tenn. Dr. Sebelius is assistant director of dental work of Tennessee State Board of Health.

The visiting doctor did not hesitate to say that North Carolina had the finest and most complete program of dental work in the whole United States. That is taking in lots of territory was the reply made to Dr. Sebelius. But the doctor stood firm, saying there was no denying the fact that North Carolina came first in the United States in oral hygiene.

This fine work is under the direction of Dr. Branch, and then too Dr. Branch is one of the personnel of the State Board of Health, that confirms the fact that our State Board of Health has a splendid rating—a fact that radiates from the National Board of Health.

We are always glad to have Dr. Branch visit the school. He radiates a pleasing personality that gives every assurance he is a friend of youth.

* * * * * * *

A FINE VISION

Charles Hayden, a bachelor banker of New York City, leaves $50.000,000 to be devoted to the establishment of "The Charles Hayden Foundation for the moral, physical and intellectual development of boys and young men." This philanthropist distinctly states in his will that he is thoroughly convinced that the future of this country, and the world for that matter, depends in no small part upon the young men of the country.

He strictly stipulates that the activities of the Hayden Foundation be centered in New York City and Boston, but that nothing shall prevent the aiding such activities anywhere else in the country.

It is a truism that we are marching forward on the feet of the youth of the country, that they determine the guage of civilization, and that the only thing that will brighten to all eternity is the immortal soul of man. Neither society nor government will ever be stronger than the men who lead.

ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns, the greatest Scottish song writer, was born in 1759 and died in 1796. Much of his life was spent on the farm; hence he is often called "the Ayrshire Plowman." He loved and lost Mary Campbell—his "Highland Mary"—and afterwards married Jean Armour.

Burns was a man of strong passion and weak will; hence he was unable to resist temptations, and fell into habits of intemperance which kept him in poverty and cut short a brilliant career. But with all his failings, he was a man of noble instincts and generous disposition, and his memory is cherished by all lovers of song with genuine admiration. No other name can so arouse the enthusiasm of a Scotchman as that of "Bobbie Burns."

His songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

The following is worth memorizing, especially would it humble those who think too highly of themselves:

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad from many a blunder free us
And foolish notion,
What airs in dress and gait wad lea' us,
And e'en devotion.

* * * * * * *

MORBUS SABATTACUS OR SUNDAY SICKNESS

The Sunday sickness or morbus sebatticus, is a sickness peculiar to church members. and it returns every seventh day. There will be no suggestion of the disease till Sunday morning, and without the least trouble a case can be developed very quickly.

An exchange states that the "symptoms vary, but the disease never interferes with the appetite. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours at a time. No physician is called. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul. It is very contagious."

The attack comes on very suddenly every Sunday morning; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night, and the patient awakes as

usual, feeling fine; eats a hearty breakfast. About nine o'clock the attack comes on and lasts until around noon. In the afternoon the patient is much improved and is able to take a ride and read the Sunday papers. Patients eat hearty suppers, and then there is a return of the attack which lasts through the church hour services.

The sequel is that on Monday morning the patient subject to Sunday sickness is out bright and early, meeting friends at the drug store and attending to business with the usual interest and pep. This ailment is due to nothing but a lack of interest in church affairs. This habit of working up a case of "morbus-sabatticus" has proven very contagious, therefore, in nearly every home there will be found a case of Sunday sickness.

* * * * * * *

THE FLOOD

The whole country has been plunged into a depth of despair because of the tragic floods that have destroyed millions of dollars of property, and left homeless thousands who stand today awaiting results. While we who live in the area not disturbed by the torrential rains it throws at our feet a challenge to meet the emergency, and do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Never in the history of the country have the people taken so grand a stand and met the test, responding most generously with money, exemplyfying the spirit of brotherly love, thus acknowledging our kinship in the hours of peril and distress.

The appeal has been heard, the state of conditions have encircled the globe, and the response has come from all classes, demonstrating again the brotherhood of mankind. During this tragedy the voice of the people of entire America has been heard. The response was unanimous.

* * * * * * *

THE ERA OF NEWS AND TRANSPORTATION

The wonderful acceleration in the transmission of news and transportation which a perfect net work of railroads, highways, airlines, the wireless, telephone and radio have brought about can

not be fully appreciated by the young people whose memories extend back no further than ten, fifteen or a few more years.

Today the audience of a state, national or international affair is not confined to those within hearing distance, but instead the radio has eliminated distance, overcoming the trouble of a trip with expense, bringing all news of outstanding events, including programs of interest to every corner and nook of the universe. All of this is accomplished with no other expense than the price of a radio that when properly used is an institution within itself. Our entire manner of living, including travel, communication and transportation have been revolutionized by the growth and progress of this constant changing world.

Looking back to 1865, we find that nearly a fortnight elapsed befort Lincoln's assassination was known in England. Just a few weeks ago when Edward VIII abdicated his throne the whole world stood at attention when he divulged his decision, brief but a touching romance that has not a parallel.

Naturally one concludes that opportunities for greater achievements are possible in this twentieth century of progress. The conjecture is all right, but are they used as a means to an end, or as a gratuitous gift for a freer and easier life as accepted by the "good-timer?"

It matters not whether we use or abuse the privileges granted, distance no longer retards efforts, time is neither a handicap for the whole civilized world is brought closer together by these modern devices until every event of importance is known in all lands simultaneously. The young people of this era are surrounded with opportunities, marvelous as compared to those of their parents, but the question remains, will they participate or dissipate, or plainer yet, "do or not do."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Friend O'Mine

"When you are happy, friend o'mine
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.
Tell me the hopes that spur you on,
The deeds you mean to do,
The gold you've struck, the fame you've won,
And let me joy—with you."

—o—

Because a man puts on a million airs it is no sign that he is a millionaire. It is just a display of ostentation.

—o—

Sunshine temporarily blinds a whole lot of people. But it is the moonshine that produces the most permanent victims.

—o—

A great many people hold that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Well, I have never heard of writers and poets getting a pension.

—o—

There are a great many people in this world who bestow more affection upon a dog than they do upon human beings. It is dog-gone pitiful!

—o—

The "sit-down" strikers seem to be standing it pretty well. The next thing we know some firm will be manufacturing cushion for the sitters—if they are not already doing it.

—o—

It has been observed by students of human nature that the men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

—o—

One Unwelcome Broadcast

The names in this story defy discovery, which maybe is just as well. It concerns a wedded lady who found, in her mail box, one of her husband's most heated love-letters, dating back to their courtship days. She saved them just as you save yours. Begosh! How did this get out of the trunk? the lady gasped—and investigated. She found that her active small daughter had got her hooks into the whole bundle—and what's more she'd played postman. She put one or two of these vigorous love-letters into every mail box in the block. This in itself was rather more publicity than the lady craved. Her neighbors looked at her with a new respect, and some times they hid their faces behind their handkerchiefs. So, maybe, it's just as well that this story must run annonymously.

—o—

Secret of Salesmanship

Many years ago, when I lived in Oxford, N. C., I clerked a short while for the then drygoods firm of Grandy Brothers—two Grand old gentlemen, of the Baptist faith. There were three customers of the old time drygood store who were hard to handle. All three of the ladies were inquisitive, penurious and suspicious. Every clerk in the store dodged them, if possible, and left me to wait upon them. One day one of the proprietors said to me: "Do the best you can

with them. If you make sales let me know about it." Many a tedious hour I put with each of them, hauling down bolts of goods, arguing on qualities, and fast colors. But I made small sales from time to time. Then one day, the proprietor who first spoke to me, said: "It is the man who cheerfully does what others dislike to do, who gets along in business. Remeber that." I did, and remember it to this day. Time and again I have seen young men increase their wages by being always ready to go cheerfully to any task. How many there were who earned big wages because they were willing to do work that soiled their hands and clothes, while the white-collar fellows earned half as much in jobs where they could dress well. They paid a high price for their vanity.

—o—

Eating Peanuts in Public

Eating peanuts on buses and other public conveyances may not be exactly good manners, but when one is ten or twelve, and extremely pretty, perhaps it doesn't matter so much. At any rate, the little lady was having a wonderful time. With strong, white teeth, the nuts were cracked open, and the shells flung here, there and everywhere, with reckless abandon, mostly over her shoulder, to the extreme discomfort and annoyance of those sitting behind her. It was doubtful, however, if she was aware of anyone sitting behind her, or in front of her, for that matter, so engrossed was she in the important business of eating. Once, one of the nuts almost caused disaster. The brown skin, covering the peanut, caught in the mouth of a child behind her, and started her to coughing, but after quite a bit of unnecessarily loud noise, and considerable craning of necks by fellow passengers on the bus in which she was going up town, the difficulty was cleared up and the "peanut dining" went on. With about four blocks and five peanuts more, the young miss reached her destination. She marched off the bus, eating the last nut as she went, leaving behind a seat that looked for all the world like a seat at the circus after the show.

STEPS OF SUCCESS

100%—"I did.
90%—I will.
80%—I can.
70%—I think I can.
60%—I might.
50%—I think I might.
40%—What is it?
30%—I wish I could.
20%—I don't know how.
10%—I can't.
0%—I won't!"

SCOTSMEN HONOR BOBBIE BURNS

By William Bain

Scotsmen scattered throughout the world will foregather today to celebrate the birthday of Robert Burns, the Great Poet of Humanity.

Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a cottage built by his father's own hands situated in the village of Alloway, near the town of Ayr in Scotland. Today will be the 178th anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns. Dinners will be held in towns, villages, and hamlets, and the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" will be proposed and toasted in many languages.

Where there is a Caledonian society there will be a Burns celebration and the Haggis will be honored. The usual custom is to have the chef carry Haggis into the dining room precceded by a piper who plays the Haggis into the room before serving the guests. The approach of the Haggis is honored by the guests standing.

A typical menu, or "Bill o' Fare," as it is called, will consist of:

Guid Scotch Broth
Laich Cuts o' Beef
Neeps an' ither orra vegetable
The Haggis an' Champit Tawties
Roastit Buddy Jock wi' Bread Sauce
Bakit Tawties, Sproots
Balmoral Pudding' or Robbie Burns Puddin'

A generous helping of well aged Scotch whiskey is the favorite refreshment during the dinner.

Burns inherited his great love of Scottish song and ballad from his parents. His father was a nurseryman who had moved from his native Kincardineshire to Edinburgh then later to Ayrshire, where he finally settled down as a farmer. He seems to have been a very upright and religious man, and his gifted son has left us a beautiful illustration of the type in the poem called "The Cotter's Saturday Night," wherein he describes him as "the priest-like father."

The poet's mother was a farmer's daughter. She possessed a very bright nature and had a most extensive knowledge of Scottish folklore, which her son absorbed eagerly.

After spending seven years in the thatched roofed cottage at Alloway, the family moved to a farm about two miles distant. Burns received a good education under the strict discipline of his father. He also attended school, and after this he received instructions from a private tutor who has left many interesting impressions of the poet's early life Burns received tuition in special subjects by attending classes in the neighboring towns.

It was in his fifteenth year that Burns first composed a poem in praise of a girl whom he had met in the harvest field. In Ssotland it is still the custom to couple a man and his wife, or a youth and a maid, during the harvesting of wheat or oats. The man swings the scythe and the woman "bunches" directly behind him. Burns had for his partner a bewitching creature just a year

younger than himself—she was a bonny lass. They labored happily together, and quite unwittingly, she initiated him into that "delicious passion" which in spite of disppointment he always held to be the first of human joys. The outcome of his first poetic affusion was a poem entitled "Handsome Nell."

In the year 1784, three months before the death of their father, Robert and his brother Gilbert arranged to lease the farm of Mossgiel extending to 118 acres at a rental of $450 per annum. It was during that period of residence at Mossgeil farm that the poet reached his greatest heights. It was here that he composed some of his finest songs and poems.

An important event in the poet's life was the wooing of Jean Armour who later became his wife. The poet's love for Highland Mary, who inspired many beautiful poems, was an incident during the Mossgiel period. Highland Mary must have made a firm impression on the poet's mind. She inspired "To Mary in Heaven" and "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."

As a result of crop failures and other misfortunes which made his life extremely miserable, Burns decided to accept the offer of a position as a bookkeeper in Jamaica, West Indies. In order to raise sufficient money to pay passage, he decided to publish his poems. Arrangements were made with a printer in Kilmarnock, and the famous volume known as the Kilmarnock edition, was produced in 1786. Its original price was approximately $2; today one of those copies would fetch $10,000 or more, so keen is the demand for the original Kilmarnock edition by admirers of the poet's works.

The publication of the poems received immediate attention, and Burns decided to visit Edinburgh instead of going to Jamacia. The poet received a warm welcome in Edinburgh, which was at that time the center of brilliant talent. A second edition of his poems was published, known as the Edinburgh edition, and this realized about $2,500. With this sum, the poet took up farming again, and settled down at Ellisland with his wife, Jean Armour. During his stay here he wrote an enormous number of songs and poems. Songs belonging to this period were "Auld Lang Syne," "The Banks o' Doon," and "John Andersan My Jo." It was at Ellisland that Burns composed, during an autumn day in 1790, that great masterpiece "Tam o' Shanter."

Farming at Ellisland proved a failure, and in order to augment his income he accepted an oppointment as revenue officer at a salary of $250 a year. The family moved from the farm into the town of Dumfries, and while resident there Burns continued to write songs and poems prolifically. As a result of an attack of rheumatic fever the poet passed away peacefully on the 21st of July, 1796, in his thirty-eighth year.

His many songs and poems, written with much feeling, appeal to the heart. He sang and composed some of the most beautiful verses known to man, and they will live for ever. His [illegible] powers of self-expression enable him to say the thing which the Scottish peasant had wanted to say [illegible] centuries past. He was the poet of nature—the field mouse and the

daisy had a place in his heart. His fame, however, will live because he was the great poet of humanity. Every year his works become more popular. His name is honored by Burns societies and monuments throughout the entire world. Numerous editions of his poems have been published since his death, and they have been translated into every language. His genius has been greatly appreciated by all who have studied his work, and his poems have been an everlasting link between his countrymen.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

I must travel the miles till the journey is done,
  Whatsoever the turns of the way.
I shall bring up at last at the set of the sun,
  And shall rest at the close of the day.

Let me deal as I journey with foeman and friend
  In a way that no man can assail,
And find nothing but peace at the roadway's last bend,
  When I come to the end of the trail.

We are brothers who travel a great, common road,
  And the journey is easy for none.
We must succor the weary and lift off the load
  Of the pilgrim whose courage is done.

Let me deal with them each on my way to the west
With a mercy that never shall fail,
And lie down to my dreams with a conscience at rest
  When I come to the end of the trail.

—South Australian Freemason.

THE SAN FRANCISO-OAKLAND BRIDGE

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

If one of the early Forty-niners could revisit the city discovered by Portola in 1769, he would be considerably surprise at the changed aspect of San Francisco. The general formation of the land and its surrounding shoreline is naturally much the same, but practically every remnant of the old shacks and the garish hotels with which he might have been familiar was wiped out in the terrible earthquake and fire of 1906.

Some fourteen years before the famous Gold Rush of 1849, the first street was mapped and laid; thus possibly began the "city" transportation in what has since become the metropolis of the West. That first street was named in Spanish, *Calle de la Fundacion,* or Foundation Street, but with the second survey of the growing city, it lay at such awkward angles to the proposed city street program that it was swung into line with them and later its name was changed to Grant Avenue, and it lies in the heart of the Chinese section.

It is possible that the returned Forty-niner might recall a shed on the waterfront which, built in 1877, housed three ferry slips. Or, if he were a very young man in '49, he might recall the Ferry Building which was built during 1891-1903 and has since served as a landmark for the feery traffic across San Francisco Bay. It was not badly damaged during the earthquake and fire of 1906 and so has become a focal point of interest to every traveler to this city of the Golden Gate, as well as furnishing berthing places for the famous ferry boats.

The new sky line which has sprung into being since the re-birth of the city after the earthquake, would amaze the returned Forty-niner, for it is the sky line of any modern American city with tall skyscrapers and flashing electric signs.

Perhaps the thing which would most interest and intrigue the old soul would be the structure erected across the four and a half miles of water, which is the distance across the bay between San Francisco and Oakland. It is interesting to speculate on the vast amount of effort which has been put into the translation of an eighty-year old dream, so that it now stands a reality.

Before the opening of the bridge, San Franciscans and others could go only southward by land, yet the main march of continental travel is to the east, and the bridge will naturally form a most important link in transcontinental traffic. It will, for the more immediate benefit of the thousands of daily ferry-boat commuters to the residential districts of all the bay cities, open up a rapid and safe-in-all-weather means of transportation to their work and to their homes.

San Francisco is on a peninsula and contains forty-two square miles of land. The bay is two-forked, one branch extending due east to the Sacramento River, the other south, which

serves to isolate the city by a mile of water across the Golden Gate and on the east by the four and a half miles between San Francisco and Oakland.

The initial toll charges, about which the returned Forty-niner would not worry for he probably wouldn't hold with such new-fangled notions as automobiles and electric cars, are not to be in excess of the present fare over the ferries. It is possible that in a number of years the bridge will have paid for itself and be available as a free public highway, part of the route, U. S. 40, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It will prove to be the world's largest bridge structure for many years to come, as there are not other points on the globe which would warrant an expenditure of $77,600,000.00 to join them together. The total length of the bridge from the end of one approach to the other is eight and a quarter miles, although only four and a half miles of this actually span water. It is approximately three times as long as any bridge in the world. It is supported by fifty-one piers, the foundations of six of which are deeper than any others in the world. Five huge cast bronze bells are installed on the bridge piers in the ship lanes to toll out a warning to navigation during foggy weather, and it is estimated that they can be heard a mile away.

The bridge has a maximum clearance of from 200-218 feet above the surface at low water, so any ship built up to the present time has plenty of space. It has two decks, the top one having six lanes for automobiles, the lower one divided so that it has a thirty-one foot concrete roadway with three traffic lanes for buses and trucks. On the south side of the lower deck provision has been made for two railway tracks with third rail and trolley wire connections. Interurban electric railway cars of up to seventy tons can be carried on this lower deck, while the truck lanes on the right will carry up to forty ton trucks.

At night it is lighted by 924 sodium luminaries, which give a combined light strength equivalent to that of thirty-five full moons. It is the largest and most colorful lighting system in the world, as the luminaries are strung along the roadways of the double-deck spans, the tunnel, and the approaches to the bridge from Oakland and San Francisco.

The most ticklish part of the bridge construction work was done under water, hidden from the ferryboat commuters and the plaudits of onlookers. The underpinning involved the deepest foundations ever laid under water, while above water a few small boats and several warning buoys were the only evidence of any work being performed.

The foundation investigation consisted of extensive borings into the rock, and a painstaking analysis was made of the rock by seismologists to be certain that the bridge structure would withstand earthquake shock of a predetermined force. This examination also was made with regard to the natural stress of the bridge itself, as well as when loaded with moving traffic, so that the bridge more than meets the new earthquake construction laws for buildings, for exactly double the strain has been allowed for.

Twin suspension bridges span the western portion between the San Francisco waterfront and Yerba Buena Island. The four towers of the suspension structure are anchored midway by a gigantic concrete and steel anchorage. At the point of anchorage the bedrock is 235 feet deep and a special caisson had to be designed, constructed and sunk at this point. The "shroud" of the anchorage consists of 1,080 individual shipping pieces and measures 170 feet in length and almost fifty feet in height. It weighs 460 tons. It encases the eyebars and a frame that anchor the giant cables of the suspension spans.

The east and west sections of the bridge meet and are joined through a tunnel on Yerba Buena Island. It has the distinction of being a larger bore tunnel than any hitherto undertaken. It is 140 feet long, sixty-five feet wide by fifty-two feet high. In the tunnel is an automobile boulevard, while below it on another level, space is provided for the electric railway cars and for heavy truck traffic.

The longest cantilever in the United States forms a portion of this colossal undertaking and is located on the east bay side between Yerba Buena Island and Oakland. It measures 1,400 feet and weighs 21,000 tons. The effect of weather on bridge construction was most marked when this particular cantilever was being swung into position. A cold wind blowing from the Pacific through the Golden Gate, with a warm sun on the east, actually caused the structure to be four inches longer on one side than the other. When this became normal, it took eight giant hydraulic jacks, 1,200 feet away from the actual operation, to jockey the eyebars into position so that the four steel pins, each weighing about half a ton and three feet in length, could be driven through. When it was closed or, in a less technical word, joined to the other structures in March, San Francisco and Oakland were united by a chain of steel.

After the anchorages were constructed and the bridge towers erected cat-walks floored with stout wire netting were built from one end to the other of the cableway. Wire cables, carried across the water by boat, were raised into position and suspended about fifteen feet below the cable saddle. High above these, small lines were first strung to serve as trolleys for the spinning wheels. When spining started, each wheel, grooved to hold wire, moved slowly from one end of the bridge to the other, carrying two loops across. At the end of each trip, the loops were removed and fastened to a strand-shoe. The wheel, supplied with fresh loops, would then start on its return journey, and so on. The cables are laid in bundles of between 400 and 500 wires, and as each strand was adjusted it was placed on the cable-saddle. When each cable was completed with its thirty-seven strands, each of 472 wires held together with bands of soft steel metal, the total of 17,464 were squeezed into a single compact bundle with the aid of hydraulic jacks, and were then coated with corrosion proof paint and bound with a winding of wire.

The returned Forty-niner might gaze at San Francisco and think what a bewildering metropolis it has

become, and he might marvel at the hustle and bustle about him. He would be amazed at the traffic, the busy lanes of street cars down Market Street, the automobiles, and last of all this gigantic San Francisco-Oakland bridge made to speed the human freight between these great cities of the West.

"Keep your head when you win, and your heart when you lose."

REV. HUGH A. DOBBIN

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough, in Charlotte Observer

Before a roaring log fire in the drawing room of famous old Clover Hill mansion, the Rev. Hugh A, Dobbin told the interesting story of his quarter of a century labors for the Patterson School for boys at Legerwood, Caldwell county, N. C.

Occupying the dominant position in what has been known for generations as Happy Valley, the location of the school is ideal. On each side rise the Green Mountain range and the peaks of the Ripshin, while the valley, even in the grip of winter, reveals fertile fields and rolling farming land.

Upon the death in 1909 of the Hon. Samuel L. Patterson, commissioner of agriculture of North Carolina, it was found he had left his handsome manor house, Palmyra, and 1,300 acres of land, to the Episcopal Church to be used as a missionary agricultural school for boys. The bishop of the diocese appointed Malcom S. Taylor and Alfred S. Lawrence to take charge of the school and put it in operation. For two years they did excellent work as teacher and preacher, when, upon deciding to devote their lives to the ministry, both resigned. A few miles away, at Valle Crucis, the Rev. Mr. Dobbin had organized a mountain school, had planted orchards, planned the farm and barns, and for 13 years, supervised the training and guidance of many boys of that section. In 1903, he had been ordained by Bishop Junius M. Horner at Valle Crucis, the first and only ordination in Watauga county, the place of his birth. Prior to that, he had been a teacher in high schools and seminaries, but knowing of the need at Valle Crucis, decided to give his services to church schools. A few weeks before his death, Mr. Patterson had visited the school and, apparently much interested in its operation, asked numerous questions of Mr. Dobbin.

When Mr. Dobbin was called to succeed Mr. Taylor and Mr. Lawrence at the Patterson school in 1913, a discouraging prospect faced him.

The sole building was Palmyra, the Patterson home; there were only about 14 students, no water or electric lights, few cattle, a half dozen worn out horses and mules, no food for stock but damaged corn, the land much depleted from having been rented out, an empty pantry, and the school $800 in dept. His co-workers at Valle Crucis said, "You can take it on your own judgment, but we advise against it. Also, you are needed here."

Despite this gloomy outlook, Mr. Dobbin accepted the offer and through arduous years has striven with all his might to direct the school along the lines so earnestly desired by its donor, Mr. Patterson. Under his kindly but firm rule, the institution has weathered many storms that would have shaken the will of a less resolute man.

"My first work was to put in a gravity water system which still furnishes the school water," said Mr. Dobbin. "Then I repaired the mill that we might have water ground flour, purchased a tractor in order to work the whole farm, and traded the old stock for new. I found that a half dozen horses were sufficient successfully to work the land. I bought a saw mill, cane mill, threshing machine, machinery for shop, planer, saws, etc., employed a good carpenter and a negro blacksmith to run the shop where boys received their practical training.

"Ninety per cent of our mountain people enter their life work with only the preparation received in elementary schools. If vocational work is reserved for high school and college, only 10 per cent of these people will receive vocational training. This proves that some vocational training of a practical kind should be given during the elementary course. For this reason, as well as for economic reasons, each boy is expected to do his part of the school work. They are taught scientific farming, not only in the laboratory but also in the field; they learn dairying, poultry raising, animal husbandry and horticulture.

"In addition they are given a sound elementary and secondary education and upon completing the high school course are prepared to enter college or to begin their lives as well trained citizens of our country. A few boys remain during the summer vacations to work out their tuition on the farm. No effort is made to realize profits, only necessary expenses being considered in computing the cost of tuition and board. Worthy boys needing help are awarded scholarships given by interested friends. The school has steadily grown from the small number of 14 to an enrollment of 75. Generous friends have aided the work. In 1921 the Charles E. Gard memorial dormintory was erected by Mrs. Gard in memory of her husband. It contains recitation rooms, chapel, office, dormitories and modern bathrooms.

When the noted old mansion, Palmyra, was burned in 1923, it was a question whether to repair the structure or put up a new building. Finally it was solved by the offer of a friend to advance $10,000. The boys tore the old building down, cleaned the brick, plans were drawn, and the new Palmyra was begun, a duplicate of the old, although modernized.

Mr. Lawrence S. Holt of Burlington came by and, looking at the plans of the proposed two-story building suggested that I make it three stories. When I told him I did not have the money, he replied that was no obstacle. I later wrote him I would have to stop work or leave the third story off. He wrote me if I would raise $1,000 he would double it. I was fortunate in raising $2,000, and he replied congratulating me and giving an additional $1,000. Not long after the completion of the building, he spent several days here, and his visit was followed by his endowment of $50,000 as a trust fund to perpetuate the work.

For several years we had been getting lights from the Buffalo power plant, four miles away, but the plant ceased to be used, and both buildings were without lights. Through the Patterson School News, which I have published ever since my connection with the school, I made an appeal for funds to use our own power and make our own lights. Mrs. Jane Swan, of Newport, R. I., responded for the full amount, and since then we have had our own lighting system. Because of lack of funds, the lower floors of Palmyra were of concrete, but I was not satisfied with them. I wanted nice floors. An interested friend from Lenoir gave the necessary amount and also sufficient for iron stairs. Bishop Horner said, "Hugh it is surprising how you get things you want. You have made an unexpected success of this place."

Students who have gone out from this school represent almost every profession, and it is said 90 per cent are successes. While Mr. Dobbin has been a true and faithful servant for the school, he declares his wife has been his strong right arm and but for the loyal support of his entire family he could not have carried on all these years. Although retiring from active duty, he will continue to serve as rector, and always his strong pernality will pervade the place. He leaves the school in fine condition, unencumbered with the exception of the debt on 124 acres of land purchased in 1935.

Just before Christmas is an interesting time to visit Patterson School. In the little chapel stood a gaily trimmed tree, garlands festooned the walls and on a blackboard was a scene of the Nativity drawn by one of the students with colored chalk. In the dormitories, boys remaining through the holidays had decorated their rooms with holly and mistletoe. In other rooms trunks and bags, packed boy fashion, stood ready for the exodus. In the great assembly hall of new Palmyra, Christmas greens banked the huge mantel, the oil portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and handsome paintings presented by Miss Embry of Tryon, N. C. A suit of overstuffed furniture, a Christmas gift from a Charlotte woman, had just arrived. "It's a great luxury," said Mrs. Dobbin, Jr. "You see, in all these years, we've never had anything soft to sit on before."

Mr. Dobbin had got possession of some letters to Santa Claus, one of which said: "Dear Santa Claus: We have been good boys and helped with the farm work. Please bring us each a five-gallon milk bucket, as we like to milk so well, we hate to empty the bucket every time we finish a cow.

Your friends, Philip and Gwyn." Another read, "Dear Santa Claus: We have been good to help with the kitchen work. Our aprons are about worn out. Please bring us some new ones. Also we would like to have an electric dishwasher, one with a seat on it, so we can sit down. Sincerely yours, Ben and Jim." And another, "Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good boy and helped on the farm. I wish you would bring me a little mule. Please bring me an automatic feeder to go with it. Yours, Bill."

"Happy Valley has always been a rich and prosperous section," said Mr. Dobbin. "That is indicated by the handsome old estates nearby, Walnut Fountains, the lovely home of Miss Lillie Jones, being one of note. Clover Hill was built in 1850 by Colonel Edmund Jones for his bride. The massive stone steps were brought from England and carted here from Charleston, S. C., by oxen. In its day it was the scene of gay social life of old Southern aristocracy. Quite frequently, particularly through the summer months, luxurious cars drive up to the door, and the occupants request permission to come in and see the house, saying, "My grandmother, uncle, aunt or some relative visited here in their young days, and I've always been told if I ever came to North Carolina not to fail to see famous Clover Hill."

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

I've shut the door on yesterday—
It's sorrows and mistakes,
And locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches.

And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And fill it full of hopes and smiles,
And every sunshine bloom.

And none shall enter this abode
That has a tint of pain,
And Envy, Malice and Distrust
Shall never entrance gain.

I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away;
Tommorow holds no fear for me,
Since I've found today.

—Selected.

FOR LACK OF UNDERSTANDING

(The Lutheran)

They would not let him live a Christian. They called themselves Christians,—perhaps not all of them, but at least enough to count,—and none can say they were not trying to be honest when they made the claim. But this man, whose skin was copper colored, whose presence men who had looked upon Washington described as the most majestic they ever beheld, whose oratory won the admiration of his foes, whose soul turned white-hot at injustice, and who was a warrior much given to trying to prevent war, —when this man aspired to live like a Christian, panic seized them and they prepared for war.

What troubled them was that Christianity,—as they understood it, —was a white man's religion, and when a man with a darker skin was ready to adopt anything that had Christian characteristics, there was bound to be trickery in his intentions. And in the end, he went down before them.

Every school boy of the last four or five generations has known something about Tecumseh. Among the aboriginees Europeans found on American soil, none other was of a character so well balanced, with such a breadth of vision and such patriotism controlled by clear-headed practicality. He understood statecraft, and had he been allowed to mature his plans, he could have spoken for all his people. None knew that better than the white men who opposed him. They saw a flaming menace in that possibility.

Had there been such a single Women's Missionary Society in that day, such as there are in America at the present time by the thousands, and had American statesmen and generals been sent to attend a course of missionary instruction in that organization, such as those societies conduct each year, things could, and very probably would, have turned out differently,—and better.

As it was, these men overlooked the opportunity for a stroke of statesmanship such as comes but seldom to the leaders of any nation. They might have initiated steps that could have won all the present continental area of the United States without further wars of subjugation. The government of the United States might well have adopted a different and better public lands policy, which in turn might have prevented some of the causes of the Civil War. Just what would have resulted is, of course, more or less a matter of guesswork. There can be well nigh complete certainty, however, that much unhappiness in the development of America could have been avoided.

It would all have turned upon one point,—recognition of the fact that Christianity is for all races and nations, and that a receptive attitude on the part of a man with a copper-hued complexion was not to be bluntly and peremptorily discounted as deceit. Today that fact is no longer debated among Christian people in America. When credit for such thorough-going acceptance is distribu-

ted, the influence of women's missionary societies certainly should not be overlooked. They have provided channels through which the truth of the matter has been infused into the everyday thought and feeling of Americans.

Let doubters reflect upon the facts of the situation that existed between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes during the first decade of the nineteenth century. During that decade, President Jefferson could send the Lewis and Clark expedition from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia River and have them return safely and peaceably. Could he have sent the same expedition at the same time, on an airline march from the site of Columbus, Ohio, to the present site of Chicago, and had them return with no more difficulty, and as much safety? The answer is "No," and the reason for the answer is that the Bedouins of America would have frustrated such an effort.

For America in that day had its counterpart of the Bedouins of southwestern Asia. The French found them on the shores of the Great Lakes, Captain John Smith met them at the head of the Chesapeake, and other explorers encountered them in the south. They were called, variously, Massawomekes, Satanas, Chaouanous, and Shawnees, and are generally known in American history by the latter name. They went usually where they pleased, and seldom remained long in any particular locality, except when enemies tried to compel them to move. They recognized no man or race as superior to themselves. They were too warlike to grow great in numbers,—there is no record of a time when they could muster more than a thousand warriors. But other tribes many times as large were careful to remain at peace with them.

When they joined with other warriors and fell upon Braddock at Fort Duquesne, they blundered in a way they could not have understood, with consequences no man foresaw. There young George Washington learned in bitterness of their extraodinary capacity in warcraft,—and he never got on well with Indians. When he became President, and bore the responsibility for the security of the nation, he sent successively three of his generals to subdue the Shawnees. and the first two returned broken in defeat. The third conquered the Shawnees and their allies, and made their chieftains come to him suing for peace. Thus ended an era.

Tecumseh was twenty-seven before he became a chieftain, and then only by proving himself able to bring in thirty deer when his nearest competitor could bring in but three. As the man of peace, the hunter, the ample provider, he was respected by his followers. He concerned himself with the moral rehabilitation of a people deeply humiliated by the defeat that discredited every one on their tribal traditions and made them ask daily the equivalent of "What's the use?" He insisted upon their right to economic security,—land upon which they could live undisturbed.

He went further—no more whiskey, no more torturing of captives, no more marauding parties falling upon lone cabins of white settlers on the frontier. And even beyond that he went,—his people were not to be

reduced to pauperism by accepting a living from the white conquerors. They were to boil their own salt and crack their own meal and not accept such gifts from the white men. They were to sustain themselves by their own efforts.

To members of a Women's Missionary Society of the twentieth century such a program by a savage chieftain for his people would be perfectly understandable and commendable. It would have been so to members of such a society had it existed in that day,—for it was a program learned from missionaries. Tecumseh's people had listened to such counsels in the past,—by Jesuits who came from the North, and by Moravians who came from the East.

At last, the most valiant of the red warriors in America had a chieftain who urged them to accept the ethics of missionaries,—and he was ready to add stern compulsion to his urgings. He was obeyed. To him, no man was more contemptible than the leader who could not keep his followers under control regardless of circumstances.

The hardy bordermen looked on in alarm. This Shawnee renaissance could mean but one thing according to their interpretation,—a subterfuge under which new wars were being hatched. How could a man with a red skin be a Christian, when Christianity was a white man's religion? There were preachers who ranged the frontier settlements who might have set them right, except for an unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of the preachers. They, honestly zealous with a zeal not always according to knowledge, believed and proclaimed that conversions to Christianity took place only in revivals, and were most authentic when accompanied by spasms technically denoted "the jerks." Such preachers knew the Indians could be converts, —but were Tecumseh's followers exhibiting "the jerks"?

The Indians, ready to hear missionaries, turned when no missionaries came to a poor substitute, but nevertheless prhaapaase ,.;: ?(nevertheless perhaps as good a substitute as was avaible,—Tecumseh's brother, known in history as The Prophet. They wanted to know about the true God, and he in his poor way pieced together what he could gain from the lore of his people about what the "black robes" counseled, filled the gaps in that lore with the frauds and cunning of a tribal medicine man, and thus tried to comfort his people.

Any Women's Missionary Society of today could have told the generals and the statesmen of that time and place that while these Indians were not converted to Christianity, the time had come to send in the missionaries. The conclusion of the generals and the statesmen was that the time had come to send in another army. There were no Women's Missionary Societies then helping in the shaping of public sentiment by education, and there was small dissent from the conclusion concearning the need of an army.

The rest,—Tecumseh's urgent appeal to all the tribes from the Lakes to the Gulf to unite with his people to prevent the common annihilation, the battle of Tippecanoe, and Tecumseh's last stand at the River Thames

in Canada,—are known to every American schoolboy above the age of ten.

What is less well known is the record of the Shakers. They were white people, inoffensive, and some of good education, who did what was almost inevitable for native pacifists in the untamed regions of the frontier. They resorted to monasticism, setting up a sect the frontiersmen harried only somewhat less than they harassed the Indians. Always scanning the world about them for some special sign of the power of God, leaders of the Shakers visited the settlement of the followers of Tecumseh and The Prophet, asked questions about the change that had come upon the Shawnees, and wrote down a record of the interview. On the shelves of many public libraries of the land today are books in which that record is reprinted, and competent authorities do not rise up to question the fairness and honesty of the account. No American reading that record tingles with smugness. The Indians, the Shaker account makes clear, were striving after their own unlettered, groping fashion, to live like Christians, hoping thus to save themselves and their nation, a purpose that aroused resentment in the frontiersmen.

Women's Missionary Societies in every town of the land in that day, eagerly interested in the winning of all races and nations to knowledge of the grace of God in Jesus Christ, could by their program have saved the situation, and have helped turn events into a channel less troubled than was the course of the winning of the West.

That his criticism may be worth anything a critic must have very high standards.—Selected.

USING UP THE SCRAPS

(The Canadian Baptist.)

The marble block was cast away: it had been spoiled in the quarry. A little crack. So they cast it aside, useless and in the way of more efficient work. That was, however, before Michelangelo came wandering along; his keen eye detected possibilities in the rejected stone. Patiently he chipped away. A little off here and some there until, one day long afterward, a heroic David emerged from the ruined rock, a figure to amaze a world.

The scraps rejected of men had been glorified forever. "The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner."

And oft I have seen things of surprising beauty and usefulness made of the scraps another tossed aside.

A picture framed in a square of shells and bits of glass artistically little home, cosy and attractive inarranged in a putty background. A little home, cosy and attractiv eindeed with love enthroned—nothing to suggest the second-hand lumber that went into its walls, boards from off the sides of condemmed railway cars.

Again, from the junk-pile of the rejected, a thing of joy.

Life is crowned by many blessings that come from the waste, the rejected of men.

A young woman, crippled so that her few tottering steps are a burden to herself and pitiful to see, lifting up her voice in songs of sweeeest melody.

Deaf—blind—dumb! Surely Hellen Keller would be cast aside to a dull and dreary existence all her days. But with indomitable courage and patience, aided by the equally gallant Miss Sullivan, she took life's rejected marble and—cut from it an angel of heavenly beauty.

An awkard, unprepossessing lad, in a wilderness home of poverty and privation. What chance for him? Apparently none at all: Not until he faced his tragic, hopeless lot, decided to secure an education— mostly alone at home at night solving his problems, not with pencil and paper, but with a scrap of charcoal picked from the big fireplace and with the back of a shovel for a slate. No wonder he went to the White House to share a place forever on a pedestal beside his nation's George Washington. Surely Abraham Lincoln took a fate that seemed all scraps and ruin to fashion a noblest life of honor and service.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, endorsed at the polls by thirty million electors, towers among the national leaders of the entire world. Striken years ago and almost helpless, life seemed to be for him forever nothing, but aches and pains and hopelessnss. But his fighting spirit refused to surrender: crippling ills would never enslave his mind nor gigantic handicaps crush ambition. From the side-lines where the many hopless watch the game, he crept into the conflict—to win a world's applause and help lift the burdens of his own people and many without.

In a pile of scrap-iron in the shed a lad discovered a rusty gun barrel and twisted trigger. And out of it he made a gun that looked good and shot well and was the pride of his young life.

And another took a block of wood from the pile at the kitchen door—and made himself a sweet-toned violin.

Out of the scrap piles around!

Somehow or other such a pile intrigues me always, for none can tell the surprises it hides.

And many of the finest things in life are the work of the hands or the visions of the intellect of that multitude from whom nothing was expected: broken, like the marble block, they were tossed aside to litter the way of the hurrying thoughtless.

I like scrap piles indeed!

Often there I find more glory and inspiration than I do when gazing on the well and strong, the easy-going, unfettered throng.

Yes, there's glory in the waste.

THE LITTLE TEMPLE OF THE TWENTY BELLS

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

Once upon a time there was a little temple in a toy garden—you know these little Japanese toy gardens that are made in a round, low dish or oblong tray. Well, this was just that sort, and the little boy who owned it called the temple the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells, because upon the twenty corners of the temple, which looked as though it had one roof right above another, there were twenty tiny bells.

From the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells you could see all that was going on in the garden. You could look up at the mountain behind called Fujiyama and across a little valley to another mountain and down a winding path to the small river, and you could see small figures of men and women and storks and a deer and water birds, and an owl fastened into a tree, and many such things.

One night Harold had been playing with the garden, which was on a low table in the bay window of his nursery. The full moon had risen early and made the room so light that for fun he did not ask his mother or his nurse to turn on the electric light.

Well, all at once, as Harold sat watching what was going on in the little garden, he heard the twenty tiny bells on the temple corners begin to ring. They never had rung in the daytime, for they were made of clay like the rest of the temple. But now they tinkled a soft, Japanese tinkle.

"Hoot, whoo-oo, whoo-oo!" said the little owl up in the pine tree. "What a fine night. Just the sort of night for me to fly!" and Harold saw him fly across the valley to another tall pine tree near the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells.

There was a little splashing sound of it came the little boat that Harold had moored near a real, growing water plant. Its sail filled with the wind, and on it came till it reached the wishing bridge. There it stopped, and out came a gangplank to the shore, and off the gangplank stepped a man with a bale over his shoulder. He went up to the top of the bridge.

"I wish," said he, "to have a safe journey with this bale of silk, up the lonely path to the Temple of the Twenty Bells."

Then he went down to the shore and began to walk up the long, lonely, winding path.

"Wait a minute," said a stork that had been standing on one foot in the water. "I heard your wish, and I will make it come true across these colored sands by going with you as far as the old stone lantern where the rocks begin." Harold saw the stork walk with the man across the colored sands at some distance from the river bank. The stork bowed when the man thanked him, and went home.

"You made a wish on the wishing

bridge," said the lantern, "and I will make it come true as far as my light will go." And all at once a bright light shone from the holes in the side of the lantern, and the man walked far up the path after thanking the lantern, which blinked back at him.

The light helped him to the next turn, and in the last faint rays of it he saw a deer standing.

"Your wish on the wishing bridge will come true so far as I can help you," said the deer and walked by the man's side a long way when only starlight and the moon showed the path. Then the deer had to go off into the woods, but the man saw a little tea house standing just beside the nearest tree.

A young girl came out and said, "Your wish on the wishing bridge will come true for the next mile, but have some tea to rest you." And she brought him a tiny pot of tea and a plate of rice cakes. Then she had her servant walk with the man a mile, and that brought him to the woods behind which stood the Temple of the Twenty Bells. The man thanked the servant, who went back, and all at once there was a little whir of wings, and "Whoo-oo?" said the owl. "Is it you? Your wish will come true, for I'll take you the rest of the way." And he flew low in the trees, and guided the man to the temple steps, where stood a funny little priest.

"Your present of fine silk for the temple is received with thanks," said the priest, "and for reward you shall stay here and rest and hear the music of the twenty bells. They ring only once like this when the moon is full. Listen well, for you will hear the sweetest voice in the world."

Why, it was the sweetest voice in the whole world! It was mother's, and there she stood ready to put Harold into his soft bed!

BREEDING

The difference between a cordial man and a grouch is good breeding. It takes but little intelligence and no breeding to be a grouch. It takes intelligence, good breeding and eternal vigilance to be considerate and cordial. In depression the grouch is left in the gutter; the cordial man is taken by the hand and pulled back to security. It pays to be well bred.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The latest report from the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, regarding the condition of Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, who recently underwent a serious operation, is that he continues to improve.

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Our farm manager reports that recent continued rains and warm weather had added extra impetus to the growth of 160 acres of oats and other grain. It has the appearance of April gain and the fields are beautiful.

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While in Raleigh last week Superintendent Boger met John Garrett, who left the school about four years ago. John stated that he was employed by a commercial photograph studio, located on Fayetteville St., just a few blocks from the capitol.

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A slight sprinkling of snow, and the stormy appearance of the clouds last Thursday morning, caused the School officials to put all wagons and one of the trucks to hauling coal from the railroad siding to the various buildings on the campus. As this is being written we notice several wagons loaded with coal passing through the grounds, therefore, if Old Man Winter should decide to carry on a lengthy siege, sending a barrage of snow and ice upon us, we will be able to "keep the home fires burning," and thus elude the grasp of his icy fingers.

—o—

Mr. Query and his group of youthful tonsorial artists have been giving the boys a much-needed hair-cut this week. The matter of keeping the hair of nearly five hundred boys neatly trimmed is quite a task, but Mr. Query and his helpers make pretty quick work of this big job. Some of the lads become quite proficient in the use of the electric clippers and other barber "tools."

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have completed the installation of lockers in eleven cottage basements, thrity-three lockers to each cottage. Relieving our readers of any arithmetical calculation, we give herewith the total number of lockers built—363. This will be a decided improvement in the appearance of the cottage basements, as the lockers are much neater than the old lock-boxes.

—o—

While in Concord on Friday night of last week we met Dwight Ewing, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was paroled in 1929. He had come to town for the purpose of attending the President's Birthday Ball, held in Hotel Concord, and we were pleased

to note that he was neatly dressed and had developed into a very nice looking young man.

Dwight, who is now twenty-three years old, informed us that he is chief switchboard operator at the plant of the Carolina Alumium Company, Badin, where he has been working for a little more than three years, and that prior to his present occupation, he was employed for three years in a dry clearing plant.

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The Training School has a custom of admitting boys twice each month, the 1st and 2nd and the 15th and 16th. These boys are held in the Receiving Cottage for two weeks as a precautionary quarantine measure, after which they are assigned to the other cottages.

Last Monday and Tuesday we had the largest number of new boys enrolled in many years. On these two days there were twenty-four boys admitted, coming from the extreme boundaries of the State.

The Receiving Cottage is supposed to accomodate twenty boys at each quarantine period, or forty boys per month, but the large number recently admitted, crowds its capacity to the limit.

—o—

Jack Frazier, one of our old boys, who was paroled August 8, 1922, visited friends at the School last Wednesday and Thursday. Ever since leaving here, Jack has been engaged in farming, and now lives on a small farm, which he rents from his father-in-law, near Nashville. Jack tells us that he likes the work and has always been able to make a comfortable living. He is married and is the father of three children and seemed to take great pride in showing snapshots of the two older ones, a boy and girl, aged ten and seven respectively.

This was Jack's first visit to the School since leaving here about fifteen years ago, and he was quite impressed with the many changes made since that time. He stayed at the institution a little more than a year, being assigned to Cottage No. 4 upon admission and later transferred to Cottage No. 5. At first he worked on what was known as the wash force, the clothes being washed by the old spring just across the National Highway by means of the old-fashioned washboards, which was the only method of laundering prior to the installation of modern laundry equipment about twelve years ago, He then spent several months on the barn force, and just a short time before being paroled, was employed as house boy at the Administration Building.

We were all glad to see Jack and to learn that he is getting along well, and trust the future my have many years of happiness in store for him.

—o—

Rev. F. A. Bowers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Kannapolis, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the

story of Christ stilling the tempest, as found in Luke 8: 24.

In his talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Bowers told how Jesus calmed a storm in a man's life. Just as he had caused the turbulent waves of the lake to subside, he later cast out that which causing a storm in a man's life. The man was demented, but Jesus saved him mentally, domestically and spiritually. He was insane and was, therefore, not capable of knowing what he was doing; he did not see [illegible] was not entitled to be at large in that condition. Jesus at once cast out the evil spirits and the man was made whole, mentally.

The speaker then showed how the Master saved him domestically. With his diseased mind, he was a menace to his family. His loved ones were afraid of him, and fled from him. After he was cured it was perfectly safe for him to return to his family. When Christ comes into a home, continued the speaker, that home is changed and the domestic life is beautiful.

Rev. Mr. Bowers then told how Jesus had saved the demented man spiritually. He prepared the man for citizenship and for heaven. His mind being normal, he had a chance to live a Christian life. So it is with us today. If we put our trust in God, He blots out our sin completely when we show Him that we really repent and try to live right.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Bowers stated that many of us do not give Christ or the Church a chance to guide our lives. There is no need for us to miss heaven. If we let Christ have his way in our lives, we need have no fear concerning what will become of us when this life is over.

So long as faith with freedom reigns
  And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
  To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
  For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
  Life is worth living still.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 31, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Robert Allen 8
(6) J. C. Cox 6
(9) Edward Johnson 9
(3) James Johnson 3
(6) Ray Norman 6
(9) Mack Setzer 9
(9) Fred Wheeler 9
(3) James Wilhite 8

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Blevins 2
(9) William Goodson 9
(4) Claude Maines 6
(2) Albert Silas 6
(2) Robert Watts 2
James West 6
R. L. Young 4
(3) Preston Yarborough 8

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce 2
Grover Duncan
Henry Fredere 5
Lemuel Murphy 5
John Whitaker 6
Robert Worthington 4

COTTAGE No. 3

James Burns 4
(2) Frank Crawford 4
M. C. Cranford 6
Neely Dixon 5
Charles Furchess 6
(3) Eugene Green 5
Julian Gregory 6
Norwood Glasgow 6
Edgar Hatley 4
Jesse Holleman 3
(7) Max Hedrick 8
F. E. Mickle 5
Frank Pickett 5
Hoyette Rogers 7
F. M. Younger 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) William Bell 4
(4) Hurley Davis 6
James Hancock 6
(9) Lyle Hooper 9
(4) Ralph Johnson 6
Grover Lett
Robert Mims 5
Charles Mizzell 5
(5) Lloyd Pettus 7
(2) Frank Raby 6
Thomas Stephens 5
(5) Melvin Walters 6

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) William Cassell 6
(3) John Grider 4
Jack Gunter 3
(3) Jack Tate 4

COTTAGE No. 6

(8) William Burnette 8
(8) Theodore Bowles 8
(3) Kenneth Conklin 7
(8) Fletcher Castlebury 8
James Coleman 6
(6) Robert Deyton 7
William Howard 7
Columbus Hamilton 5
(2) Thomas Hamilton 6
Roscoe Honeycutt
(2) George Wilhite 6

COTTAGE No. 7

Hugh Johnson 7
William Tester

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Albert Andrew 3
(8) Sam Belk 8
Lloyd Banks 3
Duke Davis
James Ferrell
Haynes Hewitt 2
(2) Wilfred Land 6
Guy Lewis
Warner Peach
Ralph Rainey 5

COTTAGE No. 9

J. T. Branch 5

Wilson Bowman 4
Randolph Davis 8
Woodfin Fowler 4
Charles Freeman 7
C. D. Grooms 6
Lurren Kinney 5
Esmond Reams 5
Homer Smith 7

COTTAGE No. 10

(8) Clyde Adams 8
Earl Atwood
(4) Glenn Collins 4
William Knight 5
(3) James Penland 4
Frank Ramsey 6
(3) Jack Springer 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Walter Blevins 3
Edward Carpenter 4
(9) Dewey Freeman 9
Baxter Foster
H. A. Holmes 3
(8) David Hodge 8
(3) William Kirk 6
Calvin McCoyle 4
Donald Newman
(7) Julius Stevens 7
John Uptegrove 5
(3) Berchel Young 6

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen
(3) Joseph Cox 7
(3) Frank Dickens 8
(9) Marvin Edwards 9
(8) Bernard Griffin 8
(2) Frank Lewis 8
Clarence Mayton 4
(6) Asbury Marsh 7
(3) Jerome Medlin 7
(3) Ewin Odom 6
(5) Andrew Powell 8
James Reavis 4
William Stevens 7

COTTAGE No. 13

Arthur Ashley
Fletcher Boggs 5
Willard Garrett
(2) Robert Hailey 3

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe
(2) Lee Dowless 3
(2) Spurgeon Dowless 2
Henry Hallman 3
(2) Stacy Long 6
Henry McGraw
John Robbins 2
(2) Wilburn Suite 2
(2) Glenn Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(9) Henry Abernathy 9
(7) Roy Cruse 8
(9) George Gibson 9
Joseph Hyde 3
Walter Hill 8
(2) Caleb Jolly 6
(9) George McManus 9
(2) Edward Martin 5
Connie Michael 3
(9) Walter Mitchell 9
(7) Edward Murry 7
Alvin Powell 3
Marshall Scoggins 5
(9) Robert Teeter 9
George Worley 3
James Watson 3
(8) Paul York 8

The world will often forgive you for being blue, sometimes forgive you for being green, but never forgive you for being yellow.—Selected.

FEB 16 1937

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 13, 1937 No. 7

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LINCOLN

A peaceful life:—toil, duty, rest—
All his desire:—
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's word and man's;—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The onmarch of his dreams.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Abraham Lincoln. during the war of 1863, frequently visited the hospitals and addressed cheering words to the wounded warriors. On one occasion he found a young fellow whose legs had been amputated, and who was evidently sinking fast. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Lincoln. "You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply. The President wrote at the youth's dictation, "My dearest mother: I have been shot bad, but am bearing up; I tried to do my duty. They tell me I can not recover. God bless you and father, kiss Mary and John for me." At the end came these words as postscript: "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln." When the boy perused the epistle and saw those added words he looked with astonished gaze at the visitor and asked, "Are you our President?" "Yes," was the quiet answer. "and now you know that, is there anything else I can do for you?" Feebly the lad said, "I guess you might hold my hand and see me through." So sitting down at the bedside, the tall gaunt man, with a heart tender as a woman's, held the soldier's hand—through the live-long night—till it grew cold and rigid in death. With us is it not a delightful truth that Christ the greatest of all kings, in our afflirtions is afflicted, and that He can "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities?"—The Illustrator.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

Once again in the whirl of years we come to February, the birth month of those two great Americans, Washington and Lincoln. In the life of George Washington we have typified the cultured and masterful creator and visionary, whose courage and integrity has never been questioned. The date of his birth, according to our present calendar, was February 22, and the day has been set apart as a national holiday.

The majestic and rugged Abraham Lincoln looms like a giant amongst men on the horizon of the nation. In his early days he became indoctrinated with the spirit of the real America, and he breathed forth this spirit when he uttered those immortal words,

".....and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Those two men peculiarly typify the real spirit of America—namely, that its great men come from high or low estate, it matters not—just so they have in them the qualities necessary to prove them to be great men.

George Washington came from the ranks of the rich and cultured and influential of his day and time; Abraham Lincoln came from the ranks of the common people. The ideals and the activity of the two men have blended together as one in the historic record of those truly great men who have helped to give the world the greatest nation on the face of the globe.

All honor to these two great Americans of yesterday! May we develop more like them in the morrow of the nation!—Selected.

* * * * * * *

THE WORLD HONORS MOODY

Dwight L. Moody, the famous lay evangelist, was born February 5, 1887. His centenary will open a seven months program of observance in this country and beyond the sea. The story of Moody's life and accomplishments is told elsewhere in this issue of the Uplift. He was one of the greatest modern evangelists and one of the foremost American personalities of his time.

Most esepecially does the editor of The Uplift select the biographies of such masters of the time who overcome difficulties and open up to others the hope of a new life.

This immortal figure in the name of the Master influenced the lives of millions of people who rise up to day and call his name blessed.

* * * * * * *

A GIFT OF BOOKS

The school library, known as "The King's Daughters Library," founded by the Charlotte Circle of King's Daughters, at the time Mrs. E. E. Peele was president, accepts with grateful appreciation Volume I and II of American States Anthology of Poetry from Mr. D. J. Blalock, Mt. Olive, N. C., who in the following letter expresses himself pleased with the Uplift:

Mt. Olive, N. C.,
January 18. 1937

Dear Mr. Boger, Editor Uplift,
and
Mrs. Cook, Associate Editor.

You have been so faithful in sending me The Uplift, and I enjoy it so much until I'm sending you today Vol. I and II of American States Anthology of Poetry for the boy's library of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Guess some of the boys will enjoy reading some of the poems.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) D. J. Blalock.

Mr. Blalock has been a fine friend of the school for many years, and frequently sends poems that fit nicely into the character of the work the Uplift endeavors to emphasize, a fine moral motivated by charity, or more plainly—LOVE. Many thanks to Mr. Blalock for the splendid contribution of books to our library. We can assure him that some boy will receive a message of high and clean ideals through reading the poetry. The Uplift welcomes always goodwill messages such as the letters of Mr. Blalock convey.

* * * * * * *

THE LINDBERGHS LOVE ENGLAND

Col. and Mrs. Charles Agustus Lindbergh are much in love with "Old England" where they can live in peace and safety which is the only real life after all. So far no one has heard a suggestion of a desire upon their part to return to America.

They have chosen a rather secluded spot in England to live. It is an old rambling Kentish home screened by tall trees, surrounded with sunken gardens and in the summer the entire place is colorful with its riot of roses. It is reputed to be the birthplace of the Printer Caxton whose ghost is still said to haunt one of the rooms. From the description of the place in its entirety one can easily visualize that it is a fit setting for a Hallowe'en festival that would make the creeps go up one's spine. But, judging from the seclusive nature of Colonel Lindbergh it is just the type of home

he would prefer, far back from the curious eyed, where he can enjoy the companionship of his family and persue his scientific studies without interruption.

He is a smart fellow, yet, a peculiar fellow. He does not seem to care for the contact of the outside world. To our way of thinking to know people is a joy in spite of the fact many prove disappointing. However, Colonel Lindbergh sometimes breaks over and enters into the high life. He was once the guest of Edward VIII at St. James Palace, and among the others mentioned was the widely known Wallie Simpson of Baltimore, Maryland.

On few other occasions has Lindbergh's name hit the headlines in a big way. Once, when he visited the German air establishments just prior to the Olympic games last July when he exhibited his "mechanical heart" to the Congress of Cytology in Copenhagen, and at another time he made an impressive speech in Berlin. In substance he said: "aviation should be the servant of peace and progress instead of the messenger of war and destruction, also the union of force and reason should be the task of aviation".

Colonel Lindbergh will celebrate his 35th birthday quietly at Seven Oaks, England, the 4th of this month. In the England countryside at least they, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, feel that they can forget the Hopewell tragedy, if such a thing if possible.

* * * * * * *

Hospital care for family units, at a cost of seven cents a day, is the plan announced by the Associated Hospital Service of New York. Their earlier plan of three cents a day for individuals was so successful that this new family plan, which assures hospital care for 21 days in one or more admissions to parents and all unmarried children under 19 years, is being offered. This includes semi-private accommodations, operating room service, maternity room service (after one year's paid subscription), necessary X-ray and laboratory examinations for bed patients, nursing androutine medications and dressings, anesthesia when administered by a salaried employee of the hospital. This plan is financed on the subscription basis by which families or individuals pay $24 yearly to the Association in $2.00 monthly installments. Naturally they must be paid-up subscriptions.—Selected.

ASH WEDNESDAY

The portal to the Lenten season is Ash Wednesday. It is the day we must have, since it is historically fixed in the Church Year. It has a nominal meaning for us; but when it began it stood for a call to repentance and the outward showing of it by sprinkling ashes on the head as a sign of deep sorrow for personal sins knowingly committed. Now it is a call for repentance in preparation for the succeeding weeks until Easter. During the Lenten time we gather up the facts and truths of Jesus' life and teaching that pertain to His work in making our redemption and salvation possible. It is a period when much meditation should be ours, as we face the truth about ourselves in relation to God. Gradually we go on from week to week, more frequently at church services than ordinarily, and more given to searching the Word of God. This is the purpose of the season ushered in by Ash Wednesday.

It should be more than a date on our calendar to warn against over-indulgence in the pleasures of worldliness, as it seems to be to some. It should signify more than a call to re-arrange our schedule so that we can find time to attend the extra, and regular services announced in the church. It should mean more than a suggestion that we be more religious for a few weeks. Ash Wednesday does entail all these things on the devoted church member, but it is all done so as to bring him to a fuller understanding and appreciation of what Jesus did for him. The central thought is to be Christ, but Christ in His relation to us, a relation which He has made possible, and which we should realize more than ever before we go far into this Lenten season.

Ash Wednesday is a good time to make a definite resolution with determination that it shall not be broken. That resolution is that every privilege offered by our church bewteen now and Easter shall be used faithfully. Other plans should be supplanted by the plan to read the Bible more earnestly, to worship more frequently, and to be a better child of God than ever before.—The Lutheran Young Folks.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

"If you have a tender message.
Or a loving word to say,
Do not wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
The tender word unspoken,
The letter never sent;
The long forgotten message,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking;
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late."

—o—

The mental wizards of the future will be the men who can remember their social security numbers.

—o—

The best way, in this life, to get along with a wife is let her do as she pleases; and you do what pleases her.

—o—

It is told that two Michigan state prison bandmen escaped after a concert. That leads me to suppose that they could not face the music.

—o—

I have a conviction that most automobile drivers have enough knocks from the back seat without putting the engine in the rear, as it is proposed to do.

—o—

An editor declares that "It can readily be seen that this country is getting up steam." It looks more like it is stream lined, from the accounts from the flooded regions.

—o—

It is said a Western Congressman recommends rolling over eighty times a day as a means of keeping in condition. He must be a member of the "Holy Rollers" in a new role.

—o—

This life is full of analogies. So many people are wrong at the right time, and right at the wrong time. And many are impassive—neither right or wrong.

—o—

A current report is that an Indianapolis policeman arrested a man for standing on his head. I guess he was trying to think up a new type of strike.

—o—

It is reported that "Germans must choose between food and munitions." I should think it would be more agreeable to them to have grape fruit instead of grapeshot.

—o—

In this age of good roads, people are still complaining about impassable, muddy, dirt roads. Say what you please about dirt roads, now or in the past. on the old-fashioned mud roads you never heard of anybody being knocked off, or killed, almost daily by speed demons.

—o—

In this age, when a man is reluctant, or will not give up his seat in a car or bus, many women are praising the ex-king for giving up his throne for a woman. They think that is the highest type of devotion. All I can say is, that the ex-king, before he went to the throne. never could keep his seat on a horse, so he is quite experienced with leaving throwns.

Just as soon as prosperity got fairly well around that famous corner, it as slapped in the face with a "sit-down" strike. With the exception of the devastation in the flooded areas, this is the most unfortunate thing to occur in the beginning of this new year. But remember, the former was the act of Providence. the latter the work of man. The "sit-down" factory seizures remind me of a passage in Young's satire: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." So true it is.

—o—

When a Los Angeles truck driver was sent to jail for 125 days for having flicked a match where it caused a brush fire a record price was paid for carelessness of a smoker. He lighted a cigarette and caused $200,000 damage. In jail he may smoke many a cigarette, meditatively. If people were punished usually for not putting out fire smokers would acquire a habit that would save billions in this country. Some smokers are careful. Many are entirely unconcerned about results when they toss their cigarette butts from speeding automobiles, as anyone may see who drives at night. Some States have laws under which making a fire out of doors and not putting it out is a punnishable offense. Under such a law, of course. everyone who drops a lighted match or a live butt out of doors is guilty.

LENT

Again the Man of Sorrows walks the way
Of tribulation, with the bitter loss
Of His disciples, leading to the cross;
Again, within that realm where Rome held sway,
He kneels in dark Gethsemane to pray;
Again He asks for strength to drink the cup
Of agony ere He be lifted up
The world to save and death itself to slay.

O Christian, walk thyself this lonely road
To Judgment Hall and bleeding Calvary.
Renounce the empty laughter and the smile
Of worldly company; take up thy load
Of human sin in all humility;
Forego the paths of pleasure for a while.

—Dr. John D. M. Brown.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE CHURCH

By Rev. W. Refus Rings, in The Lutheran

Modern historical research continues to acquire positive proofs that the character and personality of Abraham Lincoln was the result of a noble heritage rather than an accident of human progenitation. It is the purpose of this brief article to acquaint our readers with a summary of these recently revealed facts.

Miss Sarah Louise Kimball, a genealogist of Palo Alto, Calif., in 1928 furnished Doctor David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University. with proof that Abraham Lincoln was a lineal descendant (on his mother's side) of Charlemagne, ruler of the ancient Franks, and of Alfred the Great, King of England. From Europe the Hankses came to Pennsylvania, and there is indication that some of the family were Quakers. At least they were always held among the highly respected citizens.

In 1637, Samuel Lincoln came to America from Hingham. England. and founded the town of Hingham, Mass. This family played a prominent part in molding the history of New England, and one Levi Lincoln was once governor of Massachusetts as well as Secretary of State under Thomas Jefferson. Members of the Lincoln family migrated from Massachusetts through New Jersey, to Berks County, Pennsylvania, where they again played prominent parts in colonial history. Thomas Lincoln. great-grandfather of "Abe" Lincoln, was a sheriff. His brother Abraham was a county commissioner as well as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1790. The latter's signature bears a striking resemblance to those of his brother's great-grandson.

From Pennsylvania, the Lincoln family migrated into the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, where again a settlement was made on a frontier populated with Americans of high character. Here it was that Thomas Lincoln was born, a man, who although lowly estimated by misinformed historians was nevertheless a man of great ability and high moral ideals. We mention with pride that Thomas Lincoln was an exceptionally good carpenter and cabinet maker, a survevor, soldier, an industrious farmer and owner of property.

About 1782, hearing the call westward, the Lincoln family migrated to Kentucky. where Lincoln's grandfather became the possessor of 5,000 acres of land. Following his massacre by the Indians, witnessed by Thomas Lincoln when he was ten years old, the widow was defrauded of practically all of the land, and this is the probable explanation of the beginning of the humble origin theory. It is a fact, however. that when "Abe" was born, Thomas Lincoln owned 530 acres of good Kentucky land, a fair-sized ranch for one who was called "poor white trash."

This brief resume of historical facts is sufficient to show that the character and personality of Lincoln

were the natural result of a noble ancestry through the centuries and that the Lincolns were not "poor white trash," but always among the most respected families of American colonial history. We wish we could examine the leaves of the Lincoln family tree in more detail, but it is the purpose of this article to tell about Abraham Lincoln and his religious life.

Reliable records prove conclusively that Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, was a religious man and actively interested in the Church. Before leaving Kentucky, his name appears in the business transactions of churches which he served in an official capacity. When the Lincolns moved to Indiana, there was no church in the neighborhood: but Thomas Lincoln soon corrected this situation. Rallying his neighbors to his support, he, together with young Abraham and others, erected the "old Little Pigeon Baptist Church." According to the records of this church, which are carefully preserved, Thomas Linkhon (the usual spelling of the name at that time) was received into membership by letter on June 7, 1823.

The same record shows his active interest in the affairs of this little congregation. In several entries, he is cited as a contributor, a trustee, a moderator, a messenger to other churches, an arbitrator in disputes between members, and generally useful in other ways. On one occasion he was employed to construct the doors, window frames and pulpit of the Baptist Church in what is now known as Gentryville. Undoubtedly the consecrated religious life of the father made a deep impression upon his son Abraham.

Added to this fatherly example was the noble influence of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, for she, too, was a religious person. The first songs that Lincoln heard as a baby were the religious lullabys of his mother, typical "hill-billy" songs of that early day. On numerous occasions the humble home provided hospitality for traveling pastors. Lincoln conceded that his mother taught him the A B Cs of his strong religious faith.

When Lincoln was about ten years old, his mother was seized with a fever then prevalent, and, calling her children to her side, she bade them farewell, asking them to fear God and live peaceably with their fellowmen. A few days later, having themselves fashioned a coffin from nearby timbers, the father and young "Abe" buried the mother on a little knoll nearby. This spot was unmarked for many years. It was the writer's privilege on Memorial Day, 1927, to conduct the first public memorial service ever held over the grave of Lincoln's mother. The Indiana Lincoln Union plans to erect a million dollar memorial on the spot when conditions permit.

On the same day that Thomas Lincoln was received as a member of the Little Pigeon Baptist Church, "Abe" Lincoln's foster mother, Sister Sarah Bush Lincoln, was received with others into membership "by experience," and was probably immersed in the nearby creek a few days later. This stepmother followed the example of Nancy Hanks in developing young Abe's religious life. She taught him

to read the Bible and to pray, to be honest and kind, and to love his fellowmen. Lincoln never ceased to praise either mother for the faith in God to which they led him.

In view of his noble ancestry and of the religious influences which surrounded his life from the day of his birth, one quite naturally asks, "Why did Lincoln never join a church?" Perhaps we may be able to give some of the causes which kept Lincoln from being a church member although he publicly confessed himself on many occasions to be a Christian believer.

We must remember that the church of Lincoln's youth was quite different from the churches of today. The old Little Pigeon Baptist Church was of the primitive type, hardshell. anti-missionary and predestinarian in doctrine. Preachers won their fame not so much by the subject matter of their sermons as by their ability to speak in voices sufficiently loud to be heard at least a mile from the church. Salaries were not large, and on many occasions pastors were paid in bushels of potatoes, newly cured hams, and in jugs of corn and rye whiskey, the latter often providing more inspiration for sermons than did the Holy Spirit.

Just as things do not run smoothly at all times in our churches today. so in Lincoln's day not everything in the life of the church was as it should have been. Shortly after the Lincolns decided to move on to Illinois, an incident happened which must have greatly affected Lincoln. His sister, Sarah, had married Aaron Grigsby, a neighbor, and she died at the birth of her first child. Since she lived with the Grigsbys, the Lincoln family seemed to think that overwork and neglect were responsible for her death. Quite a bit of friction developed between the families, a friction which may be feebly felt in Indiana to this day.

In preparing to move to Illinois, the Lincolns asked for their church letters and these were granted in November, 1829. But in January, 1830, the church record tells us that Sister Nancy Grigsby was not at all satisfied with the granting of letters to Brother and Sister Lincoln. and so the letters were recalled. The parties concerned met in the home of William Hoskins, reached an agreement, and the Lincolns were finally permitted to depart for Illinois with their church letters in their baggage.

While this incident must have caused Abraham Lincoln some concern tnd aroused prejudice against church membership in his mind, other incidents undoubtedly served to widen the breach. There seems to have been continual strife among the members of this old Little Pigeon Church over such matters as feet washings, missionary programs, and the like. It was not long until a part of the membership withdrew to form what is now known as the New Little Pigeon Baptist Church. If this separation occurred during Lincoln's residence in Indiana. it certainly would not have influenced him to become a church member. If it occurred later, the agitation had already begun and, being actively interested, the Lincolns would know all about it.

Although Lincoln never joined a church, there is no indication that he was particularly prejudiced against all churches. As we have said, on

many occasions he openly confessed his acceptance of the Bible and the teachings of Christ. It is a well-known fact that Lincoln spent much time in prayer and Bible study before and during his presidency. Many churches. especially the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church at Washington, D. C., and the first Presbyterian Church at Springfield, Ill., have preserved pews in which Lincoln worshiped regularly. There is every evidence that he felt a closer dependence upon God for strength and leadership than do many members of Christian churches today. We somehow feel that the mercy of God will somewhere find a place for Lincoln in the mansions of heaven regardless of the judgment of many men to the contrary. "I will have mercy," said He.

In conclusion. it seems entirely proper to quote the last paragraph of a letter to The Lutheran, under date of February 10, 1932, by the Rev. A. G. Weng, Ph.D., of Elgin. Ill., with whose conclusions I am in full accord. Dr. Weng writes: "Lincoln never joined any fraternal order. He never joined a church. Although he derived much spiritual benefit from the administrations of Dr. Smith and the Rev. Gurley (pastors of the two churches mentioned above), he never could believe in Calvinism, especially predestination. In summing it all up, we have then the three reasons why Lincoln never joined a church. First. the influence of the early pioneer preachers, calling everyone an infidel and consigning to hell those who refused to believe in a flat world. Secondly, his dislikes of joining anything, whatsoever. Thirdly, his revulsion from Calvinism."

There yet remain many questions concerning Lincoln's character and personality to be answered. Some probably never will find an answer. We hope, however. that this brief discussion may serve to dismiss two erroneous ideas from the minds of our readers. First, let us dismiss for all time that unfounded statement that the Lincolns were "poor white trash." Second, while cheerfully thanking God for giving us Abraham Lincoln, let us dismiss the idea that he was an "accident" in human history. Indisputable facts prove that a noble ancestry, a wholesome spiritual environment in his home. and a personel dependence upon divine guidance were the contributing factors which gave to the world the character, the genius, and the personality of Abraham Lincoln.

What three little words will do more for you than any other words in the English language? The first two are "Thank you." The other is "Please." They're mighty easy to say, and they'll work for you like a whole staff of trained employees.

—The New Leaf

LINCOLN'S CORNER CUPBOARD

By Julia W. Wolfe

The corner cupboard was a piece of furniture in nearly all early American homes. Some were of walnut, and many of pine. The one made by Lincoln was hewn from walnut and may now be seen in the Museum of History, Art and Science in Los Angeles. The history of this cupboard is fully authenicated by sworn affidavits of many elderly persons acquainted therewith, made before officials whose acts were authenticated by the Secretary of State in Indiana.

It is well known that Lincoln's father, Thomas Lincoln, was a carpenter and cabinet-maker, and taught all he knew of these trades to Abraham, who helped him frequently in his work.

Josiah and Elizabeth Crawford were close friends of the Lincolns, and after Mrs. Lincoln's death the two children, Sallie and Abraham, made their home a part of the time with the Crawfords, where Abraham helped on the farm. Mrs. Crawford owned a small library, something very rare in those days, in pioneer Indiana, and young Lincoln often borrowed the books and took them to his room at night and to his work in the fields and devoted every spare moment in studying from them.

One of the books, "Weems' Life of Washington," he left one night where it became damaged by rain, and everybody knows the story of how he worked to pay for it. He was afterwards given the book—the first he ever owned.

Abraham went home to his father and telling him of the incident, asked his permission to make for Mrs. Crawford a "corner" cupboard—a style that was just coming into vogue and that he had heard her wish for.

Thomas Lincoln approved the suggestion, and with some seasoned lumber, previously cut with a "whipsaw" from a large walnut tree that had stood near their home, young Abraham went to work on the cupboard which, when completed, he presented to the Crawfords with his compliments.

Years later, when he became President of the United States, the Crawfords considered this cupboard as a "gift beyond price," and upon their death it became the property of their daughter, whose home was just a short distance from the Lincoln home. Years later, in her old age, she went to make her home with her son in Rockport, the county seat of Spencer County, Indiana. To him she sold the precious heirloom and he had it removed to his home.

In 1918, after his death, it was purchased by his daughter, the present owner. In February, 1919, on the occasion of the one hundred and tenth anniversary of Lincoln's birth it was shipped by special request to the National Old Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, California. This was the first time it had been taken out of Indiana. In Sawtelle it was placed on the stage of the government theater and shown to thousands of people. From the soldiers' home, it was taken to the Museum of History, Science and Art, Los Angeles, where

it was given a place of honor on the mezzanine of the historical room, receiving a special setting.

It is still in a perfect state of preservation. It stands over seven feet high and weighs over three hundred pounds, being made of solid walnut. There are two sets of doors (four in all) which are nicely paneled, and there is a strip of handcarving across the front of the cupboard above the upper set of doors. The entire front is put together with walnut pegs, while the back is fastened with handmade, wrought iron nails. It is all carefully constructed. Old-fashioned brass hinges support the doors.

It is still in its native walnut finish, just as it was when Lincoln gave it to the Crawfords. The great care with which it was made indicates clearly that it was a labor of love on the part of the young Abraham Lincoln.

It is usually well to beware of the man whose dog crawls under the house when the master enters the gate.—Selected.

THE UMBRELLA

By Mabel McKee

October. 1841. Rain fell daily in Indiana. Hunters predicted a cold winter, and stage coach drivers shook their heads dourly over the prediction.

Caleb Peters stamped impatiently up and down the waiting room of the Half-Way Inn. He went to the door and peered down the national road. He stepped out into the rain trying to find one spot of clear sky, but all in vain.

While he was looking at the sky, Jake Patton rode by, his big stallion chafing under its driver's hand, eager to be off like a flash of wind. He slowed it down as he passed the inn to shout out the information that he had passed the stage coach back a mile or so.

Caleb stalked back into the house and through the dining room, to bellow the news of its nearness into the kitchen to his wife and her helpers. He turned at the waiting room door to survey the long table, set ready for dinner to be served to the passengers of this stagecoach bound for the west. His eves shone with pride over the snowy whitenesss of the tablecloth. The silver castors were polished until they shone. The preserve dishes were well filled, and there was a tall glass bowl of new honey. The honey made Caleb chuckle. Yesterday he and young Mark Slough had cut down a bee tree that had brought him enough honey for the entire winter.

And then he noticed on the floor the trail of water which had dripped

from his coat as he passed through.

"Nancy!"

His bass rumble brought from the kitchen a slender, shy, but pretty girl in a mixed linsey-woolsey dress. Her darn curls were well combed. Her dusky eyes. matching them, held gleams of anticipation. Her hands. roughened from the cold and constant contact with water in which lye was used, held a cloth. Four years as bound girl at the Half-Way House had taught her that when the owner of the inn bellowed as he had just done, something was to be cleaned away. She dropped on her knees and began to wipe up the water and muddy tracks.

Out in the kitchen Maria Peters drove her kitchen girls to still greater speed in basting wild turkeys and chopping cabbage. Her reputation as a cook had never known a blight. She saw to it that not even a late coach upset her.

While she wiped out the marks of Caleb's heavy shoes, Nancy tried to catch the conversation in the next room. Cynthie had whispered a little while before that Mark Slough was in the waiting room to meet the driver of the coming coach who had promised to bring him a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," about which everyone was talking.

Now young Mark was talking about his last trip to Indianapolis. He was telling Caleb what Richard Thompson and John Steward had said about the trouble near the Kentucky line. was confiding that he had heard "The Little Giant," as Stephen Douglas was called.

John Stewart was now in Indianapolis. He must soon be traveling back to Terre Haute, his home town. If so, he would stop at the inn and give her the flowered silk muslin for her dress. Maria Peters had already borrowed a pattern for making it. She had promised to start "working on it" the minute it came.

When Stewart had been sick with the ague at the Half-Way House a few weeks before, he had promised Nancy the material for the dress. Following Caleb Peters' order, she had "tended" the sick man most carefully. The owner of the inn had reminded her that Stewart, a prominent figure in state politics, could help the reputation of their place a lot.

So Nancy had heated stones to keep Stewart's feet warm when he was seized with a chill. A cup of ginger tea was always at his bedside. When lung fever threatened she had made mustard poultices for the chest. When his appetite returned, she cooked the special dishes for which he asked.

It was then he made a rash promise. "Tell me what you would likt to have, lass, and I'll bring it to you from the capital for nursing me so well."

Maria Peters, who had heard his promise. had smiled gleefully when Nancy asked for the silk muslin. Stewart, though he was rich, always haggled over bills at the Half-Way House, and it was a delight to see the girl ask for something of value.

Maria knew that young Mark Slough was the reason Nancy wanted the new dress. She heard him ask her to go to spelling school with him; had known that it wasn't extra work but her shabby dress that made the

girl tell him she couldn't go.

Mark Slough was a fine young man. Some day he'd be a great lawyer. He had already read law one winter with Colonel Thompson. Now he was helping farmers with their fences, cutting down bee trees and selling the honey. using his traps for furs. to earn money so that he could have another winter with the renowned attorney.

Maria, who despite her bulky figure was romantic, often arranged so that Nancy and Mark would have the evenings alone in the kitihen for popping corn. Now she came from the kitchen to say, "I'm asking Mark to stay overnight, Nancy. And now, like a good girl, hurry into the kitchen and slice the corn pone."

Though Nancy had to work feverishly, every time she entered the dining room she tried to listen to the conversation in the next room to see if John Stewart was there. And then suddenly she heard his voice and her world seem to become rosy, despite the cold and gloomy autumn day.

When she passed Stewart with a huge platter of turkey, his eyes twinkled a message to her, but he talked on about changes they were making at the capital, tearing down residences to build stores in their stead.

She was stacking dishes in the kitchen when Stewart entered the room. flourishing a long bundle. "Your gift for nursing an ague patient," he said. "And, lass, take good care of it so it will last many years."

Nancy eyed the package askance. Surely no other flowered silk was wrapped like this "Perhaps," she thought, "it was the material on the bolt and the shopkeeper left the bolt stick there."

Stewart began unwapping the bundle. The other girls left their work to watch him. Maria Peters joined the group. And all of them saw it at the same time—the great, black umbrella. which came out of the bundle. It was a counterpart of the one Stewart himself had carried into the waiting room at the inn a few minutes before, strutting his way from the stage coach.

Back in the front room a little later he guffawed as he told of how he had driven a hard bargain with Jake Levy for two umbrellas, geeting both for almost the price of one. And out in the kitchen, the girls stared as Nancy ran from the room to keep from sobbing there. They knew that she had gone to cry out her grief in the loft in which the girls all slept.

Maria Peters left the umbrella standing in the corner where Nancy had left it when she fled. Her orders had been that no one touch it. She herself had gone into the waiting room to slip some coins into the hands of a woman passenger whom she knew. "Buy me some bright calico at Indianapolis," she had whispered, "I want something very pretty to make a dress for one of my girls."

The cotton umbrella remained behind the kitchen door all afternoon. though the rain fell at intervals and the west-bound coach left. Some of the other serving girls had to go out in the rain but they dared not carry it for protection. Maria Peter's orders had been too strict for disobedience.

Nancy was't called until it was

time to start supper. Then Maria herself went to tell her, "Put on your new sleeveless apron. Mark is going to be at supper and you're to serve."

A faint gleam came into Nancy's eyes. She loved to serve the guests. Even Caleb said she did it more capable than the other girls. Mark would see for himself how well she did it. She even sang as she flitted around the kitchen.

Someone called that the stagecoach had been sighted. Her ears pricked up at the clatter of it, the sound of clanking chains. She hoped it would be full of passengers, for then she would have an opportunity to show how speedy she was.

Nancy was basting a chicken when she heard Caleb bellow a command for an umbrella. Like a flash she seized the despised one from behind the door and ran through the rooms to the very front door of the inn, there to face the tallest, homeliest man she had ever seen. His long coat tails flapped in the wind. His tall silk hat sat rakishly on one side of his head. His hands were so big and thin they almost frightened her. And he talked in the most nasal, twangiest midwestern voice she had ever heard. "The umbrella. my lass," he said "is to have a most seemly honor. Judge Hammond is in the coach and it raineth."

As he opened the great umbrella, he flashed Nancy the most wonderful smile she had ever seen. It was so gentle, so filled with sympathy and love. that it made her forget the perfidy of John Stewart who was still lounging in the waiting room, picking his teeth with a quill All her attention was on the tall man who had started with the umbrella for the stage coach at the side of the road.

Suddenly he turned and with a few long jumps was back with her, asking her to hold the umbrella a minute. He ploughed through the muddy yard to some planks left from building the new smoke house. He seized the two broadest ones, carried them to the front of the yard and made a bridge so that passengers could walk across the worst of the mud. A few minutes later he stood back to watch pompous little Judge Hammond, carrying Nancy's umbrella, puff across the makeshift bridge to the security of the waiting room.

And then Mark Slough brushed past her to run out to the tall, homely man. Nancy's heart almost stopped beating when she heard him say, "Howdy, Mr. Lincoln. I heard your debate with the Little Giant and I'm—"

And then Caleb Peters' voice broke in, telling her to hurry in the kitchen to help finish getting the dinner onto the table.

Hours later, the three of them sat in the kitchen, talking together—Nancy, Mark and the tall lawyer of the middle west. Rather, the two men talked and Nancy listened, breaking in on their conversation at times to urge them to eat more of the corn she was popping.

Maria, who had hurried her other helpers from the room, fretted because the man stayed in the kitchen and talked. It wasn't often Nancy and Mark had an opportunity to be together like this. And then finally Abraham Lincoln rose from the splint bottomed chair he had tilted against the kitchen wall and told Mark he'd

go in the other room for a while to listen to the flow of oratory about politics. He came over to thank Nancy for the popcorn.

"When you stop in Springfield, you must come to my house," he said. "Mrs. Lincoln's a great hand for company. You and your young man both come."

Nancy's cheeks flamed.

"Some day." Mark's hand reached out awkwardly and touched hers, "some day we'll go to Washington to see Abraham Lincoln. Mind what I say. Some day we'll be proud to talk about this evening he set up with us and talked."

He left his chair to replenish the wood box. After that he moved his chair nearer hers and their tones became low as they shared confidences. It was then the girl told of Colonel Stewart's prefidy. even bringing the homely, black umbrella from behind the door for the youth to see.

"It's damp, Nancy," Mark said. "Somebody's been using it."

"Mr Lincoln carried it out to the stage coach for the judge." she said, and though she didn't understand why, pride crept into her voice, her head went a little bit higher.

The next morning, when Nancy served breakfast to the people who were to journey on east on the same coach, the same proud feeling came over her. She carried the platter of venison to Abraham Lincoln first, also the big dish which held what Caleb called "the best hog and hominy" in the state.

Her eyes shone beautifully when the tall man again talked to her when the meal was over and told her that his mother's name had been Nancy and that she too had been very pretty.

Later she became offended when the girls in the kitchen said that he had looked like a scarecrow. The coach was driving away with him riding beside the driver. his coat tails flapping in the wind and his hat tilted at an odd angle on his head. But she said nothing because she was remembering the beautiful smile he had flashed at her when he had mentioned his mother, another Nancy.

The rain dripped and dripped, bringing down leaves from the trees along Pennsylvania Avenue, in typical October fashion. Washington, despite its carriages and fine horses, was more drab, more gray, more tragic under leaden skies, than it had seemed the day Mark and Nancy Slough had come there to live.

The guests at her boarding house had bad moods when the rain fell. When the sun shone, they told her she was the best cook in the whole capital. This morning all of them grumbled. Out in the kitchen Nancy, who was like a sister to all her helpers, said in a tragic voice, "Today reminds me of the terrible night we came to Washington. I can hardly keep from crying."

She and Mark had come to the capital following their wedding. Colonel Richard Thompson had recommended Mark for an oppointment. They felt sure that President Lincoln, when he saw Mark, would remember the evening "he had set up" with them in the Half-Way Inn. They had just entered the capital depot when a man came running in from the street crying in a wild voice. "President Lincoln has been shot!"

All through the years of the war,

while she had worked in Indianapolis and then in a hospital, Nancy had planned for the day when she would see Abraham Lincoln who had told her of his mother and of the name she bore. When Mark had been carried into the hospital and when he limped out of it, Nancy had smiled bravely.

His wounds weren't all healed when she told him, "As soon as we're married, we'll go to Washington to live. I've got some money saved to start a boarding house. While I keep it you can go on with your reading law. And when I have it running well. I'll invite Mr Lincoln to dinner."

"But Presidents do not eat at boarding houses, any more than kings do," he had teased her.

"Mr Lincoln will," she insisted. "I know he will. I've always dreamed of that."

Her courage, which had held through the long difficult months that followed her coming, seemed to die this morning. He shabby purse held such a little bit of money. The house needed new tablecloths. new covers for the feather beds. Worst of all she wanted a new dress for the reception the people from Indiana were giving for Colonel Richard Thompson, the new Secretary of the Navy.

She was at her lowest mood when Mark came rushing into the kitchen where she was waiting. He wanted to talk to her alone. He had an opportunity for a job in the south. Richard Weeks wanted him for an assistant. Nancy sat listening while Mark talked about the salary Richard Weeks offered. She seemed to see Alice Weeks, Richard's wife, riding down the avenue in her carriage with a nurse holding her baby. All this luxury had come to her since Richard had gone south. Of course there were whispers about Richard's being the head of political graft in that state. Some of her boarders had called him a "carpet bagger." But it was a time when all men talked about others who were getting up in the world. Right now was the worst time for a young lawyer to start in practice. After they had saved money they could come back—

Just then eighteen months old Mark came toddling into the kitchen, dragging after him a rusty green and black cotton umbrella of mammoth proportions. It caught on the table leg. Nancy sprank to help him, caught the umbrella, recognized it and held it out to Mark, the father. It was the umbrella Abraham Lincoln had carried out to pompous little Judge Hammond. In some way that children have, little Mark had gotten it out of its corner in his mother's closet.

Together. as they sat and talked, Mark and Nancy held the umbrella. They seemed to see again the dripping rain. the tall man with the high hat and flapping coat tails rushing toward the stage coach, the umbrella in his hand. They seemed to see him sitting in the kitchen his hickory splint bottomed chair tilted against the wall.

It was Nancy who spoke first "I don't think he would admire a lawyer who worked for Richard Weeks. You know he said honest lawyers could make a country."

Mark's hand closed on hers. "I was trying to forget that and think only of you and the baby, Nancy," he said.

"I hate to see you work so hard. I—"

"This is a good boarding house," Nancy's shoulders went high, "and soon you'll have more practice. Soon you'll get an appointment through honest worth and not through a mean man as Richard Weeks."

After Mark had gone and while her girls stacked dishes in the dining room. Nancy carried the umbrella back to her room. She'd better wrap it in tissue paper and lock it in the best clothes press to keep it for little Mark when he had grown tall. Perhaps he too would have weak moments like his father had had. Perhaps he too would need the advice of the great American.

Her scarred hands grasped the umbrella lovingly. She touched it with her lips; whispering, "His mother's name was Nancy. too. How she must have worked! She too was often weary, but women who raise sons like hers must be weary many, many times—very, very weary."

I have noticed that folks are generally about as happy as they have made up their minds to be.—Abraham Lincoln.

VALENTINE TRADITION BORN OF TRAGEDY

By Charles Montgomery

St. Valentine's Day, day of love, devotion and pretty sentiment, will be celebrated next Friday; but few know that its observance grew out of death and tragedy.

While 'tis said that on that day the Patron Saint will smile on maidens the world over and while there are many versions as to how observance of the day began, the prettiest one and the one that appeals most to sentiment goes back to the days of Emperor Claudius of Rome. He found that engaged and married men did not wish to go to war, seriously handicapping the recruiting of his legions. So he decreed there should be no more marriages. Opposition, of course, is the greatest spur to love and dallying swains and maidens, flocked to the priest Valentine to marry them. This he did. The Emperor, enraged, put Valentine to death; but he lived in the hearts of the people, particularly sweethearts who ever since have observed the anniversary of his death.

In medieval times the first youth who saw a maiden in the morning or the young man whose name she drew from a box, was her "valentine" or chivalrous knight for the day. He gave her a gift, often flowers, and attended her gallantly. The gift, too, became a "valentine."

The second most interesting story of the day's origin concerns Valentinus, whose head was cut off during

the reign of Marcus Aurelius Claudius Gothius due to jealousy. Valentine was supposed to have the power of healing lovers' quarrels, and often was beseeched to bring back straying lovers. His gentle sweetness of character made him so beloved generally that the Emperor feared for his throne and had Valentine beheaded. After his death it became the practice to celtbrate his birthday with the giving of sweets and flowers.

Thus the custom of gift making started and grew. Red, the color symbolizing cheer, for many years was most popular but it has been replaced to large extent by blue, the true lovers' color, and pink, which symbolizes "thought." Valentine letters full of love were the old-time custom. Nowadays, if one does not wish to go in for a more substantial gift, pretty cards are sent.

There was a time when the Valentine custom degenerated into the sending of anonymous missives, intended to hurt the feelings of the recipient but this practice practically has become a thing of the past,

To the three sweethearts, mother, wife and child, the first, second and third sweethearts that come into a man's life, the day has come to mean much. There is nothing that appeals more to a woman than the observance of days which mark an epoch in her life. Man, in the hurry and rush of business has little time for sentiment, but to a woman those little observances mean much. Formerly these remembrances were sent surreptitiously, but today the man is the exception who does not send a valentine to someone.

Is there a man whose thoughts do not wander back to the February 14 of former years- Days during which messages of love were exchanged much as they are today. When the cards bore not perhaps, the same words but at least the same sentiment:

"For love is the same as long ago,
Grandmother's Valentine told me so."

And so the day has been honored as that of the patron saint of lovers down through the ages. Each year the custom has grown in favor and more attention has been given it.

The newest thing is for the florist to be familiar with the language of flowers. Floral valentines should express an idea. It may be a little embarrassing to the young man. but a bit of tactful questioning by the salesman should lead to valuable suggestions. If the florist is to be Doctor to Dan Cupid, he certainly should remember what the flowers say.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance
There's pansies, that's for thoughts
You must wear your rue with a difference,
And there's violets for love,"

And so throughout the iist of flowers. Each conveys a message. Artistically arranged combinations offer untold possibilities in the language of love.

But with all the do-dabbs available, many of which will be used to express those deep sentiments that bashful and hesitant swains keep

locked within themselves the rest of the year, the post office probably will find the vast majority of the public still will use the good old post cards. folders and printed missives, so numerous, attractive and popular.

Time was when it was believed there was witchery abroad on St. Valentine's Day and that everyone who made a wish would "get it." In this connection, Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox once ended a poem on valentine witchery with the following couplet:

"Valentine Saint, good and great,
Give each longing heart its mate."

If you have knowledge you have a wonderful antidote for fear.—Selected.

EVANGELICAL WORLD HONORS D. L. MOODY

By P. Whitwell Wilson

The English-speaking world next week will honor the centenary of the birth of Dwight L. Moody, one of the greatest modern evangelists and one of the foremost American personalities of his time.

Special church services here and abroad will pay tribute to the memory of a layman who preached to perhaps 50,000,000 persons and was instrumental in changing the lives of a million converts.

Many present-day leaders—ministers, educators, business men—who knew Moody and were swayed by him will take active part in the centenary.

The famous schools founded by him at Northfield, Mass., and the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago will be centers of public interest in one who was described in his day as "among the greatest of humans."

Moody's earliest memories were of the spur of necessity. Born at Northfield, February 5, 1837, he was one of nine children. His father died when Dwight was four. Life was a struggle for the mother and her brood, and there was only the briefest schooling for the boy. But that boy was strong and resourceful.

As a growing lad he became a salesman in a Boston shoe store. A talk in the store with Edward Kimball, his Sunday school teacher, gave his his ruling idea of what to do with his life. In Chicago a year later, he went on selling shoes, and he did so well that, while still a youth, he had an income of $5,000. His friends watching his success thought they saw a multimillionaire in the making.

But Moody spent his money for church pews and filled those pews with people gathered from the by-

ways. Among the boys of Chicago he was a scoutmaster 50 years before the term was generally used. He opened a Bible school above a public market. It grew to be a church, with Moody for the preacher.

He had attended no theological seminary and had not been ordained as a minister. Still the crowds came to hear him. They found him a dominating, rousing figure, with his rugged profile, his huge shoulders, his strong, capable hands. They liked his ready wit, his shrewd common sense, his simple, direct way of telling them about God.

Soldiers in the camps of the Civil war heard Moody gladly. His Chicago success grew, though fires twice destroyed his churches. In 1870 he formed a working partnership with Ira D. Sankey, the gospel singer who sat at a harmonium and sang throngs into a listening frame of mind. Moody himself was tone-deaf, and his singing was a growl. but he said, "I sing as well as I can and Sankey can do no better than that."

Their hymns swept the world. The royalties to Moody mounted to more than $1,000,000, all of which he gave to religious and philanthropic causes. In the same way he passed along almost every dollar of the millions that came to him from audiences and from people of wealth in the course of his career.

Together Moody and Sankey began the greatest series of missionary journeys since the days of Wesley and Whitfield. The years 1874-75 they spent in a revival campaign in the British isles. They had no backing or prestiege there, and they had an uphill fight against prejudice and scorn—the British papers charged, for example, that they had been sent over by Barnum.

Their best meeting, at York drew but a few persons. Within two years they were holding five services a day in as many of the largest auditoriums in London, and those halls were not big enough to hold the crowds.

People of all faiths and conditions, archbishops, peers, commoners and the down-and-out, rushed to hear Moody, the layman. A host of famous men rallied around him.

It was England's greatest religious awakening. The spiritual resources thus accumulated in Britain were shared by the dominions. The awakening spread to Scandinavia, and churches there also will honor Moody's name.

What Moody accomplished was sensational, but the manner of its accomplishment was not. In the pulpit he never spoke excitedly. He depended much on apt anecdotes and homely illustrations.

A local minister, invited to open a meeting with prayer, was so verbose that Moody stepped to the front of the platform at last and said, "While our dear brother is finishing his prayer, we will sing hymn number so-and-so." In the audience was a young student, Wilfred Grenfell. The incident drew him to Moody, and Grenfell's work as a medical missionary in Labrador really dates from that moment. Hundreds of other men and women who have became famous in altruistic fields the world over received their inspiration from Moody.

Once, in England, the Godly had come early and filled the best seats,

shutting out the less saintly who needed to hear. Moody sensed the situation and promptly declared that he would leave the "saints" in their seats and address the "sinners" in the open air—which he did. He was never at a loss. When Gladstone said to him, "I wish I had your shoulders," Moody retorted, "and I wish I had your head."

At Cambridge he was greeted night after night by undergraduate uproar. He faced it down at last, as he faced down mud-throwing mobs in London.

Back in America, Moody preached in scores of cities, from Boston and Brooklyn to Denver and San Francisco. He led another great campaign in England and Ireland, but his work for a quarter-century was chiefly in the United States and Canada.

His skill at organization was well shown when he conducted a half-year campaign in Chicago at the time of the Columbian exposition, often with 125 meetings a week, in churches, theaters. even circus tents and with several hundred speakers and Bible students helping. He was leading a revival in Kansas City when stricken with the heart attack from which he died, December 22, 1899.

Amid all his journeyings, Moody made his headquaters in his native town. There he saw young people deserving of education and without means or opportunity to get it. In 1879 he founded the Northfield Seminary for Girls—the first classes met under his own roof. Two years later, in a farm house near by, he established Mount Hermon School for Boys.

In both, for character building he required the young people to earn part of their own way at useful toil, and that rule still prevails. The schools have trained some 25,000 men and women for life.

Through Moody's presence, Northfield became also a center of religious study for people from all parts of the world.. Its summer conferences now draw thousands of church workers. A stone shaft at Mount Hermon marks the spot of origin of the student volunteer movement, which has sent missionaries throughout the globe.

To Moody, conversion was not an end, only a beginning. He felt assured that God has assigned to him the miracle of evangelism, and no less assured that he had the method of making conversion enduring, namely, spiritual education.

With all his success and fame, Moody was the most modest of men. His only power, he insisted, was the power of God; he himself was only an instrument. When others addressed him as "Dwight Lyman Moody," he signed himself simply, "D. L. Moody."

His grave, on its little hill overlooking the Connecticut valley at Northfield, has the plainest of monuments. The name of Moody today, thirty-eight years after his death, is more than a reminiscence. It is a continuing force in the religious life of America and of the world.

He once said, "Some day you will read in the papers that Moody is dead. Don't you believe a word of it —I shall be more alive than ever."

NUGGETS FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

By W. E. Crouser, D. D.

After a century of talk it has finally been accomplished. I refer to the completion and formal opening of the gigantic bridge that spans the bay between San Francisco and Oakland. More than a qoarter of a million of people congregated in the vicinity of this monstrous structure when, on November 12, it was formally set apart for traffic purposes. Governor Merriam applied an acetylene torch to the chain that stretched across it, and President Roosevelt in the White House at Washington touched a button that flashed the "Go" signal at both ends, and the stream of traffic began.

The income for the month of November from toll was $442.000, an amount exceeding in a large degree the highest estimates of its builders. On one Sunday in November 75,190 vehicles crossed the bridge, and the average for weekdays is between 18,000 and 22,000. The distance covered by the bridge is 22,720 feet and the waters beneath it are the deepest ever bridged. The towers rise 516 feet above the water and extend 242 feet beneath the surface of the bay. There are two spans in this wonderful structure senarated by the Yerba Buena Island, which comprises 140 acres and at its highest point stands nearly 400 feet above the waters of the bay. A huge tunnel has been bored through this island for the accommodation of traffic. There are two decks to the bridge, and the inside measurement between the legs of the towers is sixty-six feet, somewhat wider than Market Street, San Francisco. It is lighted by non-glaring sodium vapor lights and the paving is estimated to last 1,400 years. The total cost was $77,000000.

No description of this gigantic achievement of modern science can carry an adequate idea of its grandeur the real thrill. It began with the vision of the idealist and ended with the application of available means. It makes one wonder if anything is possible before the skill and ingenuity of man. Certainly we specialize today in doing the impossible. Can the church bridge the deep waters of sin and open traffic into the kingdom of heaven? Such is quite possible when the dream of the idealist is supplemented by the application of the means available. The Master Builder has not set us at a hopeless task. What men are doing in a physical world along the lines of human progress, can be surpassed in wonder and greatness by the agents of the Lord God Almightly in the creation of a new earth.

No accidents are so unlucky that the prudent may draw some advantage from them.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Odie Hicks, of Cottage No. 9, who was taken to the Concord Hospital a little more than three weeks ago, suffering from pneumonia, has returned to the School. where he is recuperating fairly well.

—o—

Superintendent C. E. Boger; Messrs. J. Lee White, farm manager; and Roy H. Ritchie, mechanic, journeyed to Chapel Hill and Raleigh last Monday, the trip being made in the interest of the School.

—o—

Neely Dixon, of Cottage No. 3, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Thursday for treatment of a bone infection. A cast was placed on his leg and he was brought back to the School the same day.

—o—

A change in weather last Wednesday brought forth an order for getting water ready to slaughter another "batch" of hogs in the afternoon. Every opportunity is being taken to get rid of the large number of porkers which have been ready for slaughter for some time.

—o—

The recent sale of five hundred bushels of peas enabled the School to accquire four new wagons and two teams of young mules, and still not consume the total amount received for the peas. In this transaction the School got rid of four defective mules which were of no further use in farming operations here.

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys, having completed the installation of lockers in the cottage basements. have started on another task, that of putting new floors in the cottage kitchens. They are also making preparations for the construction of a number of glass-top concrete plant beds which will be used for forcing early plants.

—o—

Among the large number of boys entering the Receiving Cottage last week there has been shown a more restless spirit than we have noticed among new boys for several months. A number of attempts to escape have been made. but only one was successful. A boy certainly has to be pretty keen to escape the watchful eye of Mr. Presson, officer in charge of the Receiving Cottage.

—o—

We have had several letters from Adolph Watson, one of our boys, who is now working with Mr. Sam Bivens, Jr., on a farm near Stanfield. From these letters we gather that Adolph is satisfied with his present place of

employment and is getting along well. also that he is interested in purchasing a horse from the School in order that he might start farming operations for himself.

On a recent visit to the School, Mr. Bivens reported that Adolph is a very good worker and that he is well pleased with him. He also stated that the lad is a regular attendant at church and Sunday school.

—o—

Our dairy is still functioning in fine style. The flow of milk seems to be at its peak, furnishing around 160 gallons of milk per day, thus giving each boy more than a quart.

When we hear of other dairies in the state with a much lower milk production record, we have reason to be justly proud of our herd. One pleasing feature concerning this herd is that it has never been an expense to the School, except in raising of same. No high-priced cows have been purchased by the School. Our herd is the dairy's own product.

We are also fortunate in being able to say that the entire herd is free from disease of any kind. This is quite an item in this day and time. when one stops to consider the numerous kinds of diseases that affect dairy herds.

—o—

A few days ago we were pleased to receive from the children's department of the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, a very fine lot of magazines, consisting of several copies each of Reader's Digest, Fortune, Time. National Geographic, and other leading high-class publications. They were collected and sent out to the School by Mrs. F. M. Youngblood. Many of them were placed on file in our library, the others being distributed among the various cottages.

Just a day or two later we received another gift of magazines, among them being. Popular Mechanics, Child Life, Open Road for Boys, and others. These were delivered to the School by Mrs. H. B. Robertson, Mrs. Leon Smith and Mrs. J. T. Fesperman, of Kannapolis. They were the gift of the King's Daughters Circle, of that city. many of them having been contributed by Mrs. G. G. Allen.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank these good ladies of Concord and Kannapolis for their kindness in furnishing our boys with such a supply of fine reading material.

—o—

Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 16th chapter of Matthew, and in his talk to the boys, he called special attention to Hebrews 12:2 and Matthew 10:38.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that through every piece of rope used in the English Navy could be found a tiny scarlet cord running through the center. By this means the rope. wherever found, can be identified as the property of the British Navy.

The Cross of Christ, said the

speaker, can be likened to the scarlet cord, as it runs through all the teachings of Jesus. When we read of the many incidents in the life of Christ, we find the cross is the crowning event in the life of the one who came to save the world.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then cited several reasons why Christ died upon the cross. as follows:

(1) It was the will of God. In the Old Testament, written hundreds of years before Jesus's birth, it was prophesied in a number of places that he should give his life to same men. God, who doesn't will something just for the doing of that particular thing, had a reason for His Son's death upon the cross. Christ died that men might be attracted unto him. Nothing appeals to men more than sacrifice.

(2) Christ went to the cross as an example for us. Jesus doesn't ask men to humble themselves a bit lower than he; we are not asked to do anything that he would not do. He is a great leader, showing us the way. rather than simply telling us the way to go.

(3) Jesus died upon the cross to show men something of what God is. God's righteousness was revealed there.

(4) The cross perfected Jesus Christ as our high priest. Jesus can serve us better because he went through all the things he did. The glory which he has today is more glorious because he suffered in attaining it. Exaltation always follows humiliation.

(5) The great purpose of the cross is that it is our salvation. Jesus is the ransom. We are under the power of Satan and sin, but Jesus paid the price of his life as a ransom that we might be saved from our sins.

Christ is the mediator, striving for a better covenant with God if we are true Christians. God says that He will be our God, and take care of us and save us. We, upon becoming Christians. say that we will accept this offer. Jesus is the mediator between us and God, that we might fulfil our part of the covenant.

Another thing about the sacrifice made by Jesus, continued the speaker, is that he made it willingly. While men dread the idea of dying, Jesus gave up his life, while yet a young man. and did it cheerfully. If he had so desired, he could have saved his life, but he gladly went to his death in order that God's will might be carried out, thus assuring man of salvation. He had nothing to gain for himself. He did it all for us.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that the greatest failure of Christians today is that they do not take the commands of our Lord seriously enough. We have plenty of opportunities to study God's law, but are not willing to deny ourselves the things of the world. Many of those calling themselves Christians today. do not go the way of the cross—they are unwilling to make sacrifices.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 7, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Robert Allen 9
(7) J. C. Cox 7
(10) Edward Johnson 10
(4) James Johnson 4
(7) Ray Norman 7
(10) Mack Setzer 10
(10) Fred Wheeler 10
(4) James Wilhite 9

COTTAGE No. 1

(10) William Goodson 10
(2) William Howard 8
John Kellam 6
(5) Claude Maines 7
Jack Norris 4
Howard Roberts
(3) Albert Silas 7
(2) James West 7
(3) Robert Watts 3
(4) Preston Yarborough 9

COTTAGE No. 2

Max Lindsay 3
Fred Seibert 5
Boyd Strickland 4
(2) Robert Worthington 5
Richard Wrenn 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

Garrett Bishop 5
Odell Bray
(5) Hurley Davis 7
(2) James Hancock 7
(5) Ralph Johnson 7
(2) Grover Lett 2
Thomas Little 5
(2) Robert Mims 6
(2) Charles Mizzell 6
Robert Orrell 4
(6) Loyd Pettus 8
(3) Frank Raby 7

COTTAGE No. 5

A. L. Gaines 9
(4) John Grider 5
Monroe Keith 7
David Odham
Thomas Sullivan
(4) Jack Tate 5

COTTAGE No. 6

(9) Fletcher Castlebury 9
(2) James Coleman 7
(7) Robert Deyton 8
Noah Ennis 6
Marvin King 4
Charles McCoyle 4

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 3
James Corn 6
Archie Castlebury 4
John Elliott 6
James Finley 2
Caleb Hill 6
Houston Howard 4
Wayland Morgan 3
Percy Sanford 4
Lester Warren 4

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Lloyd Banks 4
(9) Sam Belk 9
Howard Baheeler
(2) James Ferrell 2
John Penninger 5
(2) Ralph Rainey 6
Charles Taylor 2
John Tolbert

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Braddock 5
Edgar Burnette 2
(2) Wilson Bowman 5
Craig Chappell
(2) Randolph Davis 9
Reuben Duggins 3
(2) Woodfin Fowler 5
(2) Charles Freeman 8
(2) C. D. Grooms 7
Elbert Kersey 3
Luther Landrum

(2) Esmond Reams 6
Glenn Richardson 4
(2) Homer Smith 8
Cleveland Suggs 3
Samuel J. Watkins 3
Luther Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

(5) Glenn Collins 5
Jeff Gouge 6
Mack Jones
William Peedin 5
(2) Frank Ramsey 7

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 3
(4) Walter Blevins 4
(2) Edward Carpenter 5
Earl Duncan 3
(2) H. A. Holmes 4
(9) David Hodge 9
(4) William Kirk 7
William Martin 2
(2) Donald Newman 2
Theodore Rector 2
(8) Julius Stevens 8
(2) John Uptegrove 6
(4) Berchell Young 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Robert Hailey 4
Eugene Patton 3
Claudius Pickett 5
John Smith

COTTAGE No. 14

John Crawford 3
Fred Clark
(3) Spurgeon Dowless 3
James Kirk 3
(3) Stacy Long 7
Luther Nunnery
(4) Glenn Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

W. R. Hunt has expressed beautifully what I would like each of my days to be. These are his words:

"The sun is just rising on the sun of another day, the first day of a new year. What can I wish that this day, this year may bring to me?

"A few friends who understand me, and yet remain my friends.

"A work to do that has real value without which the world would feel the poorer.

"A mind unafraid to travel even though the trail be not blazed.

"An understanding heart.

"A sense of humor and the power to laugh.

"A little leisure with nothing to do.

"A few moments of quiet, silent meditation. The sense of the presence of God."—Smithfield Herald.

FEB 2 0 1937

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONC[illegible] [illegible]ARY 20, 1937 No. 8

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WASHINGTON

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done.
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men are born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldier eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours and all men's—
Washington.

—James Russell Lowell

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky,
  And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
  For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
  Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
  Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
  Brings, in its annual round, the morn,
When, greatest of the sons of men,
  Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
  Calmly the mighty Hudson flows;
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
  Broadening the lordly river goes.

Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
  Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
  Increase of honor to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON

The glory of Washington as a leader and patriot is inspiringly told by George William Curtis. His entire career in carving a nation at a time when savagery roamed the forests, demonstrates clearly this courage and tenacity, making him the peer of any and

the superior of many in leadership. This is a superb tribute to the Father of Our Country:

"To lead a people in revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without crime, demands indeed lofty genius and unbending virtue. But to build their State amid the angry conflict of passion and prejudice, to peacefully inaugurate a complete and satisfactory government—this is the very greatest service that a man can render to mankind. But this also is the glory of Washington....

"With the sure sagacity of a leader of men, he selected at once for the three highest stations the three chief Americans. Hamilton was the head, Jefferson was the heart, and John Jay the conscience of his administration. Washington's just and serene ascendency was the lambent flame in which these beneficent powers were fused; and nothing else than that ascendency could have ridden the whirlwind and directed the storm that burst around him. Party spirit blazed into fury. John Jay was hung in effigy; Hamilton was stoned; insurrection raised its head in the West; Washington himself was denounced. But the great soul was undismayed. Without a beacon, without a chart, but with unwavering eye and steady hand, he guided his country safe through darkness and through storm. He held his steadfast way, like the sun across the firmament, giving life and health and strength to the new nation; and upon a searching survey of his administration, there is no great act which his country would annul; no word spoken, no line written, no deed done by him, which justice would reverse or wisdom deplore."

* * * * * * *

THE ELLERBE SCHOOL

A trail to the home of the man who makes a success is soon made. If all reports read in newspapers are true, the educators of the nation are observing the work accomplished in the Ellerbe school, a rural school under the supervision of Richard F. Little for the past nine years. Richard F. Little, principal, has proven himself to be a wizard in meeting conditions in the realm of school work and "made two blades of grass grow where only one grew previously."

The general impression is that "progressive education" can hardly be accomplished without a heavy expenditure for equipment, but

It is evident the Ellerbe school has been making headway with the usual allotment provided by the state for the public school system. We do not know Richard F. Little's theory for the work in evidence, but we do know he has attracted the attention of the educators of the country, and shown that money is not the only thing that counts for success, but a vision combined with courage and pluck to do something every day.

Gerald Johnson in the Baltimore Sun writes interestingly of the Sandhill school under the caption, "Ever Hear Of Ellerbe, N. C. School?", and we carry the same for it is a fine piece of publicity for the good old state.

There is no discrediting the majesty of little things. Frequently such achievements light the first torch that proves contagious and inspires the masses.

* * * * * * *

MRS. McKIMMON RETIRES

Dr. Jane McKimmon, who has led the state's home demonstration activities for 25 years has retired, and a young woman, Miss Ruth Current, of rare personality and earnestness has been chosen as Mrs. McKimmon's successor.

Mrs. McKimmon is well known in North Carolina. She has touched many homes of every description with the aim of making living conditions better, therefore, giving joy to thousands that otherwise would have eked out a miserable existence. She retires with a consciousness of doing her duty, a compensation that satisfies all through life.

This little paper bows to honor Mrs. McKimmon, and at the same greets Miss Ruth Current and wishes for her great success in her work.

* * * * * * *

MRS. SARAH LOUISA PERRY

This name means nothing to the masses, but she has the distinction of having taught Dr. B. B. Dougherty, president of the Appalachian State Teachers College, and his brother, and co-warker, the late D. D. Dougherty, the alphabet. And she declares that she is proud she contributed that much towards molding the character

of two men who have done so much for the people of the state in building an institution that meets the demands of many who otherwise would have never had a chance.

Mrs. Perry's educational advantages did not go beyond Smith's Grammar, McGuffey's Readers and Webster's Blue Back Speller, but in the art of home making doubtless she could teach domestic science teachers in many things that would add charm to the home, and cost but "a bit."

The brief sketch of the life of Mrs. Perry in the Watauga Democrat is refreshing, absolutely without the frills and furbelows that today seem to be necessary for the happiness of the young people. We would not want to return to the days of hardships, but there are times when we feel that living is made too easy,—that it scraps every bit of a creative mind one inherits. The short sketch of this noble woman's life gives one a retrospective glance of the bygone days. Such comparisons, yesteryear with the present times, ought to make us more appreciative and chartiable.

* * * * * * *

THE POWER OF MUSIC

One Of The Latest Inventions—The Hammond Electric Organ

Music is truly the universal language. Through the years man has invented many instruments from the most primitive types to the most modern through which that language might find expression. One of the more recent of those instruments is that represented by the new Hammond Electric Organ recently installed in Trinity Evangelical and Reformed Church of Concord. This instrument is not a pipe organ in that it contains no pipes nor does it contain any air pressure system or vibrating parts. It creates musical tones electrically, amplfying them through a tone cabinet, and it is said that 153 million tone colors may be produced through the instrument. Along with the organ, Trinity Church also enjoys the effective tone qualities of the Mayland Chimes. These are electric action tubular chimes developed for installation with the Hammond Organ.

Martin Luther said: "Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us." The apti-

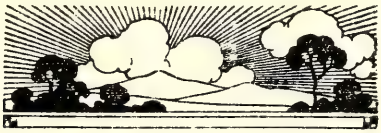
tude of melody in commanding bodily functions is of common knowledge. One is stirred, one's heart beats faster, at the sound of martial music; a low chant frequently exerts an almost hypnotic effect. Sleep is induced by a mother's lullaby.

Music is not only a power over the body of man and in his work and in his health, but music is likewise potent over the emotions of man. Psychologists tell us that the will of man is of little account when unaided by backing emotion. If, then, music controls the emotions of man, it likewise controls his will. That means that man's aspiration, his deeds, his accomplishments, all come within the possibilities of the influence of music.

Melody has had a wonderful place in the development of Christianity. We can find its strains running through the Bible influencing its characters. The power of melody upon the soul is seen in the fact that music is the universal language.

Dr. H. Augustine Smith in the introduction to his New Hymnal For American Youth says: "There will probably never be a time when music will not be a vital part of the acts of worship. The functioning of worship includes the working of those mysterious elements of human feeling which may not be so accurately measured or controlled, but which must nevertheless be recognized, and used if possible, in the development of the finest and best that worship can give. The emotional element in worship, properly aroused, leads to that higher and finer form of religious experience which may be called fruition. Music affords a universal means of expression, either actually, or vicariously, and its use guarantees to religion one of her great ministries, leading out of self to the great world where love and service unite for the building of the Kingdom of God."

* * * * * * *



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

DEVOTION

"Let me find shrines along my way
At which my litanies to say,
Sweet altars of the pure delight
To kneel to in my prayers at night.
Ever that I in peace, good will,
May in devotions wander still,
Seeking life's truth in any guise
That lifts me in spirit to the skies."

—o—

Most married men of families prefer twin six in their cars instead of six twins in the family.

—o—

There are a lot of folks who believe everything they hear. They never change their mind until they hear something on themselves.

—o—

It is being told that children are losing their faith in fairy stories. Don't know about that, but a great many of the grownups still believe in campaign promises.

—o—

Those newspaper men, who, some time ago, were so alert in predicting that Edward would not give up his throne, are in the same category with the Literary Digest.

—o—

Federal officers contend that it is up to the taxpayers to balance the budget. That's what I've been expecting all the time. They are now taxing everything under the sun—and they'd go above that luminary if they could get up there, seeking something to put a tax on.

—o—

The generality of people are always wishing for something. You cannot get anything, or get anywhere, by mere wishing. Get out and hustle a bit. Things usually turn up for the man who digs.

—o—

I wish somebody would explain why it is, that on a very calm day, when a fellow wants to light his pipe, or cigarette, and he strikes a match, a breeze comes from somewhere and blows it out.

—o—

It is reported that the Iowa State College has developed a streamlined rooster, whatever kind of rooster that is. We'd had screamlined roosters in this section of the country, in early morn, for many years.

—o—

It is very often the case that when a fellow goes into a shoe-store to get himself a pair of shoes he finds a hole in his socks. It reminds me of the Irishman, who found a hole in his socks, and he turned them wrong side out, and put them on. When asked why he did that, said, "to keep to hole from showing on the right side."

—o—

The almost incredible response of the public to the appeal of the American Red Cross for money for the relief of the sufferers in the flooded areas reveals the tremendous influence wielded in this country by the Christian church. We are upholding our tradition of being a Christian nation.

—o—

In one of our progressive towns, when they were considering the in-

stallation of parking meters on the streets for ninety days on trial, one of the belles of the town wanted the installing company to install one in the parlor at her residence, so that her beaux might contribute cigarette money.

—o—

It is a matter of impossibility to please all the people all the time. It cannot be done. There are Americans who are sore because the Federal Government publishes their salaries; and then there are those who are sore because the Federal Government does not publish their salaries. As far as I am concerned, I would like to have a salary for it to publish.

—o—

The 10th of this month is what is known in the Church calendar as Ash Wednesday—the beginning of Lent, the season commemorating our Lord's forty days fast in the wilderness. The time to think less on worldly things and give more attention to spiritual things—self-examination. As we proceed on our way through this life the Ash Wednesday door opens to us, we come to Christ. A vital will and a live conscience prepare us to meet Him; to learn of Him; to go with Him. You would know His mind about life and what He meant by His Kingdom. You would search this out through His dealings with people and His teaching of the disciples. During the Forty Days of Lent you will follow Him from the wilderness to the tomb. You will listen thoughtfully; observe seriously: ask questions sincerely. We cannot examine every detail in our Lenten pilgrimage from the Wilderness to Calvary; but if we are simple and receptive, the path will be clear and there will be fountains of living water all along the way. Listen to His invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

IF ONLY I

If only I
Tonight might have the power
To set the world afire with love for Him!
For only He,
Within this smoldering hour,
Could vanquish war that stalks so fierce, so grim!
For this poor world,
In groping through the darkness,
Seeks for a higher law than that of hate.
If only I,
With all who follow Jesus,
Might bring white peace before it is too late!

—Ruth L. Whitaker

MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

There stands on the corner of Charles and Lewis Streets in the town of Fredericksburg, Va.. a quaint and unpretentious two-story cottage of cream colored claphoard with dark green blinds. So utterly void of architectural grandeur is this simple house, built squarely and solidly on the street, that the visitor or casual passer-by, should he stop to gaze at its low rambling roof, dormer windows and inviting green doorway with brass knocker. would little dream that it has stood thus, for almost 200 years, and is today considered one of America's most historic and heroic houses.

Fredericksburg, an old, old town on the Rappahannock, had long been "home" to members of the Washington family. but not until 1772 did George Washington buy the cottage for his mother, Mary Ball Washington. With a realization of the impending danger of the Revolutionary War, he tried to induce this mother of Spartan courage to "move in town" from her home at "Ferry Farm" on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock, but it was March, 1775. before she finally consented to come.

George, with his sister, Betty Lewis, whose stately home "Kenmore" joined the cottage property in the back, supervised the move—Washington remaining three days until he saw his old mother comfortably ensconced in her new quarters. At first she had protested the move, but when her gallant son took his leave, she made him feel that already she was enjoying "living in town" and was glad to be nearer her church, her daughter, and her friends.

Thus Mary Washington's new life in her home started off serenely enough. The house and property was more than adequate for her needs—the land having been a part of the original Kenmore estate. The garden was separated from the Kenmore garden by a fence and gate, and there was a boxwood walk, a part of which is still standing.

In the brief period of time before the storm clouds of 1776 cast their ominous shadows over her, Mary Washington found happiness and time for rest and contemplation in her cottage in town. Her boxwood walk was a joy and delight to her. and a thing of stately beauty indeed. Her garden—a riot of bloom and color in spring and summer, gave her equal cause for pride and enthusiasm. filled as it was with all of the bright, fragrant flowers of a typical Virginia garden. Cooking, in the quaint out-door kitchen she supervised daily, especially the making of beaten biscuits and ginger-bread for which she was famous. And there were frequent visits from her son-in-law. Colonel Fielding Lewis, her daughter, Betty, his wife, and their many children.

With the end of day, by the fireside in her famous "front room" or in the twilight of a summer's evening, Mary

Washington was alone with her thoughts—to live over again in retrospect—all the years that had made up her life—her present "old age."

There were the days of her girlhood at "Epping Forest" in Lancaster County. not far away; the early years of her wifehood with Augustine Washington; their life at "Wakefield"—where her George had been born, nearby too, in Westmoreland County. Then lastly, there had been "Ferry Farm" across the river from Fredericksburg. Life had not been easy at the farm, and money had been scarce, but they had all been together.

The children had come daily to school in Fredericksburg to "Parson Marye." and the years had somehow passed, all too swiftly, and her children had grown to manhood and womanhood.

Then George had gone away to survey for Lord Fairfax; later to fight against the French and Indians. Mary Washington had bitterly opposed the war, shaking her head and saying, "Oh the fighting and killing." But her usual calm philosophy had come to her rescue. and she had dismissed the subject with a few words: "God is our sure trust. To Him I commend you."

But these dreams of the past soon came to an end, for there was a fearful reality in the present. The American Revolution was to take her son, George, again into battle. "Oh! is there to be more fighting—more bloodshed? Surely it will all end in the halter." And while Colonel Fielding Lewis was sacrificing his fortune in manufacturing arms for his country, and patriots congregated at the old Rising Sun Tavern in town, a little white haired woman could be seen leaving her cottage daily—for hours of silent prayer and meditation—on a rock. still standing near her home, that came to be known as "Meditation Rock."

Through all of the long and anxious years of the American Revolution, Mary Washington lived alone with a maidservant in this cottage, and it was here that she received the courier sent by General Washington to tell her of the victory at Trenton.

Here too, came Washington victorious from Yorktown. The story is amusing how he sent his orderly ahead to prepare his mother for his home-coming, lest the shock be too great for her. "Madame" said the orderly, touching his tri-cornered hat—"His Excellency will be here within the hour."

"His Excellency indeed," exclaimed the proud old mother. "You tell George I'll be glad to see him." Then to her maid, Patsy, "I shall need a white apron."

LaFayette came also to pay his respects to her who was the mother of the greatest American. He found her in her garden among her flowers, where she greeted him on the boxwood walk, afterwards serving him wine and cakes in the "best room" which was the front corner room. She met all of his fine graces with the straightforward simplicity and sincerity which characterized her life. and when he bade her farewell, she gave him her blessing. After the meeting, LaFayette's estimate of her was this—"I have seen the only Roman Matron of my day."

To her and this simple cottage that was her home, came other illustrious men of that time—Rochambeau, Baron Von Stueben, Viscount d'Nouvalles, Count d'Estang. Baron d'Vominel and other distinguished officers who attended the great Peace Ball held in Fredericksburg in 1783.

It was in the front room of this quaint cottage that Washington bade his mother that last farewell which has been so touchingly portrayed in painting. It was March 12, 1789, and he was going away again—this time to be inaugurated first President of the United States. With tears and prayers they parted, knowing they would never meet again. For less than six months time. Mary Washington lay dead, with town and country assembled to do honor at her burial.

Her remains lie in a spot she herself selected, not far from her cottage, on the Kenmore estate, where as she said. "it would never be cultivated."

There in 1832 was laid the cornerstone of the imposing monument later erected over her grave. with President Andrew Jackson, and a brilliant military and civic display, come to pay fitting tribute.

In 1894 the present monument given by the Fredericksburg and the National Mary Washington Memorial Associations, was unveiled by President Grover Cleveland.

The will of Mary Washington as registered in the Clerk's office at Fredericksburg, stands unique among wills as Mary Washington stood unique among the women of her time. and because it was drafted, signed, and witnessed, within the walls of the little cottage which was her Fredericksburg home, it seems fitting and appropriate to include it in this sketch. It begins:

'In the name of God! Amen. I, Mary Washington. of Fredericksburg, in the County of Spotsylvania, being in good health, but calling to mind the uncertainly of this life, and willing to dispose of what remains of my worldly estate, do make and publish this, my last will, recommending my soul into the hands of my Creator, hoping for a remission of all my sins through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, the Savior of Mankind; I dispose of my worldly goods as follows:

Imprimis—I give to my son, General George Washington, all my land in Accokeek Run, in the County of Stafford. and also my Negro boy, George, to him and his heirs forever. Also my best bed, bedstead, and Virginia cloth curtains (the same that stands in my best bed-room), my quilted blue and white quilt. and my best dressing-glass.

Item—I give and devise to my son, Charles Washington, my Negro man, Tom, to him and his assigns forever.

Item—I give and devise to my daughter, Betty Lewis, my phaeton and my bay horse.

Item—I give and devise to my daughter-in-law, Hannah Washington, my purple cloth cloak lined with shag.

Item—I give and devise to my grandson, Corbin Washington, my

Negro wench. old Bet, my riding chair, and two black horses, to him and his assigns forever.

Item—I give and devise to my grandson, Fielding Lewis, my Negro man, Frederick. to him and his assigns forever; also eight silver tablespoons, half of my crockery ware and the blue-and-white tea china, with book case, oval table, one bedstead, one pair sheets, one pair blankets and white cotton counterpane, two table cloths, six red leather chairs, half my pewter and one-half of my iron kitchen furniture.

Item—I give and devise to my grandson, Lawrence Lewis, my Negro wench, Lydia. to him and his assigns forever.

Item—I give and devise to my granddaughter, Bettie Carter, my Negro woman, little Bet, and her future increase. to her and her assigns forever; also my largest looking-glass, my walnut writing desk with drawers, a square dining table, one bed, bedstead, bolster, one pillow, one blanket and pair of sheets, white Virginia cloth counterpane and purple curtains, my red-and-white tea china, teaspoons, and the other half of my pewter, crockery ware. and the remainder of my iron kitchen furniture.

Item—I give to my grandson, George Washington, my next best dressing-glass, one bed, bedstead bolster. one pillow, one pair sheets, one blanket and counterpane.

Item—I desire all my wearing apparel to be equally divided between my granddaughters, Bettie Carter, Fannie Ball and Milly Washington but should my daughter, Betty Lewis, fancy any one. two, or three articles, she is to have them before a division thereof.

Lastly, I nominate and appoint my said son. General George Washington, executor of this, my will, and as I owe few or no debts, I direct my executor to give no security nor to appraise my estate. but desire the same may be alloted to my devisees, with as little trouble and delay as may be, desiring their acceptance thereof as all the token I now have to give them of my love for them.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 20th day of May, 1778.

Mary Washington.

Witness. John Ferneyhough.

Signed, sealed and published in our presence, and signed by us in the presence, of the said Mary Washington, and at her desire.

J. Mercer.

Joseph Walker.

After Mary Washington's death, the cottage in which she lived during 14 momentous years, was destined to change hands many times. Then, as if fate purposely intervened, another woman of outstanding character became its mistress, when on February 19. 1855, the property was bought by Jane Hipkins Dickinson, the writer's great-grandmother, who was to own and occupy it for almost 21 years—until her death in November 1876.

Like Mary Washington, Jane Dick-

inson too, had been born and bred nearby, at "Chestnut Valley" in Caroline. the seat of her father James Dickinson. By her marriage in 1820 to John Dickinson of Bowling Green she had become a Dickinson two-fold, for this young lawyer who is said to have courted her most persistently neath the great chestnut trees that gave her home its name, was a direct descendant in the fifth generation of Henry Dickinson, who with an elder brother Walter, were the first of their name in Virginia, emigrating from England and patenting land in Lancaster County in 1654.

Jane Dickinson was widowed early, and was still a young woman--52, when, with all of her children grown and married and gone to homes of their own, she left the seclusion of the Rappahannock estate she had known for so many years, and moved "in town." It was this cottage that became home to her for a longer period than Mary Washington knew it as such; the home to which her children and grandchildren came year in and out, for they all lived nearby.

In Fredericksburg today, there are grandchildren living of Jane Dickinson's who recalled and vividly recount their many happy visits to "Grandma" when she lived here. Of her oldfashioned flower garden and her pride in the boxwood that Mary Washington had so loved, part of which is still standing. Strangely though, Ellen Coleman Dickinson, the eldest daughter of John and Jane Dickinson, had married, in 1849, Major Henry Byrd Lewis, a great-great-grandson of Betty Washington and Colonel Fielding Lewis, so that once again. Washington descendants knew this cottage as a fond and familiar family abode.

But like Mary Washington, Jane Dickinson had but a few brief years of peace and quiet in this little cottage, before the storm clouds of a new and more terrible war than that of 1776 cast their ominous shadows over her boxwood walk. Not only far away was there the roar and rumble of cannon, but in the very town itself. All of the horror and anguish and blood of the War Between the States, Jane Dickinson knew from within the walls of this cottage—some of it within sight of her very windows—her own eyes.

Like many another brave Fredicksburg woman, she knew the anguish of cut-off communication with her dear ones. yet through it all helping to nurse the wounded, and sending them on their way again.

The war—the war—the years dragging by like eternity. Burnside's Pontoon Bridges, Barksdale's Mississippians, lodged on the river bank to fire upon them Mayre's Height's —the Sunken Road—the whispered news that the gallant General T. R. R. Cobb had been killed within sight of the window at Federal Hill, before which his mother and father had stood when they were married. Stonewall Jackson at "Moss Neck." and Jane Dickinson's children and grandchildren there too.

Somehow, like other gallant souls in Fredicksburg, she lived through it all; the desolation of war, and now the worthlessness of Confederate money. But there remained the cottage—Mary Washington's cottage. And so Jane Lickinson lived on until the twilight of her days, and passed

away, 11 years "after the war" within the walls of the cottage that had been home to her for 22 years.

Again and again. the cottage passed into strange hands before it was finally to become a Shrine and be saved for posterity. How this came to be is an interesting story in itself. It was in May, 1890, that an agent came from Chicago to buy it, take it down, and erect it again at the Columbian Exposition. The owner agreed to sell, but demanded a higher price than the agent was at liberty to offer. without first getting the approval of his Chicago office. During this lapse of time between letters, hurried negotiations were consumated by the Association For The Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, for its purchase by them, and the cottage was saved. Mrs. R. C. Beale, an occupant of the cottage, had by the merest chance, overheard part of the conversation regarding the possible sale and removal of the house to the Chicago Exposition. and it was through her sagacity and quick actions, that this historic and hallowed house was left on its original foundations—for time alone to remove.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that in all America today, there stands no house—great or small—which holds such a deep and tender interest for Americans on Mother's Day, as this simple corner cottage where lived two gallant mothers, in times of two great wars. One of them is known to history, and enshrined in the hearts of men everywhere—Mary, the mother of Washington.

Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants and to serve them one's self?—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WASHINGTON AND A STRAY DOG

By Wouter Van Garrett

Even though General George Washington was burdened with the troubles that had faced him during that awful winter at Valley Forge, he found time to win the friendship of a stray dog. And that dog brought a great surprise.

It happened one day while Lafayette was visiting Washington at Valley Forge. The winter had been severe, and the suffering awful, and both men were glad to welcome the warm rays of the spring sun. They were seated at the table, and as they ate they discussed plans for the coming campaign.

The old stone house was damp and chilly; even firewood had become scarce. Lafayette was not accustomed to the cold rooms, and he began to shiver. Washington got up from the table and opened the outside door so that the warm spring air could get in. Mention was made of Lord Howe

and his British soldiers, and it wasn't pleasant to remember that they had spent a comfortable winter in Philadelphia, while the American soldiers had been miserably cold at Valley Forge.

Lalfayette told his host that Lord Howe had spent a graet deal of his time during the winter hunting for game in the woods near the city. Both men remarked that the British general would probably hate to see nice weather coming; it would mean actual fighting instead of hunting trips.

After dinner both men lingered at the table, and, while they sat there, a strange visitor slipped past the sentry and paused at the open door. His keen sense of smell had led him to the odors of delicious food; at the door he waited—not quite sure about a welcome. He was a large English hunting dog, and he seemed hungry and tired.

Washington was fond of dogs, and he greeted the visitor with a friendly welcome. He reached across the table for a bone, and held it out toward the stray dog. The voice was friendly, the bone was tempting. and the dog was hungry; so he came into the room. The dog grabbed the bone and began chewing on it, and Washington's hand patted his back.

Then Washington saw something that brought a strange expression into his face. The dog wore a collar, and that collor bore a name, and the name was "Lord Howe." So the British general had been hunting again, and his dog had wandered into the very headquarters of the enemy.

It was Washington's duty to oppose the British; they were his country's enemies. But that had nothing to do with a British dog; he loved all dogs. The friendship ripened rapidly, and the dog received a generous meal. After he had eaten a platter of warm food, some milk, and had chewed on a juicy bone, the dog felt better. And, as if he knew that thanks were in order, he walked over to George Washington and laid his head on his knees; and the great man patted his back.

During the rest of the day and night that stray dog showed his affection for his new friend by keeping just as close to him as he could. It would have mighty pleasant to keep that dog there; his presence might have brought a bit of cheer to the bleak headquarters. But he belonged to another, and he must be returned to his master, even though that maser be an enemy.

The next day, when Lafayette left Valley Forge, General Washington asked him to take the dog with him, and have him taken to Lord Howe in Philadelphia. Under a flag of truce the stray visitor was taken to Lord Howe's residence. Several days later, George Washington received a letter, also brought under a flag of truce, and that letter was a message of appreciation from Lord Howe.

The code of a gentleman is strong, so strong that it will not take what belongs to another, even though the other be an enemy. So far as the dog was concerned, he knew nothing of wars and battles; both men were his friends.

LADY WASHINGTON DESIRES A PORTRAIT

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz

On the eleventh of April, 1797, President Washington stepped from the door of the State House in Philadelphia, and walked to the coach waiting for him. The footmen bowed to His Excellency and saw to the President's getting into the coach. They closed the door to and at once were off for Germantown, where the President was under promise for nine-thirty.

As the carriage rumbled over the cobblestones, the President fell to thinking. This would mean another space of several weeks, and with all the affairs of Congress pressing, he could scarcely spare the time. But then one was obliged to yield occasionally, to the whims and fancies of a dutiful consort. And the agreement was that the portrait, when finished, should become the personal property of Mrs. Washington.

His thought ended abruptly as the carriage halted before a barn at the farther end of a long garden—the studio of Gilbert Stuart, the greatest portrait painter of the country. As the President stepped from the carriage, he gave orders for twelve noon, and strode familiarly up to the door of the old barn. The door opened while Mr. Stuart, the artist, bowed his guest within the humble studio.

"Good-day to you, Mr. President, and I trust His Excellency is in the best of spirits? Indeed, Sir, I am greatly honored in having the opportunity of doing your portrait for the third time, and I am of high hopes that this may be the best of them all."

"That is indeed very kind of you, Mr. Stuart," replied the President in a dignified tone, "but I fear this will be the last picture for a time. At present I am obliged to give my attention to matters of State and not to sitting for further portraits. But for Mrs. Washington's sake—and of course you are aware of our agreement—I shall be glad to sit for this picture. And I assure you, Mr. Stuart, that if in future time I shall sit to have my face delineated, it shall be to none other but you."

"Thank you, Sir, and I am sure you give me greater honor than is due. Pray be seated," urged the artist, drawing a chair from the corner of the roughly-built studio. "We shall hasten the work on this picture with all speed. Now, Sir, if you'll turn the left side of your countenance towards me—for I do believe the profile looks better from the left side. That way," said Stuart gently turning the President's head as he spoke. "You see, Sir, I always have a care as to the appearance of the nose in doing the profile."

"And as I am aware, Mr. Stuart, mine does beak out of my face in overweening scale," congenially remarked the President.

"I fear, Mr. President, you are too severe in your self-criticism," returned the artist, "but I assure you that I shall try to do justice to all your features in every way. But now, if

you will be pleased to turn your head a trifle more this way—There! That's fine! And now I'll proceed with the sketching of the head this morning," mused the artist as his brush was already busy with the outlines of a protrait that was destined to resemble the President more than any other picture ever painted of him.

For several weeks the President's coach would draw up before the studio barn and Stuart, taking the President's long cloak, would appoint him to the chair for the morning's sitting. On one such morning—it being three weeks after the sittings had begun—the studio door flew open and in burst Mistress Jane, Stuart's small daughter. The artist was alarmed lest the President be annoyed at this interruption, but a smile stole over the President's stolid features as he beckoned the little maid.

"Come, my little one, tell me your name."

"Jane, Your Honor," came the reply accompanied by a curtsy.

"My, what a pretty sort of a name! Now, if you can leap upon my knee—"

And while Stuart busied himself with his painting the two fell to chatting, greatly pleased with each other. The artist, at his work, was filled with pleasure at the homely sight. How human this great man was after all! (It was always with great pride that Stuart, in years to come, would recount to his friends the time when his little daughter sat upon the President's knee.)

It was but a short time after the incident above that the artist, of a lovely spring afternoon, happened to glance from one of the small studio windows. He was in time to see the President's coach draw up before the gate. Stuart tore off his paint-smeared coat and slipped into his lace-cuff jacket, and with due ceremonies bowed the President and his Lady into the studio.

"My dear Lady, this is indeed a most unexpected pleasure. Pray, be seated," said Stuart drawing up a chair for Mrs. Washington and placing it in full view of the unfinished protrait.

"Thank you, Mr. Stuart," replied the First Lady as she seated herself. Then holding towards the artist a small but neatly wrapped packet, she continued "Mr. Stuart, I have fetched this piece of lace you begged of my husband for his picture. It is not a new piece, I assure you, but it is Mr. Washington's favorite lace and I wanted you to have it for the protrait. I trust that you may find opportunity to use it in further portraits which you may paint of him."

Stuart opened the packet and found a piece of very fine linen with lace on it, as the President was accustomed to wear.

"It is just the thing, Madam, for I shall use it only to give the general effect, as you shall presently see," replied the artist enthusiastically. Then he laid the lace on the table.

As Mrs. Washington now turned her attention to the protrait before her, a studied look was upon her brow. In a moment she remarked.

"Mr. Stuart, that protrait is a fine one. I think you have well caught the expression about the eyes. The mouth seems less pouty and swelling, too, than in former pictures. Mr. Washington told me that you have again been padding cotton between

his lips and teeth to give him a more natural appearance. He has recently dispatched a note to his dentist with orders to remedy the ill-fitting bars. We are all hopeful that new ones will avoid the unnatural expression about his mouth," continued the First Lady, glancing frequently from her husband's face to its representation on the canvas before her as though assuring herself of the resemblance.

"Indeed, kind Madam," said Stuart after a moment's pause, "I am delighted that the picture finds such favor with you. And I am also mindful of the fact that it shall become your personal propertly when finished."

"Very well, Mr. Stuart," was her reply as she rose to leave," and good-day." She was by the President instantly and together they left the studio.

The waiting men saw to their mounting the coach, and in a moment the horses' hoofs were beating a lively tatoo on the cobbles as they pranced back to the state mansion in High Street.

Days passed and in due time the President's sittings drew to an end. But the portrait was hung along the black wall of the studio, unfinished, because Mr. Stuart was loathe to part with this, his favorite portrait of the President. It was a source of great inspiration to him to have the picture hanging there as he painted in the studio. For by this time the artist was deluged with orders for copies of his portraits of the President, and he had decided to make these copies from this favorite canvas. But first of all he must beg to be honorably released from his promise to Lady Washington.

The opportunity to do so came very unexpectedly, of a dismal, rainy afternoon, as Stuart was busily painting in the studio. A loud rap sounded on the door. Upon answering the summons, the artist found a tall, stately gentleman wearing a great clock, considerably wet from the storm. He begged the stranger to enter and be seated, and ventured to ask about his health.

"That, Sir," said the visitor curtly, "is excellent. And I trust yours may be the same. But I've come Mr. Stuart, to inquire after an agreement thta you have with Lady Washington about a certain portrait. The Mistress of High Street mansion grows daily uneasy about her husband's picture. I have fetched with me orders for its dispatch there with all speed."

"But Sir," ejaculated Stuart, "if I may be so bold, lte me inform you that this portrait is to become Lady Washington's as soon as it is finished. And look, my good Sir, if you will," cried Stuart walking over to the canvas hanging on the wall, "the backgound has yet to be filled in, and so I cannot send it now for it is not finished! But if you will be so kind, may I ask that you deliver this billet to the lady herself?"

Saying this he walked to a rude table, and with guill in hand, audibly scratched a note to Lady Washington, signing it,

'Your Hume, Obedt Servt,
Gilbert Stuart.'

The stranger slipped the note into the inside pouch of his great cloak, and bidding the artist a short good-

day, was amount in a flash and riding away in a downpour. Stuart wished the note Godspeed and closed the door upon the afternoon visitor.

Late that evening Lady Washington, in her lace cap and shawl, entered the Washingtons' private chamber —it being the great front room in the second story of the house. At one ned was a curtained bowwindow, while at the farther end stood a long settle. A low stool, on which rested Lady Washington's basket of sewing materials, stood by the open fireplace close to a large Penn armchair, the President's favorite retreat at the end of the busy day. Silvertankards and plate adorned the heavy mantel ovre the hearth.

Lady Washigton sat down before a large writing table. Two candles flickered in front of her as she picked up a quill pen and slowly wrote:

"Mr. Stuart:

Both Mr Washington and I have agreed to give up all claims to his portrait which you so desire to keep in your studio. To part with it now when you are besieged for copies of it would be most inconveniencing to you. We shall both be completely satisfied with a copy of the original portrait from your hand.

Your devoted servant.
Martha Washington."

State House
September the ninth of 1797

After Stuart had read and reread the billet carefully in his studio the next morning, he laid it aside on the table. Then he pulled a chair over to the portrait. Mounting the chair, he fastened the canvas more securely against the wall. Stepping down from the chair, he walked back and sat down at the table, rested his elbows upon it and let his head fall forward into his cupped hands. For a long time Stuart studied the lifelike face on the canvas before him, realizing that for rest of his days he would always be reminded of the graciousness of the Washingtons.

(It may be of interest to the reader to know that this third portrait of Washington which Stuart did from life hung in the old studio until after the artist's death in 1828. It was then purchased by the Washington Association for $1,500 and presented to the Boston Athenaem—whence the portrait's name, "Athenaem Portrait." It was later lent to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where it hangs today.)

The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed great in the decline.—George Francis Train.

THE ELLERBE SCHOOL

By Gerald Johnson, in Baltimore Sun

Everyone knows that there has been a tremendous shift in the very bases of primary education within the last generation and that the educational world still resounds to the noise of battle between those who demand a still further shift and some who would actually go back at least part way toward the old position. But to the ordinary layman the whole business is pretty cloudy and obscure. His attention is rarely fixed on the main battle; what startles and entertains him is the skirmishing between the extremists. Now and then the newspapers feature some unusually cock-eyed utterance, either by a radical who has gone clean over the verge of sanity or a by a reactionary so ossified in his brain structure that he is still voting for William McKinley. Neither gives anything like a true representation of the position of educator either conservative or progressive.

There is, for example, a widespread impression that so-called "progessive education" can hardly progess without heavy expenditures for equipment and special training for instructors. In general this may be true; but is is not necessarily true in all cases.

In evidence place the public school at Ellerbe, North Carolina. You never heard of Ellerbe? Well, you are not unique in that respect; in fact, it is hardly stretching the truth to say that nobody north of the Potomac except Messrs. Rand & McNally ever heard of it either until quite recently. But within the last four or five years a good many people have begun to hear of it for the curious reason that its school is getting itself talked about in many faraway places.

Ellerbe is a village in the sandhills region some twenty miles from Pinehurst, the great Tarheel winter resort. It isn't listed in the World Almanac because in 1930 it had less than 2,500 population. Indeed, the only reference work in the office that mentions it credits it with 439 people; but this is obviously an underestimate, probably from the census of 1920, because the place now has 350 children of school age. Consolidation of rural schools around it brings 700 other pupils in every day, so Ellerbe school has 1,050 students.

It is part of the regular public school system of the State of North Carolina, which is, Heaven knows, not a lavishly maintained system. It complies with all the rules and regulations made and enforced by the State school authorities. It gets the same equipment that is issued to all the rest. Its teachers are paid from $85 to $105 a month for eight months —that is, from $57.50 to $70 a month on a yearly basis—which is proof sufficient that Ellerbe hasn't been importing expensive specialists from the great teacher-training schools of the North and West.

But seven years ago Ellerbe school came into possession of what had been a small printing press, but was then little more than a pile of junk, and with it a barrelful of pied type. Pupils tied the press together and

sorted the type; then, without the aid of a single master craftsman or even a journeyman, they began to teach themselves printing. Successive school generations have been learning more and more; and this year they produced a book of poems written by a local poet—a book excellently printed, beautifully bound and in general of a type that would have been no disgrace to any of the great printing houses in Baltimore.

Whether or not this is progressive education it is clear that somebody has learned something at Ellerbe. The thing was made possible by the fact that the school has become a public printer to the community. This may shock the printing trades unions, but as a matter of fact it is not what it seems; the work done by the school was not work taken from a commercial printer but, for the most part, printing that would not have been done at all had the school plant not been there.

In the same way, it has become horticulturist, florist and agricultural experiment station to the community. The school grounds have been beautified with plants grown by pupils in the school nursery and many home-owners have purchased nursery stock to use on their own grounds. Agricultural experiments are going on continually and some of them have been not merely instructive, but useful to the farmers in the surrounding country. Similarly, the dramatic and art departments have been used to brighten, not school life only, but community life as well.

The school, in short, pretty well represents the institutional life of Ellerbe. Is this an integral part of education, a legitimate function of a school? In this case, probably it is. Remember, this school has not assumed the functions of any existing institution. It has entered into competition with nothing, but has supplied services where none were supplied before. After all, to know what needs to be done, to know how to do it, and to do it well—is not this to be educated in a very real sense? Ellerbe itself may be a very special situation, but the chances are that a boy who has learned the importance of doing what needs to be done can fit himself into pretty much any situation.

Richard F. Little, principal of the school, has a long and detailed explanation of the theory on which the school is run. It is full of phrases like "socially useful situation" and "felt-needs of the child," and is very impressive.

There is no reason to question Mr. Little's sincerity, even if one had the desire to do so; but, even so, all his explanations do not smother the suspicion that he built up his school first, and developed his theory afterward. Why not? That is, after all, the way most successful innovators work. To project a hypothesis is a feat of imagination; logical reasoning comes into play afterward, in the process of proving it.

Here is one cynic who presumes to doubt that Ellerbe school, or any other such project, was erected on any theory. If it were so, then anybody capable of understanding the theory ought to be able to create another school as successful. Unfortunate, though, it doesn't work out that way. The finest theory ever

evolved is not all that is necessary for the creation of a fine product. You may have a log, and it may be the best log any forest in the world ever produced; and you may have a perfectly good student to put on one end of it; but if you haven't a Mark Hopkins for the other end, you haven't a university.

Your log may be millions, or tens of millions in masonry, glass, woodwork and equipment, and your student may be multiplied by one, or two, or three thousands, but without at least one great teacher you haven't a great school. The secret of Ellerbe is not in any educational theory, but in the fact that there must be somebody down there who knows how to teach. It may not be Mr. Little. It may be somebody unheard of. But it is the safest of bets to wager that concealed around the premises somewhere there is a teaching genius, perhaps more than one. And that is why a great many people other than mapmakers are now hearing of the place.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

MRS. PERRY AN EARLY TUTOR OF COLLEGE OFFICIAL

By C. M. Dickson

Mrs. Sarah Louisa Perry, widow of the late John Kennedy Perry, was born in Johnson county, Tennessee, May 13, 1856. Her great-grandfather came from England and settled on Roans creek in eastern Tennessee. Her grandfather, Jacob Dougherty, was born, reared and died in the same section. In 1814, in the same vicinity, her father, Colonel Anthony was born. He was married to Miss Deborah Ford of Cove Creek, N. C.. To them was born seven children: Ephriam, Martin, Esther, John Smith, Mary Emeline, Sarah Louisa (the subject of this sketch), Hiram Patterson and Colonel Jacob.

Mrs. Perry was married to John Kennedy Perry in the year 1879. They had four children: Dr. H. B. Perry, of Boone; Mrs. W. Y. Farthing, Mrs. Marshall Edmisten and Clyde, member of the board of education of Watauga county, all living on Beaver Dam creek in Watauga county. Mr. Perry was also the father of a son, Will, by his first wife, who was one of the outstanding teachers in his county. He died some four years ago.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Perry taught Dr. B. B. Dougherty, president of the Appalachian State Teachers College, and his brother and co-worker, the late D. D. Dougherty, the alphabet. Mrs. Perry is very re-

ticent to talk about having taught such great men, but very modestly says that if she has been just a little bit of help to some one, that she is glad of it.

Mrs. Perry was a cousin to Daniel Boone Dougherty, father of Dolph and Blan as they are familiary known, and she spent a lot of time in their home . Being a woman of keen observation, she noticed that the children were anxious to know the names of letters on paper on the wall, she had their father to carve the letters on a board. While she did the house work, the little boys followed her through the house and learned their A, B, C's. There are but few things more interesting than the fact that a woman who came up under adverse circumstances, but who was willing to "cast in her little mite" actually helped put in motion a force that has made, and is making its force felt throughout the whole state of North Carolina—a president of a great college.

"In my day," says Mrs. Perry," "we had but few books, and had to do the best we could. I was fourteen before I studied arithmetic. With this I studied Smith's grammar, McGuffey's readers, and Webster's 'blueback' speller." When asked as to her opinion as to these books compared with the ones we have today, she said: "There is no comparison."

She says, "The older people had to work and that it is absolutely honorable to do so." She further says, "I love to work. When I was eighteen years old. I carded, spun and wove a coverlet by hand." (It is in her room to be seen today.) She says she helped to make suits of clothes for the boys of her community and that much of the sewing was done by hand. While she never hired out to help people wash, but whether at home or elsewhere, she says she always helped wash, and that she belives that she has helped more women wash than any other woman in Watauga county.

Reciting the various kinds of work she has done, it is interesting to learn that for forty years, with the exception of two, she has made home-made cheese. In one season, from three cows, she states that a record was kept, and that she made 400 pounds of cheese and 195 pounds of butter. On the old-fashioned loom, she has woven rugs, cotton cloth, carpet, jeans and bankets.

Two years ago Mrs. Perry pieced a quilt by hand and sent it to the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville. Within the last year, she has pieced by hand eight quilts, four of which she has quilted. These quilts contain by actual count 350 to 720 pieces in each quilt. Besides doing part of the house work, she pieced the last one in about four weeks.

In telling of her experiences with the sick, she says she is actually happy when administering to their wants, and that she thinks there is no nobler calling than to be a good nurse.

"Robbers came to our house in time of the war," said Mrs. Perry, "and made my father get on his knees, and told him they would kill him. He bared his breast and told them to shoot; but one of the youngest of the robbers plead for him and probably saved his life. They did not leave, however, until they took the cover off the beds, stole the chickens,

robbed the bee gums and took nearly all the family had."

"Young people are too much bent on pleasure. They are not satisfied at home. The best thing in the world for a person is to have to work. If he is not busy he knows not what to do with himself. I know that so-called education hurts some people. I would rather my daughter would know how, and be willing to work with her hands if it be necessary, than to have a high book education and not be able to do the ordinary things of life."

WASHINGTON MONUMENT

For him who sought his country's good
In plains of war, 'mid scenes of blood;
Spent the warm noon of life's bright day
Who in the dubious battle's fray,
That to a world he might secure
Rights that forever shall endure,
    Rear the monument of fame!
    Deathless is the hero's name!

For him, who, when war was done,
And victory sure, and freedom won,
Left glory's theatre the field,
The olive brance of peace to wield;
And proved, when at the helm of state,
Though great in war, in peace as great;
    Rear the monument of fame!
    Deathless is the hero's name!

But why for him vain marbles raise
Can the cold sculpture speak his praise?
Illustrious shade! We can proclaim
Our gratitude, but not thy fame.
Long as Columbia shall be free,
She lives a monument of thee,
    And may she ever rise in fame,
    To honor thy immortal name!

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Robert Worthington, of Cottage No. 2, one of our linotype operators, was called upon by the Concord Daily Herald-Observer to act as pinch-hitter last Friday night. Reports from the newspaper office were to the effect that they were very much pleased with Bob's attitude and his ability as an operator.

—o—

During the recent cold weather about twelve large porkers were killed, thus relieving the necessity of such large quantities of corn being carried out from our granary daily. In addition to this saving of grain, our daily menus have been greatly enriched by goodly portions of liver-wurst, souse meat, sausage, spare-ribs, etc. There is still quite a number of hogs to be slaughtered before the coming of warm weather, and pork will be plentiful on our dining tables for some time to come.

—o—

The outside forces are marking time, waiting for the sun to dry the fields sufficiently, to be able to begin the many Spring farming duties, such as triming and spraying fruit trees, spreading manure, cleaning ditches, etc. During this spare time, all the boys on these forces are engaged in cutting wood at the new ground which has recently been taken over by the School for part of the wood thus gathered. We noticed one hundred eighty boys, armed with axes, saws, mattocks, etc., the other day as they started for the new ground, and from the expressions on their faces it could be seen that they were pleasantly anticipating this task.

—o—

Robert Ellis, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who was paroled last August, called on friends here last Wednesday. Since leaving the School, Bob has been employed as helper and substitute driver for the Mayo Auto Transfer Company, Charlotte. In the course of his duties he had an opportunity to spend nearly three months at Blowing Rock, doing some extra work for his employer's mother, at her Summer home there. He said that he noticed the vast difference in the climate, also that if it becomes necessary for him to return to the mountains, he hopes it may be in the Summer time.

In talking to a group of the School officials, watching our boys as they were assigned to various duties, he remarked, "Those boys don't know what a good place they have here. I certainly am proud of my stay and the training I received while at the School." Such an attitude and spirit is not at all uncommon, as most of our boys look upon the School as a home, where care is taken for their welfare and ideals of future citizenship engendered.

—o—

All visiting clergymen and layman who occupy the rostrum at the Sunday services at the Training School continue to compliment the boys on their fine chorus singing. The singing is really good all the time but on certain occasions it is far better than others. Last Sunday was one of the

times when the boys were in the spirit for singing, entering into that part of the service most enthusiastically.

In a congregation of more than five hundred where everybody is taking part, as do the boys, the effect is most inspiring. Each boy at the Training School is supplied with a hymnal, clearly understanding that he is expected to take part in the song service, and this fact alone is an inspiration for each lad to do his very best along that line, and we are proud to say that the boys have a well-earned reputation in this part of the state for their splendid group singing.

A meeting where good singing is had is really worth its while, even if no other good should come from it, for no person, boy or man, who engages heartily in a song service, can go away without having been uplifted.

—o—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conduct the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the first chapter of Daniel, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Heads-Up."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Summers stated that he got the idea for this particular talk from a clipping which appeared in The Uplift, the little weekly magazine published by our class in printing.

The boy who plays a heads-up game all the time, said the speaker, is one who is wide awake, watching every move of his opponents; one who knows the game, plays fair, square and honest; one who really puts himself in the game and gives his very best.

He then urged the boys to keep their heads up when meeting people, not to be looking down as if they were afraid to look folks squarely in the eye. We want to live "heads-up," taking the advice of the Psalmist, who wrote, "Look unto the hills," which simply means that we should ever look toward God and the things which are right.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told of the article referred to above. It was about a boy who, while strolling down the street one day, happened to look down and found a five-dollar bill. No ownership for the lost money was found, and the boy kept the five dollars, which pleased him very much, it being a huge sum of money to the lad, who was not accustomed to having that much at one time.

This boy, continued the speaker, ever after kept his eyes on the ground to see if he could find more money. After going about with his head down continually for thirty years, this is what he found: $1.60 in silver; 22 pennies; 11,318 buttons, and 27,801 pins. This was the sum total found in all those years of constantly keeping his head down. And here is what he acquired in addition to the things mentioned: He developed a hunched back, a rotten character and a miserly disposition. He never looked for the owner of the articles he found, which caused him to look rather lightly on honesty,

This fellow, of course, found something as he went along, said the speaker, but let us stop for a moment and see what he lost. As he went

along, keeping his eyes on the pavement, he lost the beauty of the sunshine and the flowers; he lost the beautiful sunrise and sunset; while looking for something of material value, he never enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the smiles of his friends (if he had any) or those of little children. All of God's beautiful works were lost to him, and he developed into the sort of person the world would have been much better without.

By keeping heads-up, said Rev. Mr. Summers, we don't want to be like that type of fellow. We want to go through life, not like the hunchback, but in the way God wants us to go. If He intended us to travel on all fours, He would have made us like dogs or other animals.

God says for us to look unto the hills, continued the speaker. We should be like the boy, Daniel, about whom we read in the Scripture Lesson. There was a boy who played heads-up in the game of life. He had a view of God at all times. Even when he was in a strange land, he kept his eyes lifted up and remembered God. He wanted to live and do right. He asked the king of this strange country to be allowed to eat the food which God wanted him to eat. There was too much fine boyhood about him to want to debase himself by eating or drinking things to which God objected.

If we play heads-up in life's game, said the speaker, we will find unselfishness, but if we do not look up, our lives will become smaller. We want to live with others in mind, being always thoughtful of the welfare of mankind.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers stated that the boy who plays heads-up will find honor and happiness, the things which will enable him to climb the ladder leading to success. By keeping heads-up he will find God and develop a fine character, the greatest things that any boy can have.

ROYALTY

The King of England has an annual grant from Parliament of $2,350,000. This is only one-third of his total yearly income. Yet, the late King George V used to say that after he had taken care of necessary expenses, he had less than $10,000 a year left for himself.

Less than $200 a week for the personal use of the occupant of the world's greatest throne, ruler over half a billion persons scattered over one-fourth of the earth's entire surface!

There is no reason to doubt that the King was exaggerating. The cost of maintaining the royal households, with their castles and palaces strung from the heart of London to the highlands of Scotland, is tremendous.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Henry Abernathy
Glatley Branch
Fletcher Castlebury
Felix Littlejohn
George Wilhite

—B—

Robert Coffer
Martin Crump
Vincent Hawes
Horace Journigan
Bruce Kersey
Charles Taylor

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Burl Allen
Theodore Bowles
Archie Castlebury
James Coleman
Columbus Hamilton
Robert Keith
Fred May
James Wilhite

—B—

Floyd Combs
Frank Glover
Donald Holland

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Joseph McPherson
Frank Pickett
Carl Toney

—B—

Talmage Dautrey
Thomas Doby
Harvey Ledford
Guy Lewis
James Stepp

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Nelson Daubenmeyer
Bruce Link
Thomas Maness
Julius Stephens

—B—

Jewel Barker
James M. Hare

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Lake Cooper
John Grider
Paul Shipes

—B—

Thomas Braddock
James Harvel

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Caleb Jolly
Morris Starnes

—B—

Henry Fredere
Glenn O'Quinn
Ralph Webb

SEVENTH GRADE

(NOTE: Due to absence of regular teacher because of illness, there was no Seventh Grade Honor Roll reported for the month of January.)

We often speak of reading persons like a book. So many of them are of such small type that we run a risk of ruining our eyesight in the attempt to do much reading.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 14, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Robert Allen 10
(8) J. C. Cox 8
(11) Edward Johnson 11
(5) James Johnson 5
(8) Ray Norman 8
(11) Mack Setzer 11
(11) Fred Wheeler 11
(5) James Wilhite 10

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Blevins 3
Glatley Branch 4
(11) William Goodson 11
(6) Claude Maines 8
Arthur Martin 9
(3) James West 8
John Wilson 3
(5) Preston Yarborough 10
R. L. Young 5

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 5
Arthur Craft
Grover Duncan 2
Henry Fredere 6
George Goodman 5
Lindsay Jones 2
(2) Max Lindsay 4
(2) Fred Seibert 6
John Whitaker 7
Myron Whitman 4
(3) Robert Worthington 6

COTTAGE No. 3

James Burns 5
M. C. Cranford 7
Neely Dixon 6
Charles Furchess 7
Julian Gregory 7
Max Hedrick 9
John Hampton 4
Jesse Holleman 4
Edgar Hatley 5
Frank Pickett 6
John Piner 3
Kenneth Raby 4
Hoyette Rogers 8
Ellis White 7
F. M. Younger 6

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 4
Edward Fisher
Mathis Garrett 4
(3) James Hancock 8
(6) Ralph Johnson 8
Thomas Maness
Wade Melton 2
(3) Robert Mims 7
(3) Charles Mizzell 7
Joseph McPherson 2
Melvin Walters 7
Richard Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 5

William Cassell 7
(2) A. L. Gaines 10
(5) John Grider 6
Jack Gunter 4
Henry James
(5) Jack Tate 6
Walter Taylor 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 4
(2) James Corn 7
Fred Dysen 6
(2) John Elliott 7
(2) Caleb Hill 7
(2) Houston Howard 5
Hugh Johnson 8
Milton Pickett 6
Percy Strickland 2
William Tester 2
(2) Lester Warren 5
William Young 4

COTTAGE No. 8

Haynes Hewitt 3
(3) Ralph Rainey 7
(2) Charles Taylor 3
(2) John Tolbert 2

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Thomas Braddock 6
(2) Edgar Burnette 3
(3) Randolph Davis 10
(3) Woodfin Fowler 6
(3) Charles Freeman 9
(3) C. D. Grooms 8
Odie Hicks 2
Thomas McCarter 5
(3) Esmond Reams 7
(3) Homer Smith 9
(2) Samuel J. Watkins 4

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 9
Earl Atwood 2
(6) Glenn Collins 6
Lake Cooper
(2) Mack Joines 2
William Knight 6
Rufus Linville 2
James Penland 5
(3) Frank Ramsey 8
Jack Springer 6
William R. Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Bryant 4
(5) Walter Blevins 5
(3) Edward Carpenter 6
John Drum 8
Dewey Freeman 10
(10) David Hodge 10
(3) Donald Newman 3
(2) Theodore Rector 3
(9) Julius Stevens 9
(3) John Uptegrove 7
(5) Berchell Young 8

COTTAGE No. 12

Joseph Cox 8
Frank Dickens 9
Marvin Edwards 10
James Elders 4
Bernard Grffiin 9
Frank Lewis 9
Clarence Mayton 5
Jerome Medlin 8
Glenn O'Quinn 7
Andrew Powell 9
James Reavis 5
Lonnie Sloan 3
William Stevens 8
Rossy Young 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) Robert Hailey 5
Ney McNeely 2
(2) Eugene Patton 4
(2) Claudius Pickett 6
Frank Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

Warren Bright 2
Grenville Cheek
Caleb Jolly 7
George McManus 10
Edward Martin 6
Edward Murrary 8
Charles Pennell
Robert Teeter 10

WASHINGTON'S RULES FOR SUCCESS

It is better to be alone than to be in bad company.
Think before you speak.
In your apparel be modest.
Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself.
Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone.
Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; true friendship is a plant of slow growth.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 27, 1937 No. 9

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THE CASTLE THAT I LONGED TO BUILD

The castle that I longed to build,
  The house but half begun,
Which lies misshapen, unfulfilled,
  Rotting in rain and sun,
May yet, before the ultimate night,
Have taught me how to build aright.

Its crumbling stones shall guide my hands,
  Its falling wall and floor
Shall beckon me, like dire commands,
  From faults that lured before,
Till I more fruitfully may attain
Than he who never strove in vain.

—Stanton A. Coblentz.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A young man in his early teens sat musing one day on the banks of a great river. A priest chanced to pass that way, and the young man said to him: "Good Father, what shall I do to have success?"

The priest answered, "Follow me," and he waded forthwith into the stream.

The water grew deeper and deeper, but the priest led on, and the boy followed until the water reached his chin. As he turned to go back, the priest seized him by the hair of his head and held him at arm's length under the water. The lad struggled and fought with all his strength, and finally, when it seemed he would drown, with a mighty effort he broke away and made his way to the shore.

After the lad had ceased gasping, the priest said to him: "Young man, what did you want most while you were held under water?"

"Air, air!" the boy replied.

Then the priest said, "My son, when you desire success as much, and are willing to fight for it as hard as you fought for air, nothing can keep you from getting it."

Behind the success of every successful man or woman is the same story—the story of a life of struggle, fed by an unquenchable desire to attain the goal to which vision beckons and points the way.—Sunshine Magazine.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER

Nothing pleases like success and nothing is so nagging as a failure. If success follows one's efforts there comes a fresh impetus to continue the good work with renewed efforts.

Therefore, the good news that our old boys are doing well is gratifying, and all fatigue from the work unconsciously passes. Well, frequently letters come from our old boys who are outstanding in their achievements, giving credit to the school for the influence realized while here, and most naturally we feel encouraged and proud.

A few days ago a letter came from one of our old boys to a new boy who has just entered. The entire message was one of a fine feeling, besides it reflected gratitude,—a Christian grace, and one of the finest elements of true manhood.

The letter mentioned came from....., and the contents of the message will tell something of ..... life. He finished last year at Duke University, and this year is in Duke "School of Religion" studying to be a minister of the Gospel.

While here he was conscious minded as to his duties, performing all satisfactory, and obedient to the rules of the institution. His ambition for the future is gratifying, giving every evidence of the fact that this institution is turning back as a dividend to the state for money expended a hopeful citizen.

Lately there has been a big boast of the tremendious dividends realized from the manufacturing activities in the state, also of the satisfactory returns from the culture of certain crops, placing many upon "Easy Street"; but the only and most worthwhile work is the salvaging of human souls from the scrap pile.

When we imbue the immortal mind with right principles, the just fear of God, and a love for our fellowman, it engraves something that will "brighten to all eternity." These are the dividends that count and should not be ovenlooked by any citizen.

The following reads like romance and should appeal to all classes:

Durham, N. C.
Feb. 15, 1937.

Dear Jackson:

No doubt you are somewhat surprised at receiving a letter from an unknown person. To clear the matter for you, I'll tell you who I am, and how I came to be writing to you.

My name is ....., and my home is at Rowland. A friend of mine told me that you had gone to the Jackson Training School for a while. I don't know your father so very well, but I have seen him around Rowland.

There is little that I can say to you at present that will be much of a consolation to you. I can really appreciate your position, and let me assure you that you are much better off than you think.

On March 8, 1927, I was in the same position in which you now

find yourself. For the first month I was very lonesome and homesick, and thought no one cared for me. However, that was only my idea, and no one else shared it. The fact is the folks at home were much interested in me. Let me assure you that your folks have only your very best interests at heart, and they only want you to have an opportunity to find yourself, so that you'll be in position to develop your best self. You probably don't appreciate this fact now, but I'll wager that within two years you will agree with me.

Now, as for the Training School, it is just what you make it yourself. You can make it easy or you can make it very hard. The one thing to be sure of is that you will learn to take orders from someone else. You must obey, and do it promptly. I know most of the officers there, and know they will be friends of yours if you will allow them to be. You are probably in the Receiving Cottage now and Mr. Presson is probably your head officer. He is an excellent fellow, but don't mistake friendship and become too important. There is one authority at the School and you are not it. Always remember to keep your ears open and your mouth shut, and the hardest part of the battle is over.

I feel that I can talk with pretty good authority along this line. Don't let anyone give you foolish ideas that you would like to take an absence without leave. It would be a serious mistake, for you don't have any chance of escaping for any length of time. Even if you should get away and get home, you would have to go back.

Now, if you stay and apply yourself to the best of your ability, you will never regret your stay at the Jackson Training School, and, what's more, you will be proud of it. It is just a steppingstone to a richer and more meaningful manhood. I was at the School from March, 1927 until August, 1928. It seemed like a very short time to me. Since then, I have finished high school, completed one degree here at Duke University, and am now working on another. I don't care to exalt myself, for many other Training School boys have done the same thing, while others have made successes in other fields.

I'm sure your father would rather see you make a success than anything else you could do. The task is up to you, and whether you succeed or fail depends on how you perform that task. I am counting on you to do your very best—for your mother and dad

and for yourself. I hope some time in the future that I shall be able to see you.

You are going to meet many new boys and every one of them will be different. There are all kinds, classes, grades and descriptions down there. Some are as good as you and some come from the very lowest. You cannot help that; all you can do is to show your superiority by better behavior.

There is no partiality shown by the officers at the School unless the time comes when you merit some special favor. You will soon know more about the place than I am able to tell you, so I'll not trouble you further with this lengthy letter.

Very sincerely yours,

.....

* * * * * * *

HELEN KELLER

Helen Keller imbued with her late teacher's admonition to "carry on," plans to sail for the Orient early in the Spring. Her private secretary will accompany her. The trip will be made in response to a pressing invitation from clubs of civic interest and educational purposes in Japan. This is just what this woman, blind yet she possesses one of the broadest visions, has always wanted to do, visit the Orient and there do something for the class who have been denied the joy of seeing things with the normal eye.

Helen Keller, misses her old teacher, Mrs. Macy, who passed away last year at the age of 70 years, but this blind woman who is the marvel of the country continues to radiate a fine spirit, the ambition to help others and this way make the world a better place for having lived. At the age of 56 Helen Keller is in the best of health, and passes the time with her companion, Miss Thomson, who serves as eyes and ears to her charge by telegraphing with her nimble fingers all messages into the palm of Helen Keller's hand.

Helen Keller keeps her mind alert and her soul fresh by working ly gets more out of life than many who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Why? She has a contented mind in the face of handicaps. and endeavoring to hand out a genuine service to humanity. Her

life is truly worthy of emulation. Each day she plans a program of activities interspersed with some recreation such as theater, or an outing in the open near where she lives on Long Island. She real-

* * * * * * *

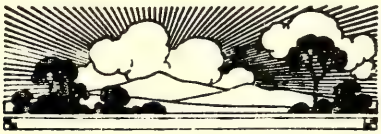
A GREAT PEOPLE

Nothing has been more appalling than the flood of this year. Catching all news by the press, the radio and word of mouth from those who saw something of the disaster, casts a gloom over every one but, yet, the horribleness of the scene, and the stories of the suffering could not be fully comprehended like if one had been an eye witness.

However, it takes just such calamities, the loss of life, property by the devastating on-rush of a big flood to bring out the best in a people. Proudly did America stand as one person and give of funds, money and other essentials necessary for relief and rehabilitation.

Nothing was more touching than the pictures of small children with a bewildered and forlorn look saved, but separated from parents whom they will never see. Such pictures would turn the heart of stone into one of pity and mercy. The whole scene was harrowing.

But, thanks be, the story is one of the past, but memories will linger especially with those who suffered. The S. O. S., was heard and the response was made by the Coast Guard, the Red Cross, other agencies of mercy and individuals rescued and saved life. The vigilance with which men and women worked was a marvel, showing that yet our people have much of the courage of the sturdy forebears who carved the greatest nation of the world from a thick and dense forest inhabited by the wilds of the jungles.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Live's Silver Lining

"There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder-
At the troubles we have had."

—o—

Some people will never be accused of being quitters. They never begin on anything.

—o—

The height of folly is talking to a cake of soap, after you have stepped on it in the bathtub and slipped down.

—o—

Trying to imitate other people is the flattest form of flattery. What we get out of life depends largely on us individually.

—o—

There's one good thing you can say about the thousands of flood relief workers. Haven't heard of any of them engaged in a sit-down strike.

—o—

A man who tells his wife he will be home at a certain hour and does not come in for several hours later, does not have to explain to her. He just listens.

—o—

I never could understand why people like to persist in calling money dough. Dough has a way of sticking to your fingers. Money never does.

—o—

The Bible admonishes us that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent. The trouble with a great many of us is that we don't know when to do either.

—o—

A New England girl has battled with icy sidewalks for several weeks. She is now of the opinion that the grandmothers of long ago were sensible in wearing bustles.

—o—

It is reported that a Texas evangelist has published a list of 726 sins. I have no doubt whatever that a lot of people will be tempted to send for a copy of it for fear they will be missing something.

—o—

Government is certainly wonderful. Engineers in New York state are now building a river under a bridge that was erected ten years ago across dry land. They have already built roads under rivers.

—o—

Before sending the clothes her husband had ordered sent to flood refugees, Mrs. L. E. Clapp, of Charleston, Ill., examined the suits. In the pocket of one suit she found $200 in bills which had been overlooked for years.

—o—

Foodless days faced five prisoners in the jail at Wheeling, W. Va., who sat down and refused to help clean flood mud from the streets.. Jailer James Henry issued the ultimatum: "No work; no food." The strike ended.

—o—

The observance of Lent is marked by sacrifice, the denial of some pleasure and indulgence for the 40-day period. But this outward sym-

bol of self-denial is not of much use unless it is accompanied by an inner searching after truth and righteousness. Happily the opportunities for worship during this season are many and appealing. We should take advantage of them. Church services are bound to turn our thoughts inward. We begin to think less of the here, and more of the hereafter. Which is good not only for ourselves, but also for our neighbors and for the world in general.

—o—

THE GOOSE AND THE EGG

Asserting its belief that organized workers are frequently misled the Tuskegee, Alabama, News, expresses regret that "they simply climb all over themselves to get their teeth on the goose that is laying the golden egg." Then way up North, the Salamanca, New York, The Inquirer, puts in a good oar in behalf of "collective bargaining" but warns the working man "not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, for the same goose not only is the source of support for the workers family but also for the Government which means all the people... now that prosperity is returning."

—o—

PLAYING WITH FIRE

News items report proposals for laws in Maryland and Oregon to levy a tax of $5 per annum on each radio set in the respective States. Oregon gave class taxation a firm foothold by enacting the original gasoline tax. Premium taxes on insurance represent class taxation well hidden from the general public. Taxes on chain stores are an extension of the idea. The radio tax proposal is a bolder step. If it were countenanced, the field would be wide open to extend class taxation on pianos, refrigerators, bath tubs or anything the tax-gatherers thought would produce taxes with the least squawk. It is unthinkable that such a thing as a radio tax would be suggested—but it brings the class taxation evil into the limelight. Should the menace be extended?

PINES

Common as pines are in the South, an amazingingly large number of Southerners have little idea how to distinguish one kind of pine from another. The following simple method, which we quote from The Progressive Farmer, is worth memorizing by anyone interested in trees:

"Now is the time to study pines. How many kinds are there in your section? Five needles in a cluster, it's white (soft) pine. Hard pines include a greater group—Longleaf, three needles, long and silky; Cuban, needles as long as twelve inches in clusters of twos and threes; Loblolly, needles; Pitch pine, short needles in threes; Shortleaf, short needles in twos and threes. When you meet a pine, ask him who he is—he'll tell you!"—Selected.

WASHINGTON'S HOME TOWN

By K. W. Baker

There is something about a grey, blustery winter day that suits the memory-haunted streets of an old town. It was on such a day that I discovered Alexandria. It was not bitter enough under the bare old trees to keep one's mind altogether upon one's fingers and toes, but it was sharp enough to make one walk briskly, with a tingling sense of being alive in a world where a great many stirring things have happened.

I suppose I had heard of this little city across the Potomac from the national capitol; but I had never thought about it. I had thought of only one place as really sacred to George Washington: Mount Vernon. I was on my way thither, over the splendid new Mount Vernon Memorial Highway that traverses Washington Street in Alexandria, when I caught a glimpse of old Christ Church, standing in its stately old-fashioned churchyard, behind its tall iron fence, with its back to the highway. I began to ask questions: every answer served to whet my appetite for more. But there was no time to stop that day, I was told; if I did, Mount Vernon would be closed before we got there. I was compelled to leave Alexandria behind; but I knew, as I looked back over my shoulder, that I should come back.

A few weeks later I did. And I found that, by a little scheming, I could have a whole afternoon to make love to Alexandria. It was too short a time, as I soon learned. But at least we got acquainted. When I go back again, I shall be better prepared to carry on the courtship that I began on that winter day, while the dry leaves skittered along the worn cobblestones in front of the old houses. Most places hold in reserve a friendship that is worth the winning; few in America have so much to give as Washington's home town.

It is not beautiful and impressive in the way that Mount Vernon is beautiful. Washington's county-seat was rescued many years ago from decay and neglect, and ever since then money and care have been lavished upon it as the nation's choisest shrine. But the many old houses of Alexandria have had to take their chances with the weight of years and the shifts and changes of private fortune. Like an old lady who has suffered from the vicissitudes of life, they "show their age." But that only deepens their appeal to the imagination and the heart.

I started, to be sure, with the newer Alexandria. I had taken a bus out from Washington about noon. A pleasant ride of six miles and the prospect of an afternoon of brisk walking, turned my thoughts first toward something to eat. The Hotel George Mason looked inviting, so I went in. As I enjoyed my luncheon in the cozy coffee shop (topped off by coffee that would remind anyone that he was in Virginia!) I wondered who George Mason was. I was a little chagrinned, later, to find that I had never heard of the man who introduced the history-making "Fairfax County Resolutions" in 1775, who fathered the first ten amendments to

the Constitution, and of whom President Thomas Jefferson said, "I lean more heavily on George Mason than on any other man." He was also the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, and an early Governor of Virginia. I resolved then and there that George Mason's country home, near Mount Vernon should be one of the places I would visit when I "came back." It is called Gunston Hall, and was built for Mason's young bride, on his plantation of more than 15,000 acres overlooking the Potomac. In our own time, a public-spirited owner has presented it to the state of Virginia, and it has been pronounced "one of America's most magificently preserved colonial properties." Some day I shall go and sit in George Washington's favorite chair by the fireplace, and walk through the garden that has been said to contain "the most wonderful box-wood in all the world." Colonel George Mason and his wife are buried in the Gunston family graveyard not far from the house.

But, ignorant of all these things, I was still sitting in the coffee shop of the George Mason Hotel, planning my afternoon's sightseeing. I was glad that it was to be of that delightful kind in which one simply pokes about and finds things for oneself, asking a question now and then on the spur of the moment when a friendly face invites it. That was what I did now. The pleasant, white-haired hostess paused by my chair to ask if my offee was right—that coffee!—and I found she was glad to direct me to the Old Presbyterian Meeting House. When the afternoon was over, I had a handful of leaflets and pictures to remind me of all I had seen and enjoyed; but at this time I had nothing to follow but a few brief notices in a Washington guide book.

Out of the cheerful warmth of the coffee shop and into the brisk air, I set off among the skipping leaves, past old houses set close together, flush with the sidewalk, in old world fashion. Many of them are of brick; although many, too, I was told, are of frame over brick—a curious reversal of our modern custom. They all look as if they had a story to tell, which might come out if one could catch them at just the right moment —as an old lady might grow reminiscent over her teacup.

As I entered the plain, square Old Presbyterian Meeting House, which sits with its doors opening upon the sidewalk and its steeple at the churchyard end, the custodian came forward to take my small admission fee, and to ask if I should like her to show me about the church. I was glad that she did, for her knowledge born of love made the old building come alive. Bare and simple and plain as it is, it has been pronounced by connoisseurs one of the most perfect colonial interiors in America. It was built in 1774, partially destroyed by fire, but rebuilt, in 1835, and abandoned for the first time in 1886, as a result of differences arising out of the war between the states. From that time until 1925, it fell into neglect and decay. Then its many priceless associations where rediscovered, and it was lovingly restored. Scores of well known Revolutionary soldiers sleep in its church-yard, and many of George Washington's comrades and neighbors, among them the old Scotch

doctor who was Surgeon-General of the Continental Army, and who was with him at every battle from Great Meadows to Yorktown. He is often spoken of as Washington's most intimate friend. So many Masons are buried here that it has been called a "Masonic Westminster Abbey." Some of the pews are the original ones which date from 1774. They are hand-carved, and held together by wooden pegs instead of nails. The original lamps were destroyed in the fire; but the present lighting system is a faithful copy of the old whale-oil lamps of colonial days. The old organ is operated by a hand-pump and bellows. Among its "attachments" is an "Egyptian trumpet"—a rare and priceless relic nowadays.

In 1800 the Washington Society of Alexandria was founded at Gadsby's Tavern, and held its meetings for forty-three years in this old church. And here, recently, was held the first meeting of the re-organized society, which carries on the work of discovering and preserving all relics of Washington.

"Did you find it?"

Not far from the church, on my way to further exploration, I was thus pleasantly accosted. I came out of my dream of tall candlesticks and hurricane glasses behind the discreet windows of the old houses I was passing, to find myself face to face with my friend of the coffeeshop, whom I had not recognized as she approached in hat and coat, collar turned up against the sharp air. But she stopped to give further direction: I must not miss the Carlyle House, or old Christ Church, or Gadsby's Tavern. We stood on the sidewalk while she told me something about them. Then, "I live here," she said, glancing up at one of the sweet old houses, with a fondness and pride in her voice that she knew I would understand. And then, with a friendly good-bye, she disappeared behind the sedate little door with its bright brass knocker.

Patriotic societies have put up signboards and markers in prominent places, but even with their help the Carlyle House is not easy to find. Modern brick apartments—now mostly unoccupied have been built in front of and around it. One opens a door and passes through the empty foyer to come to the pretty courtyard, full of old shrubs, from which steps lead up to the house itself. Somebody this strange arrangement seems only to accentuate the dignity and pathos of the old mansion, with its authentic colonial furnishings and its rare relics. It was built in 1752, on the site of an old stone fort established for protection against the Indians. Cells where Indians were kept as prisoners are still to be seen in the basement. Its builder was John Carlyle of Dumfries, Scotland, who became one of the most important citizens of Alexandria. One is reminded of him at every turn; and his grave is in the churchyard of the Old Presbyterian Meeting-House. He married a Fairfax—a name to conjure with in Virginia!—and his home was a famous social and political center throughout the southern colonies. Gerenal Braddock used it for a time as his headquarters; here, in 1775, he held a momentous council at which five royal governors were present. A young surveyor, only twenty-three years old, who had help-

ed to lay out the streets of Alexandria, was invited to appear before this distinguished group and give them the benefit of his knowledge of Indian warfare. His name was George Washington.

Of all the historic places in Alexandria, perhaps the richest in association is Gadsby's Tavern. This old inn was built at a time when Alexandria was a world-famous port, and a center of social and political importance. The Potomac is a mile wide here, and sailing vessels from the seven seas came to dock at its wharves; the port of Boston was its only rival. Moreover, Gadsby's was on the old King's Highway, and a link in the chain of taverns that stretched from Williamsburg to Boston. To Gadsby's courtyard came regularly couriers and stage-coaches from all the principal colonial towns. The oldest part of the building—originally called the "City Tavern,"—was built in 1752, three years before the Carlyle House. It was forty years later that the City Tavern was consolidated with its adjoining building by John Gadsby, and given the name it has borne ever since. Only a few years ago it was rescued by the Alexandria Post of the American Legion from the state if dilapidation into which it had fallen, and the older part of the building was restored. It now houses the Henderson collections of early American antiques: furniture, silver, pewter and glass, with many other articles of daily use that reflect the habits and fashions of colonial times.

It was like stepping into another world as I entered. A thousand quaint, homely things—like the little prayer stool beside the high four-poster bed—gave me a sudden, astonishing sense that the figures of those by-gone days were not just names in books, but actual people, like ourselves. From the staircase landing I looked out into the bit of courtyard that has been rescued and restored, paved with bricks taken from the ruins of Nellie Custis' birthplace, and cobblestones and flagging from the old streets of Alexandria. And there stood a fine old coach, which might have been the one in which the Marquis de Lafayette and the Baron de Kalb, just arrived from France, drove up to Gadsby's.

But perhaps no part of the place gave such a sense of the bustle of bygone life as the big common-room on the first floor, with the sedate colonial bar in one corner. Here, indeed, one could imagine Washington and his officers drinking a final toast before they set off for Fort Duquesne, where General Braddock, their commander, was to lose his life. One could feel the hush that fell upon the noisy company at the inn when the beautiful "Female Stranger," whose identity nobody knows to this day, was brought from a foreign ship by her agonized young husband, mortally ill. She died at Gadsby's a few weeks later, and was buried in St. Paul's Cemetery, under a stone inscribed, "To the Memory of a Female Stranger, whose mortal suffering terminated on the 14th day of October, 1816, Aged 23 years and 8 months." Another beautiful woman died at Gadsby's, too—Ann Warren, who was known as "the ornament of the American stage." But all the memorable occasions were not sad.

Such momentous councils and such grand receptions as were held there! The one that will live longest in tradition was the last public celebration of Washington's birthday during his life-time, when he and Mrs. Washington were the guests at an elegant ball and supper. Late in the same year, 1779, a month before his death, he reviewed the local troops from the steps of Gadsby's, and gave his last military command.

But the afternoon was growing late, and I had not yet visited Christ Church, perhaps the most widely known of Alexandria's many shrines. I tore myself away from the old tavern, and, a little later, was let into the churchyard through the tall iron gate, and allowed to make my way at will to the church. Like the Old Presbyterian Meeting House, it is a serene and noble little edifice, a bit warmer and less austere in feeling than that stern Scotch sanctuary, but not unlike it in its simple dignity. A young negro sexton went happily about his work of dusting the pews, while a yellow-haired youngster of three or four frisked about his feet like a little dog. The sexton answered my questions with pride and interest, and invited me to sit down and rest in Washington's own pew, which he pointed out to me. It is a big double pew with a silver nameplate; and quite near it is a smaller one that was occupied for many years by Robert E. Lee. Indeed, Alexandria is hardly less rich in relics of Lee and his famous family than of Washington. I did not have time to visit the house where this, one of the greatest of Americans, spent his boyhood; or to linger among the moss-covered stones under the old trees in this churchyard where he came weekly during all the years when he lived at nearby Arlington. Those are among the things that I shall do when I go again.

Looking back upon my afternoon, it seems to me now that nothing moved me in quite the same way as a sign I stumbled upon by accident. I was on my way from Gadsby's Tavern to Christ Church when I noticed, just inside a fence I was passing, a board which bore the announcement, "This is the site of George Washington's town house." The lot was for sale, it seemed; and the sign gave some further information, including some facts about the age of the old house adjoining, which now occupied a part of the site. But all I could think of or remember was that Washington had actually lived here; had eaten and slept and gone in and out among his neighbors like any other citizen. For the first time I really saw him; a familiar figure on the streets he had helped to plan; from the time when he was a young officer of General Braddock, until the days when, full of years and honors, he would come in from Mount Vernon to his town house, to get his mail, purchase his supplies, and worship in his pew at Christ Church. He was a depositor in the Bank of Alexandria, first Worshipful Master of the Alexandria Lodge of Masons, and organizer of the Friendship Volunteer Fire Company. Yes, George Washington tugged at a hoss-cart with his neighbors! He presented it himself to his company, after he had seen a similar one in Philadelphia. It was then the latest thing in fire-fighting apparatus.

and may be seen today in Friendship Engine House, where it is spending an easeful old age after a life of curious vicissitudes.

When Lafayette returned to the United States as the nation's guest in 1824, he was entertained at Gadsby's. There, one evening, twenty-five years after his great companion-in-arms had passed on to his final home, the old Marquis gave a toast that echoed in my heart as I drove reluctantly away to catch my train. "To the City of Alexandria!" said Lafayette. "May her prosperity and happiness more and more realize the fondest hopes of our venerated Washington!"

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have the worship of the world, but no repose.—Percy B. Shelley.

IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO

By Pauline De Armond, in The Sentinel

Mexico is a large country lying south of the United States. Its official area is 767,198 square miles, but since twice as much of its total land surface rises perpendicularly as lies horizontally, its actual area must be at least three times its official area.

This pleasant country of semi-arid plateaus, tropical jungles, and fertile mountain valleys is inhabited almost entirely by Indians. You will be surprised to learn that instead of being confined to government reservations as are his relations in the United States, the Mexican Indian is free to roam the length and breadth of his native land, and to make his home where it pleases him best. He has absorbed into his own race most of the descendants of the Spanish conquerors. The few European settlers of other nationalities he tolerates or ignores. He asks only that they do not obtain too firm a foothold on the earthly paradise he regards as his exclusive property.

In Mexico each cmomunity or town is more or less a law unto itself, and the authority of the central government is not very firmly established in the outlying districts. It is said that there are still Indian settlements deep in the jungles or high hills of Mexico where the central government is never heard of and life goes on as it did before Europe discovered the Americas. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but even the casual visitor to Mexico must see that most of the native population has been very little touched by what we call civilization,, and that Mexico City (the one civilized spot in an otherwise barbarous land) is almost as alien to the rest of the country as London, New York or Paris would be. The Mexican Indian is absorbed by the affairs of his native district, and leaves the civil-

ization and politics of the capitol to the professional governing class, a little group of Spanish or mixed Spanish and Indian parentage.

It is significant that although the politicians at the capital are for the most part descendants of the foreign invaders, the great national heroes of Mexico have been pure Indians, or very nearly so. Cuauhtemoc, the last of the Indian kings, who allowed himself to be tortured and finally hanged rather than reveal to the Spaniards the hiding place of the Aztec treasure; Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, Jose Morelos, and Vicente Guerro who led their faithful Indian bands against the Spanish in the Mexico war for independence; Benito Juarez who battled all his life against the privileged upper classes and the church in an effort to restore to the Indians their confiscated lands and property; and last but not least Francisco Villa and Emiliano Zapata who drove the foreign capitalists whom Porfirio Diaz had established in Mexico out again and restored Mexico to the Mexicans; all these were Indians fighting for the right of the Indians to their native land. Their great deeds and the reverence in which their memory is held by their countrymen show us that though the Indian may be indifferent to politics there is in his heart a great love of country which never dies, and a that love.

General Lazaro Cardenas, who was elected President in 1934, is another champion of the rights of the Indian. He refuses to live at the Castle of Chapultepec, the official residence of Mexico's rulers, and has turned the residential part of the palace and the beautiful grounds over to the people for a public park. When in Mexico City he lives in his own home, a very unpretentious residence such as you or I might occupy. But Cardenas is seldom in Mexico City. Most of his time is spent out on the road, visiting the country towns, getting acquainted with his people and trying to interest them in the development of their country. One of my friends met Cardenas on the road from Laredo to Mexico City. He was escorting a party of provincial governors on a tour of the country. There was a long caravan of shiny new cars full of governors, and an escort of military police on motorcycles. A man who knew Cardenas pointed him out to my friend as the procession went by. He was riding, not in one of the shiny new cars with the governors, but on one of the motorcycles out in front with the military escort and enjoying himself immensely. It will be interesting to watch President Cardenas, and see how he comes out with his plans for Mexico.

How do Mexicans regard the United States? Man to man, the average Mexican seems to regard an American with mild curiosity and great indifference. They do not appear to envy us our superior culture, our amazing scientific progress, our automobiles, or our store clothes. Everything that to us is important to them is unimportant, because to them it is more important to live than to have possessions among which to live.

IN LUTHER'S LAND

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

The "Lutherland Tour" through Germany covered the most important points connected with the life of Luther. But before going to the city of Worms, in western Germany, a number of cities not connected with Luther, but influenced by him, were visited. The first of these was Berlin.

While not considered an artistically beautiful city, Berlin is an imposing city, with its great solid-looking buildings, erected to withstand the ravages of time for many centuries. It is a city of wide, straight, clean streets, with numerous open spaces.

When, years ago, Prince Otto von Bismarck, Germany's Iron Chancellor, suggested building residential sections, the houses were set among forest trees. In these forests roamed the wild boar. Today, these outer sections are very beautiful, miles and miles of wide, shaded streets, with shrubs and flowers in profusion, so that the streets in summer are a veritable flower garden, with separate roads on each side for horsemen, and for those who walk.

In a German city one looks in vain for a piece of paper, an apple core, or some faint trace of untidiness. But the streets are as clean of rubbish as a well-keept kitchen floor.

As an American woman walked along the street of a city in Germany she felt the urge to eat a banana. She stripped it of its peel, then threw the peel along the way. In a moment an officer was by her side, holding the discarded banana peel in his hand, and saying in English, "Madam, will you please put this peel in the receptacle nearby? Thank you!"And he was gone. He might as easily have deposited the banana peel in the container himself, but he knew that the traveler was in need of a lesson. And she was.

One is led to wonder how such immaculateness of city streets is secured. A little inquiry brings the information that the street-clearing force is under the direction, not of a politician, but of a technically educated man of wide experience. It is as though, in his day, Colonel Goethals, of Panama history, should have occupied the place of commissioner of street cleaning of New York City. For the department is recruited from soldiers who have served their time and have passed a doctor's examination. The rules of conduct, of uniforms, of duties, are outlined to the minutest detail. The streets are cleaned for the benefit of the people, not for the benefit of politicians, for they make no appointments. Clean streets and sidewalks in German cities do not "just happen." There is a reason.

No visit to Berlin is complete without a visit to Potsdam, sixteen miles to the southwest. A boat is taken down the river Harvel, which widening at intervals, gives the appearance of a succession of small lakes.

There may be others, aside from myself, who had always thought of Potsdam as a royal palace and nothing more. We are taken by surprise,

then, upon seeing a city of 60,000 people.

When, in 1660, Frederick Wilhelm chose the site for a royal palace, there was nothing but a small fishing village on the spot. Now there are broad, regularly built streets, public squares with fine trees, and many large, handsome buildings. A church of note is Saint Nicolai's, modeled after the Pantheon at Paris. Quite the handsomest of the many gates is a triumphal arch, copied from Trajan's Arch at Rome.

Today, there are several royal palaces there. One was occupied by the former Kaiser as his summer palace. At that time there was a garrison of eight thousand king's guards, the barracks dating from the time of Frederick the Great. The royal family preferred Potsdam Palace to all others on account of the many stately trees round about. Sans Souci, with its magnificent colonnade, was the favorite residence of Frederick the Great.

The Garrison Church, built by William I, father of Frederick the Great, is interesting for a number of reasons. It was built particularly for the King's Guards.

Under the pulpit, to the left, is the tomb of William I. To the right, the tomb of his son, Frederick the Great.

On the pulpit stand four hourglasses. The guide who leads us through loves to relate that "Frederick the Great was a funny old man who, on some Sabbath morning said to the preacher, 'Am not feeling so well this morning. Use the fifteen minute hourglass.' "

Here also are the chairs of William I, Frederick the Great, Emperor Wilhelm, and of the Empress. Each Sabbath saw the galleries filled with fifteen hundred soldiers.

On the top gallery is the great organ at which Bach played for two years prior to his death.

Another story the guide enjoys telling concerns the statue of Frederick the Great, near Sans Souci. A windmill nearby was the occasion of some legal trouble when the Court of Justice decided against the owner, Frederick the Great. When the statue was placed the king gave command that it should look away from instead of toward the windmill, since he had lost the case.

Seeing an unusually beautiful flower blooming in this loveliest of all the gardens in the entire park, the Sicilian garden, the guide replied in answer to a query as to its variety, "It is a blue flower." Then, with a twinkle in his eye he continued, "It is reported that once upon a time, when one of the kings walked through this beautiful garden, a particularly fine flower attracted his attention. Turning to his aide-de-camp he said, 'Inquire of the gardener the name of that flower.' When consulted, the gardener replied, 'It is a yellow flower.' Returning to the king the officer said, 'The gardener says it is a yellow flower.' " The guide continued, "You see, we guides cannot know quite everything. Not even the king's gardener knew the names of all the varieties in the garden. Only this time it is a blue flower."

Near the park is the New Palace, three hundred and seventy-five feet in length and containing about one hundred rooms. The Kaiser occupied until 1918. Since that time it has

been converted into a Museum of Art.

On the top of the palace are three great figures, with hands extended upward, typifying Elizabeth of Russia, Marie Theresa of Austria, and Madame de la Pompadour, upholding the crown of the Empire.

The traveler, on occasion, feels inclined to patronize the refreshment stand or wagon on the station platform. Here can be purchased, very reasonably, most delicious wurst sandwiches, et cetera. In Germany, the refreshments at the railway stations are regulated with care. Articles of food are tested and the price regulated. Aside from that, in each railway station refreshment room a book is kept where complaints may be entered.

The food served to travelers in Germany is good, the coffee invariably so. It seems to be coffee, unlike the liquid made of chickory one gets in some other continental countries. One may have his choice of bread, though rye bread, hard-crusted, is the choice of the people. Next in importance to the rye bread is sausage. Step into a wurstwaaren shop and you see a variety, big, ilttle, medium-sized, soft, hard, cooked and uncooked, covered and uncovered, black, white or brown. Food in Germany is safe, for perhaps nowhere in the world are laws against adulteration more stringent, and nowhere else is food inspected and reinspected as in Germany.

Entering the ancient city of Nurnberg it requires no stretch of imagination to place it in the Middle Ages. Nowhere throughout Germany did we see anything that looked quite so ancient, with its pointed gabled roofs, canals, and quaint bridges. On one hand is a fountain dating to 1385. Here is the house of Albrecht Durer, who, in 1471, made the first etching. The name of Durer is associated in many minds with "Praying Hands." And here lived the man who made the fisrt globe in the world, Martin Behaim, whom Columbus consulted before sailing on his voyage of discovery; the White Tower, which girls of twenty-five years, and not yet married were obliged to keep clean; the home of the maker of the first watch,—all these are to be seen.

An interesting church is the Church of Saint Lawrence, with private boxes for nobles or patricians, their coats-of-arms hanging by the windows given by patrician families. The pews are single stalls, with armrests upon which to lean if tired and the service long, for in these pews the worshiper remains standing.

Then there is the Meistersinger Church, with a Meistersinger school at the time of Richard Wagner, the students known as "The Meistersingers of Nurnberg."

Nurnberg is known to the world as "the city of toys." Aside from the enormous quantities made within its own city walls, unbelievably large numbers, thousands of tons, it is said, are made in the homes of the people in the surrounding villages.

Though the visitor may know no German, he early learns the meaning of the word "verboten" (forbidden) for no other word in the German language confronts one at every turn as does this owrd. One way to travel comfortably, it is said, is to discover the word "verboten" before someone else discovers you.

It has been pointed out that the south of Germany has produced its great musicians and the north its great thinkers. However that may be, Munich lived up to her reputation in prodcuing very fine operas. In the great opera house the opera begins at five and ends at eleven P. M. There is an intermission during which the guests may walk into the dining hall or into the delightful garden and enjoy a supper which is unsurpassed.

As in other parts of Germany, we find in Munich kings' palaces converted into museums. Here, too, is the National Theater, in which all of Wagner's operas had their first performance; the University of Munich, with 13,000 students, 3,000 to 4,000 being students from other countries; an obelisk in memory of the 30,000 men who accompanied Napoleon to Moscow, practically none of whom returned.

Especial interest centers around the home of Richard Wagner, for it was in this house that he wrote most of his operas.

The first train on the continent of Europe went through the streets of Munich to a hunting castle, in the year 1848. A man ran through the town ahead of the train ringing a bell to warn people of its approach.

A drive to an old garden introduced us to a herd of deer so friendly they ate pretzels from our hand. Deer have lived in that garden for more than three hundred years.

A monument cast in one piece of brass shows a woman with a wreath standing by a lion. The piece is so large that fifteen adults can stand at one time in the lion's head.

A skyscraper twelve stories high was pointed out. "I hope they will never repeat it," said our guide. "A building of twelve stories is much too high." No one dared tell him the height of the Empire State Building, or even of the Woolworth Building in New York.

A museum unlike any we had ever seen is in Munich. Here is a waterclock dating back to Egypt two hundred years before Christ. It is called a waterclock because it represents the head of a maiden from whose eyes a tear drops each second. It is both unusual and most interesting.

The museum is largely one of mechanical objects. Children may use the appliances to become familiar with their use. In trees are mechanical birds one hundred and ten years old, but still singing their cheery songs.

And here is the "plane" of the Wright brothers, the first aeroplane to fly. We are told that the United States credited the Langley plane, now in Smithsonian Institute, with being the first. The Wright brothers presented their plane to the Munich Museum, and now, no amount of money can buy it back.

Crossing the Austrian Tyrol and the Bavarian Alps we reached Zurich, then Lucerne, Switzerland. Many Freesian cows grazed on the slopes.

Many interesting stories, some of which may be read in his "Innocents Abroad," are told of Mark Twain in Switzerland. It is said to be the best description of Switzerland ever written. The Swiss are fond of saying that he is the best advertiser they have ever had.

An outstanding experience is the

trip on Lake Lucerne, for, from the steamer we see the house where Richard Wagner spent a part of his time and wrote some of his operas.

On an island, beautifully located, is the summer home of the Belgian king. Across the lake is a chapel, opened in June 1936, as a memorial to Queen Astrid. A cross nearby marks the spot where she met her tragic death.

On the shore of the lake is the place where Pestalozzi first taught. It is said of him that, great as he was, he remained poor during the whole of his life because he gave all his earnings to those who were poorer than himself.

The villages between Lucerne and Heidelberg are particularly interesting because, as in Italy, many of the houses are artistically decorated on the outside. Then, too, they are painted in pastel shades,—nile green, pale blue, pale rose, buff, pink trimmed with orchid, and even purple.

Driving along the Rhine to Heidelberg castle, the largest ruins in Germany, the place was indicated where "The Student Prince" had its origin. The French destroyed this magnificent castle when they took possession of the Rhinelands in 1689.

It is said of Heidelberg, that to the student it is what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. Here he finds an entirely different life, for he is thrown on his own resources. And there is no dormitory life in the German university, the students finding lodging in the homes in the town or city.

But there seems to be a system of disciplining, as the walls of the gael (jail) at the University of Heidelberg testify. Indeed, the decorations on the walls at Eton are very tame in comparison. While some students carried books with them to their prison, appearances indicate that the majority of them carried paints or lampblack. Candles were used, also, to produce the proper effect. They usually wrote on the walls the cause of their imprisonment. Many of them made a paste with moistened bread and fastened their photograph to the back of a door.

It was really a jail with barred windows, and the wall decorations resemble futuristic paintings, enough to give one a nightmare. Yet, strange to say, if a student was never sent to jail he was deeply mortified. He, as well as his fellow-students, thought there must be something wrong with him. He couldn't be quite normal. The jail has not been used in recent years, the last imprisonment being in 1914.

From Heidelberg to Mannheim, for personal reasons, then to the ancient city of Worms.

Of this city, it is said, that it stands in a class by itself. No other city in Germany has such a history. There are evidences that people have lived there for five thousand years.

While all visitors want to see the house in which Luther lived while he attended the Diet, the great center of attraction is the monument to Luther.

Luther did not come by a circuitous route to Worms, the distance of three hundred miles being quite enough to take in a covered wagon, furnished him by friends. Crowds gathered along the way to see him as he passed. Some hailed him as a hero; others were unsympathetic.

Luther knew that his life was in danger and, before leaving Wittenberg, in a final word to Melanchthon, urged him to continue to teach the truth in case he did not return.

On the morning of April 16 he and some companions drove into the streets of Worms. The people crowded the streets to get a glimpse of the man whose name had become a household word.

On the next afternoon the imperial herald came to notify Luther to appear at the bishop's palace where the diet was in session. At the palace a celebrated man tapped Luther on the shoulder and said, "Little friar, you are now walking a dangerous path. But, if you are right, God will not forsake you."

It was a brilliant assemblage that met Luther's eyes. The proceedings began. Charges were made. Luther answered as his conscience dictated. He was granted twenty-four hours for consideration. At the end of that time, after a night spent in prayer and consultation, he was again taken to the council chamber. It must have recalled to his mind the trial of Christ before Pilate.

When he was asked if he wanted to defend what he had said and written, or to recant, he gave expression to those memorable words, "Unless I am convinced by the Holy Scriptures, I can not and will not recant. Here I stand. I can not do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

Luther left for Wittenberg on April 26. It was on his way there that he was captured by friendly enemies and carried to the Wartburg Castle.

When the news got about that Luther had never reached Wittenberg, Albrecht Durer, the world-famous artist of Nurnberg wrote in his diary, "O God, is Luther dead? Then who will teach us the Holy Gospel so clearly?"

But Luther was safely hidden where he had the opportunity to produce that monumental piece of work, the translation of the New Testament from Latin to the language of his own people. the German.

On a commanding site in Worms stands the largest monument of Luther in the world. He is represented as standing with his hand on the Bible at the time he was saying, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise."

The statue by Von H. Nicolai, begun in 1856 and finished in 1868, is of solid bronze, and was given by the evangelical Christians of the world.

No matter how smart you are, and how well you think you can do things, there is always someone who can show you how to do them better.—Selected

AMERICA'S FAMOUS COLLECTION OF BELLS

By Clara Louise Dentler

"Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning
Fields deserted lie!

"Bell! thou soundest merrily,
Tellest thou at evening,
Bedtime draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

"Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings
Thou dost feel them all!"

In these stanzas Longfellow has summed up for us beautifully the mission of bells. They welcome the bridal party to the church, and they toll the accompaniment to the funeral procession. They ring messages of joy to announce to a war-sick world that the fighting has ceased, while far out at sea they ring to warn mariners of dangerous rocks or shoals.

A bell or its crude substitute is known in every land, savage or civilized. Japan is noted especially for its many types of bells that figure largely in its history and in its worship. England, because of her thousands of bells, large and small, is known as the "singing island." The love of bells binds all people into one great brotherhood, for they speak a universal language understood by all.

The thought often comes to one that it woud be fascinating to travel over the world seeking out famous bells and studying their varied histories. It is possible for this dream to become a partial reality because probably the largest bell collection in the world, and the largest in America, is to be found in Mission Inn, Riverside, California.

With the late master of this Inn-Museum, Mr. Frank Miller, the collecting of bells was a hobby that took him to the four corners of the earth, in search of his treasures, some six hundred fifty in number. Some of the world's most famous bells can be seen here; for instance, the oldest inscribed Christian bell in existence.

We no sooner enter the charming gateway which brings us into a lovely Spanish patio, than we are aware of the presence of bells. The largest of the vast collection stands in this courtyard. It is a Chinese bell from the temple in Nanking which was destroyed in the 1912 Revolution. It is six feet five inches high, its greatest diameter four feet, and weighs two thousand eight hundred pounds. It contains an eloborate inscription of the attributes of the great Emperor Quang Hsu, from whose reign it dates.

Very happily the bells at Mission Inn are not segregated in one hall or group of rooms, but are scattered

through the many rooms, halls, courts, and gardens; massed exhibitions often pall rather than attract. Here, all is very different; each bell has a setting of a background that enhances its beauty and interest.

A suite of rooms off of the main foyer is known as the "Presidents' Suite," for here many of our Presidents have been entertained; European royalty has also enjoyed the comfort of its luxuries. Eight famous bells find places in the windows and around the fireplace of these rooms. All of them are especially appropriate to this location as they have played a part in the history of our country.

Two of the first bells we notice are connected with our possessions, Alaska and Hawaii. The first one is from a Russian Church in the Aleutian Islands, off Alaska. It is at least two hundred years old, and it is thought that it was sent to the church from Russia by Catherine the Great. Two rather large pieces are broken out of it. The damage was caused by the extremely severe cold on one Christmas Eve when the bell was calling the people to prayer.

The second bell is from an old ship that used to ply among the various islands of the Hawaiian group.

A Spanish-American War bell claims our minute attention. It was taken from the Spanish ship, *Don Juan de Austria,* which was captured by Admiral Dewey in the Battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898; the battle that gave the Philippines to the United States.

About the huge fireplace are five bells of historical significance. Particularly appropriate here is the "Sylph" bell from the presidential yacht used by Presidents McKinley. Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. It will be recalled that Mr Wilson substituted the "Mayflower" during his administration. The "Sylph" bell has solemnly tolled many a time in tribute to George Washington, as the yacht passed Mount Vernon on the Potomac; its sweet tone was enjoyed by two distinguished foreign guests of Mr. Wilson: King Albert of the Belgians, and Premier Clemenceau of France.

A lovely ship bell on an iron yoke gives every indication of having been for a long time under water, and it was. For nearly a century it lay at the bottom of the ocean on its wrecked vessel. The ship was the historic transport which left Boston in 1755 to go to Nova Scotia, "Evangeline Land," to convey those unhappy exiles to Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. It went to the bottom of the sea and was not located and rescued for almost one hundred years.

The San Juan Hill bell is practically a memorial of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's miraculous escape from death just before that battle in the Spanish-American War. He, Colonel Wood, and the Rough Riders were spending the night at El Poso Rancho, where this bell was used as a call bell. During the night a shell fired at the house killed many in the courtyard and brought down this bell from its cupola, yet the American colonels were unharmed.

The Town Cryer's Bell often brought news of gladness as well as sadness, but this bell is the one that brought terrifying news to a Massachusetts town in the fatal April of 1775. On it we read this inscription:

"This bell was rung on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, to arouse the people and farmers and tell them that Paul Revere had brought the news that the British Army was coming to destroy stores of ammunition at Concord, Massachusetts, and to attack them at Lexington, and there they met the foe. Here commenced the Revolutionary War in the early morning hours."

A bell from the mansion of General Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va., completes the group in the Presidential Suite. It is suspended by a silken cord and was used to summon the slaves when some duty called them to the house.

In the Garden of Bells large ones and small swing from chains attached to festoons of chains about the walls of the court. Every one has its absorbing story to tell, had we but time to listen. Two, however, clamor loudly above all the others for our attention. We are looking upon the oldest inscribed Christian bell in existence; it bears the date 1247. It was unearthed by Mr. Miller in London in the shop of the bell founders who cast "Big Ben." Buried in debris is had escaped their notice.

It bears a Latin inscription which translated reads: "James, Jesus Christ, Mary. Quintana and Salvador made me in the year of our Lord 1247." James is St. James the patron saint of Spain. This is believed to be the Santa Maria bell in the campanile of the parish church in Santiago. Legend says that St. James often appeared in the sky, mounted on a snowy white horse, and gained victories for the Spaniards in their conflicts with the Moors.

The other bell recalls one of the most heroic sacrifices in missionary history, that of Father Damien at the leper colony of Molokia, in the Hawaiian Islands. This bell is from his church of St. Francis, where he preached to those poor unfortunate people until he contracted the dread disease from which he died in 1889. He literally gave his life that he might bring to these despairing lepers the story and hope of eternal life.

One can almost never see carillon wheels outside of Mexico and California. These wheel bells are from an old chapel in Mexico. Similar ones were used in the old California missions in the days of the Padres. The bells were fastened to a wooden wheel rim, which turned with a handle in a tripod frame. They were used for mass chimes during the service conducted by the Franciscan priest. An Indian boy turned the wheel.

One could spend days studying and enjoying these bells, and the gracious hosts of the Inn are glad to guide us and explain the treasures. Space has permitted us to describe but a very few of them, yet all merit almost equally our thought. The Oriental courts, the towers, the chapels, and the subteranean cloisters house these bells whose history actually makes music for our ears.

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.
—Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE LIFE STORY OF AN HUMBLE WOMAN

(Selected)

The following story is told by McEwan Lawson in an article on "Great Living" which appeared in a number of the Christian Advocates of the Northern Methodist Church. The story of heroism and sorrow carries its own message. Comment would be gratuitous:

"I was living at Sandy Hook when I met Jacob Walker. He kept the Sandy Hook lighthouse. He took me to that lighthouse as his bride. I enjoyed that, for it was on land, and I could keep a garden and raise vegetables and flowers. After a few years my husband was transferred to Robbins Reef. The day we came here I said: 'I won't stay. The sight of water whichever way I look makes me lonesome and blue.' I refused to unpack my boxes and trunks at first. I unpacked them a little at a time. After a while they were all unpacked, and I stayed on. My husband caught a heavy cold while tending the light. It turned to pneumonia. It was nessary to take him to the Smith Infirmary on Staten Island, where he could have better care than I could give him in the lighthouse. I could not leave the light to be with him . He understood. One night, while I sat up there tending the light, I saw a boat coming. Something told me what news it was bringing me. I expected the words that came up to me from the darkness: 'We are sorry, Mrs. Walker, but your husband is worse.'

'He is dead!' I said.

We buried him in the cemetery on the hill. Every morning when the sun comes up I stand at the porthole and look in the direction of his grave. Sometimes the hills are white with snow, sometimes they are green, sometimes brown. But there always seems to come a clear message to me. It is what I heard Jacob say oftener than anything else in his life. Just three words, 'Mind the light.' I have been here thirty-two years."

MY PRAYER

Make me immune to little hurts,
  Unmindful of sharp, piercing pain;
Aware that other's deeds and words
  Can have no power to sting or maim.
My spirit. So let me be constantly
  Secure, serene, kind, loving, strong,
That I may live more perfectly,
  Assured that life is good, not wrong.

—Dorothy Howard.

COMMUNISM VS. FASCISM

(Alabama Baptist)

A friend asks that we state the difference between Communism and Fascism. He imposed upon us a hard task, but if we were to make an attempt at pointing out the difference we might say something like this:

First, there is but little difference as to the end both systems attain. Both indicate a rulership by dictators and ruthless minorities. These ruling minorities are not political parties as we understand that term but rather an oath-bound society whose purpose it is to suppress all competing organizations and deny both civil and religious liberty in the interest of the solidarity of the State (government). Universities, newspapers, banks, business, printing houses and pulpits—everything—is made subservient to the state either under Communism or Fascism. Shock troops stand ready to enforce the will of the State upon all who refuse to obey its will.

The means of reaching this end are a bit different, for Communism seeks the well-being of every individual by doing away with all classes (but it has not succeeded at this), and elevating one class viz: the "workers" to a place of authority and supremacy. This class, though in a minority, becomes autocratic and rules with an iron hand all the people in the Communism state.

Fascism on the other hand aims at making the State itself supreme. In fact, the State becomes the sum-total of every thing, hence, it is called the "totalitarian" state. It would take a book to point out all the likenesses and differences but when all is said they are far more nearly alike than they are different.

God be praised that we have neither in this country and most likely will never have either; yet in spite of the howl that has gone up against Communism, where there has been any switching at all from the democratic principle, it has been toward Fascism and not Communism. All attempts at the regimentation of men whether in industry or agriculture have smacked at Fascism.

The two theories of political philosophy brought on the Civil War in Spain; all Europe is divided more or less in one or the other camp; Great Britain and France are about the only two nations in Europe which hold to democracy and France is badly divided. The Pope proposes to wage war on Communism but says nothing against Fascism; and while American Protestantism does not like Communism, neither does it like Fascism. Between the two evils the people of this country will choose neither if they can help it.

How little value it is to perceive what is wrong if you have no purpose to attempt to make it right.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Among the visitors at the School on Wednesday of last week were Messrs. M. G. Fulghum and L. F. Watson, superintendent of public welfare and county commissioner, respectively, of Wilson County. After visiting the various departments they seemed to be pleased with the manner in which we are trying to carry on the work of the institution. We were delighted to have these gentlemen with us and trust they may find it convenient to make further visits to the School.

—o—

In the absence of Miss Virginia Smoot, our regular accompanist, Miss Eugenia Brumley, of Concord, rendered the piano accompaniment for the boys' chorus singing at the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Miss Brumley did unusually well in the role of pinch-hitter, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks for assistance rendered on this occasion She was accompanied to the School by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brumley. We were very glad to have these good folks with us and can assure them a hearty welcome should they decide to make future visits.

—o—

Rev. Ivon L. Roberts, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the second chapter of Phillipians, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Bells."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Roberts named the various kinds of bells, among them being large bells, small bells, bells with loud tones, bells with soft tones, church bells, school bells, etc.

He first called attention to the church bells, calling the people to worship God, and then mentioned bells that we pay special attention to, such as school bells, fire bells, alarm clock bells, and last but not least, the ever popular dinner bell.

Rev. M. Roberts told the boys the story of the largest bell ever cast. It weighed more than two hundred tons, was 19 feet high and measured more than 61 feet around it. But, said he, the sad part about the making of this great bell was that a fire broke out in the foundry where it was made, and the intense heat caused it to crack, and a large piece fell out of it, rendering it useless.

The speaker then called attention to the large set of bells, called a carrilon, hanging in the tower of the magnificent chapel at Duke University. These bells are all tuned to make music and are so arranged that they can be played from a keyboard, similar to that of an organ.

Before these bells can be played, however, they must be tuned so as to produce perfect tones. The tuning is accomplished by having an expert workman scrape away bits of metal from inside the lower edge of the bell. Little bits of metal are scraped off until the bell has the proper tone.

The speaker then said we should think of ourselves as a bell that God created. God seemed to mean when he placed us here that we were to work together, making a nation of

people living in beautiful harmony. Each of us has a part to perform, just as each bell, perfectly tuned, adds to the rendition of sweet harmonies. We can only do this by living the kind of life that is God's will.

There is a great difference beween just making a noise or din and making beautiful music. The former is easy to make, but the latter can only be made when each part is in perfect tune. Just as the skilled workman tuned the bells by scraping away that which would cause discord, we can make our lives play the part God wishes by leaving off certain things that make us unfit for taking part in His great plan. He then named some things that a boy should leave off while his life is in the formative stage, such as: (1) The use of profane language or vulgarity; (2) the use of alcoholic drinks. In speaking of the first named vice, Rev. Mr. Roberts said that some boys think it makes them appear big to curse, but it really makes them smaller, lowering them in the estimation of their friends. There are plenty of adjectives, verbs, adverbs, etc., in the English anguage to express our thoughts along any line without resorting to the use of profanity or vulgarity. In speaking of the second vice, the speaker stated that alcoholic drinks impair the faculties of both body and mind. He made the statement that, according to statistics, out of every ten persons who start drinking, three of them die as hopeless drunkards.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Roberts told the story of a negro named George Carver. As a boy he was a slave and was stolen from his master, his mother being stolen at the same time. Years later his owner found him in the possession of another planter, who returned him to his original owner, taking a horse in exchange. This boy who was traded for a horse worked his way through school and college, where he excelled in chemistry. He later became famous by reason of discovering many, many things which could be taken from the common peanut. He was offered many fine positions, but refused them all, saying that he preferred to stay where he could be of service to his people, and he is now one of the most prominent educators on the staff of Tuskeegee Institute one of the nation's leading colleges for negroes.

LIFE'S MOLEHILLS

Face it squarely, don't evade
That huge inflated molehill.
March up bravely, watch it fade!
It levels—just as you make grade—
Once up, you wonder how you made
A mountain of that molehill.

—Bess Burton Chaplin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 21, 1937

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Robert Allen 11
(9) J. C. Cox 9
(12) Edward Johnson 12
(6) James Johnson 6
(9) Ray Norman 9
Harley Riley
(12) Mack Setzer 12
(12) Fred Wheeler 12
(6) James Wilhite 11

COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan
(7) Claude Maines 9
(2) Arthur Martin 10
Jack Norris 5
Albert Silas 8
Jerry Smith
(4) James West 9
(2) John Wilson 4
(6) Preston Yarborough 11

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) John Capps 6
(2) Henry Fredere 7
(3) Fred Seibert 7

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) M. C. Cranford 8
James Eury
Coolidge Green 6
(2) Julian Gregory 8
(2) John Hampton 5
William McRary 3
(2) Frank Pickett 7

COTTAGE No. 4

William Bell 5
Odell Bray 2
(2) Mathis Garrett 5
(4) James Hancock 9
Ernest Hudspeth
(7) Ralph Johnson 9
(2) Wade Melton 3
Richard Mills 6
(4) Robert Mims 8
(4) Charles Mizzell 8
(2) Joseph McPherson 3
Frank Raby 8
William Surratt 2
(2) Melvin Walters 8

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 2
(2) William Cassell 8
(3) A. L. Gaines 11
Herman Hunt 5
(6) Jack Tate 7

COTTAGE No. 6

William Burnette 9
Theodore Bowles 9
Kenneth Conklin 8
Fletcher Castlebury 10
James Coleman 8
Robert Deyton 9
Columbus Hamilton 6
Thomas Hamilton 7
Leonard Jacobs 2
Marvin King 5
Joseph Sanford 2
Henry Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) James Corn 8
(2) Fred Dysen 7
(3) John Elliott 8
James Finley 3
Giles Green 2
(3) Caleb Hill 8
(3) Houston Howard 6
James Jordan
Wayland Morgan 4
(2) Milton Pickett 7
(2) Percy Strickland 3
Percy Sanford 5
(3) Lester Warren 6
Boyce Watts 2
Joseph Wheeler 3
(2) William Young 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Ralph Rainey 8
(3) Charles Taylor 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood
(3) Thomas Braddock 7
(3) Edgar Burnette 4
Wilson Bowman 6
Hubert Carter 3
Craig Chappell 2
(4) Randolph Davis 11
Reuben Duggins 4
(4) Woodfin Fowler 7
(4) Charles Freeman 10
(4) C. D. Grooms 9
Mark Jones
(4) Esmond Reams 8
(4) Homer Smith 10
Percival Shuler 4
Cleveland Suggs 4
Luther Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 10
(2) Earl Atwood 3
Jack Carter
(7) Glenn Collins 7
Fred Davidson 4
Matthew Duffey
Jeff Gouge 7
(3) Mack Joines 3
(2) William Knight 7
William Peedin 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(Na Honor Holl)

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 4
(2) Frank Dickens 10
Talmage Dautrey 9
(2) Marvin Edwards 11
(2) Bernard Griffin 10
June Malone 7
(2) Clarence Mayton 6
(2) Jerome Medlin 9
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 8
(2) Andrew Powell 10
William Powell 2
(2) James Reavis 6
(2) Lonnie Sloan 4
Charles Williams 2
(2) Ross Young 6

COTTAGE No. 13

(5) Robert Hailey 6
(3) Claudius Pickett 7

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe 2
James Andrews 3
Fred Clark 2
Stacy Long 8
Desmond Truitt

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews
John Brown
Roy Cruse 9
George Gibson 10
Joseph Hyde 4
Walter Hill 9
(2) Caleb Jolly 8
Cleo King 2
(2) George McManus 11
(2) Edward Martin 7
Marvin Martin
Walter Mitchell 10
Connie Michael 4
(2) Edward Murry 9
(2) Charles Pennell 2
Harley Pennell 8
Wilson Rich
Ira Settle
Harless Triplett 8
(2) Robert Teeter 11
George Worley 4
Robert Wilson 3

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: Myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more clearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

MAR 8 1937
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 6, 1937 No. 10

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OUR PART

Not once in life, perchance, 'tis ours
  To reach a long-sought goal;
But we may pause beside the road
  To help another soul.
Not once to us may come the call
  To play the hero's part;
But we, perchance, may find some word
  Of courage to some heart.

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

OLD FRIENDS

Old friends are like the sunshine
  Of autumn on the grain.
The springtime tints have vanished,
  But all the worths remain.

Old friends are like the moments
  Approaching eventide,
Gone is the dew of morning,
  But blue skies still abide.

Old friends are like the gleaming
  Of coals upon the stone.
Gone is the leaping firelight,
  But the warm glow lives on,

Old friends are like the ripeness
  Of fruit upon the tree.
They are life's bounty, mellowed
    Into maturity.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

WANTED—SCOTCH-IRISH HISTORY

The splendidly written article, labeled, "Deutschland in Piedmont North Carolina," by Smith Barrier, Jr., of Concord, now a student at the University of North Carolina, has attracted the attention of educators and other representative citizens from all parts of the state.

The story showed wonderful research work, and was compiled with the understanding of a writer of maturer years and much experience.

The Uplift would appreciate a similar article relative to the Scotch-Irish, the progenitors of a class in Cabarrus county who have made history worth recording. There is someone in Cabarrus among the younger set who have the ability to write an interesting history of the Scotch-Irish settlers in the county, and it should be done. The Uplift would be glad to give publicity to the same. Such is good publicity for Cabarrus county.

* * * * * * *

PRACTICAL RELIGION

The question was asked "once upon a time" by one who was invested with the power to inspect schools: "Where in your day's program do you touch religion?"

The reply was, "We teach it all day long." This statement was verified briefly by explaining that "in arithemtic, accuracy is the goal; in language, by learning to say just what we mean, tempered with kindness; in history, by holding before the student body worthy examples of humanity; in geography and handicraft, correct symbols for the mind to follow; in astronomy, by having reverence for the Unseen Power; in sports, by acting fair; in our treatment of people and the dumb beast, charity to all and kindness. In short, we endeavor to teach by example, and this is done by following the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

These rules of life, if observed, will demonstrate religion in action.

* * * * * * *

GOOD TO REMEMBER

The following items taken from Sunshine Magazine, are worth remembering, and if memorized, will save many from making a "faux-pas" when trying to make a good impression in polite society:

"If you are wise you won't find fault.

"You won't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

"You won't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

"You won't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

"You won't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

"You won't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life.

"You won't believe all the evil you hear.

"You won't repeat gossip even if you think it would interest a crowd.

"You won't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about."

* * * * * * *

A MUNICIPAL PLAYGROUND—A NEED

This is the season of the year for out-door sports, such as flying kites and skating on sidewalks. Such a pastime is a child's birthright, and the grown-ups should make provision for playgrounds in congested districts of cities, so as to take children off the streets where their lives are at a hazard on account of heavy traffic and wires that carry a heavy voltage of electricity.

Since the municipalities of cities are unable to have parks with skating rinks for the joy of childhood, it would not be a bad idea at all to rope off certain streets to be used from 3:30 to 5:30 in the afternoon, making it a safe refuge for the youths of the community.

This consideration for children would not only safeguard them, but all pedestrians. Perhaps the officials of Concord could find one or more streets at a specified time for the purpose of skating.

Our citizenship is rapidly increasing. How?

Through the youths of the community, therefore, it behooves the municipality of Concord to make provision for the child of today, who will be the man or woman of the future. This plan could be tried out, and if successful, would put a ban on sidewalk skating that is dangerous.

* * * * * * *

THE TIMBERLINE TREE

There are few people who know just what the timberline tree means. Well, it is just this if the definition given by one who

lives high up in the mountains is true. This is the brief of the definition: In looking towards a mountain peak frequently the entire mountain is covered with trees up to a certain distance and then the mountain is perfectly bald headed, so to speak. Fringing the growth of trees will be seen many gnarly trees, having few limbs, crooked and apparently worn and torn by time. This is the line that marks the fertility of the soil where the forest will grow.

The following is a tribute to the timberline tree taken from the Sunshine Magazine:

> "The Timberline Tree is not beautiful, if you look for beauty in symmetry. and lush foliage, and graceful lines. At times the battle has gone against it, and the marks of many a defeat are plain to be seen. Up where all the other trees have abandoned the unequal fight, the Timberline Tree holds the farthest outpost of life. I know that the Timberline Tree is not good for fruit, nor is it of much material use to the children of men. But its spirit is that of the adventurer who goes far beyond any chances of gain or glory, and shows what intrepidity can compass. I think of it as in some way kin to the Lincolns among men. And I think of One who bowed his head against bitterer winds than have beat on the sons of men, but who stood his ground until the day when he could say. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world!"

* * * * * * *

LOST—A BOY!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and raise a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately the losing of this lad is without dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold.

Yes, his mother lost him. Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programs, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for

dignity, the ministers and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness. And so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

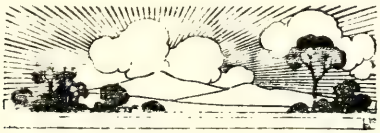
A FEATHER IN HIS CAP

We hear expressions but never know the origin. If any one does an unusual act showing courage the remark that follow's, " that's a feather in his cap." Who knows the origin of this oft used remark?

Maybe there are some who do not know so we will give it briefly for the pleasure of the "don't know." Such information can not be found in encyclopedias, but just occasionally these tid-bits are found in small magazines that make a speciality of such news items.

This is the story: Among certain tribes of American Indians it was customary for the braves to gather around the fire after a battle to recite their deeds of bravery. For each brave deed a feather was awarded, while for a particular brave deed the award was a feather with a decorated tip—some strands of hair, or perhaps a strip of paper painted with a symbol which described the deed of valor.

No Indian was allowed to wear a feather in his war-bonnet until that feather had been properly awarded, so that each feather told a story with great significance. Thus "a feather in his bonnet, or cap" meant much to the Indian warrior.



STATE NEEDS MORE LIBRARIES

By Nell Battle Lewis

Thirty-one counties in North Carolina have no form of library service whatever, which means that almost two million people in the State, ap proximately two-thirds of the population of North Carolina, are without the advantages and pleasures of books. There are a number of other counties in which library service at present is very inadequate, and only fourteen counties have appropriations sufficient, according to American Library Association, to warrant the title, "County Library."

In order to supply North Carolina's book-starved millions the Citizens Library Movement, headed by William T. Polk, of Warrenton, in conjunction with the North Carolina Library Commission, will ask the General Assembly of 1937 for $150,000.00 for State aid to libraries, believing that such aid is as much a function of government as public education, public health, or public welfare.

Members of this movement who have studied the library situation in North Carolina find that many counties are too small a unit to provide effective book service for all the people. They think that the supporting region should be larger, big enough to provide, with State cooperation, more adequate funds. In determining the size of the region of support, they say, trade areas, roads, and physical conditions would be considered.

North Carolina at present has only 87 public libraries whose combined collection of books is only 744,369 volumes, a ratio of about half a book per person in the population served by these institutions, and a ratio of only about a fifth of a book per person if the collection could be spread over the whole State.

State aid would mean that there could be more public libraries, that these which now exist could be strengthened and their servic expanded, that traveling libraries could be sent into rural sections by means of book trucks or "bookmobiles" like those recommended by the N. C. Library Commission and now being operated in four counties, and that library service could be enlarged and equalized for the whole State.

The man who is an optimist is usually a success, for his mind is never worrying about the reasons why a thing cannot be done. He doesn't think that way.—Selected.

SO THIS IS AMERICA—COMPARE IT WITH OTHER COUNTRIES

(Selected)

What are the measuring sticks by which we can make an honest appraisal of the American standard of living and the distribution of wealth.

The United States has only 6 percent of the land erea of the world, and 7 per cent of the world's population. But its percentage in the worldly goods, its enjoyment of comforts and its usage of new inventions and achievements is greater than in any other country.

This country has 32 per cent of the railroads, 58 per cent of the telephone and telegraph facilities, 36 per cent of its developed water power, 76 per cent of the automobiles, 33 per cent of the radio broadcasting stations and 44 per cent of the radio receiving sets.

Our standard of living is so much higher than in foreign countries that we consume one-half of the world's coffee; one-half of its rubber; one-half of its sugar; three-fourths of silk; one-third of its coal and two-thirds of its petroleum.

Our educational system and our schools, which assure every one a free education, are the envy of the world. In 1933, a depression year, there was spent in the United States more than three billion dollars for education, and that was more than the amount expended in all the rest of the world for education. The United States is the only country in the world to send one out of every five children through high schools, and one out of 116 through college.

The worker's share of all national income has grown from 38 per cent in 1850 to 65 per cent in 1929, and has remained at this level during the depression. This country has attained world leadership in efficient production because of the willingness to produce on the part of the workers, and the willingness to pay on the part of the employers

Most workers in America are property owners and as such may be called capitalists. In 1930, 14 million families owned their own homes. More than half of all the farmers own farms.

There was an automobile for four out of every five families. Two out of every three families had telephones and electricity, and 40 per cent of all families had radios. In 1934, including postal savings, there were more than 38 million savings accounts in banks throughout the country with aggregate deposits exceeding two billion dollars.

At the beginning of 1934 there were over thirty-one and one-half million ordinary life insurance policies in force for a face value of over 70 billion dollars, in addition there were over eighty-eight and one-quarter million industrial policies calling for payment of almost eighteen billion dollars.

Is this a social order worth every protection and safeguard?

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

(Selected)

I am young enough to have joys and sorrow, deep longings and high dreams, and many, many problems; and old enough to know that there is a cause for every joy, a cure for every sorrow, a solution for every problem, and a fulfillment for every aspiration.

I am young enough to desire success, and old enough to know that it can never be attained at the cost of health or character. I am young enough to want money, and old enough to know that true wealth consists not in the abundance of things one possesses.

I am young enough to covet fame, and old enough to know that better than fame is the joy of spending one's self in self-forgetful loving service. I am young enough to enjoy a good time, and old enough to know that one cannot have a good time if pleasure-seeking is put first in life.

I am young enough to love play, and old enough to have learned that most fun is having a hard task and seeing it bravely through. I am young enough to want to be good to look upon, and old enough to know that true beauty is from within.

I am young enough to seek far and wide for truth, and old enough to know that I most often find it in being faithful to the task at hand. I am young enough to make mistakes and old enough to learn the lesson, forget the experience and pass on to better things.

I am young enough to know sorrow, pain, and misfortune, and old enough to be grateful for their chastening, mellowing influences. I am young enough to long for happiness, and old enough to know that it tarries longest with us when we seek it least.

I am young enough to crave true friends, and old enough to appreciate them when I find them. I am young enough to believe in the goodness of the human heart, and old enough to keep faith regardless of some disillusionments. I am young enough to know love, and old enough to realize it is the most priceless possession in life.

I am young enough to have simple faith in God, in His goodness, in His loving care for me, in His wise and beautiful plan for my life, and old enough to value this faith as the thing that gives me life purpose and makes it well worth living.

If everyone had to pay five cents every time they spoke a word there wouldn't be so much useless chatter going on in the world.—Selected.

EXPERT SAYS AMERICANS NEED ATHLETIC 'PICKUP'

(Selected)

Amid rumbling of interntional discord in other countries, a survey by American health authorities reveals that more than 40 per cent of the available men in the country would be found physically unfit to bear arms if this country were to face a national emergency.

For every 1,000 men who tried to join the United States Army in the first eight months of 1936 through the enlistment office in New York, 408 failed to pass the physical examination, according to the figures being studied by Charles Atlas, physical culture authority, and Dr. Ralph Greene, medical director for a national air line and an authority on the physical requirements for flying.

By comparing this year's figures with Surgeon General M. W. Ireland's report on the men drafted for army service in the World War, Atlas emphasizes the slight improvement which public health, athletics and haphazard physical training have effected in this country during the past two decades. A more determined campaign to develop the peacetime character of American manhood, he said, would have shown a more marked improvement over the 1917-18 draft figures.

In that mass analysis an average of 532 men out of every 1,000 were found physically fit, 468 then failing to pass the requirements.

A study of the reasons for rejection of Army applicants made by Atlas shows that nearly one-third of the defects are those which could be largely minimized by proper care and training.

"The Army report shows that defective vision is the chief cause for rejection," said Atlas. "In a large number of cases such deficiencies can be corrected by eye specialists, prescribing simple eye exercises and proper glasses.

"More startling than this is the fact that the second largest cause for rejection is found in the height and weight of the applicants. That men allow themselves and their growing children to become overweight to the point of ultimately losing their efficiency, in the opinion of the Army examiners, or underweight with a loss of energy and vitality, is amazing when it is considered that proper diet and exercise will eliminate these faults in almost every case.

"Public health and physical training should be vigorously pushed throughout the country to bring about a really marked increase in the average number of American men who are physically fit."

Proof that the rejections by the Army constitute a fair yardstick for measuring physical fitness throughout the country is seen in a statement issued by Dr. Greene. Tabulations made on examination of men who applied for flight training reveal that 47 per cent failed to measure up to the required standards for physical fitness. Dr Greene declared:

"Twelve thousand young men, who

thought themselves physically fit and capable of passing the required medical examinations for flight training were examined by officers of the Army medical corps, and only 53 per cent were accepted.

"Eighty-seven per cent of these later 'washed out' in flight training, when less obvious shortcomings proved them unfit for transport flying."

WHEN ARE YOU HARD UP

Your'e not hard up when your purse is flat,
And your trousers flayed like an old doormat;
You're not hard up when your bills fall due,
And you haven't a dollar to see you through;
You're not hard up till you see the day
That you haven't a cheerful word to say.

You're not hard up when your coin is gone,
And you whistle a tune as you journey on;
You may walk the street while others ride
And your pockets have naught but your hands inside;
That's not being broke, you may depend,
For you're not hard up while you have a friend.

But you are hard up and in sorry way
If you haven't a cheerful word to say;
If nothing on earth appeals to you,
And you can't see charm in the skies of blue;
And you are hard up if you've reached the end,
And you can say in truth that you have no friend.

In dollars and cents don't count your wealth,
But sum it up in good friends and health,
In the chance to give not material things,
But the gladness your smile and cheery word brings.
If you haven't a soul to love or care,
You are hard up—though a millionaire.

—Selected.

JUSTICE HERIOT CLARKSON

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

Although Justice Heriot Clarkson was born in South Carolina and for the past 15 years has resided in Raleigh, Charlotte claims him as her own because of his long and useful life in this city and because of his marriage to a Charlotte girl, Miss Osborne, the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Edwin A. Osborne.

Judge Clarkson is descended from an illustrious family. The ancestor for whom he was named was George Heriot, founder of the Heriot Foundation to assist in the education of the youth of Edinburg, Scotland, one of the earliest forerunners of the modern free school system. He is a descendant of Esther Marion, the only sister of Gen. Francis Marion. The distinguished Col. Rob't. Heriot and Col. Maurice Simons of Revolutionary fame were his forebears. His father was Maj. William Clarkson, gallant Confederate officer and his mother was Miss Margaret Simons, a member of the well known Simons family of South Carolina.

When his family moved to Charlotte he attended Male Academy which was taught by his uncle, Walter Beaumont Clarkson. From 1873 to 1880 he was a student at the Carolina Military Institute which was conducted by Col. J. P. Thomas. In 1880 he entered the law office of Col. Hamilton C. Jones and Gen. Robert Johnson in Charlotte where he spent several years and under the supervision of these distinguished lawyers laid a solid foundation for his future professional career. Entering the University of North Carolina he studied law under the Hon. John Manning, graduated October 5, 1884, first in his class and two days later was admitted to the bar of the State. Returning to Charlotte he immediately engaged in the practice of his profession. The following year he helped to organize the Law Library Association in Charlotte and became its secretary. In 1888 he formed a partnership with Mr. Charles A. Duls which continued until Mr. Duls became Judge of the Superior Court.

Judge Clarkson served as alderman and vice-mayor of Charlotte from 1887 to 1889 and again from 1891 to 1893; twice codified the city ordinances; was city attorney under Mayor Peter Marshall Brown, whose campaign he managed in 1901; was legal adviser in the administration of Mayor T. L. Kirkpatrick.

He was a charter member and organizer of the Democrat White Supremacy club and a member of the House of Representatives in 1899 and during that session was instrumental in passing a bill which resulted in the establishment of the textile department of State College. In 1905 he was appointed by Governor Aycock solicitor of the twelfth judicial district and held his first court at Dallas, Gaston county, where oath was administered by Judge Armistead Burwell. He was later elected to this office which he held until his retirement in 1911.

In 1901 Judge Clarkson drew the first legalized primary law and the Australian ballot election law for Mecklenburg county which was later

adopted by the State. He secured the Drainage act for Mecklenburg county in the General Assembly of 1913 and helped draft an act for the Municipal League giving extensive power to municipalities to build utilities, etc.

Judge Clarkson was campaign manager for Governor Cameron Morrison and wrote the story of his life under the title Life and Letters of Governor Cameron Morrison. He was chairman of the Good Roads Association committee which prepared the modern State Highway Commission law. A pen that signed the Good Roads bill was presented to him by Speaker Grier of the House of Representatives.

In 1923 he was appointed by Governor Morrison as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina for the unexpired term of Justice Platt D. Walker; was elected in 1926 for a term of eight years and again in 1934 for eight years. Upon the death of Judge William J. Adams he became Senior Associate Justice. The General Assembly in 1935 passed an act, applicable alone to him, that any justice who had been on the Supreme Court bench for 12 consecutive years could retire on two-thirds salary. Justice Clarkson declares he will not retire but will serve on until the end.

While his name is associated with numerous social and political movements perhaps the most notable is his life long devotion to the cause of prohibition. He was chairman of the Anti-Saloon League and managed the campaign in 1904 when the saloons were voted out of Charlotte. He was president of the Anti-Saloon League in 1908 when the State voted against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Governor Rob't. B. Glenn presented him with the pen with which he signed the prohibition proclamation. He was chairman of the committee that drew and sponsored the act known as the Turlington act which passed in 1923 making North Carolina laws conform to United States laws. To promote temperance he annually offered large cash prizes in the schools of Mecklenburg county for the best orations on the dangers of narcotics and intoxicating liquors to the human system.

He was one of the founders of the Charlotte Carnegie library, the Florence Crittenton Home and the Mecklenburg Industrial Home, and was a pioneer in securing parks and playgrounds for Charlotte. Continuously for 35 years he was a director of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., Then reformers had an edict against resigning when appointed to the bench. He is now president of the Interstate Y. M. C. A. of the Carolinas.

For the 123rd anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on May 20, 1898, he served as chairman of the committee of arrangements and as commander of the Continental guards had charge of the spectacular parade and pageant which preceded the unveiling ceremonies of the Independence monument on the lawn of the former court house at the corner of South Tryon and Third streets. He was a member of the committee which had charge of the erection of the monument to Lieut. W. E. Shipp, hero of

the Spanish-American war, on the grounds of the former Mint building, delivering the principal address at the unveiling exercises on May 20, 1902. When President Woodrow Wilson was the guest of honor and speaker at the May 20th celebration in 1916 he served as master of ceremonies. For the great welcome celebration given in this city on April 1, 1919 in honor of the return of the World war veterans, he served as chairman. The erection of the interesting monument at Gillespie Gap which was unveiled on July 4, 1927, in honor of Revolutionary soldiers and the 36th Division of World War veterans was a project in which he took a leading part. He was active in the arrangements for the U. C. V. Reunion which was held in Charlotte in 1929 and made an address to the veterans. At the presentation of the monument in memory of General Ferguson at Kings Mountain battleground in 1930, he delivered the address.

Judge Clarkson is a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, the Society of Cincinnati, the Huguenot Society of South Carolina, Oasis Temple Mystic Shrine, the North Carolina Historical Commission, Manasses Battlefield Monument Foundation, Roanoke Island Historical association. He is an hooorary member of Stonewall Jackson Post, V. F. W., the Charlotte Lions club, a life member Phalanx Lodge of Masons and charter member of Made-in-Carolina club. Governor Thomas W. Bickett appointed him chairman of an advisory board during the World War for selective draft. In 1928 the U. N. C. conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. the citation being read by Dr. Archibald Henderson. He is an honorary member of Gamma Eta Gamma, law fraternity of Wake Forest college.

In the affairs of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal church, which he joined at an early age, he has exerted a wide influence. In 1885 he was elected vestryman and in 1892 helped to erect the present building, As a memorial to his father, he built St. Andrews Chapel in Charlotte and for 35 years has attended the annual Christmas tree exercises there. He was senior warden of St. Peters for many years, resigning upon his removal to Raleigh.

One of his warmest interests has been the development of Little Switzerland which he helped to found in 1909 and where his summer home is located. He assisted in the building of the Church of the Resurrection and Geneva Hall, the community house. Through the Switzerland Company he gave an acre of land to the Business and Professional Women's club of Raleigh for the erection of a club house, which is now operated as the Swiss Chalet. On his 70th birthday he entertained at Little Switzerland at a public reception which was attended by a host of friends from far and near.

Judge and Mrs. Clarkson were married on December 10, 1889, in St. Peters church. They have four children, Francis and Edwin of Charlotte, Rev. Thomas Simons Clarkson of Tyler, Texas, and Mrs. John Garland Pollard, Jr., of Alexandria, Va.

PAYS HIGH TRIBUTE TO WALDENSIANS

(Charlotte Observer)

In the mountains of Western North Carolina at Vadese there came some 25 years ago from Europe a large settlement of people called Waldenses. They hewed down the mountains, planted grapes and built a beautiful town called Valdese. They built fine buildings and factories, theaters and stores. They are industrious, honest, intelligent and good citizens. They are an enterprising and progressive people, and are a great credit to the State. I give a short sketch of what these good people, or rather forefathers had to endure in the history of their nativity. No people on earth were persecuted without reason or cause so much for their religion's sake as these Waldenses, or Vaudois, as the sect is called in history. It was in the 12th century that a rich merchant of Lyons, France, named Peter Waldo (here is the start of the name) founded the sect.

Waldo did not like the Catholic religion of his time and he made a church of his own opinion, which in some points was similar to Wycliff, Huss, Luther and Zunnglius. He collected some poor people together and from his own resources they moved into the territory of Provence and Daupling in France, a deserted country, poor, and uncultivated and no inhabitants. He was father and teacher to them. His colony was far away from the business world and unknown to any. They made this barren section blossom as a garden for a long period.

They bought lands in Cens and other sections and prospered. Thus they lived for 200 years and they increased to 18,000 people. They built 30 villages. In peace they worshiped God as their conscience dictated. For two centuries they lived in peace and prosperity, far from the world. Then to their sorrow the reformers of Geneva and Germany sent missioners, or curates of the Protestant church, to them and tried to convert them. Then trouble came to the Vaudois. These reformers had an edict against heresy issued against them and even had thousands murdered. In 1540 the Parliament of Provence had 19 of the leading inhabitants of one of the villages Merindol, killed and destroyed their homes and property. The Vaudois sent a deputation to Bishop Sadolet, of Carpenteos, for clemency, and he became interested in their cause and persecution stopped for a time. Frances I ruled that they were not to be molested on condition they would admit their errors in theology. But having been reared from infancy upon their religion of love to God and man as taught by Peter Waldo they refused to give up their religion. This refusal exasperated the Parliament of Provence, and its president, Jean De Maynier D'Oppede, continued to persecute. The president then appealed to King Francis for troops, as he said, to put down their heresy. A noted author, Voltaire, says: "It was very clear that these poor people whom the famous orator,

Mainbourg, calls a rebellious mob, though they were somewhat two obstinate in adhering to their opinion, were not in the least disposed to revolt, since they did not offer to defend themselves, but fled on all sides, crying out for mercy, while the old men, women and children, who could not fly so fast as the rest, were butchered without mercy by the soldiers."

The army went from town to town, killing all they met, burning their homes and destroying their crops of corn. Sixty men and 30 women of Cabueres surrendered, upon promise that their lives would be saved, but as soon as they surrendered they were killed. Some women hid in a church were brought out and put in a barn and the barn set on fire. Twenty two towns were destroyed and thousands were killed and the community ruined, all by the church and its president. The King on his deathbed ordered that the perpetrators of this crime should be punished. Then the Parliament of Paris had O'Oppede, the leader, and others arrested, but to save himself he had the Advocate-general, Guerin, convicted and he alone was hanged. Later history says that such crimes against these Vaudois caused the death of the King, Francis II, as he was killed by a madman from a cloister. So these descendants of Peter Waldo in Valdese, N. C., have a wonderful history. They in N. C. are carrying forward the great and good works of their forefathers, begun in the 12th century in France. I care not what their religion is but their lives and works are good. I suppose that the town of Valdese comes from the historical name of Vaudois and Waldensians from their originator, Peter Waldo.

G. Ed. Kestler.

Concord, N. C.

A WINNER

You can't judge a man
By the pleasure he's known,
Or the joy and the fun he has had;
It's the trials and care
That he battles alone,
Which brings out the good—or the bad.

If he smiles when he's down,
Or if he wears a frown,
It's plain what he's made of—inside;
But the true man who wins
Is the fellow who grins,
When every last hope has died.

—Selected.

UTILITY MAN ENDOWS COLLEGE IN HIS WILL

(Selected)

Adirondack mountain boys and girls are to have a college, deep in the rugged hills in which their indirect benefactor literally hewed an empire in pre-Civil war days.

The money that determined Paul Smith, early day lumber magnate, earned with an axe, and the millions his bachelor son, Phelps Smith, added to the family fortune through operation of utilities, will make Paul Smith's college of arts and letters a reality.

Paul Smith became the proprietor of a pioneer resort hotel; a power magnate controlling water rights extending far beyond the confines of his 30,000-acre domain. He died in 1912, a man of little formal education but with a sound respect for book learning.

In his stead, his son, Phelps Smith, conserved and increased the family holdings, became a multimilionaire utilities operator. Like his father, Phelps Smith longed for more education than he ever had time to acquire.

Phelps Smith died last January 17, leaving a will that provided for the creation of "the Paul Smith's college of arts and letters" on the tree-lined shore of beautiful St. Regis Lake.

"I desire . . . to perpetuate the name of my father," said the will, leaving for the college the entire estate with the exception of approximately $150,000 in bequests to distant relatives and servants.

No official estimate has been made as to the amount of the estate. One reliable source close to the family said a conservative figure would "exceed $7,000,000." The same source said Phelps Smith's 51 per cent holdings in the Paul Smith's Electric Light, Power and Railroad company alone were worth more than $1,500,000

In the will providing for maintenance of the college by the income from the estate, the yield was reckoned at "upwards of $560,000 per annum."

Lakes, forests, woodland streams and mountains will form an unusual campus background. The college, when opened, will be the only institution of its kind in the six northern Adirondack counties—Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Warren, Hamilton, and Lewis, all of which are contained in New York's 2,400,000-acre State forest preserve.

The date of the opening is undetermined. John R. Freer, president of the Adirondack National Bank and Trust company, one of the executors, referring to legal technicalities attendant on closing such a large estate, said:

"It is impossible to say at this time when actual construction of the school will start. We are confronted by many difficulties."

Adirondack residents are convinced that the name of Paul (Christened Apolos) Smith would become legendary without the college. Born a Vermonter, he came to the Adirondacks in 1852.

He began slowly as a woodsman

and guide, then branched into the operation of a hunter's lodge, far-famed for the excellence of his wife's cooking. The luxurious resort hotel, which attracted the famous from all over the world—the utilities empire, came, he always maintained, in due and natural course.

Phelps Smith employed many young college men and women in his various enterprises; took a personal interest in their walfare; was known to have financed the education of several when their own resources proved inadequate.

As he grew older, the twin ideas of an abiding monument to his father and a college in the great forest he loved so well crystallized.

Ten years before his death an associate quoted his as saying:

"My only job left in life is to perpetuate my father's name."

WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR

If you've never made another
  Have a happier time in life;
If you have never helped a brother
  Through his struggle and his strife;
If you've never been a comfort
  To the weary and the worn,
Will you tell us what you're here for
  In this land of morn?

If you've never made the pathway
  Of some neighbor glow with sun;
If you've never brought a bubble
  To some fellow's heart with fun;
If you've never cheered a toiler
  That you tried to help along;
Will you tell us what you're here for
  In this lovely land of song?

If you've never made a comrade
  Feel the world a sweeter place,
Because you lived within it
  And have served it with your grace;
If you've never heard a woman
  Or a little child proclaim
A blessing on your bounty
  You're a poor hand at the game.

—The Alhambran.

DUTY DONE

(Selected)

It was while George Croft was away on a visit that one of his friends died, and now Mrs. Croft was insisting that her son go to call on the grief-stricken mother. George was timid, as all boys of thirteen are in such cases, and however sorry he felt for the poor mother he strenuously insisted that he could not go. He did not know what to say, he did not know what to do and he dreaded to see folks cry.

But at last he dragged reluctantly across the fields. Arriving at the home of his friend now gone he seemed tongue-tied, but that made no difference. The bereaved mother met him at the door, not in tears but with the same kindly smile on her face he had always found, and together they talked of the boy not there in the home in bodily presence.

"Why, Mother, it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be," said the boy when he reached home. "You might have thought, if you didn't know, that Jay was only absent for a short time. The house was open and sunny and there were no tears. How do you account for it?"

"Only that Jay's mother is a Christian and does not weep and lament as those who have no hope," said Mrs. Croft. "But how about yourself? Was it the terrible task you thought it would be?"

"No, Mother, it was not. It was not like the visits when Jay was there, but somehow it did me a lot of good. Mrs. Gale asked me to come back and I'm going soon."

"George, you'll always find that a duty done brings its own reward," said his mother earnestly. "The task that seems the hardest brings the richest reward. Mrs. Gale has found great comfort in the visits of Jay's friends and the kind things they said about her boy, so no doubt you helped her while she was helping you. That is the wonderful part of it all.

CONPENSATION

You can't have the rose without a thorn,
Or sunshine without the rain;
To pleasure and happiness you may have been born,
But some day will come sorrow and pain.

Do not think of the parting when gaily you meet,
Banish tears—try to manage a smile;
Though you oft taste the bitter when life is so sweet
That's the price of all things worth while.

—Margaret Loser.

DICK'S MEMORIAL

By Mildred Foulke Meese

The large, barren wharf at Tadousac was almost deserted. As the boat's siren sounded in shrill warming Mrs. Seward said:

"It isn't too late, Frank. Are you sure you don't want to change your mind? Remember, there are no more boats out until spring."

Frances did not reply. She thought, "Why on earth did I ever agree to stay here all winter? Crazy! Simply crazy!"

She leaned forward and waved another frantic good-by to her mother and father as the sailors began to loosen the ropes that held the boat to the piles. She blinked very hard.

The siren shrieked again. There was the clang of bells. The boat began to move away from her, out into the Saint Lawrence.

"I didn't have to stay, Aunt Jane," she finally replied, lightly evading her aunt's question. "And a long winter ought to give this student of architecture much needed practice in drawing."

For all her tone was so light, Frances did not feel very happy. She shivered and turned the collar of her coat more tightly against her throat. The wind sweeping over Tadousac from the deep shadowed Saguenay River, presaged the coming of colder winds from the northern icefields. Already, although summer had scarcely gone, it carried a cold that penetrated smartly.

"It's beautiful in summer, but what desolation it must be in the winter. Not much fun or excitement," she said, then stopped. Germaine, the French Canadian girl whom her aunt had befriended and kept in her home as part maid and part companion, had heard her words. She had given her a look of peculiar quality in which there was anger and resentment and something unfathomable.

"It's too late now, that's certain," her aunt replied. The boat had turned and was slowly moving down the river, the last link with home until spring. "Only I'm afraid you're here because your mother wouldn't have me stay on alone after Richard's death."

Frances threw off her homesickness determinedly and gave her aunt a little hug. "I'm staying here, darling, because I'm too poor to go back to college this year and the five hundred you are paying me, instead of a regular companion, will be a grand help next year. And, incidentally,—just incidentally, mind you, I rather like you. Oh, I'll have plenty to do, —working on those drawings for Richard's memorial. Come on, let's go. I hate watching boats out, don't you, Germaine?"

Germaine looked at her a moment with definite unfriendliness in her brown eyes Then she shrugged a sturdy shoulder indifferently.

Oh, well. If she wanted to carry a grudge. Maybe it had been selfish not to include her in their fun this summer, but she was so sullen and contained. Just like her not to want to be friends now that there was no one else. Frances shrugged in turn, her gray eyes stormy. She slipped her hand beneath her aunt's elbow.

They turned from the wharf toward Tadousac where they had left the car. How deserted it looked. It was bare now of all the splotches of color which had livened it during the summer. The hooked rugs and woolen blankets which had waved on clotheslines in the breeze to catch the eye of the passing tourist now had been taken inside. Even the brown-eyed old Frenchmen, with their rugged, seamed faces and gnarled hands, no longer held their picturesque carriages along the promenade, hoping for tourist fares. The hotel was deserted and even at this distance Frances could discern men clamping boards against the windows.

Suddenly, Tadousac became to her a symbol. A little French-Canadian town, where the Saguenay joined the St. Lawrence, shutting itself tightly against the winter which would come so surely and swiftly. What would the coming months be like in her aunt's home to the north, beyond these first mountains? The granite hills, lining the far side of the promenade, seemed bare and menacing as though they said, "You have to be hard to stand winter here."

Even the little children who almost lived on the promenade in the summer, begging from tourists, already had sensed the difference.

True, they still called for pennies of her aunt as they passed and one little fellow offered a scrubby bouquet torn from the rocky hill. Mostly, however they had gone soberly back to their endless task of fishing at the quai.

Frances paused and opened her purse.

"Don't give them pennies," her aunt remonstrated. "You'll make them little beggars."

Frances laughed and slipped pennies into the dirty little hand which clutched at her skirt. She threw some into a disconsoluate group at the edge of the quai and laughed to see them scramble. "What does it matter?" she said carelessly. "I can't hurt them much."

As she spoke she again met Germaine's gaze. There was in it such unadulterated hatred that Frances was jolted from her indifference. "What is the matter with that girl?" she thought. "She hasn't liked me all summer but now she positively seems to despise me."

She dismissed it from her mind, however, as they drove through the hills to her aunt's home. It had been built there for her cousin Dick, who had been injured while serving in the medical corps during the war. Good air and rest were all that could be prescribed for him so Mrs. Seward had made a home for him high in the Laurentian mountains for the past ten years. It had in the end been useless,—for nothing could cure Dick and he had died the previous winter. But his mother refused to leave the home they had shared together, even to return to her beloved States.

It was situated some twenty miles from Tadousac and again as far from Chicoutimi and was almost in the wilderness save for a few French Canadian fox farms and the occasional cabin of a poor trapper. As they drove along they passed low white houses with thatched roofs; primitive ovens stood in the meadows with loose, slanting boards forming a rude

shelter to keep off the rain. At intervals shrines were built close against the roadside. By the time they reached the attractive home, set snugly against the curve of a hill, Frances felt as though they had, indeed, returned to the wilderness. How would she stand the long winter?

The winter indeed was long, though somehow they got through it. The snow lay deep on the hills for months, and bitter winds tore upwards from the valleys. Frances and her aunt skied and tobogganed and on rare occasions Germaine joined them. The long hours of the evenings they spent with books and the radio. Frances worked faithfully on the plans for the memorial arch which Mrs. Seward intended to erect for Richard at the entrance to her estate. It would be fashioned of native granite, Frances decided, and polished very little. There would be a bit of exquisite carving on the center arch.

But all during this time Germaine's unfriendliness increased. She went about her duties with a tight, sullen expression on her beautiful, dark face, and when they were over, buried herself in a book, usually one of Richard's medical books.

Many times Frances had wanted to make more definite overtures of friendship but pride held her back. Shut in as they were the situation was more than irritating. Mrs. Seward gave no sign that she was aware of it.

One day, toward the end of the long winter, when spring was in the air and the day unusually calm and bright, Mrs. Seward set out to visit the cabin of Jacques and Marie, who at one time had worked in her household. She left the two girls to spend the day together, refusing their company. She would take delicacies to Marie, who had been ill, and the girls could have a good time while she was gone.

They refused the suggestion conveyed in her words, however, and settled themselves to their books, ignoring each other as completely as possible except for civilities at mealtime.

But she had not been gone a great while when the weather changed completely. When late afternoon came and still Mrs. Seward had not returned Germaine could not conceal her anxiety.

"Your aunt,—she should be here now," she said to Frances.

"Oh, she'll be along soon," Frances said, not feeling as sure about it as she sounded.

By evening it had grown colder. The wind had risen and there were flurries of snow in the air. The girls put in an anxious evening. The panes rattled in the sills of the windows as the wind swept faster and faster around the house.

At midnight, her face drawn with worry, Frances asked, "Hadn't we better go for her?"

Germaine shook her head and replied in the beautiful, precise English which her Uncle Henri had taught her, "We could not find the way in the dark. It has snowed heavily since sundown, many hours. We shall start as soon as it is light if she does not come."

"But if she is out in this—she might freeze?"

"No. I think not. Something has happened. She has sense. She would not venture out when the weather changed. She probably is at the cabin. We shall find her. It is nearer than to go to Tadousac for help,—though we must go part way through the woods."

They sat waiting until nearly dawn. Then Germaine roused herself. "We must pack. Wear your warmest clothes."

Soon she appeared with two full sacks and Richard's black medical bag. "We may need these." was all she said.

Together they harnessed Susannah, the remaining horse, and stored the sacks in the back of the buggy. When the darkness was lightened by the first reflection of the sun they started out.

Once away from the shelter of the barn Frances was aghast at the strength of the storm. Both soon realized they were in for a hard time. Germaine's lips set in a short, firm line as she coaxed the horse into the wind.

"It is not so many miles," she said once. "It is only that it is so much uphill."

Frank suddenly knew that Germaine, sensing danger, was trying to reassure her.

But there was nothing to do but go on. Susannah ploughed ahead but as time progressed it was with greater and greater difficulty. The wind increased. A stinging snow was hurled into their faces. The drifts grew steadily deeper. The sky was dark and lowering even though behind the clouds the sun must have been up. Occasionally Susannah lost her footing and stumbled uncertainly in the drifts.

"Careful girl! Careful girl!" Germaine's voice was warm and encouraging. Once Susannah stopped and looked back inquiringly, as though to protest, but finally allowed herself to be urged onward. They moved slowly, foot by foot, the storm raging about them. There was no sign of Mrs. Seward as far as they could see.

Suddenly Susannah plunged to avoid a particularly high drift. Her foot sank deeply to the right; she stumbled,—then sprawled wildly to regain her balance, then fell. Before they knew what had happened the buggy lurched madly, toppled over, and had thrown them into the snow.

"Are you all right?" Germaine shouted above the wind, as she helped pull Frances to her feet from the drift.

Frances nodded dumbly, her eyes and mouth full of snow. Susannah was trying unsuccessfully to get up.

"She's broken her leg," Germaine announced after an examination during which the horse lay still as though knowing they would help her if they could.

They looked at each other in silence, fear plain in their faces but otherwise unexpressed.

"We shall have to walk."

"But Susannah? She'll freeze. She can't walk. And we can't even put her out of her misery. If we only had a gun,—though I couldn't bear to do it if we had." Frances turned naturally to Germaine for counsel.

Germaine waited, without answering, as though trying to force herself to action. Then she pulled the black

bag out of the buggy and opened it in the comparative shelter of the dashboard.

She filled a small tin cup with snow.

"I shall want water. Breathe upon this, to melt it," she directed shortly.

Frances obeyed. In a few moments, with fingers that trembled, Germaine opened the bag again. From it she took a five cubic centimeter hypodermic needle. She hesitated a moment, then selected a bottle and dropped powder from it into the little pool of water in the tin cup. With fingers already stiff from cold she drew back the plunger, filling the large barrel of the hypodermic with the solution.

Once again she hesitated. She looked at the fallen horse, trying futilely to rise.

"It is, after all, the kindest thing," she said, her voice showing the terrific effort she was making. She made her way to the horse. "There, Susannah. There old girl!"

Frances heard her voice break,—then turned away. There was a quick movement in the snow. There was a silence that lasted a few moments but seemed an eternity. The further sound of one sudden movement. Germaine came back to the carriage.

"We must go quickly," she said. "Take that sack. We shall have to leave the other. I shall take the bag."

"Oh, that was brave of you," Frances cried, but Germaine did not reply. She linked her arm with Frank's. "We must keep together," was all she said, and they ploughed on up the road without a backward glance.

Afterwards Frances could not clearly remember the details of that awful trip on foot through the snow. She had a confused recollection of bending against the wind and going on and on until her legs seemed mere stumps of wood to be raised and set down, raised and set down, until she could bear it no longer.

The road narrowed to a mere trail through the forest that hung over it from either side. It afforded temporary relief from the wind but the trees were so black and forbidding that she could have cried aloud at this new menace. It was difficult now to find the trail for it had become little more than a path. If they should get lost there!

Once, for a dreaful time they were lost. The trail, covered by heavy snows, was indiscernible and they wandered from it It was then that Frances, tired and hungry and stiff from cold, gave up. She sank into a bank of snow.

"I can't go on," she said, two tears rolling down her face. "I'm going to rest awhile. You go on."

Germain sprang at her like a wild thing. She cuffed her soundly until her teeth jarred together and made her head ring. Again and again. Germaine then pulled her to her feet and shook her smartly. She could feel the compelling tatoo of strong fingers drummed against her forehead. Her head was pushed violently between her knees, then raised in a quick jerk. Up, down. Up, down.

"Don't be a little coward," Germaine shouted at her in fierce bitterness. "Can you not think of anyone but yourself, ever? What of your aunt? Wake up, stupid one!"

Pride only partly aroused, Frances stumbled on. Germaine would not re-

lease her even to hunt for the trail, but with firm grip compelled her to go on raising and setting down, raising and setting down the stumps of wood until, together, they were again on the path.

"Good girl!" she said once, much as she had encouraged Susannah. "Good girl. It is not far now.

After that Frances remembered nothing except the nagging of Germaine's grip, forward, always forward, which entered into her consciousness only enough to keep her from falling and to irritate her almost past endurance.

This continued for what seemed an interminable length of time, then suddenly ceased. Frances found herself on a chair, not too close to a crackling hearth fire. She was drinking something hot. She heard Germaine say crossly:

"She is all right. But you, Mrs. Seward, what it this?"

Frances heard her aunt try to laugh. "I'm as bad as Susannah. I raked my leg on the sharp step of the buggy as I got down to come into the cabin. Jacques is away at his traps. Soon after I came it began to storm. I couldn't manage with this leg so I waited for him to come back with me. Then it got so much worse that I wouldn't have dared start out even if he had been here. It's . . . pretty bad."

By this time Frances was able to look around. They were in Jacques' cabin, a little one-room shelter empty of everything except the barest necessities. Her aunt lay on the single bed in the room, her face flushed and unnatural.

Frances ran to her as quickly as her stiff ankles would permit. "You're sick, Aunt Jane! What shall we do? We must get help!"

"We can't in this storm. We'll have to do the helping," Germaine said sternly. She spoke in rapid French to the worried Marie who obediently hurried off to required preparations. Then she said crisply to Frances:

"You will have to wake yourself. Go wash your hands well."

Germaine was no longer the contained, sullen girl. She was transformed. Her face was purposeful and as stern as her voice. She washed her hands thoroughly, then removed the poorly bound bandage from Mrs. Seward's ankle. Frances winced as her aunt moaned at the touch. Germaine's face grew set at what she saw.

There was a deep furrow where the iron had ploughed its way cruelly through the flesh above the ankle. Upwards from it there radiated angry, red streaks. The flesh was swollen beyond its natural size, even to the knee. The cut, itself, was dark.

"It looks awful. What is it?" Frances whispered faintly as Germaine bent once more over the black bag.

"I don't know much about it,— just what I've read and heard Mr. Dick say. It must be what they call septicæmia,— a streptococcus infection, maybe. It has spread so quickly. We must clean it out first. You must help. It will hurt her and I don't know enough to give her more than the smalest whiff of ether. We keep it in the bag for the animals. I have seen Mr. Richard do it but I should not dare give much."

Frances never forgot the next few minutes . . . dropping ether on an improvised cone over her aunt's face

at the other girl's direction. Germaine's set but somehow confident young face as, swab in hand, she bent over her patient. The sure, relentless movement of her hands which even Mrs. Seward's moans, through the thin haze of ether, could not stay.

It was over. Frances felt a little ill but Germaine gave her no time to think of herself. She motioned to Marie who brought steaming water.

"We must keep hot packs on this," she whispered. "It is our only chance. Perhaps we can keep it in this leg, perhaps to a local abscess. If it spreads through her system. . . ."

"She's in danger?"

Germaine moved her hands in a gesture that said too much. "It's our only chance," she repeated. "That and making her drink much water. We must keep the blood coming to the leg. It may be that her resistance is strong. If only I knew. . . if only I knew more. . ." Her voice ended in a desperately longing whisper.

All day and all night they worked, changing compresses trying to force Mrs. Seward to drink more water. As the fever grew she became fretful and impatient, making their work more difficult. Her face deepened to red. The pulse in her throat pounded rapidly. By midnight she was babbling incoherently,—decidedly worse.

Hand on her pulse, Germaine's face remained impassive. Just once, as Frances met her eyes, she saw in them the frightened defeat which she, herself, felt. But neither relaxed. They redoubled their efforts. More steaming compresses. More water poured down an unwilling throat. Finally they immersed the leg completely in hot water. The faithful Marie kept the fire burning high, and more and more water hot.

Time became nothing. Night changed to day and day to night again. But finally, as day approached once more, Mrs, Seward fell into a fitful sleep. The sleep deepened, grew quiet.

Germaine raised her face and smiled a haggard smile at Frances. Even in that moment Frances remembered it was the first time Germaine ever had smiled at her.

"She sleeps. That will give strength. Her pulse is a little slower, more even. Perhaps, almost I think, we shall win. You sleep now. I can manage."

But Frances shook her head. She was reeling from weariness but she would not sleep. She was filled with a great thankfulness. Outside the storm had died. Inside the firelight flickered and played with the shadows on the wall. It was very still. The only sound was the whisper of the fire and her aunt's rapid breathing. No. She would wait, too. Wait as Germaine and Marie and Jacques, now returned from his traps, were waiting.

Germaine smiled again, a warming friendly smile. "Together, then," she nodded.

It was weeks later. The out-of-season storm had come and gone. It was spring. Mrs. Seward had recovered slowly and had at last been taken to her own home.

"I can never thank you girls enough," she said one day when she was well enough to talk about it. "But for you. . . ."

"It was Germaine," Frances said

honestly, struggling against the old selfish desire to take the spotlight. "I'd have given up long before we got to Jacques'. And if she hadn't been digging into Dick's medical books . . . well, I wouldn't have known how to do all that. Don't thank me. She did it."

Germaine shook her head, smiling the slow, grave smile that drove all sullenness from her face. "But without your help all those days. . . ." She spread her hands in their eloquent gesture. Then she chuckled. "And to think how I used to hate you!"

"I don't wonder. I was hateful."

Germaine flushed and spoke for the first time apologetically. "You had so much and were so carefree. And you seemed not to care for anyone but yourself. When you laughed and said that giving pennies and making beggars of the boys at Tadousac wouldn't hurt them. . . I did hate you."

"I didn't mean it that way, Frances protested in surprise. "I only meant that they were alone here so much of the year that it wasn't teaching them anything that they'd remember very long. Of course you are right. I didn't mean. . . I just didn't think. . ."

"I know that now. But I love my people and I thought you scornful of them. I did not understand. I do now." Germaine nodded and slipped from the room.

Frances sat thinking. Was Germaine right after all? Was she not really selfish instead of only thoughtless, as Germaine had first thought her? After a while she said, with difficulty:

"Aunt Jane?"

"Yes?"

"Are you so very set on building a memorial arch for Dick?"

"Well,—we've planned it all year."

"I know. But why don't you send Germaine to medical school in Toronto or Montreal instead?"

Mrs. Seward looked interested.

"Does she want to go?"

"It's her dearest dream to come back and work among her people. You know how much she learned from Richard and his books."

"It would be a hard life for her."

"It's what she wants. And she's strong, in every way."

"I had promised to buy the memorial plans from you. The money would help you next year. You've worked hard on them."

"But I can manage. With the five hundred and what I earn. And I'd like it so, I'd feel well, that maybe Germain is right now instead of right in what she first thought. And, somehow, I think it would be a better memorial for Dick. He loved these people, just as he loved his work. It would be sort of a living memorial, —a carrying on. . . ."

Mrs. Seward glanced lovingly at the photograph of her son which stood upon her desk. His eyes smiled back at her.

"I think you're right Frank."

Frances was glad she didn't offer to buy the plans, too. Her aunt went on, "I certainly didn't know what I was starting when I left you two alone, hoping you'd make up your silly feud, but I'm glad I did. You may tell Germaine, if you wish," she said understanding.

Frances found Germaine standing on top of the hill behind the house, field glasses held to her eyes.

Neither spoke of the many thoughts that passed through their minds. Germaine handed the glasses to Frances

"See!" she said. "It has come."

Frances raised them to her eyes. They brought nearer the distant Saguenay. The somber shadows of winter had lightened. Over the great cliffs there had crept a film of green so delicate as to be almost imperceptible. The water of the deep river swelled with the tide coming from the ocean far away. A faint call of a siren, not raucous in the distance, echoed and reechoed from cape to cape. There, very small against the cliffs, rode a steamer, the very first boat of the new season.

"It has come," Germaine said a little sadly. "You will go home now."

But, curiously enough, Frances was not thinking that at last the long winter was over and she could leave this place. She was thinking that the summer was still ahead, that the empty days of the winter with their indifference and curelty would be changed in their common planning for Dick's memorial. And that she, as well as Germaine and Aunt Jane, was really to have a part in it. That was the way all memorials should be given,—together.

She wolud not tell Germaine just now. For the moment it was enough that they were friends and that they need not say in words all that they felt, all that they thought. She slipped her hand through Germaine's arm.

"I'm glad," she said simply, knowing Germaine would understand,—not knowing herself for which of many things that had happened she was most glad.

DAY BY DAY

Let the dawn of every morning
Bring this thought into your mind,
"This is the beginning of my life."
Let the setting sun of evening
Fill your heart with instincts kind—
For you, it may be the end of joy and strife.

Let each one of these short lives,
As it speeds the time away,
Leave a record of some thoughtful word or deed;
A kind act done for others
Brings its own unstinted pay
In some added strength and knowledge that you need.

—Margaret Loser.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger and Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkepper, made a trip to Chapel Hill and Raleigh last week in an endeavor to get some action on delayed payment on the P. W. A. grant for the Indian Cottage.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that the cabbage plants set out last Fall have made a good growth during the mild Winter, and if nothing retards their development, we shall have plenty of early cabbage this Spring. Some of the plants are now beginning to head.

—o—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have completed the task of building new hot-beds. They are built with concrete sides with glass frames. The sowing of early vegetable seeds has already been completed, and we hope to soon have plants ready for setting.

—o—

Mr. John Carriker, a member of the School staff, who was operated on for appendicitis recently, has returned to the School and is recuperating nicely. The same may also be said of Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, who was so desperately ill last month, and is now at his home near the School.

—o—

News recently came to friends here of the very serious illness of Mrs. M. W. Fetzer, at her home in East Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Fetzer was an employee of the School from 1922 to 1926, and she made many close friends while here. Her clean life and frank and open attitude had its appeal, making her a favorite with both boys and officers. While she was old, as the calendar marks time, in activity and spirit she was still young, carrying on her work graciously and efficiently.

—o—

Britt Gatlin, of Durham, visited the School last Sunday, making the trip with R. F. Boger, Jr., who has relatives in this vicinity. He said that he could not miss the opportunity of visiting the School, where he had spent several years, the happiest of his life. This young man stated that he was proud of his stay here, as any boy will be who endeavors to take advantage of the opportunities offered him.

Britt looks well and does not have the appearance of any dissipation in his living. He is now twenty-seven years old, is married and has one son, aged three years. He is employed in a Burlington mill which makes tapestry and draperies.

—o—

For the last week the outside forces have put in quite a lot of time trimming the fruit trees in our orchards and spraying same. The School would have had quite commendable orchards had not the severe hail storm of two years ago wrought such havoc, especially with the peach trees. At the time it was thought no more fruit would be gathered from these trees, but as the result of careful attention, they are making a comeback, and it is expected that more than half a crop will be realized this season.

A new orchard was set out last Fall. While these are entirely too

young for us to expect any fruit from them as yet, they are making great progress.

The effect of the hail storm on the apple trees was not so destructive, some apples haven been gathered last year.

Our school department very appropriately celebrated the anniversary of the birth of George Washington on Monday afternoon of last week. The program in story and pageant followed the life of Washington from early boyhood on through the important events of his memorable career. The story was given by a reader, Charles Furchess, of Cottage No. 3, and between readings the following scenes were acted or given in tableau:

Episode 1: "Washington, the Child." Scene (a)—Washington chopping down the cherry tree; (b) Mary Washington and her young son.

Episode 2: "Washington Growing Up," showing Washington as a surveyor.

Episode 3: "Washington Meets the French."

Episode 4: "Washington, the Commander-in-Chief."

Episode 5: "Washington, the President."

Episode 6: "Washington, the Home-Lover."

The colorful and stately effect of the last scene was most impressive. In the background was the Washington Monument, standing as a sentinel, and grouped on either side was a panorama of the various flags of our country, from the time of Columbus up to the present Stars and Stripes. The flags shown included the Spanish flag planted by Columbus, the Mayflower flag, flags of the British Colonies, the Liberty Flag, the union Flag the Betsy Ross, Flag and finally our own glorious flag of thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars. The cast for this scene included the following.

Washington, the boy, John Elliott; Augustus Washington, father of George, Morris Starnes; Mary Washington, mother of George, william Bell; Nathan Hale, Claudius Pickett; Indian, Mathis Garrett; Negro boy, Nicodemus, Fred Vereen; reader, Charles Furchess.

The following list includes names of boys taking part in other scenes in the program: Sam Belk, Houston Howard, Giles Green, Robert Lawrence, William Suite, John Church, William Burnette, J. C. Ennis, Thomas Braddock, Howard Todd, Joseph Wheeler, William Tyson, Elmer Maples, Nelson Daubenmeyer.

The entire program was under the direction of Mr. George Barrier, a member of our teaching staff, and the splendid manner in which each participant played his part was highly commendable.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

MAR 1 8 1937
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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 13, 1937 No. 11

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THE SHAMROCK

Through Erin's Isle, to sport awhile
As Love and Valor wandered,
With Wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered.
Where'er they pass, a triple grass
Shoots up, with dew drops streaming,
As softly green as emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.

Says Valor "See, they spring from me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "Ah, no, for me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives the triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh, do not sever
A type that blends three godlike friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"

Oh, the Shamrock, green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

—Thomas Moore.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A TOAST TO ERIN

To that land of the shamrock, the rose and the thorn,
  Where the neighborly greeting is, "The top o' the morn!"
And the famed river Shannon winds an idle way,
  Where the fairies and banshees and sprites ever stay.
To the Emerald Isle, with flower strewn dells,
  And the great Blarney Stone, and the wee wishin' wells;
With her peat beds and bogs, her hillocks and heights,
  With her legends of kings, queens, princes and knights.

To that land of gay dances, of reels, clogs and flings,
  Where enchantment and romance eternally spring:
Where the blackthorn shillalah is prized to this day,
  And contentment is found in the dudeen of clay.
There is Peg o' My Heart and dear Mother McCree,
  And bright roguish eyes, and smiles good to see;
Where joy, love and laughter are written in rhyme,
  Set to sweet, gentle music, inspired by chimes.

To those great sons of Ireland, so brave, strong and true,
  We are ever most proud of and thankful to you;
For your beautiful lessons of faith, pride and love,
  Sure, such full inspiration must come from above.
So on this glad day, let us wear of the green,
  And think of Saint Patrick, so nobly serene;
Who—as legend records—banned all pests that he saw,
  And then let us sing, "Auld Erin Go Bragh!"

—Selected.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Tuesday, March 17, is St. Patrick's Day, a day when Irishmen the world over celebrate in honor of the Emerald Isle's patron saint.

The life of St. Patrick is surrounded by many strange traditions and legends. He is thought to have been born about the year 373,

but his birthplace is not known. Some claim England is his birthplace, but claims are also made by Italy, Scotland and France.

The first important event in the life of St. Patrick was his capture and sale into slavery by bandits. After six years he escaped and made his way to France, where he found refuge with the Bishop of Tours.

He became a monk and returned to Ireland as a missionary, pursuing his labors with extraordinary success. It is said of him: "He found Ireland all heathen and left it all Christian." He died about the year 463.

The most popular legend associated with St. Patrick is that he drove the snakes out of Ireland. Many other miraculous feats are ascribed to him. But whatever his true history, the anniversary of this pioneer of Christianity is still celebrated with enthusiasm after a lapse of fifteen centuries.

The day is to the shamrock and the harp. It is an Irish day, when the blood of the Irish that runs potential in the veins of the born Irishmen and their great-grandsons three generations afar from the green Island stirs to the day and the color and the trefoil. For the Celt, whether of the mountains or the bogs, can not forget.

* * * * * * *

OUR NEW HOME

The entire force, including editor, associate editor, manager of the office and boys who operate the linotype, are proud to announce that this issue of The Uplift is the first printed in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, the most generous gift of Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove.

When the associate editor reported at the new building for work prior to assembling editorials and general matter for publication, the first remark heard from one of the printing class was, "We have steam heat."

This recognition of the real comforts of life upon the part of our boys is suggestive of the fact that they, too, have an appreciation of kindness. Here we are reminded of the appropriateness of the quotation on the marker at the entrance of the building—"There is nothing so kingly as kindness and nothing so noble as truth."

To be domiciled in such a handsome and comfortable building is

a joy, and the reformation to be realized from this philanthropy will continue to bear good results when the building is equiped throughout with suitable machinery for different arts, under the supervision of skilled craftsmen. The results then will be marvelous for our boys will learn some trade that will materially aid them in finding themselves when paroled, and prove to be valuable assets to any community.

The interest of Mr. Swink in the forgotten youths of the State shows a humanly kind spirit, placing before mankind an example worthy of emulation.

* * * * * * *

MILWAUKEE—THE CLEANEST CITY

Milwaukee is a city of 650,000 people with a record of only one crime during the year of 1935. One can scarcely credit such a report. It is generally recognized as a law abiding city, showing precisely what can be done by efficiency in officers and strict law enforcement.

All credit is given one, Jacob G. Laubenheimer, who served as chief of police for thirty-five years, and during the time he studied the best methods of bringing around order and one could add, "decency."

First, his code for law and order was to have the department divorced from politics; then to have every applicant for a position to pass a rigid examination on a civil service basis and promotion only for merit. In this way the applicants, physical condition, habits, temperament, and moral courage were judged. Bribery and immoral conduct were scorned and thought of as a reflection upon the personnel of the police department. In 1922 this same officer who made Milwaukee free from crime with the exception of a few minor infractions, established a police training school, the first of its kind in this country. The subjects studied are those that give a clearer understanding to the causes of crime.

The former Attorney General George Wickersham, when investigating crime during the administration of President Hoover said, "the police department of Milwaukee stands head and shoulders above that of other cities, and deserves unqualified recognition." To salvage human souls by preventing crime should be the goal of

all municipalities. Realizing the fine points of the law enforcement system of Milwaukee doubtless crusades will be made to that city with the objective to learn how to do things.

* * * * * * *

THE WORK OF A WOMAN

The Martha Berry School, Mount Berry, Georgia, was founded by Martha Berry about thirty-five years ago, for the purpose of helping the poor mountain children. This school like all other institutions for humanitarian purposes, and not for self aggrandizement, has grown from a small log cabin to a plant of Georgian and Gothic buildings, covering about 15 acres.

The founder is a southern aristocrat, and would like to be known as the words most "successful beggar" for through her earnest efforts she has raised $10,000,000 to educate and instill character and ambition in many a child who otherwise would have been lost to society.

The Jackson Training School at one time had an alumnus of the Berry School in the shoe shop and he was indeed an artist when it came to making an old pair of shoes look like new. He knew the technique of his calling, and boasted that he was a product of the Berry School.

The Sunday issue of the Charlotte Observer carried a consise story of the Berry School, showing different activities in picture. The feature story further revealed the fact that "students pay an average of $4 a year tuition; Miss Berry "begs" enough to cover an annual deficit of $150,000; for the rest, the school is self-supporting. It has its own cannery, mills, cobbler's shop. fields, dairy and beef herds, laundry, bakery, foundry, saw mill, brick kilns, forges and printing shop. The prescribed uniform for girls is a gingham dress; the boys, even the glee club wear overalls. A thousand Martha Berry students follow a curriculum which includes not only the usual arts and sciences, but also practical instruction in trades, farming and housekeeping. Five thousand others are on the waiting list, and Miss Berry envisages another 35 years' expansion toward her dream of adequate educational facilities for "poor whites."

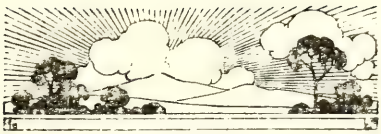
A later story tells that the Berry School is a beneficiary of the

large estate of Mrs. Emma W. Shoonmaker, Brooklyn, N. Y., who died last February, and is reputed to be worth $2,500,000.

There are twelve institutions that will realize bequests, but the bulk of the amount $2,500,000, goes to the Berry School in Mount Berry Georgia. There are no legal limitations to the way the money be expended, but the benefactor wished that so far as advisable and practical the fund be treated as an endowment by trustees of respective institutions.

The healthy financial condition of the Martha Berry School and the numerous activities of the institution are sure signs that the grass has not grown under the feet of this woman, who wishes to be known as the "aristocratic beggar."

* * * * * * *



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

CHARITY

"Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the name of a friend
Or be not of discord the mover,
For hearts may prove true to the end.

"We none of us know one another,
And oft in its error we may fall,
Then let us speak well of each other,
Or better speak not of others at all."

—o—

Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the door to the heart of humanity.

—o—

Some people worry about nothing. To tell you the truth, nothing is not worth worrying about.

—o—

The only difference that I can see between riches and poverty is a few dollars ahead and a few dollars behind.

You may renovate your reputation and even kalsomine your character, but there is no real reform unless you give your heart a house-cleaning.

—o—

Not every one can do what he likes to do. The best way is to like what you do, and see how satisfying that is in the end.

—o—

People who set out to court trouble usually wind up by finding themselves wedded to it. The wise plan is to never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

—o—

About every early spring gingham neckties come into vogue for men. But so far I have not seen a man wearing his wife's apron string in public.

—o—

Some fellow has discovered that "the best line to take in reaching a girl's heart continues to be the belt line." Even at that a good deal of energy goes to waist.

—o—

It is a self-evident fact that the money you earn is not what makes you independent. It is the money that you save. And the banks are the best place to save it. You can bank on that.

—o—

Some people make great events of their sorrows, and delight to record them; while they make their joys mere incidents, scarcely worth mentioning. Joy is the cream of life, to us and others.

—o—

The Federal comptroller's report reveals that banks are now 100 per cent safe. For money they may be, but the residents of the Ohio valley did not think so a while back, when they were watching their banks.

—o—

An advertisement says "It is now possible to cool the atmosphere in an entire house by a simple mechanical apparatus." A cheaper way is to try and sneak in quietly about 2 o'clock in the morning.

—o—

The Daily Athenaeum, published Morgantown, W. Va., boasts of being the only college daily east of the

Mississippi and south of the Mason & Dixon line. Guess the Athenaeum hadn't heard of the Daily Tar Heel, at Chapel Hill, when it boasted so loudly.

—o—

I once heard of a woman who went into a newspaper office and wished to advertise for her husband who had disappeared. When told that the newspaper rates were two dollars an inch, she turned and went out saying that it would break her at that rate, as her husband was over six feet tall.

—o—

Safe driving campaigns, designed to appeal to the common sense of the individual, have apparently been of little benefit. Speeding, drunken driving, gross negligence in approaching crossings, and weaving in and out of traffic, are increasing every day. The only ones who have been thoroughly cured are the victims, and bitter experience cured them. Lying mangled in hospitals, perhaps clinging to this earth by a mere thread, they have come to realize how precious life is. But the dead will never have another chance. In that split second before oblivion they too realized—but too late!

—o—

Temptation is the constant foe of humanity. Our enemy is also the temptation of today. There is the insidious temptation which waits by the roadside every day of our lives. Sometimes it is like a seducer which entices us with fair promises; sometimes it is like an enemy which lies in ambush and springs upon us unawares. Now God does not keep temptation away from us, but He will give His children the power to overcome. He does not keep all trouble and pain out of the lives of His people, but He has promised strength and help to those who trust in Him. You know your chief enemies. Every man knows his own besetting sins, and therefore his chief danger. Do not say you are helpless, for God is ready to supply you spiritual help and strength according to your need, until your cup runneth over.

—o—

There has come to my desk the Ayden Dispatch—thirty-six pages—beautifuly printed and illustrated, celebrating the twentieth anniversary under the editorship and management of J. C. Andrews, one of the old-fashion printers, educated in a printing office, and knows how a weekly paper should be made up to be attractive and interesting. The Dispatch is all it's name indicates, and give a succint review of the beautiful little town in which it is issued, with notes on its progressive leaders and their occupations. Few towns the size of Ayden—about 1,800 population—in Pitt county, can boast of such a wide-awake, progressive weekly, which in appearance and matter is suitable to a place of thousands instead of hundreds. Congratulations Ayden Dispatch and Mr. Andrews. Judging from this anniversary number, it's succeeding issues will be of great interest to its community, to the State, and all who believe in "making this world a better place in which to live."

—o—

Emergency spending, taxes and the national debt have marched inexorably to new high records. The

magnitude of this spending has given the average citizen an entirely false idea of economic values. Where, a generation ago, we regarded a million dollars as a lot of money, we now read about billions with little or no thought. Where once the country was stirred by the rise of the Federal debt to the billion mark, we today view a Federal debt of thirty-five billion with equanimity. Where a single Congress that a generation ago appropriated as much as a billion dollars for a year's Federal spending was once denounced for extravagance, we now take a ten-billion Congress for granted. Whether this is due to "soggy sentimentality" or something else, it is obvious that the public mind has become anesthetized —it fails to see its place in the debt and tax picture. When we spend two dollars for every dollar taken in it seems to be apparent upon the idea that someone besides ourselves will pay. It is equally incredible that the pre-election promises of "economy," of a thousand office-holders should be openly and even proudly violated—but they are. When will the American people come out of the ether, and realize that they are the ones who must pay the tax and debt load? The government has no way to pay its bills except by taking hard-earned money away from all the people through taxation.

—o—

The New Testament speaks of some mysterious "unpardonable sin." I have often wondered what it is. I have, I think, to my own mind, found what it is. The kidnapping and killing of children, and the slaying of women. Every law of human or animal nature is broken, violated, insulted and abused by these criminal, dastardly and shameless acts. I am not so highly versed in Natural History, but believe it to be a fact that no known animal but man displays these horrible deeds. It belongs only to the human species. Reading these horrible accounts in the newspapers, which are becoming frequent, in my mind I turn to look on the plains and the sea, and the long rows of peaks and domes of rock. All nature seems to me to be in tears. The vast chambers of the canyons wail and moan. Tears come trickling down the giant facades of stone, for even porphyrite rocks weep over these terrible crimes against tall nature. Flowers droop all over the land, and the mountains look on the sobbing sea. An awful hush comes over the ancient battlements of rock, and the tuneful birds become silent. A pall hangs over mountain, land and ocean, when these crimes are revealed. Pity 'tis true in this beautiful world, where so much peace and happiness can be lived, if people will live right. Soot thrown on a priceless painting of a love scene would be as the touch of the wing of a humming-bird compared to the horror of these kidnappings and murders.

Success

"One man acquires the world's acclaim
And climbs to place and power
With selfish aim, and won a name
That lived a noisy hour.

"Another walked in lowly ways,
Wherein Self disappears,
And lo! the praise that crowned his days
Endures through all the years."

THE LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK OF IRELAND

(Chicago Corrector)

This month is celebrated, more or less universally, as the birth month of Saint Patrick, especially by the Gaelic peoples. Although the date is accepted as being the seventeenth, there is a doubt about it. One tale asserts that, there being a bitter controversy among the Irish as to whether he was born on the eight or ninth, upon the advice of a bishop, both factions combined, and so we celebrate upon the seventeenth.

There are three distinct St. Patricks, the Patrick of legend, or the more popular one; the Patrick of history; and the less attractive Patrick of controversy. The Patrick of legend is credited with marvelous actions, the best known being the banishment of snakes from Ireland.

The real St. Patrick was called the "Apostle of Ireland." Of the existence of this man there is no doubt, but every other fact about him has been hotly disputed. This is the more strange, as he lift an autobiography, called "Confessions." As his object in this book was to exalt the work rather than the worker, he was not careful to give facts in their chronological order or to detail his life.

According to the facts which can be gathered from this work, Patrick was born at Banaven Tabernise, in Scotland, some time between 373 and 463 A. D. His father was Calpornius, deacon in the Church, also a man of means and standing in the community. His baptismal name was Sucat. When he was sixeen years of age he was captured by pirates and carried to Ireland and sold to the Chieftain of North Dalaradia, in the famous County Antrim in north Ireland. He lived as a slave for six years, tending cattle. His sad condition drove him to find consolation in God, and he learned to wait upon the Divine wll. In obedience to a Divine intimation he fled from his master and journeyed south 200 miles, where he found a ship to sail for France. After a little parley he was taken aboard as a servant, and in three days landed in France at the mouth of the Loire River.

Then for twenty-eight days he traveled in a wild country with the ship's company until they came to Marseilles. Here he parted from his companions and proceeded to Tours, whree the famous Martin was bishop. If, as some accounts state, his mother was the sister of this Martin, his going to Tours was more natural. At any rate, he lived with Martin for four years, and at last returned to Scotland. But he soon fell prey to the ancient desire to devote himself to preaching the gospel to the Irish. It was strengthened by visions and voices, and he went to Auxerre in France to be conscrated by Bishop Amator.

It was on this occasion that he assumed the name of Patrick, by which he is now exclusively known. In 405 A. D. he is reputed to have started his missionary work in Ireland, which

at the time was intensely Druidic. The rest of his long life he spent in incessant labors and with commensurate success. He came to Ireland with a thorough knowledge of the language and of the people and seems to have found no Christians and left no heathen, which probably accounts for the allegory about snakes.

It is probable that he died at Armagh in 463 A. D. His bell is in the Museum of Arts and Sciences at Dublin; his crosier was preserved until the Reformation, but then, unfortunately, it was burned. The legendary St. Patrick is well loved by all because of the deeds which were attributed to him in the Gaelic folk-lore, although most of the legend is palpably ficticious and largely imaginary.

I'D RATHER

I'd rather lose than win as some men win;
  I'd rather quit where many men begin.
I'd rather walk the paths that others pave
  Than know my winning dug my neighbor's grave.
I'd rather fall and stay there as I fell
  Than climb to heights, on which I am to dwell,
Where from my fortune's hanging on a scale
  That only figures when I see them fail.

I'd rather wear my suits with patches strewn,
  Than pick a wardrobe from the man in ruin;
I'd rather have my soles feel of the chill
  Of winter snows, than gain through any ill
Adventure or through ways, where to expand
  I practiced in a manner underhand;
Or revel in a deal I put across
  To raise me by some other fellow's loss.

I'd rather be just what I am than know
  That I have caused the world a mite of woe,
For failure in itself is filled with pride;
  To feel it proves, at least, that I have tried.
So when they count my failures on the sheet
  Which tallies out the score I made, complete,
What numbers they shall find I do not care,
  Providing each will show I played it fair.

—Selected.

THE FOUR-FOOTED OF ENGODRAGH

By Carl H. Claudy

Do ye believe not in fairies, nor yet in leprechauns or pixies or even the Little People of Erin! The pity of it! And ye say ye will not believe it is not true.

What is "true"? Answer me that, and then tell me ye do not believe! 'Tis true, is it not, that an apple will fall to the ground if ye let go of it?

"Of course," ye say scornfully.

"But not if I catch it first!"

"Oh, well," ye answer, "it is true sometimes!"

Which is just what I want ye to say. And so are pixies and leprechauns and the Little People true—sometimes! The time is when they tell stories as a leprechaun told this tale to one of my ancestors in the long ago when Ireland was young and Patrick—he who was to be Saint Patrick—was working his gentle miracles and turning a land all blood and cruelty and fighting wild men and selfish tyrants, into a goodly country with a fair and smiling face to raise to the God who made it.

Did you know that even the four-footed may do the Master's work? No? Well, ye shall learn.

Ye must think of the Ireland of those dead days so long ago and far away as a place where every man was for himself and the devil take the laggards in the race! The feudal lord lived off the people; he taxed them sore and beat them with thongs and tormented them with ropes and fire if they refused him. The captains and the sheriffs and the tax gatherers and the soldiers did the lord's bidding, else they suffered, and they, too took from him who had little to give to those who had much. The land groaned under cruelty and oppression. Erin was a country without hope, happiness, love. It was often steal or starve; and neighbor was set against neighbor, kindness was unknown, selfishness was the law of life and hatred trailed her black robes over the green fields, glowered in the peat bogs, and skukled even in the fair forests where the wild game hid, as afraid of each other as they were afraid of their enemy man.

Against this one man, alone, unarmed, unaided—nay, I should not have writ that. He knew the magic of the Word he preached, and, preaching, won hearts as only the Word on the lips of a Saint Patrick may win them.

Wot ye who Patrick was? An English boy, carried off in a slave raid—a lad with the mark of God upon him, who grew to manhood with the Word of God struggling for expression in his heart, shining like a fire of hope from his eyes, spoken by his every act. Up and down the Ould Sod tramped Patrick, making himself heard above the din of cries for mercy, the moans of the tortured, the curses of the wronged. Scourged at times from this town and that castle, he was welcomed only to be cast out again when a cruel people found he talked of love and hope and peace instead of war and carnage and fire and sword. Always he escaped, always he went on, always calm with sweet, quiet courage such as have those to whom is given the

magic of the Word. Such was Patrick, such was the evil land in which he ministered.

There is only one result of such a fight. The Patricks of this world are never beaten. Many have gone down fighting, but never in all history has one been conquered. And he who is neither conquered nor goes down fighting—he wins!

Patrick won. It was slow work and long—it took time and patience and love. But these always go with the Word. . . .

Years and years worked Patrick. He tumbled idols in the dust. He won theh hearts of childer. He healed the sick and comforted the sorrowing. He was born with the hearts of all the beasties in his hands, and knew the tongues which dogs and cats and kine—aye, the tongue which the wolves and the bears understand. He could speak to the birds and the birds spoke to him. . . . At times he used his wizardry with beasties to make men see that there was a better way than the evil one they knew.

It was good that someone understood the dumb four-footed, for their lot was hard. When a man hates his neighbor and tortures his enemy, he has no love in his heart for dog or cat or kine or horse. It is kick the one, beat the other, muzzle the ox treading out the corn. So the beasties in Erin were as unhappy as the men and women.

I do not know what led Patrick to the town of Engodragh; mayhap it was the evil of the place. For here was the concentrated sin and wickedness of all the land; here lived my lord Gilochnan, whose pleasure was the pain of his people, whose whips were reddest and wore out most quickly, whose cruelty and oppression had turned his retainers and his townspeople into devils. The houses were overrun with mice and rats, for cats were kicked and stoned and must live even as the wild things in the wood—and so the mice and rats staid indoors. The wild boar and the wolves lived off cattle, for the dogs were beaten and cursed and would guard no home nor answer to any call. Man was against man and beast, and beast was set against man; the people worshipped only stone idols and it was an evil place.

Ye can imagine the welcome Patrick got when he preached in the market place! First was a jeer and then a curse, and then came stones and men with whips, and gentle Patrick who harmed no man nor beast in all his life, walked from the terrible town with sorrow in his heart that they would not hear his tales.

As he went beyond the reach of the last cast stone, a stray mongrel whimpered in a field. Never able to pass the cry of distress, Patrick climbed the low stone fence to stand above a dog with a bloody leg. The brute cowered away—this was just another two-legged tormentor, like unto him who had broken the foot with a club. Patrick knelt and spoke—nay, how should I know what he said, who know not the tongues of beasties? But the cur understood and the hate and fear went out of his red eyes and he liked the hand which tore a strip from Patrick's ragged gown and bound the broken bone to a twig, as he had learned as a boy in far-off England. As Patrick worked at his labor of mercy he smiled.

"So!" said Patrick, aloud. "If a little child may lead them, why not a little dog?"

Patrick rose and traveled apace until the next day he found that which he sought—a much smaller town, scarce more than a hamlet. It was, perhaps, ten miles from Engodragh—a long day's journey for bullocks or a man, in a land where roads were but tracks across the fields and hills.

Now whether Iathca—which was the name of the place—was too litlle to be all evil, or whether my lord Gilochnan had overlooked it, whether he was away on a slave raid and so the people for once were less beset, I know not. But when Patrick stood in the market place and began to preach, first one stopped to listen and then one to jeer—and ended listening, and again a third. Soon there were a dozen, and the dozen a hundred; all in Iathca who could walk or run or hobble to the market place. And the four-footed came also—dogs and puppies and cats and kittens, and even an ass and a bullock, as if they loved that magic voice. There stood Patrick, tall and gaunt and ragged and long of hair and mayhap dirty of face—for he had tramped all night—a kitten in his arms, a dog at his feet, and told tales.

The glory of God was in his eyes; in the gentle ringing voice, that could witch the heart from man and beast when he willed it, was prophecy and faith. For the time being receptive, since their tyrant let them be, the people acclaimed him and gave him to sup, and a bed in a hut to sleep in, and begged for more tales.

"They be good tales, man!" declared Ollin, who was by way of being a leader in the little town. "Of course they are not true tales, but we like them—tell us another!"

So Patrick told them another, and another, and again another. He told them of a baby born in a manger, and of three Wise Men and a star in the east. He spoke of one who drove the money changers from the temple, and the little boy who confounded the teachers. He painted a shore beside a sea, where were loaves and fishes, and he showed them devils cast from swine. This the people well understood, owning swine and having many devils to contend with. He told of a man who was dead who lived again, and of water which became wine at a word, and of the gentle Man of Galilee who loved little children because of them was made the kingdom of heaven.

The fame of Patrick went out over the countryside, and once every half moon the people came from far and near to hear the stranger tell his tales. Iathca prospered mightily, for people came from many and many hours' journey away—aye, soon they were coming days' journeys, driving their bullocks, riding on asses, even walking along the rough tracks that were the only roads the land knew! And they came from Engodragh.

This making of the town to prosper was what Patrick wanted, for the good God helpeth him who helpeth himself. A prosperous town was to be for Patrick a whip with which to drive the driven people of Engodragh into a new way. So he bided his time and preached his tales and people came to hear and to make holiday while he talked, and the townspeople

grew fat on trade, all because of Patrick's tales.

Ye must not believe that all the prospering was because of trade. No people could listen long to Patrick, and not love the teller as well the tales. In place of cruelty, Patrick set now some measure of unselfishness. Where the humble four-footed had been kicked and cursed, people learned a better way—and to their amazement the cats drove out the mice and rats and the dogs kept the wolves and boars from from the kine! Patrick worked no miracle and Iathca became no heaven on earth, but at least a town where a dog might run secured from a leg broken for cruel sport, where a cat might mew for food and not be kicked.

The fame of the tales in the market place spread apace. Stories spread to Engodragh of the bullock carts laden with crops and home handiwork which found ready sale in a market where were many strangers. Perhaps the big market sprawling at the foot of my Lord Gilochnan's castle felt the difference. And so messengers came to see what made Iathca grow so fat!

Doubtless they told my lord Gilochnan of the ragged stranger and his tales, for one evening as Patrick finished preaching a captain with man-at-arms kicked at a dog in his path, then spoke civilly to Patrick.

"My lord Gilochnan of Engodragh sends ye invitation to come to his castle and speak to his people.

Patrick smiled. Then he spoke a word or two that only dogs understand—a soft little call that was more a chirp than word and less a chirp than a chirp than a breath and the dog the captain had kicked came to him and wagged his tail. Whereupon all the dogs of Iathca clustered and fawned around him, jumping and barking, at which the cats, not to be outdone, mewed and purred and crawled and climbed. . . .

The captain raised his sword and would have cut them down but Patrick raised his hand. "Nay," he said, "these are my friends. I speak never without my friends. Are they invited, too?"

Then the captain laughed a mighty laugh. "Ye need not bring them!" he shouted. "Engodragh has them by the hundreds!"

"Ye are sure?" asked Patrick, gently. "Then I will come. I like to make new friends. . . ."

The captain turned away and spoke to his men-at-arms. "Daffy!" he said. "Touched by a leprechaun! My lord Gilochnan will have little of him—still, we do what we are bid!"

So Patrick traveled to the castle of my lord Gilochnan. A fair and beautiful castle with mighty spires and a high wall with a huge moat about it, and a great drawbridge to let down and pull up, and men-at-arms and children and women and retainers without end.

They led Patrick to the great hall, in which huge tables groaned with good things to eat; a roast boar at eon end, a savory pig at the other, and roots and berries and fruit of fields between. Here were great cups of the juice of the grape and here my lord Gilochnan made merry. When he was particularly happy he strung a slave up by his thumbs and whipped him to hear him cry, or threw a dog into the fire to hear him

yelp—not a nice person, this lord Gilochnan.

But he spoke fairly to Patrick.

"Ye work miracles, they tell me," he began softly. "Ye tell tales in the market place and hundreds listen. So we ask ye here to tell our people the tales. Ye shall ask what price ye will and it shall be given ye—pigs or a horse or kine or wife—speak! What will ye?"

"I sell not my tales," answered Patrick. "It is my joy to give them. But, as ye say, they be miracle tale and can be told only in one way."

"It that so!" cried my lord Gilochnan. "I had not heard it. Tell us a tale, now, that I may see the way."

"Gladly!" answered Patrick. "But I cannot without my friends about me. Thy captain said ye had plenty."

"What ho, the captain!" shouted my lord Gilochnan. The soldier stood swiftly forth from the crowd in the hall, waiting to dine.

"What friends of this teller of tales are here?" demanded my lord Gilochnan.

"May it please your lordship," answered the captain, humbly, "the teller of tales calls dogs and cats his friends."

Then my lord Gilochnan laughed long and loud. His sides shook with his laughter. When he could speak he said to Patrick, "Ye can have all the cats and dogs in Engodragh—I give them ye!"

"Thank you," answered Patrick. "Will you have two of each brought to me?"

Then my lord Gilochnan sent slaves to bring cats and dogs to Patrick. While they waited they ate—ate as men do not in these days, but as savages eat, tearing the meat with hands and teeth, wolfing down great handful of cooked grain, draining huge goblets. All save Patrick, who had learned that small eating makes clear thinking.

While they gorged themselves they laughed at Patrick. "Think of a man who could have a house or pig or a wife for the asking, wanting only a couple of dogs and cats! Crazy, of course, like the widow's son down by the market—wot ye when young Gilfiroch lost his mind and jumped from the cliff? This stranger is like him—" Thus they talked.

At last they were filled. My lord Gilochnan turned his goblet down and demanded, "How now, those slaves—those cats those dogs! The captain, the captain! Fetch them to me, and string them up by their thumbs for being lazy!"

But the captain could not bring the slaves, for he could not find them. So my lord Gilochnan. angry now, dispatched other slaves to fetch other dogs and cats—and these, too, disappeared. Finally in a towering rage he sent soldiers to fetch cats and dogs, and promised to cut them all in twain with his own sword if they brought not the beasties!

Hence a pale and frightened company of soldiers stood behind a white and trembling captain to confess that they could not catch a single cat or dog to throw at the stranger's feet!

Then indeed did my lord Gilochnan grow angry in good earnest. But even a cruel lord will not kill a whole company of soldiers for some dogs and cats! When he had somewhat calmed he turned to Patrick.

"I am ill served!" he stormed. "Cats and dogs abound. But tell us a tale—and I will give thee a hundred tomorrow!"

"But nay," answered Patrick. "Ye have given me all ye have, already. I ask but for two. And ye cannot catch them. I feared it. So I go hence, my lord Gilochnan—I cannot tell my tales without my friends. I work no magic without them. When to every man in Gilochnan a dog runs to heel at his call, or a cat rubs against his legs, I will come again. Send for me at Iathca. . . ."

Dumb with amazement, my lord Gilochnan was betrayed into a question. "The beasts are wild! How may we do that?"

Patrick chirped in his throat. From beneath a table, forgotten of men, crept a little lame kitten, too feeble to run away. While all eyes watched it crept across the floor, dragging one broken leg, and tried to rub against Patrick's feet. He stooped and picked it up in his great hand, then hid it in his gown.

"Who loves the beasties, the beasties love!" he answered shortly and strode from the hall—and there was that in his eyes which forbade any man to say him nay.

Patrick returned to Iathca, well content. Iathca was overjoyed to see him again and gave a great feast. Runners told the countryside and the following fortnight was such a market as even Engodragh had never seen, at which the people waxed richer, and Patrick told more and more tales. And so on for moon after moon. While the weeks were passing strange tales came from Engodragh, of how my lord Gilochnan, angered that he could not have his way, had issued an order that every man tame a dog or a cat on pain of death if he failed!

The people of Engodragh knew but one way to do anything—main strength, a club, force, fear, cruelty. While the good God made dogs and cats weak and little, he gave them proud spirits, and lives no dog, still less a cat, nor ever has who can be made to come to heel by fear. The more they beat and threw stones and kicked and abused the animals, the more they crept into their holes or fled the town.

At last one lass, brighter than the rest, who heard the curious story of the stranger who chirped a lame and frightened kitten to his feet, tried another plan. In a week she had cats coming at her call and dogs wagging their tails when she spoke. Hearing this, my lord Gilochnan deposed his captain, and with a mighty laugh, made Lass O'Nale captain his place.

"Faith, it needed a girl to show you how! Captain ye are, lass—Captain Kitty, by Samaan!"

If ye believe not the tale, how come that Kitty has been a prime Irish name from that day to this?

A few more weeks and Captain Kitty was sent to Iathca to fetch Patrick. When she told that every man in Engodragh could now call a dog to heel or have a cat purr at his feet, Patrick smiled and came to tell his tales. But this time he spoke not to a people whose one idea was cruelty, but to men and women and children who learned that a kind word may work a wonder, at which a whole company of soldiers may fail. Patrick was an opportunist—albeit he

made his own opportunities—and so when he preached the magic Word of kindness he pointed to the dogs and cats of Engodragh.

"Ye have seen!" he told them. "Not all my lord Gilochnan's power, nor all his retainers nor men-at-arms, could win ye a single one of the four-footed. There is but one way—ye must be kind, if ye would have the four-footed love ye. And listen—He who taught by Galilee hath made it plain—he who would be happy must bring happiness to others."

Patrick told his tales and the people came to Engodragh as they had come to Iathca, and the town prospered and the people waxed fat and my lord Gilochnan prospered amain. The people found that the four-footed could be good friends, and that kindness begets kindness, even as the little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, as the Great Book says. So it was through the humble beasties that Patrick changed Engodragh from a place of shame to a town where a man might see a child smile, hear a dog bark in pleasure, listen to the purring of a cat, know happiness and peace.

Now ye are not to think that my lord Gilochnan became a saint, or that Engodragh changed to a heaven on earth. For they were but faulty humans and the times were cruel and wild. But though wild and cruel, men were not stupid—whoever saw a stupid Irishman?—and having learned to be kind if they would have a teller of tales, they learned also to be kind because it is the better way.

Of Saint Patrick stories are hundreds: the snakes he drove into the sea, the victims of oppression he rescued, the stone idols he toppled, single-handed, against the united front of the angry and cruel priesthood.

But of them all count not least the winning of Engodragh from bloody hatred to a measure of kindness, by way of the independence of spirit of the four-footed friends of man!

MY PRAYER

Make me immune to little hurts,
  Unmindful of sharp, piercing pain;
Aware that others deeds or words
  Can have no power to sting or maim
My spirit. So let me be constantly
  Secure, serene, kind, loving, strong,
That I may live more perfectly,
  Assured that life is good, not wrong.

—Dorothy Howard.

IN THE LAND OF THE VIKINGS

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

Possibly not in many years, if ever, have so many people from other lands visited the Scandinavian countries within a brief time, as during the summer of 1936 when from forty-nine of the fifty countries of the world, delegates gathered to hold the World's Sunday School Convention. The prophecy has been made that the day will come when the fiftieth country, Russia, will take her place with the other nations in this world movement.

The State Church of all the Scandinavian countries is Lutheran. The King of Norway, Haakon VII, manifested his interest by being present on the opening night of the convention.

On the evening of Sunday every accredited delegate was invited to attend Vespers in *Trefoldighetskirken* (Trinity Church) which is Lutheran. The service was announced for six o'clock. There was quiet excitement as the hour drew near. Two chairs placed at the front caused the delegates to wonder. When Bishop Lunde, who had charge of the service, arose, the audience arose with him. In a moment, a tall gentleman accompanied by a younger man, both in civilian clothes, passed down the aisle, and we were conscious that we were in the presence of the king. Being near the front, we had the opportunity to observe the rapt attention of Haakon VII during the entire service; also to see that, in the liturgical service he led the responses of the audience and was, invariably, the first to rise for hymns or prayers. The service being ended, the congregation stood and remained standing until the king had left the church to enter his car, with his attendant, and be driven to his summer palace in the hills near Oslo. For the king has three palaces: the large winter palace set in the center of many acres of lawn and garden in the city; the summer palace, not unlike the country home of some Americans; and a second winter palace where the royal family is in residence while the winter sports contests are going on.

The remark was made frequently by various delegates, "Why the name *Oslo*, When I went to school our geographies gave the name Christiania to this city." And they did, but even our teen-age girls and boys today know no other name than Oslo, for it was in 1924 that the name was change from Christiania.

In the eleventh century the town of Oslo was founded by the ruler, King Harald. In 1624, King Christian IV founded a city near the ancient town of Oslo and called it Christiania, which name it retained for exactly three centuries when the original name was revived.

The turist whose time in Oslo is limited, must choose the places of particular interest to himself, but there are some things no one would wish to omit.

The *Viking ships*, three in number, are peculiar to Norway. While Vikings sailed out from Sweden, also, on their tours of exploration or conquest, it is in Norway that the ships were unearthed from their resting

places. Though buried in their mounds about the year 900, as the carvings indicate, it was not until the years between 1867-1903 that they were discovered.

Some years ago a dozen Norwegian men built a boat in imitation of the Viking ships and sailed in it to America to attend the World's Fair of Chicago in 1893. The ship was secured at the close of the fair, and has remained during these more than forty years in one of the parks of Chicago.

On the king's estate is an old *stave-kirke,* one of the very few which remain today in a good state of preservation. It is built of logs which look as if they extend perpendicularly instead of horizontally. A balcony extends almost around it on the outside. The shape of the old kirke looks as if it might be octagonal. As you enter it is very dark, but as you become accustomed to the darkness, beautiful carving is to be seen.

Norway is the land in which skiing originated, though now it is common in Sweden, Switzerland, and even in parts of our own country. The traveler who is a lover of sports will drive up to Holmenkollen, the scene of the great ski competition every winter. The hill is very steep, and it is said that the ski-jumpers appear to fly as they make their leaps in the air.

On the night of the competition the great dining hall is crowded with happy parties, but in the summer much of the serving is done outdoors, where a magnificent view of the bay and the beautiful Oslo Fjord may be had.

While we associate the world's great composers with Germany and Italy, we do not want to forget Ole Bull of Norway, one of the world's great violinists, and Edward Grieg, world famous composer. On the way to Holmenkollen we passed by the cemetery where lie the great dramatists, Isben and Bjornsen, the home where Nobel once lived and the monument erected to his memory.

In Oslo we found breakfast the big meal of the day. While an effort was made to serve us "in the manner to which we have been accustomed," our hotel host seemed to think fruit, toast and coffee much too light a breakfast, and usually added a few items. One morning the table groaned beneath the viands. We learned that our host was endeavoring to show his guests what a *real* Norge (pronounced Nor-gay) breakfast is like. One the table were a boiled ham, a large roast of beef, cold; a leg of cold mutton and four other kinds of meat, including cold fish. There were five kinds of cheese, not plates with a pound or two on them but great large round balls of it, larger than a man's head. The huge globe of goat's cheese resembled dark brown laundry soap. In addition, there were sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers and cold fried eggs. The people seemed to care little for any cooked vegetable except potatoes. It was not unusual to have them served three different ways at one meal. Their breakfast hour is nine, dinner two to four and supped at half past seven to nine.

It was the height of the berry and cherry season, the second week in July, and the marketplace, with wash tubs, clothesbaskets, pails and boxes

filled with cherries, berries and other small fruits, was a sight to see. We hurried on an errand, hoping to get back before market closed, not knowing it closed at three o'clock. When we reach the marketplace, it was about a half minute past three, but no amount of persuasion would induce one of the men or women to sell any fruit. Although there were bushels of fruit to be taken back, everyone was perfectly law-abiding. The law says, "Market closed at three," and it was closed, tightly. Fifteen minutes later, as we came by, we saw that every particle of refuse and every mashed cherry and berry had been removed. There was not a vestige of anything left to show that there had ever been a market there.

There are some attractive department stores in Oslo, but things are expensive. The shop that intrigued us most was "Den Norske Husflidsforening," a philanthropic society under the patronage of Her Majesty, Queen Maud. Here all kinds of Norwegian handwork are for sale,—Hardanger lace doilies, articles carved from native birch wood, knitted articles, and handicraft of many kinds. In endeavoring to locate this shop I remembered it was near the Y. M. C. A., only this organization is known by the Norwegian name, the initials of which are K. F. U. M. Not being able to locate either place, I stepped into another shop to make inquiry. In European shops they are proud to have a sign in a prominent place, saying "English spoken." Only once, in the nine countries toured, did I fail to find an English speaking person in a shop. In this case we inquired for the English-speaking saleslady. When she appeared, we said, "Will you kindly direct us to the K. F. U. M.?" She looked puzzled. We tried to explain the place we wanted, but either her English was at fault, or ours was, for eventually her face brightened and she said eagerly, "Did you see it in the show-window?" We finally succeeded in finding the shop with the long name and made our purchases.

Work in silver is another handicraft, but these purchases must be made at the silversmith's. Their enameled silver brooches are made much of, but gems do not occupy an important place.

The rooms at our hotel were unlike any I had ever seen. Imagine a large room furnished in living-room style, then place twin beds and two washstands with running water in it, and you have a bedroom. The bedroom of one of our friends had even a grand piano in it.

It is said that, while there is no dire poverty in Norway, there are few wealthy people and no nobility. The people look as if they work hard, the hands of the women not being small and shapely, but showing that they, or their ancestors, kave known manual labor. But they are people of strong character, honest and law-abiding.

The deaconesses attending the Convention were catalogued by the style of head-dress. Some were from Germany, some from Denmark, as indicated by the frilled net bonnet, similar to those worn by our Danish deaconess, Sister Maren Knudsen, in the Virgin Islands, while the majority of them wore the bonnets of the

Norge deaconesses, daintily starched linens, simply made.

Crossing Sweden, from Oslo to Stockholm, glittering sheets of water meet the eye everywhere. It is a common saying that you can not stand on any spot in this part of the country without having one or more lakes in sight. Houses are far apart, but churches are seen, crowning the hilltops, the steeples visible for many miles. Near the church stands the parsonage in the *Prestgarden*, a small farm, for the minister is a model farmer. Alongside, also, are the schoolhouse and teacher's residence. Here, too, are the post office, telegraph and telephone offices, drugstore, butcher shop, grocery store, and other small stores. But the church is considered the center of the rural community, and is the general meeting place of people for miles around.

Stockholm is a beautiful city of more than a half a million people. Unlike Rome, which is built on seven hills, it is built on seven islands. The Royal Palace, standing on the site of the medieval castle and fortress, is quite the outstanding building in beauty of location and outline.

Two other buildings attract the traveler. The first, *Riddarholmskyrkan*, the Swedish Westminster Abbey. No services are held here, it being used used for burials only. Here we find the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus, "The Snow King," so called because when he led his army against the Austrians, who were seeking to implant Catholicism once more in Germany and also in Sweden, and crush the influence of the Reformation, the Austrians said, "When he brings his army before us, it will melt like snow." But, though Gustavus Adolphus lost his life at Lutzen, the Swedish army won. The "Champion of the Faith" had saved Protestantism.

The present king, Gustavus V, is a man six feet six inches in height. Although seventy-eight years of age, he is an ardent golfer, and on the golf course he prefers to be called "*Mr. G.*"—without any title whatsoever.

The other outstanding building in this city of many beautiful buildings is the Town Hall, erected 1911-1923.

The architect had cycled through Europe and Asia for a year and a half. "Then," said our guide, "he 'melted' together the Italian, the Byzantine and other styles of architecture." The result is the building, world-renowned for its great beauty. The walls of brick are twenty-four inches thick, the brick work having been sculptured by hand into beautiful designs.

Here is a statue of Saint Erik, patron saint of Sweden, treading upon paganism. In his hand with a sceptre is also a *fleur-de-lis*. When we remembered that it was Ansgar, a Frank, who, taking his life in his hands, first carried the Christian message to the worshippers of the god Thor, we saw the significance. Through Ansgar's friendship and influence, onee of king's courtiers, Herigar, built the first Christian chapel in Sweden.

In the Gold Hall, used for banqueting, 800 people can be seated at one time. The marvelous mosaics were made during the World War,

and, it is said, contain forty-five million pieces. Made near Berlin when the German mark was low, the mosaics could not now be reproduced for less than four million crowns.

The guides in the Scandinavin countries are efficient and can speak English fairly well. Occasionally one has to change the place of the accent mark, as when one guide pointed out to us an a-se-lym for lu-nat-ics, and another took us to an ac-a-de-my of art. But those were small matters. When a phone call came for the leader of our party, a gentleman. the young woman at the exchange said, "She is not in his room. She's gone places." But we knew we could not do nearly so well in their language, if we were to attempt to use it.

The Swedish people are lovers of music, and have produced great singers, the most outstanding being Jenny Lind and Christina Nilsson.

But there is perhaps no Swedish name more outstanding today than that of Alfred Nobel. the dynamite king, as he was called. Though he lived, for a time, in the suburbs of Oslo, he was a Swede.

Chemical reserach has always claimed the attention of scientists in Sweden. It was Alfred Nobel's father. Emmanuel Nobel, who invented nitroglycerine. His brothers, Robert and Louis, founded naphtha and petroleum works, but it remained for Alfred to invent smokeless powder and dynamite.

He soon found that dynamite was a powerful means of industrial development. for engineers were able, after 1876, to pierce the Alps, miners to sink their shafts, and harbor constructors to remove rocks from waterways. But it was also an instrument of devastation in warfare, he found, to his regret.

As if to make amends for this. he, a most peaceful and kindly man, devoted his large fortune to the encouragement of scientific discovery, discoveries in the medical world, excellence in literature, and in the promotion of world peace. The competition has been open to the entire world, and the prizes five in number. are distributed every year on December 10th, the day of Alfred Nobel's death.

Copenhagen, the capital of the Kingdom of Denmark, might be called the city of many names. It is sometimes called 'The Athens of the North"; again, "The City of Beautiful Towers." Denmark has been known as the "Land of the Sea Kings"; others call it "The Emerald Kingdom of the old Vikings." and still others "The Queen of the North."

There was a time when Denmark was an empire,—when England. Northern Germany, and all of Scandinavia belonged to it. Today, it is a happy and peaceful little kingdom. In writing of it, someone has said. "While Egypt has the pyramids and Switzerland the Alps, Denmark possesses the distinguished grandeur of peace, a fine climate, and a rich soil," while Theodore Roosevelt said. "The Danish farmer has been the backbone of American agriculture.

Almost all of the flat, level country is under cultivation, the bogs even being made to produce for the happiness and comfort of the rural people. Traveling along, men were seen cut-

ting soil into the shape of large bricks and stacking them in heaps. Upon inquiring, we learned that we were passing by peat bogs, the peat being cut and dried for fuel.

As in Norway and Sweden. the Lutheran is the State Church, to which the king must belong.

In the life of a Danish boy or girl the first event of importance is confirmation. All, except the very poorest, see to it that the boy or girl to be confirmed is driven to the church, either in a taxi or a carriage and pair of horses. After the service, an elaborate dinner is served in the home to relatives and friends. Gifts are brought.—jewelry, lace, or a dainty article of clothing for a girl, a watch, a set of studs or cuff links, or a smoking set, etc., for a boy. In Denmark a girl having been confirm- boys usually have a day or two of debut. In the working classes, the holiday, which time they spend walking about in their new black confirmation clothes, wearing gloves of the same color, a flower in their buttonhole, and usually carrying an umbrella.

The Monday before Lent is general holiday in all schools. Another festival peculiar to Denmark is the fourth Friday after Easter, when all business is shut down so that people may assemble in their churches. This day is called, "The great Day of Prayer." On the evening before, the church bells ring.

Among the many beautiful palaces and castles in and around Copenhagen, the Rosenborg Castle is outstanding. It contains the precious collections left by Danish kings, arranged in chronological order. It is the finest collection in Europe, many of the crown jewels being priceless.

After passing through the banqueting hall hung with Gobelin tapestries, and through the tower room, we are led to the room of Christian V, where, we are told, we shall see the crown jewels and regalia. But, upon entering, there is no evidence of either. Presently the floor opens in the center and a steel safe, with glass sides, about seven feet high and four feet square, rises from below and rests before us. One crown, of the period before the Middle Ages, is there, encrusted with magnificent jewels. One is almost blinded by the sparkle of the beautiful gems the showcase safe discloses. Sceptres of ivory and jewels; jewel-hilted swords; personal jewelry glittering with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, all of great value and beauty. A king's ransom many times over!

And no one wants to miss Tivoli, —an amusement park of great size and brilliance, more than 100 years old, and which furnishes magnificent music. More than a million people visit it every year.

One could spend days in the Thorvaldsen Museum and not tire, if a lover of works of arts. In the center of the museum is the tomb of the great sculptor. Born in 1770, Thorvaldsen was of Icelandic descent. He was thirty-three years old before he completed "Jason and the Golden Fleece," the piece which brought him into prominence.

Perhaps from among his 700 pieces, we are most familiar with

copies of his baptismal font and of his statue of the Christ. He is acknowledged as one of the world's greatest sculptors.

In listing the names of Denmark's capital, we might have called it "The City of Many Bicycles," for it is said that in this city of 800,000 people, 400,000 have "wheels."

Driving in the suburbs, we are struck upon seeing what resembles an immense pipe organ set on a lawn. It is, in reality, the Grundtvig Memorial Church. The building has not yet been completed. The government must give two crowns for every one the people give, but sufficient funds have not yet been received.

As England has its birthplace of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, so Denmark has its Hans Christian Anderson house in Odense, where the great teller of fairy tales was born April 2, 1805. A century later the town council purchased the modest dwelling and founded a museum to the memory of its most illustrious citizen.

A GOOD NAME

Oh, Lord of men, teach me to know
  Just what a good name signifies;
Help me to understand its worth,
  And never let me cease to prize
Above all else that life affords—
  Yes, better far than wealth or fame—
The reputation that is won
  Alone by him of worthy name.

A sturdy strength of character,
  The will to do some useful deed;
The vision that conceives a way
  To satisfy another's need;
On such as these a man's good name
  Is built; his leadership depends
On service to his fellow-men,
  And loyalty to humble friends.

—Lawrence Hawthorne.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Agnes Lapsley, of Kannapolis, was a visitor at the School last Tuesday.

—o—

Miss Grace MacNeil, a nurse at the Rex Hospital, Raleigh, together with her sister, Mrs. Gice Allen, and Mrs. T. H. Spence, of Jackson Park, called at the Uplift office the other day.

—o—

The outside forces have been very much handicapped for some time on account of a number of officers being on the sick list. For the past week they have done little more than mark time. So many boys had to be handled by one officer that jobs to keep such a large number busy were hard to find.

—o—

Henry Easley, one of the baseball players recently signed by Manager Bobby Hicks of the Concord Weavers, called at the School last Sunday. We learned that for several years past, Henry made quite a record at the shortstop position with a team in a service league, while a member of the United States Army, stationed in Honolulu.

—o—

Mr. R. J. Cope, officer at Cottage No. 12 and one of the members of the staff in charge of work on the farm, left the School recently to take over the business of operating a grocery store and filling station, located on the Charlotte highway, near Harrisburg. The "Senator's many friends here extend best wishes for success in his new enterprise.

—o—

Miss Virginia Smoot, who for the past six years has occupied the position as secretary to Superintendent Boger, has resigned to assume a position in the office of the city schools at High Point. Miss Virginia made a great number of friends while here, who hated to see her leave. While in High Point she will live in the home of her aunt, whose husband, former superintendent of city schools, recently passed away.

—o—

Mrs. F. M. Youngblood, of Concord, recently delivered a number of magazines to the School for the use of our boys. These were the gifts of the members of the Women's Auxilliary of the First Presbyterian Church. A few days later Mrs. George H. Richmond, also of Concord, sent out some magazines. This was not the first time these good ladies donated fine reading material for the use of our boys. They are ever thoughtful of their welfare, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their kindness.

—o—

We are glad to announce further honors for our dairy. Recent tests have been made by the veterinary division of the State Department of

Agriculture, and the Training School has been presented with certificates showing that its 83 Holstein cows are free from infectious abortion, tuberculosis and other diseases common among dairy herds.

A production report in the Dairy Extension News for February, places the Training School herd on the honor roll. This list is made up of dairy herds whose average production of butter fat is 300 pounds or more. Our herd is 13th on this list of 30 herds. This record is made in competition with the finest Jersey, Guernsey and Ayrshire herds in the entire state.

The record for the month of February covering butter fat production, shows that the Training School holds sixth place among the 77 herds reported. In average milk production among these same herds, our herd takes second place, the highest being Cottondale Farm, in the district composed of Wake and Moore counties. The leading record was 1,043 pounds of milk, from a herd of 15 cows, while the record made by the Training School herd was 1,017 pounds, from a herd of 62 cows.

—o—

Rev. Walter J. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. After the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. Mr. Miller made the opening prayer, after which he presented as the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. John Kirby, field representative of Brevard College, one of the Methodist institutions in this state.

Mr. Kirby announced that the subject of his talk would be "The Abundant Life." He began his remarks by saying that the best way to find out just what Jesus meant by reference to abundant life is to try to find ourselves, and mentioned several things which make this abundant life possible. The first is Health, said he. Speaking of boys, he said that health is a most essential thing to be considered. A boy wants to feel good in order to be happy. To bring this about he must build up a vigorous body, leaving off those things which are so very harmful, such as the use of alcoholic drinks, smoking, etc.

The next thing which will help us attain abundant life is wealth, not in a material way, but in those things which go to make good character. Of course a certain amount of money is necessary—enough to provide the comforts of life, but the possession of riches is not the key to happiness. Our greatest asset is our spare time, and unless we use this time to the best advantage, we shall fail to find the abundant life.

Mr. Kirby then said that the next thing essentially necessary is to have friends, the kind of folks we are always glad to see when they come around. In order to have friends, we should think just as much of the other fellow's welfare as we do of our own.

Another thing needed to make up the abundant life, continued the speaker, is faith. We must have faith in God; in His power to help us do the things we are not able to do ourselves. Faith gives us the ability to see beyond our own little circumstances, and helps us to see the many ways in which we can help others. Like the little boy in one of

Robert Louis Stevenson's poems, who climbed a cherry tree and saw what he called "foreign lands," when we have faith in God, it is an experience that causes us to see farther as to the needs of others than we have ever seen before.

Some folks think that living a Christian life interferes with our enjoyment, said Mr. Kirby, but such is not the case. The greatest pleasure of all is to feel that we have done our very best, and have helped others. The Christian has doors of opportunity opened to him that he never dreamed of before becoming a Christian. The abundant life opens these doors, enlarges the number of our friends and broadens our vision.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to attend school as much as possible; to build up their bodies to the best possible conditon; to ever be looking for an opportunity to make friends; and to take God as their guide as they journey along the pathway of life. By doing these things he assured them that they would be making a good start toward attaining the abundant life.

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

"Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.'

—Henry Van Dyke.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending March 7, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(8) Robert Allen 13
(11) J. C. Cox 11
(8) James Johnson 8
(11) Ray Norman 11
(3) Harley Riley 3
(14) Mack Setzer 14
(14) Fred Wheeler 14
(8) James Wilhite 13

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders
(2) Glatley Branch 6
Henry Cowan 2
Robert Coleman 3
(2) Carrol Dodd 2
William Howard 9
Horace Journigan 2
John Kellam 7
Bruce Link
(9) Claude Maines 11
Roy McAbee 2
Jack McCrary
Arthur Martin 11
(2) William Pitts 7
(2) Howard Roberts 3
Albert Silas 9
Robert Watts 4
James West 10
(4) John Wilson 6
Preston Yarborough 12
R. L. Young 6

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Earl Barnes 4
Earl Bass 3
(4) M. C. Cranford 10
Charles Furchess 8
(3) Coolidge Green 8
(2) Eugene Green 8
Edgar Hatley 6
John Hampton 6
William McRary 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

Marshall Bryson
Ernest Beach
J. C. Branton
(4) William Cassell 10
(2) John Grider 8
(3) Herman Hunt 7
Monroe Keith 8
Jack Tate 8

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson
(3) William Burnette 11
Theodore Bowles 10
Jesse Cleveland
Fletcher Castlebury 11
James Coleman 9
Robert Deyton 10
Frank Glover 8
(3) Thomas Hamilton 9
Roscoe Honeycutt
Jack Harward
(3) Marvin King 7
(2) Richard Patton 2
Canipe Shoe 2

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 5
James Corn 9
John Elliott 9
William Estes
James Finley 4
Blaine Griffin
Caleb Hill 9
Houston Howard 7
James Jordan 2
Robert Lawrence 2
Wayland Morgan 5
Elmer Maples
Milton Pickett 8
J. D. Powell 4
Kenneth Spillman 6
Percy Sanford 6

William Tester 3
Lester Warren 7
Joseph Wheeler 4
William Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

Sam Belk 10
John Penninger 7
(4) Charles Taylor 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Clyde Adams 12
Earl Atwood 4
Emerson Barnhill 3
(9) Glenn Collins 9
(3) Jack Carter 3
(3) Matthew Duffey 3
(3) Jeff Gouge 9
(5) Mack Joines 5
Rufus Linville 3
James Martin
William Peedin 7
(2) Frank Ramsey 10
Jack Springer 7
(2) Sidi Threatt 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Walter Blevins 7
(2) Edward Carpenter 8
Earl Duncan 4
John Drum 9
Lawrence Duffey
(2) H. A. Holmes 6
(2) David Hodge 12
(2) William Martin 4
Donald Newman 4
Julius Stevens 10
(2) Berchell Young 10

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 5
Joseph Cox 9
(4) Frank Dickens 12
Talmage Dautrey 10
(4) Marvin Edwards 13
Frank Lewis 10
Clarence Mayton 7
(4) Jerome Medlin 11
(4) Glenn O'Quinn 10
Ewin Odom 2
(4) Andrew Powell 12
(4) Lonnie Sloan 6
William Stevens 9
Charles Williams 3
(3) Ross Young 8

COTTAGE No. 13

Fletcher Boggs 6
(7) Robert Hailey 8
(5) Claudius Pickett 9

COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Coffer 2
Lee Dowless 4
(2) Doyle Holder 5
James Kirk 4
(2) John Robbins 4
(2) James Stepp 3
Glenn Williams 5
William Warf 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 2
John Brown 2
Roy Cruse 10
Granville Cheek 2
(3) George Gibson 12
Joseph Hyde 5
Walter Hill 10
Caleb Jolly 9
(4) Edward Murray 8
Charles Pennell 3
Harley Pennell 9
Alvin Powell 4
Harless Triplett 9
Carl Toney 7
(4) Robert Teeter 13
Robert Wilson 4

"It is a good deal of trouble always to be kind, but it is a good deal more trouble to forget the time you should have been kind but were not."—Selected.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 20, 1937 No. 12

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THE HEART OF A BOY

Put me in touch with the heart of a boy.
Let me study his doubts and fears.
Let me show him the way of life,
And help him avoid his tears.
For the heart of a boy in its buoyancy
Is one that is pure and free.
So put me in touch with the heart of a boy—
The heart of a man to be.

—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LIFE IS SO SHORT

Let's smile and be kind—life is so short
  And most of the way so rough,
The times are trying, the road upgrade
  And always trouble enough.
Yesterday's hurts we'll try to forego—
  And tomorrow's cares can wait;
Today with diligence let us keep
  Our hearts from the stain of hate.
Life is too short for spite and revenge
  And paying back wrong for wrong;
Try patience and love and forgiveness,
  Meet slights with a smile and song.
The sad world with all its repining,
  Its bitterness, care and tears,
Needs the wealth of your lovingkindness
  To sweeten the sin-soiled years.
Yes, life is too short to be hateful
  Or scorning any you meet,
Then strive to be pleasant and gentle,
  Always to smile and be sweet;
For the sunshine of love is needed
  To warm the world with its light,
And to shed abroad its effulgence
  To bless humanity's night.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

THE LOST GENERATION

In an address to the Forty-Fifth-Continental-Congress by Mrs. William A. Becker, President General of the National Society of D. A. R. she classes the delinquent youths of the country as "the lost generation." Her classification is aptly applied and there is

more truth in the statement than the general public is willing to acknowledge.

As proof of influence of supervised recreation and employment of time Mrs. Becker cites the activities of a Boys' Club in Chicago with 16,000 boys enlisted, and gives the results of the project with an environment that has a tendency to inspire one to a higher standard of living.

This program of activities Mrs. Becker states, has proven a deterrent to crime and that a very small per cent of the wayward youths return to their "old-wallows." In fact they return to society with a different slant upon life, coming away with the feeling that "some one does care."

It is interesting to know that it costs just $3 per year to keep a boy in this club, or camp, one hundredth of the price to keep a boy in prison for the same time. Statistics show that we spend a half billion annually for detention and maintenance of prisoners. If this amount could be expended in the fundamentals of an education with vocational training the enormous tax for crime could be eliminated. Moreover, education is a farce unless the subjects taught can be applied towards securing gainful employment. As things stand at present crime is on the increase so naturally the cost of prevention has to meet conditions.

Mrs. Becker asks the question, "is it not an indictment of our intelligence that we permit these conditions to exist when it is so clearly demonstrated that we could be doing something constructive for the betterment of youth?" A vision and a will are needed.

If it were possible to arouse the women to the fact that "the mother who lulls the babe to sleep at the twilight hour, is the one who rules the universe" then some progress could be made towards saving the delinquents of the nation. The "old timey mother" is a memory only, but she truly is the picture of ideal motherhood. After simmering down to a fine point the cause of the "lost generation" the finger points to the parents of the home.

Many of the children of today are like Topsy, they have simply grown up. This is true, and pity 'tis true. The homes if well regulated and orderly are the greatest institutions of the country. In the home the child spends the formative period of life, making of him the future citizen of every community. When the homes make

a failure then it is that the many agencies of mercy have to take a hand and rescue if possible the forgotten children from the snares of sin.

* * * * * * *

AN UNFAILING REMEDY

In every walk of life, let it be either in business, the home, the professional career or the church, difficult and discouraging conditions arise that place one on his tip-toes to meet emergencies but if the advice of Horace Greeley, editor, philosopher and scholar taken from Lutheran Young Folks, were accepted all rough places would soon be smoothed out and there would be a sweeter faith to motivate every activity that tries the souls of men:

Horace Greeley was the able editor of a number of newspapers along the eastern seaboard. And though he was active in politics he will longest be remembered as editor and speaker. He lived in turbulent times, and was personally interested in all the great questions of the day.

As editor he received many letters, from friend and foe. He was asked for his advice on subjects of every sort. There were not many he did not take time to answer. In every field of knowledge and experience he was a wise counselor, even if a witty and humorous one.

He is said once "to have received a letter from a woman stating that her church was in distressing financial straits. They had tried every device they could think of—fairs, strawberry festivals, oyster suppers, a donkey party, turkey banquets, Japanese weddings, poverty sociables, mock marriages, grab-bags, box sociables and necktie sociables. Would Mr. Greeley be so kind as to suggest some new device to keep the struggling church from disbanding. The editor replied, 'Try Christianity.' "

* * * * * * *

SPELLING BEES MULTIPLYING

An article in one of the creditable magazines of the day states that "spelling-bees" are multiplying due to the "200,000 new terms and meanings that have come into existence in the American vernacular in the recent years."

Such things as science, industry, inventions, the expansions of radios and wireless,—all have made vast contributions to our vocabulary. It has only been during and after the days of depression that "chisler and balony" and other words are added to our list. About 200 to 500 words form the basis of our daily conversation.

We do not need spelling-bees to learn the new words coined in the past few years, but there is a dire need for spelling-bees to make our public school students conversant and familiar with the most common place words used daily. It is appalling, and no one knows it better than the parents, that the fundamentals of an education, spelling and reading, are sorely neglected some way. To know how to spell is essential, and to know words readily when reading makes smooth and delightful readers. To read understandingly is as much of an accomplishment as it is to understand the techinique of any musical instrument.

* * * * * * *

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN COLLEGES

It is encouraging to note that Smith College, an institution of higher education for women, Northhampton, Massachusettes, founded by Sophia Smith, and opened for work in 1870, has awakened to the necessity of a "revival of religion." This news is encouraging for our young women who go to college are plastic, and very soon accept some teacher as a hero, and unconsciously come from that institution changed in every form and manner of living. And the view points of religion are frequently very seriously distorted.

This revival of religion in colleges has a new illustration in the Smith College Association for Christian work, which has stated its purpose for the present year. The following taken from The Lutheran:

"The aim is to realize Christian ideals through the promotion of broad and intelligent activity in the interests of humanity." Though this emphasis is placed particularly upon "socially applied religion," it is accompained by the establishment of a "class cabinet," which has been formed to deal especially with the religious problems of the freshmen. There has also been established a half-hour student-led chapel service, held at 7:15 A. M. every Wednesday, in which

the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes are being studied devotionally and applied practically. This movement, together with the association, recently organized at Princeton under the leadership of Dr. Wicks, dean of the chapel, "of individuals from various Christian bodies organized for mutual effort in maintaining loyalty to Christian principles and practices, and in understanding the relation of this heritage to the forces and movements of the secular world," would seem to betoken a stirring "in the valley of dry bones." Or would it be better to say, "in the tops of the mulberry trees?"

* * * * * * *

AN UNDERSEA CANAL FOR JAPAN

Japan (the native name "Nippon," Land of the Rising Sun), is a very ancient island empire of eastern Asia adjacent to China. It is noted for the proud, isolating policy of its rulers and has made wonderful progress in all things that have marked the advancement of other highly civilized and enlightened countries.

The Japs are naturally alert, keen to detect the best devices of other countries and adopt those that will promote their cause and make them the equal to other countries. Among the chief cities are Tokyo and Yokohama, a sea-port city.

They are a frugal and an economic race always making the best of every situation. Their keen business acumen is shown in the fact that Tokyo and Yokohama will be connected by a canal. This project is objectively to use the dirt in the excavation to extend the shore line so as to increase the area of land. The canal will be excavated under the sea from the shallows bordering the mainland. A sea-wall, 45,500 feet long, will be built a mile from the shore. The soil excavated to make the deep-water canal will be used to fill the shallows and extend the shore line. This will provide Tokyo with new land enough to make an industrial zone comparable for size with Hamburg or Rotterdam. The cost of the project will be more than met from the sale of new factory sites on the new land. This is no experiment for Japan. Most of the present Tokyo is built upon land reclaimed by similar operations. The increased acreage will be welcome for another reason. Japan's census for 1935 indicates that her population has increased 4,800,000, or 7.5 per cent since 1931.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

BUILD A MANSION

"You're building each moment,
In Architect's role
A character dwelling,
A home for the soul.
So, while you are building,
Don't potter and slack,
Just build a fine mansion,
Not merely a shack."

—o—

A "loaded" automobile driver is just as deadly as an unloaded gun. Be cautious about both.

—o—

There are a lot of people in this busy, humming old world who know what you should do, better than you know yourself.

—o—

The chronic shoppers give the clerks an abundance of practice. They buy but little, but their shopping is long drawn out.

—o—

It is said that a Colorado man has dislocated his jaw 21 times by yawning. That should teach him to ignore the slap-stick movies.

—o—

Did you know that a smile can get you a lot of things that money cannot buy. And a smile goes farther than a frown, and lasts longer.

—o—

We should often ask ourselves a lot of questions. One is are we doing our present job well enough to deserve a better one.

—o—

The average young woman of today is not so terribly adverse to chapped hands. Just so they are on the right sort of a chap.

—o—

We are advised "During the flu season, it is wise not to go out without one's rubbers on." And don't rubber too much after you get out.

—o—

A number of radio fans complain of a disturbing buzz in their radio sets. It is probably some amateur comedian learning to play "The Bee."

—o—

It is told that a Southern belle has married a motorist whose car she side-swiped. This goes to show what scraping an acquaintance will sometimes lead to.

—o—

To sum it up just about one half the people in this fast-moving world are unhappy because they can't afford the things that make the other half miserable.

—o—

As long as a man has a single vice he never gets credit for all the virtues he may have. It is on him like a rotten speck on an apple—destroying the beauty and the usefulness of the whole apple.

—o—

Crop insurance may be all right in the end, but it should not be forgotten that it is not intended to take the place of careful and thorough cultivation. That's about the best insurance you can have and count on.

—o—

Strikes are springing up like mushrooms all over the country. It

strikes me that they are hampering business, and causing a vast number of people to suffer for the necessities of life, and adding to the woes of this nation. Why will not people be reasonable?

—o—

A little girl asked her mother: "Mamma, have you noticed how changed father is lately? He's cross most all the time." The mother replied, "He is not cross, my dear; he's merely suffering from income taxitis, a disease which comes at this time of the year."

—o—

A Durham wife gave a reception a few days ago, and the husband was asked if he attended. "Yes," he said, "and I played a practical joke on her. I got in line when she was receiving, and before she knew it she was smiling and saying she was glad to see me."

—o—

I saw a number of shoe-shines on the sidewalk the other day, in a very animated conversation. Business was a little dull at that time. Finally they all pitched in and shined each other's shoes. Now that's what I call wheting up business, when business is dull. There is a moral somewhere in this incident.

—o—

I do not know all there is about the newspaper business. In fact the longer I am in the writing business the more I realize how much there is to know. You learn some thing new every day. I remember years ago, back on the farm, we had a friend of my father's come over to us for a day or two on a visit. We were out in the barn one day talking about the stock. I was telling him all about it with all the pride of a boy of fourteen. I was trying to impress him how smart I was. He finally said to me, "Well, James I guess you know all there is to know about stock. don't you?" I pretty near busted a gallus when I threw out my chest and said, "Yes, Sir; I know all about them." But I brought that chest in mighty quick when he let me down with—"Well I have been handling stock for nigh on to fifty years and I don't know nothin' about them yet, so it sure nice to meet a young feller like you, that knows every-incident. The longer you are in any thing." I have never forgotten that line of business the more you must realize how much there is to know. The more you must become aware that you can never stop studying and learning, just like I did back in the little old school house when we were getting the beginning of things. That incident broke me of bragging. Don't be a brag.

It doesn't matter how much money a man makes, if he hasn't developed most of his natural capacities and left his community or the world better for having lived, he is an arrant failure—and unhappy one as well.—Selected.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

By Samuel Glenn Hawfield, Concord, N. C.

In the past there have been written many beautiful tributes to the mothers of the land. No doubt many of these tributes were produced out of the souls of men at times when there was surging in their spirits a deep sense of the loss that is experienced when our mothers slip away from us. It is true then, as at no other time, that the real significance of a mother's presence and a mother's love is even faintly realized and understood.

My own dear mother, Mrs. Julia Houston Hawfield, quietly slipped away from us on the morning of January 7. 1937 at eight-thirty o'clock. It was her desire to go "home", and we who are left to mourn her passing, feel indeed that she has entered into the eternal home in Heaven, prepared for those who are faithful to the end.

The poet, Edward J. Appleton, has written of his mother in these words:

"When others laughed at all of my dreams,
You held those dreams and me—
Close to your loving breast.
Giving me strength to try, and when I failed,
Your faith alone stood firm above the rest,
For you believed that some day I would succeed,
The finest spur that any man could need."

For me this brief poem expresses well the spirit of my own mother in all of her endeavors and relationships.

Her life from beginning to end was filled with a multitude of adventures. Truly she possessed an adventurous spirit and in turn she was possessed by this same spirit. True it is that she did not literally launch a ship out upon the uncharted seas nor did she clamber over real mountains out to the frontiers of the far "west". But she dared and ventured far out into the spiritual highways and sailed upon the unknown spiritual seas of life. In all of her adventures, in her dreams and in her experiences she carried with her all of those whom she loved—her friends, her neighbors and her kinsmen, and particularly those of her own household.

One of the counterparts of this spirit of adventure was always to be found in her unmeasured faith—faith in those about her, faith in herself, and faith in God. In the inner recesses of her great soul there was a hidden power that forever moved her forward. It was indeed in the strength of her inner spirit that she ventured, dared, and planned, and finally triumphed. It was this faith which enabled her to move with confidence and self-assurance out into the difficult, uncharted ways of life. If those about her were sometimes mystified by her boldness she was not, for she understood. It was her faith that gave sustenance to her spirit.

Other counterparts of her spirit of adventure were her optimism, hope and patience. Always she hoped for and confidently expected a better day. To her, with each setting of the

sun and "drawing in of the tent cords for the night,'" there was the full assurance that next day would bring with it a new chance. And after she had gathered her household about her and rested for the night from the toils of life, with dawning of the new day, she marched forth again—though not with bugle and drum to buoy her spirits. For her surely life was a recurring series of glorious tomorrows.

When she, along with those about her, inspired by her spirit and her vision reached for the choice things in life, they sometimes failed to grasp them. But if they failed, it was she who returned to reach again and again. There were calling to her spirit voices which others often did not hear. There was always echoing in her soul the sentiment expressed in these words: "It can be done! It can be done!" The urge to be up and doing, to be working at some worthy thing in life, was ever an abiding thing for her.

Probably the crowning virtue of her whole life was her unselfishness. Truly she loved everybody, and all who knew her loved her. Particularly did she love little children. It was the supreme joy of her life to have little children and especially her own grand children close by her side. She never tired of their noises. in a wonderful way she loved her own children, of whom there were eight—sev-boys and one girl. Near her journey's end, when her frail body was strugging with the pains of death, almost her last words. softly spoken, were these: "I love all of my children."

A very fine testimony to the unselfishness of her life is the fact that for her the greatest incident or event of triumph was when she beheld those about her in their moments of success and triumph. Victory for others was triumph for her in the fullest sense of the word.

Her unselfish devotion to her household often found expression in her ambition to educate her children. It was in this high endeavor that she did her most extensive planning and it was here that she sacrificied in boundless measure. Here she buried her own life in order that those following after her might enjoy some of the advantages which were denied to her, and that they might live a more abundant life. Carefully and patiently she prepared and packed the clothes of her children as they went away to the colleges and universities. In each stitch and each fold of the garments she planted a part of her great soul and hallowed it all with her prayers. May her efforts and her influence bear fruit in these realms in such proportions as she would have.

In God's great outdoors, as she passed along the way, she left a part of her life in the planting of fruit trees, bits of shrbbery, and many flowers. On through the years that lie ahead, these expressions of her tender care will beautify and refresh the world, and bring some of health and happiness to others. This is indeed as she would have it.

These are but a few of the laudable achievements of her noble life.
They are beautiful in their simplicity,
The influence of her sweet life will live forever.

A TOUR OF THE R. M. S. QUEEN MARY

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

Tuesday is visitors' day at Pier 90, North River, New York, and ever since the palatial *R. M. S. Queen Mary*, latest ship of the Cunard White Star Line, made her first trip to these shores, thousands of visitors from all parts of the North American continent and in all walks of life have flocked down to view this superliner.

By nine o'clock crowds of people are waiting at the dock so that they may get aboard. From where they stand they can catch a glimpse of this 1,018 foot long vessel, with her three stacks towering proudly over the top of the pier. We later learn that the forward funnel is more than seventy feet in height from the boat deck, or 180 feet from the keel. The final design of the funnels was reached after many demonstrations in a specially constructed wind tunnel, and after more than thirty funnels were tested. Owing to these elaborate experiments, all the open deck spaces and the promenades are free from funnel gases, no matter what the prevailing wind direction may be.

At last the dock doors opened and everyone troops upstairs to the top floor of the pier, whence they cross the gang-plank and stand at last on deck near the main foyer on the promenade deck. The foyer is no mere anteroom for it is 100 feet long by seventy feet wide and is in reality the focal center of the ship. Here are located fashionable shops in which one can be completely outfitted; there are also a book shop, novelty kiosks, and two telephone booths. From the latter, if you are 'way out at sea, you may telephone to any spot on the globe where there is a telephone system. As a matter of fact, on her maiden voyage she had one telephone call to Bombay, India, while 8,000 miles away. That which would have been considered highly improbable even fifty years ago, is today an accepted fact, so rapidly does our civilization advance.

From the main hall let us ascend the main staircase. There, at the head of the landing, mounted on a plain wood background, is a beautiful marble plaque of Her Majesty, Queen Mary, sculptured by Lady Hilton Young. Continuing upward, we reach the sun deck and on it the gymnasium with is mechanical horses and camels, rowing machines, pulley weights, and other equipment. Next to this is located the squash and racquet court.

On the sun deck above are three full-size regulation deck tennis courts side by side. Around these courts and many other large areas special wind screens have been erected to divert the wind and air pressure naturally created by the *Queen Mary's* great speed. Some conception of the total area of deck spaces can be gained from a comparison with the Yale Bowl at New Haven, which it approximately equals in total area.

Returning to the sun deck, we will go back to the promenade deck by the

forward staircase; but, first, on the after end of the sun deck, we must see the verandah grill. It is window-walled on three sides, and from it one has a splendid view of the ship's wake clear to the horizon when the vessel is at sea. Back again on the promenade deck we discover the observation lounge. It occupies the same relative position as the navigating bridge only it is not so high on the ship's super-structure. It extends seventy feet across the width of the ship, and from any one of its twenty-one windows one gets a splendid view ahead, and even though the ship is tied up at her New York berth, one can, in imagination, see her prow proudly parting the waves as she surges through the water.

On this deck is one of the children's playrooms, for there are three such on the ship for the younger children. In the spacious cabin class playroom, forty feet by eighteen, the boys and girls will find a general center section for playing together, with divisions on each side devoted to their own particular play requirements. A chute for sliding leads down from the boys' side to the center of the room. Advanced boys and girls may use a stairway to gain the top, while a specially designed climbing box may be used by the smaller children. Guarding the entrance is a brightly painted sentry in his box. Three caves have been cleverly arranged under the chute and a primitive log cabin, concealed below the stairs, provides genuine wild west atmosphere.

It's all right for embryonic artists to go ahead with their art work in this room for the walls are of a washable surface, especially designed for drawing. There is but one liability: the youthful artist can have no assurance that his work will be permanent!

There is a miniature aquarium with real tropical fish, and a model moving picture theatre which is operated by simply pressing a button. Colored animal and comedy movies are shown in it, and the projectors are automatic so that they can be operated by the children themselves.

In the girls' section is a large dollhouse, well fitted out with all necessary furniture and cooking utensils, and charming settee bookcases with a long table. Here, also, is a curtained day cot where toddlers may repose, and there are three illuminated windows, behind the bars of which wild animals lurk in pictorial captivity. Of course, if the girls dislike to keep, house, there is always the chute.

Special provision has been made for the viewing of Mickey Mouse, Popeye and other screen favorites while at sea, such pictures in most cases being shown long in advance of their exhibtion on land. In addition, regular Punch and Judy shows, operated by an expert entertainer, are held from time to time and the playroom contains every up-to-date device possible to a modern fairyland for the very young travelers.

Next to the childrens' playroom on the promenade deck is the drawing-room with its center bay of four eight foot high windows. It, together with every other room on the ship, is decorated in perfect taste. Further aft—that is toward the stern of the ship—we again come into the main hall, and on passing through, we come to the writing room and the

library which is so perfectly suited to its purpose that it might be located in the ivied tower of some university. Its walls are pigskin, and there is a deep-piled brown carpet on the floor to ensure further quiet. And the rows of book-shelves are arranged in alcoves, protected by vertically rising glass panels that disappear when raised.

Beyond this is the main lounge, and it is one of the most amazing sights the ship has to offer. Extending through three decks, it is nearly 100 feet long by seventy feet wide, and has a magnificent sweep of thirty-two windows looking out on the promenade deck. But the first impression we get is one of color, colors that are restful yet vivid . . . the colors of autumn. In the walls the golden tints of autumn are achieved by maple burr and makore wood, and on the gleaming parquet floor, which will be used for very large balls, are rugs in the shape of huge leaves in vivid natural shades. Another feature of the lounge is the stage with its richly ornamented proscenium of gilded bronze. The stage is complete even to footlights, droplights, colored spotlights and all the latest motion picture equipment. Arrangements were made with the leading motion picture producers to supply the *Queen Mary* with pre-release films.

From the lounge on the promenade deck, we pass to the long gallery which is 118 feet by twenty feet. There is a similar gallery on the starboard side of the ship but it is somewhat further aft than the one on the port side. Both, however, lead to the ballroom with its beautiful color scheme of gold gleaming through a background of silver.

There is so much to see that we must pass on to the main smoking room with its huge fireplace, and luxurious appointments. But let's go down another deck to he main deck on which is the tourist class. Here we see a sumptuous main deck lounge, eighty feet by seventy feet, and of course, we must see the special swimming pool which provides additional comfort and enjoyment for tourist passengers. So let's get in one of the twenty elevators and go down to F deck and its gleaming room of mother-of-pearl tile and stainless steel with the pool in the center. Adjoining this is a completely equipped gymnasium.

Let's cross around the pool and take another elevator to C deck and have a look at the main restaurant. First, though, let us proceed from the after end of this deck so that we may see the tourist class dining room, the barber shop, kitchens, etc., and then we will come to the main restaurant, the largest room ever built in a ship. It is 160 by 118 feet and has nearly half an acre of floor space. Coming out at the forward end of the main restaurant, we find we are again at the main staircase and just across from it we can enter the balcony of the main swimming pool and see the Turkish and electric baths. The pool itself is done in straw-colored tile, striped with red and green, and has two excellent diving boards and a chute.

Now let us stand still for a few minutes and think of all that we have seen. Ah, we have forgotten about the lifeboat fleet ever attached to any ship. Twenty-four all-steel boats,

each large enough to accommodate 145 persons, are ready for instant use in case of any emergency. Each is equipped with Diesel motors capable of developing six knots an hour; two of them, though, are equipped with high speed Diesel engines capable of developing eighteen horsepower, and these are also radio equipped, so that every possible precaution has been taken for safety of life at sea

There is still much which we have not seen though we have spent nearly three hours aboard.

Let's find out some of the highlights of this super-liner. Despite its huge size and the fact that the *Queen Mary* is the first vessel afloat to exceed 1,000 feet in length along the waterline, the liner has a passenger-carrying capacity of less than 2,100 in all three classes. This is a surprisingly limited number when the enormous size of the ship is considered. Nowhere is this great increase of space more apparent than in the staterooms.

Let us now find out something about the physical features of the ship, about her engines, and the manner in which she is controlled at sea.

We noticed the bow of the ship while we are waiting to get on the dock, and we may have wondered why she has the knife-edge type. The so-called bulbous bow has been pretty generally adopted in the design of big ships in the last few years, so what can have influenced the designers of the *Queen Mary* to give her the same type of bow which made the famous *Mauretania* speed queen among all merchant ships for so many years? The decision of the British shipbuilders was only made after 7,000 tests using sixteen different types of models in a tank which simulated heavy weather conditions at sea, and they believe that the present underwater design will prove the most satisfactory from every angle.

On the *Queen Mary's* bridge are all the navigating instruments. Of course she has a gyro-compass. This is a mechanical compass, the principle of which was adopted from the gyro top we all played with. It, though, is a wheel weighing sixty pounds and revolves at the rate of 6,000 revolutions per minute. This compass always points to the "true North" as it gets its directive force from the earth's rotation and the force of gravity. It is perhaps the most important instrument on the bridge.

Closely associated with it is the gyro pilot. This is an automatic steering device, known in navigating circles as "Metal Mike." When it is connected to the gyro-compass, the navigating officer can set it on any course he wishes to follow and the vessel will follow that course without any deviation or human operation. By merely moving a lever on the steering apparatus of this instrument it can immediately be changed from automatic to hand steering.

In this latter connection there are two telemeter gears on board which operate hydraulically, and thus the *Queen Mary* has three complete sets of steering gears.

There are two sets of bearing and steering repeater compasses, one on each wing of the bridge, which are used for taking bearings from either

the sun or land. The steering repeaters are located inside the pilot house, one atop the gyro pilot, and are also used for taking bearings and celestial observations. These also are auxiliaries of the gyro-compass.

Supplementing the gyro-compass for taking bearings is the magnetic compass which is similar to the old style compass first carried on ships. The magnetic compass gets its directive force from the earth's magnetism and therefore points to the "magnetic North" instead of the "true North."

Every movement of the ship's head is shown on a graph contained in a course recorder; it shows an alteration of one degree variation from the set course. It, too, is connected with the gyro-compass.

Signals are transferred to the engine rooms by means of electric telegraphs which have replaced the old style chain and gearing telegraphs. They are built in pairs, one telegraph for the engines operating the two starboard propellers and the other for the port propellers. There is a set on the starboard open bridge, another on the port open bridge and four in the navigating room. When the liner is in part, the handles of the telegraphs stand at the word "stop" on the face of each instrument. The face is divided into two sections, "stand by", "dead slow ahead", "slow ahead", "half speed ahead", and "full speed ahead". The navigating officer moves the handles to the desired order and a handle on a similar instrument in the engine room moves to the same order, a bell ringing at the same time to call the attention of the engineer then signals the bridge on the same instrument that he has received and is carrying out the order.

A helm indicator indicates whether the liner is keeping a true course. If the helm (front of the ship) moves to port (left) of the course set on the compasses a red light shows; if to the starboard (right) a green light.

A silent room about three times the size of an ordinary telephone booth is located in one corner of the wheelhouse and contains the submarine signalling devices. Each lightship has its own call, and so many strokes are sounded on its submarine oscillator. By clamping ordinary telephone receivers to each ear, the navigating officer is able to hear the strokes or signals and, by locating on his chart the lightships from which he is receiving the signals, he is able to ascertain his true position. Another instrument, the distance indicator, is worked in conjunction with the ship's radio and is used for ascertaining the distance from any given lightship. There tre many ways nowdays of determining a ship's position even in the densest of fogs. Not the least of these booms to navigating is the radio direction find-navigation is the radio direction finder. This is an instrument for receiving radio signals from various land and lightship radio stations or beacons. Each station has its own distinctive call letters, and the man operating the direction finder on board the *Queen Mary* turns his dial until he has tuned in certain station call at its strongest point. He then tunes in another station until he is receiving their call as strongly as possible, both stations of course

having fixed positions. Next he takes his chart and draws lines from the various stations to the positions where he recived the signals, and where these lines cross on the chart that is the exact position of the ship.

Twenty-four times a minute a fathometer records on a graph the depth of the ocean's bed beneath the ship's keel, and acts entirely independent of any other instrument. The recordings are made by means of sound. A transmitter, somewhat like a hammer, sends sounds through the ship's hull to the bottom of the sea. These sounds, or echoes, are picked up by anther instrument on the ship known as a hydrophone. The depth recording is made by instruments which measure the time it takes for the echo to return to the ship. This instrument replaces the old lead soundings, and eliminates any chance of human error, as well as giving more frequent readings. The hand line is, however, also used, when the navigating officer wishes to determine the type of bottom; whether it is sand, gravel, mud, etc. Particles from the bottom adhere to soap which is in a cavity in bottom of the lead weight at the end of the line.

There are also four instruments to indicate the revolutions per minute of each of the four propellers.

There is an instrument, the hydraulic door closer, which shows the location of all watertight doors on D and E decks. During foggy or dangerous weather these doors may all closed from the bridge by means of this instrument. It rings a bell at each location to indicate that the door is being closed, and a red light shows on the diagram when it is closed. If the door is opened, the bridge is immediately informed when the light goes out. All doors can, however, be opened by hand and will close automatically again when the instrument is in operation.

Of course the siren buttons are located on the bridge. These can be blown singly or in unison, so that the sirens on the funnels may act independently or in accord. There is a special button, which controls automatic sounding of the sirens. During fog, this button is pushed and the sirens sound every five seconds. Steam may also be ejected from the sirens to indicate to other vessels in daylight from where the sound is emanating.

On the bridge is an an electric anchor telegraph, in addition to the other instruments, and it is used to signal the seamen in lowering or hoisting the anchor. A stern bridge telegraph is used to signal the officer on the stern bridge when the liner is pulling into or backing out of her dock.

A ship's telephone is also connected to the stern bridge, the crow's nest in the foremast, the forward and after decks, forward mooring space and to other parts of the ship so that the necessary verbal orders may be given.

There is a navigation lights indicator which shows the position of the masthead light, and the green light on the starboard side and the red light on the port side, as well as the after mast stern lights. If one of these should fail, a bell would start ringing, thus indicating which light had ceased functioning.

A circular glass is fitted in the for-

ward windows of the bridge, and this during fog, rain or snow, is revolved by means of a high speed motor, throwing everything off the glass and thus allowing clear vision at all times.

There are two eighteen inch arc searchlights mounted above the wheelhouse which throw a light of thirty million beam candle-power in any desired direction.

Included in the bridge equipment is a master clock which operates all the electric clocks aboard the ship, and from it all the other clocks are set either forward or backward as the case requires when passing the various time belts. There are, of course, many other instruments, but it would take up too much space to describe them all. These, however, are the more important ones and indicate the tremendous steps which safety at sea has taken in the last few years. Every device known to modern science to protect the ship and her passengers has been installed on the *Queen Mary*.

Let us look for a moment at the stern of the ship. On it is suspended the largest rudder ever carried. Some idea of the high metal strength of this huge 150-ton appendage may be gained when it is realized that it must control no less than 80,773 gross tons, the tonnage of this great sea queen. The rudder obeys the steering directions transmitted to it from the gyro-compass, and working in perfect harmony, these two highly perfected mechanisms will guide the ship and its "floating city" of 3,500 souls. Two doors have been fitted into the sides of the rudder, and there is a permanent steel ladder running through the "compartment" enclosed by the steel walls of the rudder, inside which there is ample room for several men to walk about.

There are four bronze propellers, each weighing thirty-five tons and so delicately balanced that they may be turned by the touch of the hand. These giant screws, each nearly nearly twenty feet from tip to tip, are the largest ever cast for any ship.

Of course, now that we are looking at the propellers it is only natural that we should wish to know something about the propelling power of this colossus of the sea. It, too, is the most powerful constructed for any liner, and the spaces for the turbines, boilers and auxiliary machinery equal the lengh of some of the present-day Atlantic linrs. The combined length of the four sets of engines exceeds two hundred feet and they develop approximately 200,000 horse power. Five large rooms were needed to house the twenty-seven enormous boilers, while the main steam piping from them to the engines approximates a total of 2,500 feet. The engines, like those in the modern automobiles, are cushioned. Instead of being riveted directly to the bed-plating, the foundations in the engine room have been "sprung" thus eliminating every trace of vibration. After much deliberation and research it was decided to adopt high pressure, high temperature steam and water tube boilers, with single reduction geared turbines as the propelling machinery.

No fewer than six filling stations have been installed which make it possble to fuel the giant vessel in

eight hours. The whole operation of bunkering can be carried out without interfering in any way with the storing of the ship or the embarkation of passengers, and if necessary it would be possible for the *Queen Mary* to arrive in port, disembark passengers, store, fuel and embark a full quota of passengers, and proceed on her next voyage in only twelve hours' time.

The boilers are equipped to burn oil fuel, which is carried in nearly fifty side bunkers. Nearly 3,000 feet of piping leads from these bunkers to the furnaces, which are fed by a total of nearly 200 oil fuel burners.

And now our tour of this ship, the pride of the North Atlantic, must come to an end. We are amazed at its size and its speed, its dignity of outline and power, and realize that the construction and outfitting of this vessel is the greagest achievement in the history of shipbuilding.

Home—the place where we are treated the best and grumble the most.—Selected.

EVALUATION OF ELLERBE SCHOOL

By Dr. Hazel H. Ott, Columbia University.

NOTE: Dr. Hazel Ott was brought to the Ellerbe School by the North Carolina State Department of Education in order to evaluate the work and methods of the Ellerbe School for the more than one thousand educators who came on February 13 to see the school at work.—Editor.

The psychology to which we all subscribe is that psychology which applies to the whole child. We talk a great deal about the whole child. When we go into the schools and try to evaluate the programs, we find a great discrepancy. What goes on between the covers of the course of study and what is actually going on in the classroom are so different that we have to get both of them to understand this big problem we are facing in working with children.

Every individual in this group is bound to evaluate what he sees in the light of his own experience. If your experience has always been in the traditional type of school, you will try to evaluate what you have seen today in the light of your experience, and that would be useless. The children in this school have never been subjected to the wholly traditional type of program.

Right here I would like to say to Mr. Bell, Superintendent of the Richmond county schools; to Mr. Little, principal of the Ellerbe school; and and to Miss McDougald, of the State Department of North Carolina—that, in all my wide experience in traveling from coast to coast and in visiting outstanding schools wherever they may be found in this country, this is

the first school I have seen that is carrying out, from the first grade through the eleventh grade, an integrated type of program allowing the pupils freedom and liberty. In the minds of some educators, allowing pupils freedom and liberty means allowing them license to destroy the books and furniture. That idea belongs back in what I call the "hammer and saw" period. When we used to speak of activity in the classroom, it meant that there was a tremendous amount of noise, with every child hammering or sawing at an orange crate. I do not wish to be understood as disparaging that type of activity, for it served a purpose at that transitional period. But the more progressive schools have developed another type of activity, which we have seen demonstrated today to an unusual degree. We have witnessed throughout the school, children happily engaged in purposeful activities, with no thought of abusing the freedom and liberty allowed them.

One thing I want to mention is this: Someone said that in his talk Mr. Little did not stress tool subjects. I can say that I saw some very good work in tool subjects, not only today but yesterday when I took Mr. Little by surprise and visited the school unannounced. Another question that has been asked is, "Do the teachers here give any kind of drill?" I am sure that there is enough drill here and that this school is most thorough. The one thing I hope for is that we will rid our already overcrowded program, of about two-thirds of the non-essentials and give the rest of the time to the kind of "reading, writing and arithmetic" that will make for better understanding, self-control, and freedom than is possible under the present program. I want to congratulate the Ellerbe school on doing that. The children here are trying the reach the idea as fast as they can. This is a children's school and is participated in by the children. The teachers are here as advisors and are ready at all times to advise, but also as fellow workers they help the students to find solutions to their problems. With this type of school, teachers will, through sheer necessity in working with children, gain a broader background of information, and thereby be able to do a better job than they have ever done in their lives.

Now to evaluate again—the young children in the musical program that was presented: The self-control of these children is evidence enough that they are learning to take care of themselves and to assume responsibilities. The poise of the first and second grade students in announcing their program speaks for the fine type of education that is going on here. Another evaluation point I should like to make is concerning the willingness of the students to share their lovely experience with other people. Their poise, self-control, and co-operation in sharing these experiences are evidences of real democracy.

These children are thinking. It is up to us to provide the type of program that will be rich in learning situations that challenge thinking on the part of boys and girls. Thinking is challenged here, and the boys and girls are doing a good job of it. They

use ingenuity in coping with situations.

In trying to help children, teachers of the traditional type very often give assistance before the children have an opportunity to learn things for themselves. Independence in doing things for themselves is most necessary in children's lives.

One of the best things that I noticed about this school is the development of the finest type of attitudes. This was most strikingly shown in the attitude of the students toward their attitude of helpfulness and happiness in going about their work. These children were just as happy in their classrooms as they could be. Another thing I noticed is their attitude of broadness. Carlyle said that "the best educated man is the man who has touched life at the most places." Marvelous attitudes are developed in the Ellerbe students.

Another thing I noticed all through this school is the feeling of achievement. These children do not know what failure is. They are honest, frank, achieving up to their ability, which is all that is expected of them. Individual differences are provided for, and at the end of the year achievements according to ability is the basis for promotion.

I want to issue a warning to the teachers, supervisors, principals, and superintendents who have come here to see this model school in operation. Do not go home and try to incorporate all that you have seen into your own situation. It would be fatal. You could not hope to do it. For nine years the Ellerbe school has been in development; it did not happen all in a day. Go home and analyze your situation in the light of your community, its problems, and its needs, then apply your analysis, as these people have, to your boys and girls in your school. See where you can enrich your program with a few of these social experiences, such as you have seen here today, and see if you can give your boys and girls a broad vision and a fine outlook on life.

In conclusion, I wish to say that this school has been a revelation to me. The educators and philosophers of our country have long talked and speculated on such a program as exists here—they have dreamed of it as an ideal, and here at Ellerbe it has come into realization.

There are two seas in Palestine, both fed by the same river. One is brackish and dead; the other, sweet and living. What makes the difference? One receives and gives; the other receives and keeps.—Selected.

HOMELESS MEN

(Lutheran Young Folks)

When I reached home this evening I found inside my door an announcement of the work of an institution that aims to care for hungry and homeless men. The report of this institution carried a picture of probably several hundred men gathered about tables and with heads bowed, while grace was being said. Many of them are fine looking fellows, and all but one seemed to be very reverent.

You will be impressed with the reason given by the officers of the Association for purchasing additional quarters for needy men. It reads, "Knowing that many of these men slept in empty houses, doorways, alleys along the river front, in fact, any place they could lay their heads." (Last winter many of them froze to death sleeping in empty houses.)

Such conditions are a blot upon the fair name of any city in our land. It cannot be said that we are a happy and prosperous people while these conditions exist. In these men lies the danger to our free institutions and our boasted liberty. The happiness and welfare of our manhood and womanhood are more to be desired than record-breaking material prosperity.

One of the saddest things about all this is that we can look upon such want and distress and hardly be moved. If we can shut up our heart of mercy in the midst of such need, how dwelleth the love of God in us? Let us not suppose we can pursue our own way to their utter neglect and not suffer the consequences. They have it in their power to plague us and to embitter the fountain of our blessings. We church people cannot go on giving on the average of three and a half cents a day to the cause of Christ and save our self-respect, to say nothing of discharging our obligation toward those who have a just claim upon us.

WE NEVER REACH—

—Our best until we are discontented with our second best.
—Any goal worth while without some sense of exhaustion.
—Any heights without climbing over some foothills.
—Any destination by sailing at random.
—Our ideals except by sacrificing everything for them.
—Any state of mind purely by accident.
—Any saitsfactory decision by careless thinking.

—The Seattle Times.

WHAT NOISE ANNOYS AN OYSTER

By Joseph Thalheimer

The door of the city room of the Claredon College *Banner* burst open to admit Cliff Sheridan, freshman cub reporter, who expertly tossed his cap onto the wall peg and remarked in a voice which could be heard down the corridor:

"Well fellows, did I bring home the bacon or didn't I bring home the bacon?"

Paul Jackson, assistant city editor, and Alvin Yardley, copy-reader, looked up from their work.

"Since you're telling it, I suppose you did bring home the pork." Paul Jackson's lazy southern drawl had a tinge of sarcasm in it.

"I'll say I did. Been down to the hotel to get an interview with that fellow, Kammer, who's going to talk here tonight. Clerk wouldn't send my name up; said Kammer'd left word he didn't want to be disturbed. But did I take that for an answer? Not I, my friends, not I. I spied Kammer's name on the register and spotted his room number. Up the elevator for little me, and knock, knock on the door. In a little while he answers, and I go in and get my interview," Cliff concluded triumphantly.

"Didn't he object to being disturbed?" Alvin Yardley asked.

"Oh, he was a bit huffy," Cliff grinned "Said he'd left word not to be disturbed because he'd been up all night making train connections, and was trying to get some sleep this afternoon, but I smoothed him down all right—told him the *Banner* had to have an interview, and all that sort of thing. He didn't loosen up much but I got my story. That's little Cliff, my lads; he always gets his story, and I don't mean maybe!"

Paul Jackson looked over at Yardley with a weary smile.

"What noise annoys an oyster?" he asked.

"Huh, what's that? What d'you mean what noise annoys an oyster?" Cliff asked.

Alvin grinned. "The proper answer to that query, my demon reporter, is he said. vbhrdl 'A noisy noise annoys an oyster,'" he said.

Cliff was discomfitted for a moment. "Is that so? I'll bet if either of you bright lads had been out after the story, you'd have come back without it, but me—I got the story, I did."

"Don't get het up," advised Paul. "You've made it clear even to our feeble intellects that you got the story. Suppose you get busy and write it now; I've got some exchanges I want you to work on when you get through."

Cliff pulled a chair up to one of the row of typewriters at the side of the room and began a brisk rat-a-tat of keys. In a few minutes he pulled the sheet of paper from the machine and handed it to Paul.

"Huh, is this all?" the assistant city editor said, as he took the copy. "I thought you got an interview."

"That's all anybody could get from that grouchy bird," Cliff replied.

Paul's heavy black pencil skimmed rapidly down the page in front of him.

"Did you ever hear that reporters

are supposed to be accurate?" he asked. "This man's name is Hubert A. Kammer, not Herbert H. Also, he isn't a professor at Norton University any more; this lecture tonight is under the auspices of the Brandenburg Institute, a fact which incidentally, you haven't mentioned in your story at all."

"What's a copy desk for?" Cliff asked airily. "You plugs are supposed to catch minor errors; you can't expect me to spend all my time doing your work for you. Where're those exchanges you want me to work on?"

"Here you are," and Paul handed over a bundle of newspapers from other colleges. "I want a column of short items to use as time copy. Try to get about half the facts straight anyhow."

With a good-natured grimace, Cliff put a fresh sheet of paper into his typewriter and sat back to scan the exchanges.

The door opened again a few minutes later to admit George Hayes, another freshman cub.

Paul looked up and nodded a greeting. "Hello, George, what's you got?"

"Interview with Kammer, tonight's convocation lecturer," the newcomer replied. "Tony assigned it to me just before he left this morning." Tony Reid was the *Banner's* city editor.

"Oh, he did?" Paul turned to Cliff. "How come you went after this story when Tony'd already assigned it to Hayes here?"

"I didn't know he had. I happened to be passing by the hotel, so I stopped in."

"Well, lay off covering somebody else's beat, young fellow. If you had any sense at all, you'd know that Tony'd have assigned someone to it."

Cliff ignored Paul's comment.

"Did you get to see the old curmudgeon, George? I'll bet you didn't get a story from him."

"Why, yes, I did. He said, there'd already been a reporter to see him, and—" George paused uncomfortably, "he was sort of peeved about it. Apparently you got him up out of a sound sleep, Cliff. Anyhow, he said he'd been half asleep when he talked to you, and didn't feel much like saying anything—so—well, he gave me quite a bit of stuff."

"Let's see your notes," Paul reached out his hand. After hastily scanning them, he handed them back. "Sit down and write that out, George. You've got some real stuff there."

"Good thing I wakened him for you," Cliff grinned. "Otherwise you wouldn't have gotten any story."

"Yes, you're invaluable," Alvin Yardley sarcastically remarked as he stood up and handed some sheets of copy to the assistant city editor. "Well, I'm off. Got some chem experiments to make up. You can put the paper to bed all right by yourself, Paul?"

"Yes sure. Trot along."

For some time the clacking of typewriters filled the little room. George turned in his story, and he, too, went to work on the exchanges. Paul disappeared into the print shop, returning a half hour later with the announcement: "The paper'll be ready to roll in a few minutes. Today's edition's sort of dull, but—" he was interrupted by the shrill br-r-ing of the telephone.

Paul lifted the receiver from its hook.

"*Banner* editorial room, Jackson speaking. Yes. What? What? It is? What? Yes! Thanks!" He slammed the receiver back on the hook.

"Hop to it, you fellows! Wheeler dormitory's on fire! It would happen when no one's in the office! You two get down there pronto and get me a story—be back inside of half an hour! I've got to stay here and tear up the front page for it. Snap into it! And remember, I can't hold dead-line more than half an hour at most!"

The two freshmen were halfway out of the door before he had finished.

"Whew! Biggest scoop in years!" Cliff panted as they ran across the campus toward the pillar of smoke which was rising from the dormitory. "And we get the breaks!"

As they approached the gathering crowd, George raised his voice to be heard over the shriek of sirens:

"Time's short. We'd better divide up activities—see the fire chief; find out the cause; go to Prexy's office about insurance; and so on. What'll you take?"

"Nothing doing on that routine stuff for me! You tend to that line—it's your style," Cliff answered. "I'm after the first person angle—going on into the building and write that up!"

"But there isn't time—there's no sense in—" but George's protests were wasted, for Cliff had already shot under the arm of a husky fireman and disappeared within the dormitory.

George swung about and caught the arm of a Wheeler Hall resident.

"How'd it happen?" he asked.

"Explosion in the basement," the other replied. "It was just under my room! I was scared stiff. Floor came right up from under me. I—"

"When'd it happen?"

"Three-thirty sharp. I know because—"

The next few minutes were busy ones for George. From one bystander and another he gleaned what facts he could. Spying the broad shoulders of President Ollensby, George dashed over and learned that the building was fully insured. A few curt words from the fire chief rewarded his inquiries. All the companies in town were out to fight the blaze.

"I've got enough for a first edition story! Wonder what—where—" a horrible fear seized him. He dashed forward to where a fireman was training his hose on the smoke-filled doorway.

"Anyone come out in the last few minutes?" he asked.

"No, everybody was out long ago. Say—what—hey, come back!" but George had already plunged through the doorway.

Acrid smoke stung his nostrils. He whipped out his handkerchief, dipped it into a pool of dirty water at his feet, and held it to his face. Then he went on.

"Cliff!" he called. "Cliff!" There was no answer. He turned into the corridor and called again. Faintly an answer came from the second floor! George hurried up the steps, jumped back as a hungry flame licked out from the landing, then, choking and gasping, plunged through it. As if it had been waiting to entrap him, the flame closed in behind him. Again he called, and, hearing no answer, crept

forward. He was on his hands and knees now. His eyes were streaming, and he could not see through the stinging gray pall of smoke, but his groping hand touched the figure of his friend.

George looked behind him. The staircase was cut off It was a roaring, seething mass of flames. There was no escape that way! Frantically George looked about him. Down the corridor a door was open! He threw his arm around the unconscious figure, and, his head whirling dizzily, began to drag it toward the open door. The smoke was heavier now; each breath was a torment. It seemed to the straining George as if he were moving forward by inches. But finally he reached the open door, where he dropped Cliff's heavy body and struggled to the window. A shout greeted his appearance there. In a moment a ladder slid against the window sill, and two firemen came swarming up.

When he reached the ground, supported by a fireman, George swayed into a pair of arms. The fresh air revived him, and, looking up he recognized Duff Notten, his roommate.

"Listen, Duff, got your car here? Good! Run me over to the Banner office right away, will you? I'm all right. Hurry! I've got to meet the dead-line!"

By the time the car reached the office, George, aside from a splitting headache, was feeling much better. He spun a sheet of copy paper into a typewriter, and while Paul Jackson hung over his shoulder, began tapping the keys: "Following an explosion in the basement, a fire—"

"Good boy!" Paul seized the last sheet of paper from him. "You're going to get a by-line on this and no mistake! You deserve it."

"Listen, Paul, make it 'by Clifford Sheridan and George Hayes,' will you? Cliff was on the story, too, and—"

"Say!" the assistant city editor started to protest, then stoppeed. "All right, if you say so," and he disappeared into the composing room.

George sank back in his chair, exhausted. A few minutes later, a flicker of the lights told him that the linotype had ceased running, and he went out to the composing room to see a proof of his story.

A small group was gathered about the proof press. Cliff Sheridan, his face wan and sootstreaked, looked up as George entered the room.

"Hello, George. Hope you don't mind, but I've changed something in your story." He held out the long slip of galleyproof. On the by-line he had crossed out his own name. "All I did on this story was to make a fool of myself trying to get a first person angle. Trying to play up Cliff, the Demon Reporter, while you—well, you just went out and got the facts, throwing in a little life-saving on the side! I—well—" Cliff turned to Paul Jackson. "If there are any oysters around here, Paul, they won't be disturbed by noisy noises any more."

Down the room as the press began to turn, the first copies of the extra slid out in a neat pile.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Jack Pyatt, of Cottage No. 7, who recently underwent an operation in a Charlotte hospital in an effort to have his eyes straightened, was taken to Charlotte last Tuesday for observation and further treatment. Jack's eyes are considerably improved, and the doctor was quite hopeful that this improvement will continue.

—o—

Our office force has been very much handicapped for the past few days on account of the departure of Miss Virginia Smoot, former secretary to Superintendent Boger, and the absence of Mr. C. B. Baber, our bookkeeper, due to the passing of his father-in-law, Mr. C. W. Bost, of Concord. In an effort to help out in this emergency, Mrs, J. C. Fisher has been substituting in the office for a few days.

—o—

Mr. G. T. Rothgeb, of Raleigh, State Engineer, visited the School last Saturday. While here he took measurements, preparatory to making a study of plans for the renovation of our milk house, which was damaged by fire last winter. As soon as plans are made, bids will be advertised for and contracts let. These repairs will be made to conform with the State Board of Health regulations.

—o—

Messrs. J. C. Fisher and A. L, Carriker went to Chapel Hill last week in response to a letter from an official of the North Carolina Rehabilitation Corporation, advising that a number of small bench type woodworking machines would be donated to the School. These machines, consisting of a jig-saw, band saw, turning lathe and drill press, together with individual motors for operating same. were procured and are now installed in our carpenter shop. Mr. Carriker, who is in charge of this department, states that he is very glad to get this equipment and that the machines will be a great help in carrying on the shop work.

—o—

The officials of the School were very much delighted to have ten tickets donated to the boys by the National Concert Association of Concord. The first concert of the season occurred last Wednesday night, given by the Siberian Singers, and we doubt seriously if anyone present enjoyed the program more than the ten Training School boys who were fortunate enough to secure tickets. If one may judge by the running comment on the way home, and after their return, these boys thoroughly enjoyed the excellent rendition of Russian folk songs. They were especially impressed by the bass soloist and the director of the group, Nicholas Vasilieff.

Both the boys and members of the official staff wish to take this opportunity to extend their sincere thanks to the officers of the Concord Association who made it possible for them to enjoy this musical treat.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the eighth chapter of

St. Mark, and in his most interesting talk to the boys, he called special attention to the 18th verse—"Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?"

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that, instead of a regular sermon, he was going to tell the boys something about a wonderful institution, the Perkins Institute and Massachusetts School for the Blind, at Watertown, Mass., which he visited while on a recent trip to that state. Here children who are handicapped by the loss of sight, hearing and speech, are taught to speak and interpret sounds through vibrations, and to read by the Braille system. This institution, said the speaker, is the oldest and richest insitution of its kind in America.

Many times, said Rev. Mr. Hughes, a teacher or parent speaks to children, saying "Don't you hear me?" and in many instances the child hears all right, but doesn't half listen. Then there are times when a group of children visit the same place. Some of them will take notice of everything around them while others just fail to see these things. This is because they have these faculties but fail to consider their importance. Should they be deprived of them, they would then realize just how important they are.

Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that on his visit to this Massachusetts institution he had the opportunity to observe the many phases of the work being carried on there whereby boys and girls, having been born without the use of eyes, ears and voice were taught to speak, read and hear, just as normal children are taught.

Upon entering the grounds, said the speaker, one could see boys and girls playing; they would rush up to the superintendent and speak to him just as children on the playgrounds of our public schools greet their teachers. Nobody was leading anyone else. In some way they seemed to know where they were going in spite of the fact that they were blind. Boys would run along the walks, stop and turn into the entrance of a certain building, much the same as those who have the use of their eyes. He said that he saw boys running, wrestling, skating, and taking part in other games so dear to childhood.

Upon coming into the chapel, continued the speaker, the pews are arranged lengthwise instead of the usual arrangement one sees in other auditoriums. Placed on the backs of these pews are shelves six or eight inches wide, upon which are located hymn books in the Braille system, and by these the blind children are able to join in the singing with as much enthusiasm as might be shown by normal children.

In other sections of the chapel could be seen a deaf boy holding his finger on the lips of one who was repeating whatever was being said by the speaker on the rostrum, then another boy could be seen holding his fingers on the back of the neck of the lad doing the talking or singing, thereby getting the meaning of everything by vibrations of the cords at the back of the neck. This singing, said the speaker, was in perfect time, sounding much the same as if these

children were all physically normal.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told of the library, where books of all kinds were printed in Braille or raised letter system. Here also were many little tin cases holding Victrola records, where someone talked out whole history lessons, novels, biography, etc. This institution also sends these out by mail to people who are thus handicapped but do not have the opportunity to attend such a school. The shop was visited by the speaker, and he explained how these boys were taught various trades whereby they might be able to earn a living upon leaving the school. Especially interesting was a complete automobile placed on the side of a building. All the various parts of the mechanism of the car were so arranged that if any particular part was not working properly, it would get hot, and the blind boy could tell by feeling of it that something was wrong and would make the necessary repairs or adjustment.

In the museum, said the speaker, are all sorts of animals. Children who are born blind have to be taught by feeling the different animals just how to recognize them and study about them.

One of the most interesting features of this wonderful school was the training of a little boy who came there deaf, dumb and blind. He could not walk didn't know how to sit up on a chair. He got around by moving about on all fours, much the same as an animal. This four-year-old youngster was gradually taught to sit up in a chair, then to stand up straight, to walk, and in time this boy was changed from a little animal to a human being.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that boys and girls go out from this school and take up positions as teachers, stenographers, etc. Some of them make books and write out music for the use of children and even grown-ups thus handicapped. He then urged the boys to remember when they went into class rooms or other places just what their eyes and ears were made for and to use them to the best of their ability, taking advantage of the opportunity to learn as they go through life, and in this way become the honest, upright men that God intended them to be.

No man can ever go forward to a higher belief until he is true to the faith which he already holds. Be the noblest man that your present faith—poor and weak and imperfect as it is—can make you be. Live up to your present growth. So, and so only, as you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now—so only will the curtain be drawn and reveal to you what lies beyond.—Phillips Brooks.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending March 14, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) Robert Allen 14
(12) J. C. Cox 12
(4) Harley Riley 4
(9) James Johnson 9
Edward Johnson 14
(15) Fred Wheeler 15
(9) James Wilhite 14

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Arthur Martin 12
Jack Norris 7
(2) James West 11
(2) Preston Yarborough 13

COTTAGE No. 2

Henry Fredere 8
Douglas Hinson 3
Robert Worthington 7

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook 4
(5) M. C. Cranford 11
Frank Crawford 6
Kenneth Conklin 9
Neely Dixon 8
(2) Charles Furchess 9
Julian Gregory 10
(3) Eugene Green 9
William New
Frank Pickett 9
F. M. Younger 7

COTTAGE No. 4

William Bell 7
Garrett Bishop 7
Odell Bray 4
Mathis Garrett 7
Ralph Johnson 11
Wade Melton 4
Richard Mills 8
Charles Mizzell 9
Robert Orrell 6
Frank Raby 10
Thomas Stephens 6
Melvin Walters 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) William Cassell 11
A. L. Gaines 13
(3) John Grider 9
Jack Gunter 5
(4) Herman Hunt 8
Henry James 2
(2) Monroe Keith 9
James Seawell

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) William Burnette 11
(2) Theodore Bowles 11
(2) Robert Deyton 11
(2) Frank Glover 9
Columbus Hamilton 8
(4) Thomas Hamilton 10
(2) Roscoe Honeycutt 2
Leonard Jacobs 4
(4) Marvin King 8

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 6
Archie Castlebury 5
(2) James Finley 5
Giles Green 3
(2) Caleb Hill 10
(2) Houston Howard 8
Hugh Johnson 9
Kenneth Messick 3
(2) James Jordan 3
(2) Milton Pickett 9
(2) Percy Sanford 7
(2) William Tester 4
(2) Lester Warren 8
Boyce Watts 3
(2) Joseph Wheeler 5
(2) William Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Sam Belk 7
Letcher Castlebury
Duke Davis 2
James Ferrell 3
Haynes Hewitt 5

Howard Key
Wilfred Land 7
George May
Fred May
Rayvon Michael 5
Perry Robinson 3
Harvey Smith 2
John Tolbert 4
Edward Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 2
Thomas Braddock 8
Wilson Bowman 8
Randolph Davis 13
Woodfin Fowler 9
Charles Freeman 11
C. D. Grooms 11
James C. Hoyle 5
Elbert Kersey 5
Thomas McCarter 6
Esmond Reams 6

COTTAGE No. 10

(5) Clyde Adams 13
(2) Earl Atwood 5
Albert Beaver 5
Ralph Carver 2
Fred Davidson 5
(4) Jeff Gouge 10
James Howard
William Knight 9
(2) James Martin 2
(3) Frank Ramsey 11
(2) Jack Springer 8

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson
(2) Earl Duncan 5
(2) John Drum 10
(3) H. A. Holmes 7
William Kirk 9
Paul Mullis
(2) Donald Newman 5
Theodore Rector 4
(2) Julius Stevens 11

COTTAGE No. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 13

William Goins
(8) Robert Hailey 9
(6) Claudius Pickett 10

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Robert Coffer 3
Fred Clark 3
Harry Connell 2
(2) Lee Dowless 5
Spurgeon Dowless 5
Henry Hallman 5
(3) Doyle Holder 6
(2) James Kirk 4
Stacy Long 9
Robert McKee
Paul Shipes 5
(2) Glenn Williiams 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 3
Warren Bright 4
(2) Roy Cruse 11
(2) Granville Cheek 3
(4) George Gibson 13
(2) Joseph Hyde 6
(2) Walter Hill 11
Clarence Lingerfelt 3
George McManus 12
Walter Mitchell 12
(5) Edward Murray 9
(2) Harley Pennell 10
Charles Pennell 4
(2) Alvin Powell 5
Marshall Scoggins 7
(5) Robert Teeter 14
Harless Triplett 10
(2) Robert Wilson 5

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth. No opinions so fatally mislead us as those that are not wholly wrong. No watches so effectually deceive the wearer as those that are sometimes right.—Walter Colton.

CAROLINA

MAR 2 3 1931

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 27 No. 13

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THE PATTERN

They scourged, they reviled Him, they sent
Him to die
Between two thieves on a lonely hill,
And they taunted Him there with ribald cry,
And the clouds hung low in the angry sky,
And the wind was chill.

And as He died there, I too shall die—
As He suffered then, shall I know pain—
As He lay in tomb, so shall I lie—
As He rose from death, and lived, so I
Shall live again!

—C. R. Hill

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

EASTER MORN

How calm it is! Our eyes are cast afar
Upon a lonely hilltop wet with dew
Where three lone crosses stand, now quiet too,
Beneath the solitary morning star.

We wander to the lonely crypt once more
Where, three days since, we laid our fallen Lord.
We hoped to gain His Kingdom by the sword—
His body took our hopes behind that door.

But what is this? The stone is rolled away!
An angel clad in white stands guardian there,
And tells us "Christ is Risen!" Let us sing,
And go to revel in this glorious day.
A golden sun is dawning, bright and fair.
All hail to Christ, our risen Lord and King.

—Edward W. Althof, Jr.

EASTER 1937

There is no morning in the whole year like Easter Morning. Each morning brings its message of a new day with its new opportunities, but Easter morning brings the message of the new and greater day when all shadows shall flee away, when the light of a new world shall dawn, when the Sun of righteousness shall rise never to set.

Two milleniums ago the light of Christian hope broke in Joseph's garden, when the Saviour of the world stepped forth from the tomb the victor over men's greatest enemy, death. Few recognized it then, but in the centuries which have followed, that new light of hope has brightened the hearts of thousands of sorrowing who

have stood by the graveside of dear ones. They have sorrowed, but not as those who have no hope.

The Resurrection is the most stupendous fact of history. Each Lord's Day morning is a reminder of this fact, while each recurring Easter morning sounds a mighty echo down the vasty halls of time and eternity.

Each year in increasing numbers men and women throughout the world greet the dawn of Easter with prayer and thanksgiving in services of praise to a loving God who gave His Son on the Cross as the Saviour of mankind, and broke the bonds of death with His resurrection.

For more than a century and a half the Moravian Sunrise Service held in the old graveyard at Salem has attracted thousands of devout worshippers who have gathered in the last resting place of the fathers to certify their belief that there will one day be a last and final Easter morning when the friendships and ties of yesteryear of those who have died in the Lord will be united in the Father's House.

Closer home in recent years the Community Easter Sunrise Service in Charlotte has sounded the silver trumpet of Christian faith in the resurrection of the just to the joys of the eternal home. This year it will be held in the new Legion Memorial Stadium.

A weary world needs the stirring reminder of Good Friday and Easter that life is more than "Things" to be possessed. Let the trumpets of Easter sound loud and long their message of the advent of the new day.

* * * * * * *

THE HOBBY OF HON. J. G. CARPENTER—GASTONIA

Mrs. J. A. Yarborough's column, "Interesting Carolina People," in Sunday's Charlotte Observer always gives a story of the life of men and women of the state who have accomplished things and made the world better by living.

Hon. John G. Carpenter of Gastonia was the subject last Sunday of Mrs. Yarborough's contribution to the Observer. This short biography showed clearly that he blazed his way, rising from obscurity to a position of prominince, because he had a vision and worked untiringly till his goal was reached.

But after passing the high water mark of many successful activities he is not satisfied. Seeiing the need of building from the bottom up, or plainer yet, catching up broken stiches of misguided lives of society, Hon. John G. Carpenter thinks it better to spend money to prevent crime and thereby save the youths of the many communities of the state. As a man of fine business acumen, and long experience in varied activities he gives his view points as to the best thing to do to prevent crime:

"If I have a hobby it is my desire to see North Carolina provide schools of reformation for the great number of boys who are too old to be sent to the usual reform schools," said Mr. Carpenter. "The courts have no place to send young men from 16 to 21 except to the penitentiary or chaingang. When youth is confined with hardened criminals 90 out of 100 come out of prison destroyed. On the other hand 90 out of 100 could be saved by schools of education where Christian training could be given and self respect instilled. I firmly believe if the Christian men and women of North Carolina would try to have such measures created it would advance the cause of the Christian church faster than any other course they could pursue. I believe in the prevention of crime by furnishing recreational agencies for boys and girls to keep them out of trouble. It is far better to spend money to prevent crime than to convict wayward youth and make criminals of them because of no place for them except prison. My objective is to save instead of destroy."

* * * * * * *

THE LOST COLONY

No definite conclusion has ever been drawn as to what become of the 100 men, 12 women and 9 children Governor John White left on Roanoke Island when he sailed back to England, August 27, 1587, to get supplies.

Upon his return after an absence of four years the prints of the savage's feet could be traced in the soil; and upon a tree was curiously carved in Roman letters C R O, supposedly to give a lead to their whereabouts. The Governor had an understanding with the colonist, an agreement that in case of misfortune they carve a sign upon a tree or post as a suggestion to their abode, and if misfortune befell them to add above the symbol a cross. The symbol

was given for on one of the principal trees was graven CROATAN, but no cross.

The grounds where the houses of the colonists once stood were strongly enclosed with high palisades of great trees, very fort like, and the growth of weeds thereabout indicated no one had passed that way, or lived there for several seasons.

When Governor White returned and viewed the situation he determined to visit Croatan (Ocracoke), the birth place of Manteo, but high winds that carried the boats near the shoals and disaster so intimidated the captain and sailors they disregarded the wishes of Governor White and put out to sea.

Many rescue expeditions were afterwards dispatched, but each proved futile, so the fate of Raleigh's Lost Colony is nothing more than a speculation. To make more pronounced to the general public the event of 350 years ago, and the birth of Virginia Dare, between the dates of July 4th and Sept. 1st, at the exact site of the first English settlement in America, the anniversary will be appropriately observed.

Also the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association of Manteo, and the Roanoke Island Historical Association has offered attractive prizes to the high school student who gives the most interesting and most plausable solution as to the fate of the first colonists.

There is not a hope the mystery of 350 years ago will be solved, but the contest will be an incentive for many students to dig deep into the ancient archives for information that will be the means of making them more familiar with the history of their state. So the project is very worthwhile.

* * * * * * *

A MAN OF VISION

The need of the country is men, who with prophetic eyes can see the lurking danger in gambling devices of all kinds under the guise of a pastime with the small investment of a nickel, and from the slot falls a prize not worth the time or cost. This is the attitude of Governor Clifford Townsend of Indiana, a statesman, towards the practice of pari-mutuel gambling. This is taken from Christian Advocate:

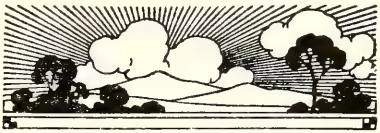
He will veto any bill passed by the legislature to legalize pari-

mutuel gambling. This is a credit to his administration and a relief to the better business organizations and the moral and religious forces of the state. The gambling evil is making corrupt inroads upon legitimate business wherever tolerated, and bringing economic misery to thousands of families. The habit has crept into social circles, and is enticing youths. It merits nothing but laws and officers to destroy it. The proposed bill, which has been passed by the Indiana House of Representatives by one vote only, and that of the speaker presiding, is in direct violation of the state constitution, which contains the following provision: "No lottery shall be authorized nor shall the sale of lottery tickets be allowed." The plea that the bill would aid old-age pensions is a subterfuge. In this and in other states where gambling and lotteries are legalized or sought to be legalized, the measures are supported in the main by gambling and other disreputable groups who desire to get the money of other people by dishonest methods.

* * * * * * *

Easter does not come often in the month of March. In the years from 1918 to and including 2005, only twenty times out of the eighty seven years does the festival come before the first of April.

The date of Easter this year is 28th of March. In 1940 Easter comes on the 24 of March. This date frequently regulates the time of planting gardens among many who religiously plant in certain signs of the moon. This is a custom among some old timers, and their followers, to plant by the signs given in Salem's Almanac even if disappointments in the yield of the crops follow.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

EASTER

"See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and garlands hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices
While the wild birds build and sing."

—o—

The common house fly is the insect of the period. 'Speck so.

—o—

It was a little girl of five who made the discovery that the shad is a porcupine turned outside in.

—o—

When the fruit crop is impaired the Sand Hills may be said to have an impediment in its peach.

—o—

A question is going the rounds: where does a snake's tail begin? My notion is it began in the Garden of Eden.

—o—

It is generally conceeded that most people admire what they cannot understand. Maybe that is why so many men get married.

—o—

A beauty is apt to find no fault with her eyes, cheeks or lips, but she will upbraid her hair. And give it a permanent wave that will not stay permanent.

—o—

One can look upon a deed of kindness as a little seed. Most seeds sprout and many grow to maturity. It is the same with little deeds. And such is the way of life.

—o—

Clever William E Horner,
Sat in a Sanford corner;
And did many a caper
In perfecting his paper.

"A Newspaper that has Personality," is the slogan in one of the dog-ears of the Sanford Herald, and it certainly has that qualification, and lives up to it. It recently donned a new dress of beautiful-faced type, and now looks like a bride in her trousseau. It is one of the outstanding semi-weeklies of the State Press. Bill is the publisher, and J. R. McIver is the able editor. A fine team that is doing abundance of excellent work. Bill is a Durham boy, and I offer him my congratulations.

—o—

ALL IS PEACE AND CALM

A few Sunday's ago I attended the burial of almost a life-long friend in attractive Maplewood cemetery, the earthly home of the loved and lost to us below. It was just before the close of the day, when the shadows were making ready to enfold daylight in its bosom, and lull it to sleep amid its soothing hush. Faithful footsteps threaded the walks that wind their way through that sacred spot and pay heart tribute to the beloved dead. I verily believe I saw more names engraved on tombstones, of people I have known in the past 50 years, than I now know in the growing city of Durham, living. They were warm friends and loved ones. But it was

all so peaceful and and calm. The turmoils of earth, with its contentions, strifes, sitting-down strikes, kidnapping, slaying of men, women and children, were shut out of the picture, and devotion's perfume is there distilled. There were evidences of the comforting fact that the sweet "forget-me-not" still blooms in the heart and scatters its fragrance over any dismal shadows that hang around the portals of the tomb. It breathes its own blessed benediction, for everywhere is seen the spirit presence of that "Peace be still," which smoothed down the anger-crested billows of the stormy Galilean Sea and made its fretful waters sleep in the hush of sweet repose—in that blessed calm that marks the end of earthly sorrows.

—o—

Significance Of Easter

This is Holy Week, observed in the Episcopal Church calendar because of the sad and hallowed events which preceeded the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour and made it as sweet, dear and as tender and touching to the Christian's heart as the hallowed trinkets that love wears. The dark stain of Adam's transgressions has polluted and soiled and stained the big stream of humanity that is flowing into eternity. When this stream once touches Cavalry's slopes the blood which trickles there is sufficient to wash all stain away, and make every single ripple in humanity's big current ready and fit to mingle with those pure and crystal waves of immortality that roll around the throne of God.

We greatly need the cheer of this precious, and every other Easter truth. We make too little of the place our Lord has gone to prepare for us. We rob ourselves greatly when we try to reduce heaven to a mere state of ecstatic feeling. We need the cheer which comes of having the eye of faith fixed on the better country and the city that hath the foundations. Such a certainty of an inheritance that is real and that cannot fade away goes far to mitigate the pangs which come of the fires and floods and disasters and frauds which so often dispoil God's people of their earthly possessions; for we know that the things seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal, and they are only a few heart-beats away.

Thank God for His great goodness and mercy in allowing His Son to die upon Calvary, for in that blessed death sinners find eternal life in Heaven!

The fellow who slaps you on the back the hardest when you're on top, is usually the one who kicks you the hardest when you're down.—Exchange.

FIRST AT THE SEPULCHER

Feminine Foresight

By Mrs. Clarence E. Gardner, Indianapolis, Ind.

What significance lies in the fact that two women were the first to learn of His resurrection? Why were they the only ones near at the time of the angel's announcement? What mental, what spiritual attitude prompted this early morning visit to the tomb?

Jesus recognized that there is such a mental process as feminine foresight. In Mark 14:8 are these words from His lips: "She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." This woman was impelled to this devotional act by much more than the emotion of gratitude. She sensed, far more than those about her, that the future was fraught with great eternal issues. A much bantered term, woman's intuition, is credited by some with being this governing mental process. To a much more definite and conclusive thought system must we look to interpret that which prompted the early morning sojourn to the tomb. There, feminine foresight afforded the preparation for, and merited that which it met, the urgent admonition, "Go, tell."

There is a group of women in the church today whose adoration of their Lord on Easter morn is pecular and distinct. This "Go, tell," linked inseparably in their feminine foresight, has produced within them an impelling force. They seek an additional avenue of service in the program of Kingdom building over and beyond that of the regular benevolences of the church. To enchance a world-wide Christian womanhood, the potential power of which they recoganize, these women dedicate an entire program of education and finance. Feminine foresight discloses that this force, Christian womanhood, is an important factor in revealing a risen Christ to the world.

Feminine foresight makes it clear that since no other power than the Gospel of Jesus Christ could elevate womanhood to its rightful place, no other power can save humanity.

Feminine foresight indicates that the solution to questions of war and peace, of national and international problems, of racial relationships, of the much feared passive paganism in our midst, of the integrity of the home are all involved and implied in that "Go, tell."

Feminine foresight may, at this very moment, be sensing the necessity of a conscription of its very best if the various peace organizations, in the variuos peace organizations, in recent conference, failed to agree on a basic peace program, then that responsibility must be entrusted to another group. A group, as suggested by the editor of a current magazine, inspired by mother instinct, feminine foresight. Their united voice will be heard as one in a plea for a warless world. A world, lovely, beautiful, peaceful, with which to greet our risen Lord on an early Easter morn.

Go Quickly, And Tell

By Mrs. Clarence E. Norman, Raleigh, N. C.

With these words begins the description of the most meaningful morning in the history of the world. No story has ever been written that furnishes so great a wealth of material for thought. It forces one to sit and ponder the hidden truths.

We know that in the entire of Christ nothing was done by accident. His was a planned life, with one great purpose placed above all else. therefore we are aware that everything that happened on the resurrection morning had special significanse. It was not by chance, therefore, that He appeared to the women first,—after the two disciples, Peter and John, had departed,—and entrusted to them the most marvelous message that has ever been delivered.

Why was it? Was it a reward for serving love? They had come early in the morning *while it was yet dark*, we are told. Yet others had served just as lovingly,—Joseph, who had given his tomb, and all the others who had so tenderly laid away the bruised body. Were the women more deeply affected by the death of Jesus? Did they have more sensitiveness to things spiritual? Could they be relied upon to be more prompt in their witnessing? All of these things may have entered in; but one thought stands out in my mind. Throughout Christ's life He had striven to place all human beings on a par as to spiritual worth. Heretofore woman had occupied a very degraded place and had been made to feel herself as inferior to man. This idea still prevails in Asiatic countries among non-Christian women. I have found this characteristic very marked in the Japanese woman. Hers is always the humble place, the seemingly unimpportant task, pushing her husband into prominence and herself into obscurity.

Our Lord rejoiced in the true development of womanhood and showed that He did not wish woman to be a drudge and slave, but that she should occupy a definite position with definite responsibilities. He took every occasion to show that woman's faith, devotion and ability were unsurpassed, and that there was a distinct place for her to fill in His great scheme for the Kingdom.

And so perhaps it was with this thought in mind that Jesus allowed the women the privilege and the honor of being the first to bear the glad tidings. Certainly He showed that He felt the disciples know it quickly. We are told that Peter "saw and wondered," that John "saw and believed," that the women "saw and went to tell" the good news. With hearts overflowing with joy and love, and with delight in their new-found honor the women immediately set about their great task.

There have been many Marys throughout the ages who have gone to tell,—quickly, faithfully, and well. We could list names that are well known to all. But I choose, as an illustration, a humble Mary of the present day, whose name and story are unknown except in a very small circle. A Japanese woman who grew up as an ardent Buddhist, married

and bore two sons. Her earnest hope was that the elder one should become a Buddhist priest; but he came under the influence of Christian missionaries and entered the theological seminary. The mother's heart was broken. She accused the Christians of every wicked thing, and gave the more earnestness to services in the temple. When her son became ill with tuberculosis she blamed it all on the Christian's God. The boy's physical condition became steadily worse, yet all the time he bore testimony to the joy in his faith. At the time of his death a great light seemed to break over his mother, revealing the hideousness of her own sin and the beauty of the One Whom her child had loved and served. He stood before her as her Saviour; and she caught, as in a flash, the message, "He lives for you; go and tell." Humiliated because of an intense feeling of unworthiness, but uplifted by the urge to make all possible restitution, she immediately began a life of testimony among her relatives and friends. Even her limited means and education did not prevent her from being a true witness in the sense of living a Christ-like life. In her old age the Gospel has proved a staff for her to lean on. At one time, when a call went out that the little church of which she was a member was in dire need of funds for immediate use, she brought her savings, which had been laid away penny by penny, and placed it at the disposal of the church committee,—laid it down at the Master's feet, an alabaster box of most precious iintment. This deed truly is spoken of as a memorial to her among Japanese women.

In the story of the resurrection there comes to women the greatest privilege, the highest honor. Can we neglect so great a mission?

"Heralds of Christ, who bear the King's commands,
Immortal tidings in your mortal hands,
Pass on and carry swift the news ye bring,
Make straight, make straight the highway of the King."

Worthy Of A Morning Surprise

By Dr. Anne Seesholtz, New York

"Not disobedient to the heavenly vision," may have been even for St. Paul an expression of good habits of thought and action. That women were early on Easter morn at the tomb was probably a ready expression of eager love for Jesus. They had brought and prepared spices with which "to anoint him." On Friday, men who loved Jesus had taken Him from the cross and prepared His body for burial with spices unless there had been no time to have them prepared.

The story of Peter and John running breathlessly on the Ressurection morn always impresses me. I see John there first, but not entering. I see Peter, who has gone through the remorse of denial as well as the sorrow of Jesus' suffering, entering the tomb first; and he then "departed to his home, wondering at that which had come to pass."

That women are peculiarly sensitive and devoted in their service to loved ones, I have no reason to believe. Many men seem to be equally sensitive and likewise devoted to loved ones. During Jesus' last days, men and women alike were afraid. Both accompained Him along the Via Dolorosa. Both were present at the crucifixion, at least as near as the law would allow. Both rose early Easter day, and were shown the miracle of resurrected life. It may be that in Jerusalem and in America, the responsibility of women for little children in the intimate ways of everyday living gives them quicker habits of response to the need of others and makes them swifter to act on their behalf.

This mediation of the women on the first Easter morn strengthens my growing conviction that the place of women in the church is never a matter for argumentation or disputation or even for much speculation. Even a child knows that both father and mother are equally needed in the home. Likewise it should not be a question of more or fewer women on church councils and committees but rather, each and all according to his God-given gifts. It troubles me when I hear church folk arguing about "too many women in the church," about "our pastor and the men are not missionary-minded." Our Lord chose twelve men as disciples. Probably there was no woman among the twelve because He chose them for hard tasks on the field and for faithful following even through Gethsemane to the cross. This choice I think had nothing to do with comparative gifts for getting work done or for spiritual awareness. Bad habits of thought and action on the part of Christians have too often determined the traditional place of women in the church. The spiritual insight and religious conduct for both men and women seem to me to be the result of choice until the habits of right thought and action are, with the help of the Holy Spirit, maintained. Such is the "righteousness that shines as the noon-day." My point of obedience to the heavenly vision as a habit was best illustrated for me by two "rosy-cheeked saints." Dr. and Mrs. Donald MacGillivray in China. As scholarly and as busy as other missionaries, they possessed, or were possessed with, a spiritual sensitiveness that esulterrrrrrrrreaon eaoint ness that resulted in constant service to any of God's children. And the scope of their service seemed a miracle to many who knew them. Christians with disciplined will possessed by love for the Lord are very likely to be given morning surprises like that on Easter morn.

Women At The Tomb

By Miss Zoe I. Hirt, Erie, Pa.

Spring is at the dawn and Easter is almost here. What have the events of that day two milleniums ago to do with the world of our day and its maze of baffling problems?

John wrote his gospel in order that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing we might have life through His name. In John's account of the

resurrection there is revealed a great fact about Christ. The fact is expressed in the Lord's questions addressed to Mary when she met Him in the garden: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

Those were the very first words from the risen Master's lips. Why, at His first appearance outside the tomb, did the conqueror of death concern Himself with a woman's sorrow and a woman's quest? More appropriate to the occasion, it seems, would have been some command or rebuke to one of His disciples, or some eloquent declaration of victory delivered to the king of Judea, or to the emperor of Rome. The women at the tomb and Christ's words to one of them seem like anticlimax.

From a study of the findings of research students in the field of personality maladjustments and mental illness there grows upon us the conviction that children acquire most of their reaction patterns, basic conception, ideas and ideals, as well as most of their abnormalities and maladjustments from their parents. The influences of the home come into play in maximum degree during the years when the child is most plastic, when he is acquiring the groundwork for all his fundamental life attitudes, and when he is not regularly under the influence of any other social agency. The first five years of life are probably twice as important as any later period of similar length in establishing the child's habit patterns in molding his attitudes and viewpoints, and in supplying the basic elements of control for a healthy emotional life. Many, if not most, of the child's early attitudes and lifelong character traits are probably the outcome of subtle unconscious emotional conditioning by his parents, especially by his mother.

The foregoing paragraph is almost a verbatim quotation from a recent publication entitled, "Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene." In the light of such doctrine the presence of women at the empty tomb so early in the morning on that first Easter day becomes one of the most significant facts of sacred history.

From the very nature of those women who followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him, standing near the cross, following after those who bore the loved form to the sepulcher, —from the very nature of such women we should expect them to return to that grave at their earliest possible opportunity. But Christ's appearing first to one of them clearly proves that the Son of God was counting upon womankind to shape the ideas and set the ideals for humanity. She, first of all, must know that He is alive forevermore if her children are to have life through His name. To Him the cause of her tears are of primary importance. The extension of His Kingdom on earth depends tremendously upon what constitutes her sorrows and joys and ideals.

Most of the tears of woman and her children are the result of her ignorance of truths and principles that would leave no cause for weeping. It is largely because of woman's failure to recognize Christ as the one desirable object of life's quest that individuals continue in alarming numbers to have serious personality problems, and humanity as a whole persists in

making disastrous maladjustments.

When the risen Lord tarried in Joseph's garden to reveal Himself to Mary and talk with her that morning He was, indeed, about His Father's business which, at the same time, was basic to the welfare of the human race.

Remember What He Said

By Mrs. A. Pohlman, Philadelphia, Pa.

It was near the close of Friday, April 6, when the little group of weeping women returned from Golgotha and entered the home of Mary, mother of John Mark.

As they sat in the inner room of the inn, speaking in low tones of the frightful events of the day, Johanna, Chuza's wife, drew their attention to the appearance of the evening star. She then added: "See! The Sabbath has begun and we now will need to await the coming of the first day of the new week before we may prepare the spices and wrappings for our Lord's permanent burial."

The Sabbath, with its doubly hallowed Paschal ceremonies, came to an end with the twilight that proclaimed the beginning of the third day since the trial and death of their beloved Friend.

Gifts of spices and bandages arrived from neighboring friends, and the women worked lovingly to have all in readiness for the daylight trip to the tomb.

Mary, as was the custom, remained apart as the cheif mourner. Memory crowded out the immediate scenes of the lashes on her Son's back, and His agony on the cross. She saw Him as a babe in Simeon's arms, and heard the murmured words, "A sword shall pierce your soul."

That sword had pierced and turned, but now it seemed to be withdrawn, for other words were heard. "I will be put to death and rise again the third day." The third day, that is here, now, for the hours that had passed were making the time of His return closer. His words were coming back freighted with hope, then joy. Never had His promises failed of fulfillment. It was not possible that the cross could conquer Him.

The spices were stored in earthen pots, the bandages neatly folded, and the weary women unrolled their mats and slept.

Mary's growing joy in the knowledge that the Beloved One would soon be among them kept her from needed rest.

"He is no longer my son, but now my Lord, my Messiah," she whispered. A faint pink and gray glow, through the narrow window showed Mary the form of her friend, Mary of Magdala, slowly and quietly passing through the door.

"She has also forgotten what He said," thought Mary, but we will know e'er eventide." Then came a faint doubt, dispelled at once with remembrance of the words of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Soon the other women arose and took the spices and wrappings with them as they noiselessly walked out into the dawn.

The two Marys rolled up the mats and placed them in their corner. Mary

spoke to her hostess thus: "I cannot mourn when I think of His comforting words, when He said He would arise on the third day." Then she added:"I no longer weep, for my heart is filled with hope that I shall soon see Him alive, for this is the third day." As she finished speaking Mary of Magdala rushed in exclaiming: "He is risen! I have seen Him. He talked to me. He—"

Mary interrupted: "Do you not remember that He said He would rise again on the third day? and this is the third day."

The other women entered breathlessly, Johanna excitedly saying: "That is what the two angels at the tomb said to us, asking if we did not remember that while He was yet in Galilee He had said that He would be betrayed, crucified, and would rise on the third day." Salome quietly spoke: "If we had truly believed His words, we would have remembered them and looked forward with joy to this day. We would have prepared for Him a welcome and not a burial."

AFTER THE STORM

There's a flood o' blessed sunshine
  Follows every pourin' rain,
An' we know they both're needed
  If we're to harvest grain.
Underneath the winter's snowdrift,
  Flowers wait t' cheer the spring;
It's when daylight drives out darkness
  That the birds began t' sing.

So it is with life, I reckon,
  All the trouble that we know
An' the handicaps we're facin'
  Comes our way t' help us grow.
When you've had a share o' heartache,
  Or when luck's been bad, I guess
It's a mighty safe prediction
  Of a spell o' happiness.

—Lawrence Hawthorne.

"LESSONS THAT JUDAS NEVER" LEARNED"

By Rev. Dale C. Recker

The world names Judas Iscariot among the most flagrant failures of history. With the most blessed privilege, he became a traitor to his Master, an impostor to his friends and a murderer to himself. His fate is fair warning to anyone who is tempted to lip-service when the devotion of the heart and mind strays to foreign realms. Judas had the privilege of walking and talking with Jesus; he saw Him with the physical eye, heard Him, touched Him, even kissed Him. He had such intimate contact with piety and purity and yet became a spiritual pauper and paralytic; the terrible tragedy of permitting high privilege to become common-place. Nothing is more tragic than to allow the sublime to become the ridiculous. It did that for Judas. We are not immune to the same fate even though we have been vaccinated with church membership. The constant dread in the mind of the apostle Paul was, "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

From all indications none of Judas' companions realized that he was slipping, even when he slipped out of the upper room to seal his fate with his bargain. John thought he was going out to provide for the poor. It never entered his mind that it might be to promote an arrest. Even Judas, in what we might call " the colossal ignorance of sin," did not realize what he was doing. We wonder what feelings mingled in the mind of Judas when he went on that mercenary and menacing mission. John writes, "Judas, then having received the sop went out straightway: and it was night." And it was night! I have never interpreted that phrase to mean simply that the sun had gone beyond the horizon. It meant more than that to John. This was the Passover and the time of the full moon; but John remembered it as a dark night; a night when the heavens frowned upon the earth and not even the tiniest twinkle gave its approval to the dark and dire deeds that were perpetrated. The betrayal, the arrest and all the events of that evening called for a dark night. For Judas, surely it was his darkest night. He had known the Light of the World, at least he had walked in the reflected light; but now he brought the barrier of betrayal between himself and the beaming beacon. Even if it were brightest day his guilty soul and treacherous heart would cast a gruesome shadow of gloom upon him. It was night in the world, but blacker is the night in the heart which, Judas-like, shuts out the Sun of Righteousness.

The world will never cease to wonder why Judas committed that crime which will forever connect his name with the crucifiction of his Lord. Opinions have differed. The fatalist would say, "It was to be:" the opportunist would say, "Judas was a man of action and was trying to force Jesus to declare himself:" John said

that Judas was a thief and wanted the money. If we could ask Judas, he would probably say, "I do not know why I did it."

There are some lessons that Judas had not learned that would have fortified him in that hour:

1. If Judas had only known the value or a friend! One never fully realizes the value of a good frind until it is too late to tell that friend. So much like the proverbial water which is never missed until it is contaminated by typhoid or until the reservoir is depleted. Acquaintances are made in a day but true friends grow on century plants. Friendship is the boon of our existence, and we agree with Cicero, "There is no life without friendship." We will carry it one step more, "There is no life without the friendship of Jesus Christ." "When a fellow needs a friend," which is all the time—Jesus, the friend in need, is surely the Friend indeed.

2 If Judas had only learned the Lesson of Loyalty! He had never given his allegiance or any measure of devotion to Jesus. Spcial attention paid to Jesus by Mary of Bethany irked him. Her devotion to Jesus was unpardonable waste in his opinion. He could never have said with Peter, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." Peter felt that way even though he failed; Judas never did. Being disloyal and a dissenter, it was only a short step to disowning and betraying the Master.

3. If Judas had only realized that the world has no use for a trator! A traitor explodes all his fireworks at one time. Judas seemed like a big man the moment he kissed Jesus, all eyes were upon him, he was the key man. But in that moment the world was done with him. He went to the temple where the high officials had crowded around him only a short time before. But what a change; Pharisee and scribes ignored him, his star had gone out. They had no sympathy for his guilty conscience and no word of comfort for his troubled mind. "What is that to us? see thou to it." That was their way of saying they were through with him.

4. If Judas had only learned the value of money! He tried to sell a man for money: that cannot be done; he sold himself. Money loomed far too important in his mind. He never learned that money has value only because of other men. You cannot buy with money those who must buy and sell in order to give it value. Robinson Crusoe had enough money on his island to make him a rich man in England, but he would have traded all of it for a little lettuce or carrot seed. Thirty pieces of silver looked like a nice reward for his bargain; but when Judas saw blood oozing from those coins, they lost their luster. Blessed is the man who learns the value of money and his right relationship to it.

5. If Judas had only learned the joy of service! He liked to be served. Everyone of us does; but the moment of greatest joy in your life is that moment when you did the most for someone else. If Judas had known that joy. life would not have become monotonous or dull and drab for him. He never would have thought of betrayal if he had been thoughtful of serving. Nor could he have ended his life so disastrously if had known

that someone in this world needed him as someone is bound to need a helping hand.

6. If Judas had only learned the blessedness of being forgiven! How slow of heart to learn! He had walked with the personification of Infinite Compassion and Forgiveness, and now in the hour of dire and dreadful despair he forgot the Fountain of Forgiveness. Such ignominious ignorance and colossal callousness! If lacking all other knowledge, he had only known that Jesus was the source of inexhaustible forgiveness, the name of Judas might be written beside that name of another man who denied his Lord but did not forget His infinite compassion and His pardoning grace.

BENEATH THE CROSS

I confess my sins, oh Lord,
  Though crimson be the stain,
As I behold, beneath the Cross,
  Thine agonizing pain.
The crown of thorns upon Thy brow,
  The spear wound in Thy side—
What pity that for such as I,
  The Son of God hath died!
Though I bathe in waters clear
  To wash away my sin,
And sear my flesh with white-hot brands,
  I am not clean within.
Where shall I go? What can I do?
  My pleadings never cease;
My soul is sick with horror;
  In vain I search for peace.
Master, to Thy Cross I cling—
  All glory Christ, to Thee;
Thou hast no need of pity,
  But Saviour—pity me!

—Irone Rehm Hertweck

THE TREE

By **Ruth Arnold Nickel**

Sarah lowered the fan which she had been waving gently over him and bent lower to hear her sick brother's murmur. Reuben raised over-bright eyes to his sister's face and roused himself with an effort.

"I was dreaming that we were out on the hillside and that we were children again. I was lying under the tree as we used to do. The wind was blowing through the leaves and it was a voice repeating a message to me. I listened and listened, but could not hear the words. Then I looked up the straight trunk and it seemed so high that I thought I could climb to heaven on its branches."

A spasm of pain clutched at Sarah's heart at her brother's concluding words. His low voice had recreated for her a picture that was a treasured one in her memory. As twin children they had been almost constant companions. With the other children of their little agricultural settlement they had roamed the hills to the northwest of Jerusalem, but Sarah remembered best the days which they had spent alone together. Perhaps it was their twinship which had given them so perfect an understanding of each other, or was it, Sarah wonder, because she was a girl and was flattered to be the companion of her brother, and so made an effort to follow his flights of fancy which the less imaginative children of the village failed to understand? Whatever the reason was, they had shared a mental companionship from the beginning. They had shared, too, a love for the Judean hills, for the blue sky of Palestine and for the fruit trees and the flowers.

There was something of the mystic and something of the poet in both children, but it was stronger in the boy. Once when they had climbed to the top of a hill Sarah threw herself to the ground, tired by the climb, but Reuben stood for a moment gazing at the beauty of the scene which lay before him. He raised his arms above his head in a gesture of freedom inspired by the breadth of the view, but suddenly his gesture changed almost to one of prayer and he stood for a space transfixed. Lying on the ground beside him Sarah silently watched her brother. It seemed to her as if he had entered into a place where she could not follow. And yet she understood.

So it was that she understood his love for the tree which had so often been the goal of their childish excursions. It was really not very far from their little house, but was on the other side of a stream which was sometimes swollen by the rains. Then, too, it was in a lonely spot and when they were small they were not allowed to go there alone. Sarah did not know what kind of tree it was, for it bore a leaf different from the other trees in the neighborhood. Among the gnarled olives and the laden fruit trees it stood with the majesty of a king among bowing subjects. Once he had seen it Reuben begged to be taken back to the glade where it stood, and while they were

little there had been occasional family picnics under "Reuben's tree," the children's mother bringing bread and dates and even goat's milk and sweetmeats. Later on, when they were older the twins had come alone. Reuben loved lying beneath the tree watching the cumulus clouds pile up in the blue sky. It seemed to Sarah as if the spot inspired him, for it was there that he spoke to her of his ambitions, of his boyish love for his country, and of his wish some day to serve it. His speech had a rhythm when he sat or lay beneath the tree which was not apparent at other times, and listening to him with a feeling which she did not consciously recognize as maternal, Sarah sometimes wondered whether, instead of rending patriotic or military service to his country, Reuben might not be destined to become another singer of the songs of Zion.

But the half-formed ambitions of childhood gave way before the rush of oncoming life. Judea paid tribute to Rome, and the children of those who farmed the lands and tended the vineyards had little opportunity to become either military leaders or recognized poets. All too soon their playtime ceased and Sarah found new duties in the household, while Rueben's work kept him out of doors. So the two were together less often.

It was during the last rainy season that Reuben had gone at night on an errand to a neighbor's home no great distance away. Coming down the slope of a hill in the dark he had turned his ankle on a loose stone and had fallen. His leg was twisted and he was unable to rise. So he had lain on the wet ground in the rain until he was found. So small a thing as that—going on a simple errand to a neighbor's home—had interrupted for a time the onward progress of his young life, and as time went on it became apparent that although his leg was healed, a wasting disease caused, no doubt, by his night of exposure on the rain-drenched ground, had gained a hold upon his system with which he was fighting a battle destined for failure. No one realized this fact better than Sarah, who had become his devoted nurse.

Apprehensions mingled with memories as she continued her monotonous task of fanning, and her mother, entering the room a few moments later, read her feelings in the face which Sarah raised to greet her.

"He is sleeping?" whispered her mother. "I thought I heard his voice as I paused outside just now."

"He was dreaming about the tree in that little open glade where you and father used to take us picnicing when we were children, Mother," said Sarah.

"Ah, yes, I remember. Reuben used to love to go there. The tree was different from others, and it was so tall and straight. The two of you used to imagine what it would be used for."

"I know," said Sarah. "One time we almost had a quarrel. It was the last time we went there when father was still living—do you remember, Mother? We children were lying under the tree looking at the sky through its branches, and I said that when we grew up we would build a ship, and Reuben must come and cut down this tree to use for the mast. Then we would all sail away to some country where we would be happy

for ever and ever. But Reuben said no, we would have to use some other tree for the mast, because this tree must be saved for something very special. And then he thought for a moment and said that when Israel had a king again the tree should be cut down and used to make the doorway of his palace."

"And then you agreed, as always," said Sarah's mother with a tender smile, "and so there was no quarrel after all. But I fear the Romans will get the tree before ever Israel has a king again, for there is a party of wood-choppers in the neighborhood. Perhaps your tree will be a ship's mast, after all."

Sarah cast an apprehensive glance at her brother, but he had not heard. His eyes were closd now.

"He is weaker today, Mother," she said "I am worried. Each day he seems less well. I thought at first it was the warmer weather, but now—"

"I know, child," replied her mother. "I, too, see. But for the moment you can do nothing, and you have not been out of the house today. Go now, and carry the basket of fruit, which I have gathered, to your cousin Esther and bring back the vessel of medicine which she has brewed for your brother. I will sit beside him until you return. Doubtless you will see David, who has been up to Jerusalem for the first days of the Passover. If Reuben rouses this evening a bit of news from the city may cheer him up."

But when Sarah returned with the medicine, a glance at her mother's face and at the silent figure of her brother told her that he was no better.

"He was not waked at all?" she asked, bending down to look at him. His face had taken on a pinched look since that afternoon.

"He opened his eyes once," replied her mother with an effort, "but he did not seem to know me. Then he spoke again in his sleep about the tree. Let us give him the medicine. Perhaps it will make him sleep more naturally. What did Esther say?"

"She said she hoped the medicine would ease him. Then David came in and when I told him that Reuben was worse he told me that he had seen the Nazarene when he was in Jerusalem and that the stories men tell about his healing the sick are true, for he had with his own eyes seen him touch a lame boy, who laid down his crutches and walked upright. Esther smiled and said that this was not the first time that one had claimed to be the Messiah, and that perhaps the lame boy was not lame to begin with, but David was convinced. He said that if could only carry Reuben to Jerusalem he was sure that the Nazarene could cure him. But Esther laughed and said she would sooner stick to medicine."

"But how could we carry Reuben to Jerusalem?" said the mother. "If your father were living . . . . but we are just two women, and besides, Reuben is too sick to stand the journey."

"Don't worry, Mother," comforted Sarah. "Perhaps Esther's medicine will help. We must have faith in something. Or perhaps the Nazarene will return from Jerusalem this way. David said that he is kindly and gladly hears the pleas of those in trouble. He moves about attended by

a crowd of people, so that we would surely hear if he were to pass nearby. It may be that if I went out to meet him he would come even to our home."

"But it is four days since David was in Jerusalem," reminded her mother. "Perhaps the Nazarene has already gone. We hear little news from Jerusalem in this village, even though it is not far away."

Sarah poured a draft of the medicine and bent over his brother, but he did not stir and she could not get him to swallow it.

"Mother," she whispered desperately, "he is worse now than he was before I went to Cousin Esther's. Do you think . . . . " And as her eyes met her mother's the pretense of cheerfulness which each had been maintaining for the other's sake went down in a wave of sudden fear.

"Would he come, do you think, if we could find him?" asked her mother, as if the words were forced from her lips.

"The Nazarene?" said Sarah. "Something tells me that he would. But where could we find him? David said that the people of Jerusalem welcomed him with hosannas, but that the priests were angry and accused him of many breaches of the law. Doubtless he left Jerusalem soon after David did."

"But one of us could go and see. It is five hours' journey to Jerusalem, and there might be time enough. . . ."

"And I could go tonight, and if I found the Nazarene and he would come, we might be back tomorrow forenoon," finished Sarah. "David will go with me, Mother. I will go and ask him, and cousin Esther will doubtless come and spend the night with you. She ever had a skilful hand with the sick."

The day drew to a close, night dropping a dark curtain upon the sudden twilight of the semi-tropics. There was no breeze and silence lay upon the earth. Bright stars and a moon no longer full shone down upon a little house where two women watched beside a sick bed; they lighted the anxious steps of a young man and a girl along the road to the city; they paled above the torches and moving street lights of Jerusalem, where unusual excitement reigned.

But the stars had set and the sun had risen and already marked mid-afternoon when Sarah returned with David to the little house on the outskirts of the village. In her hand the girl carried a few twigs from which drooped bruised and wilted leaves, but she clutched them mechanically. Her face was tear-stained and wore the look of one who has lived through a great emotional experience. But David's face was very calm.

Heat and unwonted quiet brooded over the town. No sound came from the house as they approached the doorway. Esther sat by the bedside, and Sarah's mother bent over it, but turned as her daughter entered and clasped her in her arms.

"You were too late," she said. "We have heard."

"And my brother?" whispered Sarah, not daring to raise her eyes from her mother's breast.

"He still lives," said her mother gently, "but not for long."

"Mother," burst out Sarah, "he could have saved him. But the Romans have crucified him. I saw it,

myself!" and she buried her weeping face again in her mother's encircling arm.

"It was too late," said Esther from the bedside. "Nothing can save us when our end comes. You saw for yourself that medicine and daily care could do nothing for your brother."

"But this man had power," said Sarah, raising her head. "I saw it in his face."

"It could not save him from the cross," said Esther, turning to the bed again.

"He did not save himself from the cross," said David, speaking for the first time, "but he saved others. I heard him speak in Jerusalem five days ago, when the people cried 'Hosanna' and sought to make him a king, but it was not until I saw him on the cross that I understood his words and knew that his kingdom, indeed, is not of this world."

"This is no time, my son, to discuss the claims of a blasphemer, when Reuben lies ill and your cousin Sarah is overwrought from her journey and the sight which she has seen," said Esther. "I marvel that you did not think to spare her that."

"It was not David's fault," said Sarah. "When we reached Jerusalem it was night, but the streets were crowded. They had arrested the Nazarene and had taken him here and there for trial. All night there were rumors—that they would release him—that his followers had stolen him away—that they would send him to Rome—and finally that he was to be taken to Calvary and crucified. Then the crowd started going there. Some of them made holiday sport as they started out, but others in the crowd wept. We joined ourselves to a group of those who had followed him, for I was anxious to hear them tell what they had seen and heard about his healing the sick. Mother, they told us such wonderful things! And then, as we went outside the city we were swept along by the crowd and herded together by the soldiers, so that we could not have left if we would."

"The time was endless," the girl went on, as if speaking in a dream. "I did not see him until they raised the cross, and I was weeping with fright and horror and with sadness for Reuben, but when I saw him calmness seemed to flow into my soul. And then I heard him speak from the cross. His words were only of forgiveness. And I thought that one who had such power over his own spirit could have power over life and death itself. It seemed as if in the midst of his own suffering his pity went out to us for our sorrow, and many of us fell on our knees. The memory alone brings calmness to me again. Then David began to make a path for me backward through the crowd, for we knew that we must come home to you, and as we turned to go, he spoke again to the one who was crucified beside him, but I did not hear the words."

Straightening herself, the girl made as if to raise her hand to her hair, and became conscious again of the leaves which she held.

"My leaves," she said wonderingly. "I had forgotten. We came back through the glade mother, and Reuben's tree was gone. The Roman wood-choppers must have taken it, as

you said. But I picked up these branches to bring to him. I will put them in his hand. Perhaps he will know."

Her tears started again, as she bent over her brother, but her face wore a new expression as she gently placed the branches in his hand.

"They are for you, Reuben," she said softly, and like a child awakening from carefree sleep, her brother raised dreamy eyes to her face.

"I know," he said. "They are leaves from our tree. The wind has been whispering in them and I could not hear the message. But now I hear it. 'Today thou shalt be with me in paradise.' "

Reuben's eyes closed and the four gathered round his bed. Again he opened them and sought Sarah's face. "You said the tree is gone, but I see it." His voice sank lower, but as she bent down Sarah heard him say, "I has become the gatewtay to the palace of the king."

THE SYMBOL

Why should the Cross be a symbol
  Of trials and shame and despair,
And yet be the holy answer
  To a soul in its hour of prayer?
Why should the Cross be an emblem
  Of struggle and torture and strife,
And still be the mighty promise
  Of everlasting life?
Why should the Cross be sacred
  To hopes that are glorified,
And yet be the blazing altar,
  Where hearts are crucified?
Why should the Cross mean life and death,
  Why should its shadows be
An omen of peace and joy to you,
  An omen of suffering for me?
It must be so, that on ahead,
  In the light of a Love Divine,
The road of sorrow—the road of joy,
  At the foot of the Cross entwine.

—Ione Rehm Hertweck.

"OF THE MAKING OF MANY BOOKS—"

By J. Will Blair

Curiously enough, the word, *book,* was first used among the Anglo-Saxon people because *beech-wood* tablets were used for inscribing their runic letters, but most early books were not made of beech. Clay tablets were early used and primitive books were often tablets of ivory, metal, or wood. It was an early habit to coat one side of wood tablets with wax. Then writing could be done on them with a sharp stylus of metal or ivory. In time these wax tablets came to be joined, two together, so that they were somewhat the shape of the modern book. They were fastened together with wires and a raised margin went around the edges to protect the wax pages from scratching.

Egyptians early learned that the papyrus plant could be peeled into layers. This new kind of paper was written on with a reed pen, and with an ink compounded of gum water mingled with a coloring matter of soot or resin. The papyrus sheets were fastened together into pieces sometimes thirty feet long. To facilitate the use of such sheets, they were rolled on round sticks and this roll was a volumen, whence our word volume.

But the papyrus rolls were not entirely satisfactory; they were liable to deterioration. The insides of sheep skins came to be used instead. This is the parchment of which you often hear. Certificates of value are often prepared on parchment. The student still speaks of his graduation certificate as his "sheepskin." Fine writing paper was also made from calf skin, or vellum, as it was called.

In the middle ages the monks spent much of their time preparing manuscript books. These were often beautifully done in different colored inks, with great initial letters at the beginning of the paragraphs, and elegant lettering. A year was consumed in preparing a book of this sort.

Sometimes it was desired to have copies of one of these magnificent manuscripts, carefully preserved in some monastery. Then one would read and several work from his dictation. Of course, mistakes were made, which account for the many readings we have of old literary works.

As early as the eighth century the manufacture of cotton paper was brought in from the Orient, but the general making of this kind of paper in Europe came several centuries later. This paper was brown, rough, and of poor quality generally, but it proved a great help in preserving earlier writings and stopped the use of palimpsests, that is of sheepskins from which old manuscripts had been erased to make way for new. It is possible that a few centuries more would have seen the destruction of most classical writings—except such as could be brought by a chemical process from under some later work written on top of the older.

Paper of a much finer quality than the cotton was in the course of time made from rags; then, in the fifteenth

century printing from movable type was invented and at once opportunities for reading, and so for education, began to broaden out. Among the first books printed were copies of the Bible; then came Latin and Greek authors. The first books were beautiful to look at, for they were imitations of the old manuscripts, but very hard to read. At first lines were the only divisions made, then words were separated from each other; finally points of punctuation began to appear.

On account of the size of the type used, the first books were very large, folios or quartos, in the first of which the sheet is folder once and in the second, twice. We now have smaller books with more folds to the sheet, though, in the past few years, there has been a slight tendency back toward size.

One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.—Sir Walter Scott.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The warm, sunny day of March 24th caused our farmers to get busy bedding sweet potatoes and planting Irish potatoes. On the following day we had a cold rain which makes us somewhat fearful concerning the latter.

—o—

Lester Spain, of High Point, who was paroled about five years ago, called at the School last week. He reports that he is working in a hosiery mill, and judging from his appearance and fine attitude we would say that Lester is getting along nicely.

—o—

Miss Agnes Lapsley, a former member of the office force at the Cannon Manufacturing Company, Kannapolis, has assumed the duties of secretary to Superintendent Boger, the position which was recently vacated by Miss Virginia Smoot.

—o—

Mrs. Edd Swing, president of the Woman's Club, of Kannapolis, recently delivered a number of magazines, the gifts of several members of the organization, for the use of the boys at the School. We greatly appreciate the kindness of these good ladies in furnishing this fine reading material.

—o—

J. B. Grooms, formerly of Cottage No. 10, now a Western Union messenger boy in Charlotte, attended the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. J. B. calls on us quite frequently to visit his brother and renew acquaintances among the officers and matrons. He stated that he usually comes on Sunday because he

thoroughly enjoys attending religious services at the School.

—o—

Our poultryman reports that the four hundred baby chicks purchased about two weeks ago are growing nicely. About sixty dozen eggs were carried to a hatchery near Kannapolis recently, and when all these young chicks are gathered in one flock there will be heard a lot of "peeps", and it will take skillful handling to care for them for the next few weeks.

—o—

In working in our orchards this week we found that the majority of the trees had withstood the winter and promise a fair crop of peaches this season, barring later adverse weather conditions. About three hundred young peach and apple trees have recently been set out. Because of the long rainy period it was kind of a game of hide-and-seek to find ground in suitable condition to set out these tress.

—o—

All the members of the outside forces received a drenching last Wednesday. They were busy planting Irish potatoes, bedding sweet potatoes and planting garden peas and were so much interested in carrying on their work that the very sudden shower caught them away from shelter. All hands were so anxious to complete the various jobs that they failed to notice the approaching storm.

A letter received from the State Auditor's office last Wednesday caused more smiles and real joy among the menbers of our official family than any letter ever received since the establishment of the School. This letter contained information that the 25 per cent cut in salaries made in 1933, for the months of April, May and June, would be restores, payment to be made by issuing a special voucher.

While this communication did not give definite information as to when or how this payment would be made, we were instructed to make up the pay-roll report for the above named months and forward same to the State Authitor's office immediately.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus' crucifixion as found in the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Forgiveness."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated we were entering into the most marvelous and significant week in all history. He then called special attention to one of Jesus' utterances as he hung upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In the midst of those who conspired against him and placed him there, we sometimes wonder how he could make such a statement.

As we think of those words, said the speaker, something seems to bring Jesus closer to our own lives. In the midst of most intense suffering, he prayed for his enemies, so why should we not forgive those who wrong us in a much less degree? Let us look upon that figure on the cross as he uttered that most wonderful

prayer. Even while suffering the pangs of death, Jesus was thinking of his people and the purpose for which he had come into the world, that of saving people from their sins.

The sinlessness of Jesus, continued the speaker, is only matched by the graciousness of his forgiving love. He did not want the wrongs that had been done against him to be held against these people because of the fact that he felt that they did not know just what they were doing. The dying Lord was free of guilt, yet we see him suffering bitter agony, and while there, he is interceding for those who cursed him and put him there.

Christ's very first words from the cross were in the form of a prayer, but it is very easy for us to see that it was a prayer of submission to the Heavenly Father's will. As we have before us this picture of Our Saviour —the hardships inflicted by his enemies—we cannot help but visualize a picture from which there is no escape, that of a Blessed Christ giving his life for us and for all people. That wonderful prayer was not for his sorrowing mother; not for his disciples. It was for all of those people who were his enemies; his persecutors; his muderers. There was no thought of self, his prayer was for others.

The Roman soldiers knew they were carrying out an unjust sentence, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, but they were forced to carry out the order of Pilate, the governor of that territory. Jesus felt no bitterness toward them, but prayed that they might be forgiven. Just as he prayed for those concerned in what was taking place on that day, he is still interceding for sinners of all time, down through the ages to the present day. Christ died for our sins as well as for those of the people on the hill of Calvary many years ago.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner urged the boys not to lose sight of the great love that was radiated from the cross on that day, and to take care not to do anything that will crucify Jesus again. We should be most grateful for this great event. the greatest gift ever known to man, and do all in our power to live according to the teachings of the One who made this great sacrifice for the salvation of all mankind.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending March 21, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(13) J. C. Cox 13
(10) James Johnson 10
(2) Edward Johnson 15
(5) Harley Riley 5
(16) Fred Wheeler 16
(10) James Wilhite 15

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 2
William Howard 10
Horace Journigan 3
John Kellam 8
Bruce Link 2
(3) Arthur Martin 13
Julian Myrick 5
William Pitts 8
Howard Roberts 4
Bunn Shoe 2
Albert Silas 10
Jerry Smith 2
Eugene Stallings
(3) Preston Yarborough 14
R. L. Young 7

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes
(2) Henry Fredere 9
Oscar Roland
(2) Robert Worthington 8

COTTAGE No. 3

(6) M. C. Cranford 12
(4) Eugene Greene 10
Coolidge Green 9
Edgar Hatley 7
William McRary 5
(2) William New 2
Kenneth Raby 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) William Bell 8
(2) Odell Bray 5
Edward Fisher 2
James Hancock 11
(2) Ralph Johnson 12
Thomas Little 7
(2) Richard Mills 9
(2) Charles Mizzell 10
(2) Robert Orrell 7
(2) Frank Raby 11
William Surratt 3
Odell Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 5

Marshall Bryson 2
(6) William Cassell 12
(2) A. L. Gains 14
(2) Jack Gunter 6
(5) Herman Hunt 9
(2) Henry James 3
(2) James Sewell 2
Ralph Webb

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Robert Deyton 12
(3) Frank Glover 10
(5) Thomas Hamilton 11
(3) Roscoe Honeycutt 3
(2) Leonard Jacobs 5
(5) Marvin King 9
Richard Patton 3
Henry Smith 3
Canipe Shoe 3
Joseph Sanford 4
George Wilhite 7

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) William Beach 7
James Corn 10
(3) James Finley 6
(3) Caleb Hill 11
(3) Houston Howard 9
(2) Hugh Johnson 10
Wayland Morgan 6
(3) Milton Pickett 10
(3) Percy Sanford 8
(3) Lester Warren 9
(2) Boyce Watts 4
(3) Joseph Wheeler 6
(3) William Young 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Sam Belk 12
(2) Haynes Hewitt 6
(2) Fred May 2
John Penniger 8
Ralph Rainey 10
Charles Taylor 6
(2) Edward Whitaker 2

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Thomas Braddock 9
Edgar Burnett 6
J. T. Branch 7
(2) Wilson Bowman 9
Hubert Carter 4
(2) Randolph Davis 14
Reuben Duggin 5
(2) Woodfin Fowler 10
(2) Charles Freeman 12
(2) C. D. Grooms 12
Luther Landrum 2
(2) Esmond Reams 11
Glenn Richardson 5
Earl Stamey 2
Homer Smith 12
Percival Shuler 5
Hubert Short
Luther Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

(6 Clyde Adams 14
(3) Earl Atwood 6
(5) Jeff Gouge 11
(4) Frank Ramsey 12
William Peedin 8
Jack Carter 4
Rufus Linville 4

COTTAGE No. 11

Lawrence Guffey
(4) H. A. Holmes 8
(2) Paul Mullis 2
William Martin 5
(2) Theodore Rector 5
(3) Julius Stephens 12

COTTAGE No. 12

Talmage Dautry 11
Frank Dickens 13
James Elders 5
Marvin Edwards 14
Hubert Hollaway
Glenn O'Quinn 11
Andrew Powell 13

COTTAGE No. 13

Fletcher Boggs 7
(9) Robert Hailey 10
(7) Claudius Pickett 11
Morris Starnes 2
Eugene Tollie 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Lee Dowless 6
(2) Spurgeon Dowless 6
Jack Daubenmeyer 5
(2) Henry Hallman 6
(4) Doyle Holder 7
(3) James Kirk 6
(2) Stacy Long 10
(2) Robert McKee 2
Wilburn Suite 4
James Stepp 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Joseph Hyde 7
(3) Walter Hill 12
Edward Martin 10
(3) Harley Pennell 11
(3) Alvin Powell 6
Edward Patrum
Wilson Rich 2
(2) Marshall Scoggins 8
Carl Toney 8
(6) Robert Teeter 15

Death hath no terrors for me now,
When I behold Him on the cross
With wounded side and thorn-crowned brow,
'Tis but the fruitage of life's hopes and fears,
Of sorrows ended; and of tears—
Unshed.

—Selected.

APR 3 1937 CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 3, 1937 No. 14

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BETTER DAYS

If you have faith in those with whom you labor,
And trust in those with whom you make a trade;
If you believe in friend and next door neighbor,
And heed examples pioneers have made;
If you expect the sun to rise tomorrow,
If you are sure that somewhere skies are blue—
Wake up and pack away the futile sorrow,
For better days are largely up to you.

—Sunshine Magazine.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HELPING ONE ANOTHER

"Help one another," the snowflake said,
As it nestled down in its fleecy bed,
"One of us would not be felt,
One of us would quickly melt;
But I will help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we will be."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaf one day;
"The wind would wither me here alone,
And I should be gone ere the day is done,
But I will help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there will be."

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close by its side,
"The warm summer breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere the close of day,
But I will help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

—Sunshine Magazine.

THE PASSOVER FESTIVAL

The Passover, the Jewish festival, commemorating the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt 3,492 years ago, began at sundown on the 26th of this month and will continue for a week.

This pilgrimage led by Moses through the desert was the beginning of the Jewish nation in Palestine. In Jerusalem the Pilgrims gather at Wailing Wall reciting prayers for their deliverance from bondage. The Jews in the United States assemble in temples and

synagogues to celebrate in a way that is appropriate and impressive. The "Haggadah," an illuminated history of the flight from Egypt is read, bitter herbs are eaten in memory of the days in bondage and unleavened bread known as the bread of affliction, and the Paschal lamb form a part of the Passover menu. In the synagogues the liturgy of their faith is strictly observed, and in the homes for a week the history of the deliverance is studied, and certain foods eaten.

The Passover occurs within the Christian Easter season, since the latter is determined by a lunar calendar, as are all Jewish holidays. This festival is strictly observed by all orthodox Jews with a spirit of thanksgiving that is impressive.

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WASHINGTON IRVING

The author of Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, was born at New York, April 3, 1783. His ambition when a boy was to be a lawyer but ill health prevented him from continuing the study of law.

His father doubtless was a learned man. He possessed an extensive and varied library. Surrounded with books of all kinds was an incentive to read and educate himself. Such literature as the works of Chaucer and Spenser, the earliest of our great writers, during a season of unrest spiritually, were read by Irving and these works influenced him to become a writer honored and appreciated by all people.

Irving has been called the "American Goldsmith," on account of the similarity of his style to that of Goldsmith. As a prose writer he was popular. His home on the Hudson, near Tarrytown, the region which his pen had made classic. His home "Sunnyside" is one of the show places of that part of the country. To visit his home brings to mind the impersonation of his weird character in the midst of an undeveloped country with a growth of underbrush as a back ground, and explored only by those who loved the mysteries of the forest.

Extracts from some of his works give an impression of the inner man. The following are extracts of his thoughts. "Little minds

are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it," also "How easy it is for one benevolent thing to diffuse pleasure all around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles;" the third quotation is, "Surely happiness is reflective, like the lights of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever shining benevolence."

For his efforts in the literary world combined with his genial and likable nature he was worthily rewarded by the love of his countrymen as well as the whole civilized world.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

The date April 13, brings to the minds of statesmen, scholars and politicians, the name of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and to Democrats the acknowledged founder of their party. He was born at Shadwell Virginia, April 13, 1747, the son of an obscure and uneducated Virginia planter, who, however left his son a considerable estate. His estate was made much larger when he married a young, handsome and rich widow, Martha Skelton in 1772.

He practiced law after studying at William and Mary College, the Mecca then for the youth of the land who had the means and ambition for higher culture of mind and soul. Also, the prestige acquired by contact at William and Mary placed young men to the forefront as leaders among the colonists.

Thomas Jefferson had a facile pen, but he was no orator, and seldom attempted to make a speech. As a lawyer he made a success and had a large clientelle, being recorded that in a single year he was employed in 430 cases.

Before becoming President in 1800 he held many responsible positions both national and international. His political faith was the world is governed too much, and that the government is best that governs least. After serving as president he retired to his home, Monticello, and here kept up an extensive correspondence, entertained visitors from far and abroad, and his most prominent work was the founding of the University of Virginia. He was a skilled

musician. The violin was his choice of all musical instruments.

By a strange coincidence, Thomas Jefferson and his predecessor in the presidency, John Adams, both died July 4, 1826, on the 50th anniversary of American independence. The study of the life of men like Jefferson, who contributed most valuable servvice to the building of our nation, should be held up to our young people as examples worthy of emulation.

* * * * * * *

Out in Reno, Nevada, lives a man who now is eighty years of age, but looks to be only fifty. He has hit upon a timely idea and is accepted to be a friend of bridge-playing mothers. He keeps 16 ponies, and with the team collects the children of mothers who are either too busy to look after them, or too absorbed in bridge-playing to give their children the attention that is their birthright.

The charges for entertainment are 50 cents per hour. The service is a twofold blessing,—gives to an adult past the age of realizing from the social security act a compensation, and better yet is a means of keeping children off the streets where like an aerial to a radio they catch every piece of low-down that can be mentioned.

The Reno fellow, to use the common parlance, is making a go of his project because in every town of the universe there are mothers who turn their children scot-free upon the other fellow to go and do as they please. Children are not bad, just not guided, and like shock absorbers they catch both the good and bad conditions as they travel.

* * * * * * *

In response to government-sponsored appeal through radio and press, a popular subscription has been enthusiastically launched in Sweden to provide a fitting monument to commemorate the tercentenary of the Swedish settlement on the site now occupied by Wilmington, Del. Already Swedish architects and sculptors have begun to submit designs for the monument, which will probably be erected at "The Rocks," the landing-place of the first settlers. "The Rocks," still visible, are at present dingily obscured by the freight sheds and junked boats of the Wilson Line, and even more dingily

marked with a totally unworthy sign. If the Wilmington City Fathers and the Wilson Line would co-operate generously to provide an avenue of approach from "The Rocks" and the proposed monument to the historic and dignified "Old Swedes' Church," they would do honor to themselves in honoring their noblest heritage from the past. It might even be good business. There is still time, for the tercentenary is to be celebrated in May or June of 1938.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

So near completion is the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco that the straight and narrow way for pedestrains, or workers will soon be stripped away. The span beneath this bridge is 225 feet above the water level. Watch for the gala opening scheduled to take place in May, the date has not at this time been announced. Doubtless this event will attract tourists from every state.

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A Danish engineer, Arthur Kielsen, has invented a pocket radio set with loud speaker that has proven so popular till the demand is greater than the supply. The set is about the size of a package of 100 cigarettes and can be easily carried in a man's pocket or a woman's handbag.

These minature sets are capable of picking up any European station at normal loud-speaker strength.

* * * * * * *

Something new for women—"splash protectors" for stockings on rainy days. We feel like saying and "what next?" These novel gadgets are made of aluminum and clip around the ankles, protecting the stockings when streets are muddy or wet.

This gadget was first used in London. Just watch the American dealers of novelties that appeal to women. They are keen to exploit novelties, so one may expect the "mud-shields" to be shown in all stores carrying apparel especially for women.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

WHAT COUNTS

"It isn't the things that we do or say,
The battles we win or lose,
The wealth that we gather along the way,
Which many of us misuse,
That count the most in the final day,
When life is held up to view;
But it is the good we can truthfully say
That we honestly tried to do."

—o—

The man that can be henpecked deserves it.

—o—

It is the telegraph operators who live on "tick."

—o—

If some men were as ready to pay as to pray. the world would have more confidence in their petitions.

—o—

The majority of men are as good as they can be. In the opinion of many women no better than they ought to be.

—o—

Reap you the roses—
Live in the light:
Life's only "Goodmorning,"
A kiss, and "Goodnight."

—o—

A Westerner was arrested for chaining his nine-year-old daughter to a bed. This is one way to keep these young ones from eloping.

—o—

A kiss is said to be something which "comes by male but not by post." All wrong. I have often known kisses to come by the gate post.

It is reported that a Vermont man has discovered a granite quarry on his vacant building lot. Here is one man who can rejoice that his lot is a hard one.

—o—

"I must have a new hat, Henry."
Said pretty Mrs. Laws,
And when her husband asked her why
She merely said, "Because."

—o—

"A new crop of fools comes along every 20 years," asserts a college professor. Possibly he has never driven an automobile, if he has he would know that now a new crop comes along every 20 minutes.

—o—

Brother John is foregoing strictures,
Sweating down many starchy collars—
He's working on Old Gold pictures,
To get that 100,000 dollars.

—o—

'Tis said "there is a destiny which shapes our ends." Not always destiny. The shoe salesman ofttimes shapes some of our ends when he makes a tight fit; and the hairdresser when she electrifies the head and waves an adieu to the victim of a permanent wave that doesn't stay wavy.

—o—

One of the great needs of humanity today is the cultivation of the habit of appreciation. And we need to show our appreciation, too, by being more thankful for the blessings

that are being daily bestowed upon us. "Count your many blessings, name them one by one, and it will suprise you what the Lord hath done!" The little tot who, when asked if God had been good to her, replied that His blessings were like the stars in the heavens, "Too many to be counted." She gave utterance to a truth that is better known than appreciated by us. Why not let the redeemed of the Lord say so?—not merely think it, but say it!

—o—

THE HEAVENLY SEASON

Spring is on the way. Just a little way down "Lover's Lane." There is no doubt about it. Daylight comes earlier and lingers longer. The buds are pushing out on the tress and bushes. Spring is hanging her infant blossoms on flowers and trees. I like to anticipate Easter and Spring. It is a natural resurrection, an experience typical of immortality. The youth time of the year. When the birds find their notes, and sunshine smiles in every flower. How cheerfully, minutely and unflaggingly the fair fingers of the season broider the world for us. I like its beginnings and its established fruition; the birds, the leaves on the trees, its gentle breezes, its mild temperatures and every manifestation, until it is crowned by apple-blossoms in May, and the bees get busy with them. It always reminds me of the cleaning of the big ovate stove, the house-cleanings over the village, the white-washing of the fire-places; the rivalries between the gardeners; the ripening of the early cherries, and summer June apples; when the pole and line under the big sycamore trees were a delightful recreation, with a bunch of fish as a reward. Those spring-times of youth—what a charm and a delight.

Then, too, Spring is planting time. To produce vegetables and fruit, you must observe laws and cultivate life. Soil and the soul are very much alike. Spiritually, you must sow the seed in soul as in soil. "The seed is the word of God." You must fallow the soil. Repentance breaks up the hardness of our hearts. You must water the plants. God's Holy Spirit is living water proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb. The fruit produced, as St. Paul tells us, is spiritually, Love, Joy, and Peace. Love is not that passing feeling which people have for one another for a short time, before getting a divorce, Love is the selfless ruling passion by which Christ bore our sins upon the cross. It's the poise we have amidst life's irritations. It is thinking no evil and rejoicing in the truth. It is the heart-beat-synchronized with the heart of God.

Narrow-minded people are like narrow-necked bottles—the less there is in them the more noise it makes coming out.
—Sunshine Magazine.

HEINRICH HOFMANN AND HIS PICTURES OF THE CHRIST

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz, in Young Folks

Herr Holmann, would you please be so kind?" It was a student from one of the many noted schools in the city of Dresden entreating the great German artist.

The artist gently laid down his brushes, and sitting at a large table desk in his studio, obligingly autographed a reproduction of his own picture, "The Boy Christ in the Temple." Handing it to the eager youth, Hofmann asked, "It is your favorite picture?"

"Yes, Herr Hofmann—the eyes of the boy Christ! Ah, they are wonderful!" he said deep feeling as he reached into his pocket for a mark, and dropped it into a large box labeled,

"FOR THE ORPHANS OF DRESDEN"

That was the sum which the dear old gentleman asked for each autograph and then passed it on for this charitable cause.

This picture of "The Boy Christ in the Temple" was also one of Hofmann's own favorites. Hofmann painted it when he was in the prime of his life—in the year 1871—and of all his religious paintings this is, perhaps, the finest. It certainly is "one of the most popular pictures, if not the greatest favorite with the general sightseer in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, where the original canvas hangs. Not even the Sistine Madonna calls forth so many exclamations of rapture.

"Probably no religious picture is so well known in the Sunday schools and homes of our country as this 'Boy Christ in the Temple.' No one can deny that there is something divine in the clear, straightforward gaze of the youthful Jesus which compels those learned doctors to listen."

It will be of the greatest interest to lovers of Hofmann's representations of the Christ to know that Riverside Church New York City possesses a replica of this "The Boy Christ in the Temple." This replica was painted in Hofmann's own studio under his personal direction—he himself having done most of the work on the faces in the group—and it hung for many years in the artist's home. When he sold it to a family in America he wrote a letter to them which he stated his regret at the absence of the canvas. He said,

"I greatly miss my Lord since I have shipped the painting over to America."

But even more fortunate is Riverside Church in possessing two original canvases of Hofmann's "Christ in Gethsemane," which hangs in Christ Chapel, and "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler," hanging on the south wall of the Assembly Hall. Both pictures are the generous gifts of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

As to the manner in which the first of these two original canvases came into the possession of Riverside Church, the following incidents are told:

"The little room where the picture now hangs was originally meant to be a mortuary chapel. The Building Committee, in building the church, decided to set aside a room that would be dignified and properly located where a body could rest before or after a funeral service instead of having it sent to commercial undertaker's quarters. In the room so set aside there was opportunity for one small stained glass window, and the committee in charge was asked to suggest a subject to be presented in stained glass in that window. The subject suggested was the 'Christ Who Walked in the Garden.'

"This suggestion was so recorded In the minutes of the Building Committee. Some weeks later the chairman of the committee, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in reading the minutes, was struck by this suggestion and was reminded that he had just been offered the opportunity to secure the original canvas by Hofmann of 'Christ in Gethsemane!'" He immediately inquired of the the Decorating Committee of the church as to whether or not the chapel would be an appropriate place for hanging this canvas which he was able to acquire. He explained:

"I have always been interested in the picture, but never felt that an individual ought to possess such a rare treasure. I feel that it should be made available to the general public."

"Being assured that the chapel would be open to the public for the greater part of the time, and only closed when actually being used as a mortuary, he purchased the picture and presented it to the church. Chirst Chapel gets its name from the presence of Hofmann's picture, 'Christ in Gethsemane,' in the room, and it has become a mecca for art lovers and people in search of a quiet place for prayer and meditation."

This picture is reputed to be the most copied religious picture in the world. It is regrettable, however, that many of the so-called copies are far from faithful to the original in their reproduction of the color tones. All sorts of absurd color combinations have masqueraded as copies of this painting, because they were done, for the most part, without any reference to the original color scheme.

The other original Hofmann canvas, "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler," which hangs on the south wall of the Assembly Hall, was also given to the church by Mr. Rockefeller on the condition that it, too, would be made available to the general public at all times. This picture was painted, of course, as a direct result of inspiration received from reading the story of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus saying. "What must I do to be saved?" and to whom Jesus replied, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor."

It is evident to anyone studying this canvas that the rich young man is exceedingly sad, for he has great riches and therefore cannot follow the advice of the Saviour.

The Christ face in this picture has been called the mature counterpart of the face of the Boy Christ in the picture. "The Boy Christ in the Temple." It is ranked by experts as the best of all of Hofmann's figures of Christ. This picture is reputed to have been the last of Hofmann's works to have been seen by his de-

voted wife who gazed upon it with deep and visible emotion.

The artist himself, whose name was nothing less than Johann Michel Ferdinand Heinrich Hofmann, was born in Darmstadt, Germany, on March 19, 1824, the son of an eminent lawyer. His parents were very religious folk, and the daily reading of the Scriptures in the home was a familiar sight to his young eyes. He was very early impressed by the beautiful pictures in the large Bible from which his father habitually read.

While yet a small schoolboy, Hofmann's one overmastering ambition in life was to draw and paint, and he was very fortunate, indeed, in having parents who understood and loved pictures, and had both the inclination and the means of fostering the lad's very manifest taste and talent. He had every advantage.

At eighteen Hofmann was a student at the famous Dusseldorf Academy in Germany, and later studied in Antwerp. As a young art student he traveled and studied in Holland, Belgium. Germany, France, and Italy—spending four years in Italy alone.

In 1848 he returned to Dresden for a short visit, and there met a charming young lady who shortly afterwards became his wife. She was a woman of great beauty and of a noble character, and entered most sympathetically and inspiringly into all of Hofmann's work. Hofmann established his studio in Dresden, where he spent the remaining fifty-one years of his life.

In 1870 he was elected professor of the Royal Academy in Dresden, which position he held until the death of his devoted wife. His resignation of the position was marked at the time by every honor that could have been conferred upon him.

Hofmann did not pass away until June 23, 1911.

An art student of Philadelphia, who as a girl lived and studied in Dresden and had the rare privilege of really seeing Hofmann at work in his studio, writes:

"We all loved Hofmann, for to the children and orphans of Dresden he was a veritable Santa Claus. And as the art of a painter shows his heart and mind, one can see in all his paintings the gentleness, love and spirituality which emanated from him. There are a few painters who are his equal in presenting the Christ.

"I cannot say where he finally conceived the inspiration for the face of Christ that he painted, but I can say this, that his chief claim to fame rests upon his portrayal of the Christ face. This face appears in all of Hofmann's pictures as the same refined and spiritual face."

No one can force you to use your mind. It is your prerogative to remain as uninformed as you like, but do not be envious of the man who puts his lisure hours to good use. Do not say he is "lucky."—Selected.

ENDURANCE THROUGH TRUST IN GOD

By L. Franklin Gruber, D. D.

"Whoever plants a seed beneath
the sod,
And waits to see it push away
the clod,
He trusts in God."

So wrote a truly trusting Christian poetess, and her words of trust might well be applied to a well-nigh faltering world today.

The farmer who sows his seed in the hope of reaping a coming harvest, whether he knows it or not, must somehow trust in God. He can but faithfully prepare his soil and entrust to it his seed; but there his power ends. Within that seed, as also within that soil, there is something that is beyond his power to supply; yes, something that is big with possibilities for the future. In this mysterious something he trusts, for he knows that all that he can do is to bring the seed and the soil together. And even though he is not aware of the real object of his trust, he *trusts*, and in the analysis he trusts in God.

The fond mother who rocks to sleep her well-beloved infant son and dreams over him a mother's dream of future usefulness for him, perhaps of future greatness—she *trusts*, she trusts in the unfolding power of the years to come. She, too. though she knows it not, she somehow trusts in God. The student poring over his books, or perchance interrogating nature to reveal to him some little bit of her hidden truth—he trusts in some unfolding values, he trusts in God. The man of business, the scholar in his chosen field, the inventor, the professional man, the statesman to whom are delegated grave responsibilities—these all trust, and in the connected whole of their services for their fellowmen, they must needs trust in God.

The great men of the world have become great because their trust was great. And though that trust was only too often poorly defined in their minds and often a professed, unwilling trust, it was as to its real object a trust in God.

But there are two measurements of greatness: greatness as viewed by fellowmen and greatness as viewed by God. In the eyes of Him to Whom the great is small and the small is great, there is greatness in the giving of a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul and in the widow's mite. To Him the measure of all real greatness is the measure of faithfulness and service in accordance with talent or ability. In this sense, all may be great even though they may seem small to their fellowmen.

What we need in this perplexed and perplexing world today is a greater measure of conscious *trust*, of *conscious* trust in God. We have been accustomed to think in terms of soil and seed, of gold and stocks and bonds, as if these in themselves brought blessedness and peace. But just in proportion as we have attuned our minds to these material things, have we found ourselves losing sight

of that something which alone gives these things their value. We live in and are so enmeshed by this tangible physical world that we almost forget that there is, and necessarily must be, another, a spiritual world. We are so confined to the use of our five physical senses, through which alone we can look out upon the world, that we only often act as though that world were all there is—only because the spiritual world and the God Who loves us with a Father's love cannot be perceived through these five windows of the soul. But what might not an added sense, a sense of spiritual apprehension, reveal to the entranced and astonished soul! No, seed and soil, gold and stocks, in themselves have no value. without their application or proper use. For this a time of waiting is needed, a waiting for harvest from seed and soil, a waiting for blessings upon mankind from gold and stock, a waiting for another world to throw light upon and transfigure this one; and that time of waiting is the time of hope and trust—a time of hope and trust in God.

"Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
'Be patient, heart light breaketh by and by,'
Trusts in the Most High."

Indeed, when clouds are in the sky, only he who trusts in the Most High can say, "Be patient, heart light breaketh by and by." Nor is there anyone who does not have his clouded skies.

What family does not have its cemetery lot and has not followed some loved one to the grave? Who has not *lost*—lost loved ones, youth, health, and, in these days of strain and stress, money, wealth, perhaps position. or what not? In the light of such experiences, every truly thinking soul might well say with Tennyson,

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at its core
And dust and ashes all that is."

And in the light of that larger, fuller life, that is life indeed, that life compared with which this life of three score years and ten, or more or less, is but an infinitesimal sector of an infinite circle, one might say further with Tennyson, at least with reference to loved ones gone before,

"I hold it true whate'er befall,
And feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

A little boy in the open field was holding to one end of a string whose other end was beyond the reach of sight. A passing stranger, astonished at his behaviour, wondered what it was all about. The boy, in words that left no room for doubt. pointed upwards and said, "Sir, there is a kite up yonder behind that passing cloud." Yes, the cloud was there, as was only too evident to the man who looked; but the kite was there also,

although unseen, as the boy was sure from its tugging at his little hand. Nor could any argument have convinced him to the contrary. Then, while the boy was tugging at his string, waiting, hoping, trusting that his kite might come to view, and while the man was watching, the cloud was lifted and passed away, and the boy's faithful holding on to the string that linked him to the hitherto invisible kite, was well rewarded by the sight of it by both. Yet, that cloud was there. So now that cloud of grief, my sorrowing friend, is there. That cloud of many things gone wrong. of losses and crosses and failures and disappointments, during the year that has passed away, my fellowman, is there. Yes, that cloud of gloom, that lowering cloud, over our otherwise glorious country and over other nations—that cloud, too, is there. But so also is the unmistakable tugging heavenward at our human heart strings. And some day that cloud will be lifted and pass away, and the sun will shine again in unclouded or less clouded heavens, and many thngs before perplexing will become cleared up. And perhaps in the great hereafter, "clear from marge to marge shall bloom the eternal landscape of the past." Meanwhile, it becomes us all to hold faithfully to the faith that draws us on to the unseen world and to trust in God.

Yes, God is in His heaven, and, if we who are His children will prove faithful, we shall find that all's right with the world. It is only when we falter and lose sight of His love and of His providential care that we fall into a state of disquietude and despair. It is only when we turn our eyes away from God, from God in Christ, and fix them upon our troubles and upon a distracted world, that we shall sink like Peter in Galilean waters. In the day of trouble, of personal trials and on national calamity, faith or trust in God in Christ alone will give sustaining strength. A people without faith, without true religion which binds man to God and to another world, like a nation without vision, is doomed to perish. Want of faith is cowardice and exercise of faith is heroism. The greatest of heroes is not the roll of those who died upon fields of battle, but the roll of God's saints, of men and women good and true, who endured as seeing Him Who is invisible. Read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews for an array of names of some of God's spiritual heroes. Surely, with the hosts of Christian and pre-Christian heroes of faith in God as our example, no one should lose hope in the conditions, personal, social and national, through which we are passing. Our endurance through it all will depend upon the reality of our religion, as it will be a test of the power of that religion. Nor can we hope to endure in the great crises of life without by faith seeing Him Who is invisible; without looking unto Jesus Who is the author and finisher of our faith and Whose love and care is over all.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

FACTS ABOUT NEGROES

(The Lutheran)

In 1930 the Negro population of the United States numbered 11,891,-143, or a little less than one-tenth of the total population. Of these, 8,805,-635 were in thirteen Southern states and 3,085,508 were in other sections of the country.

In the previous ten years, 1920-1930, the net increase in Negro population was 1,428,012. It is notable, however, that in the thirteen Southern states the increase was only 364,-529, or five per cent, while in other sections it was 1,063,483, or sixty-three per cent. This looks strange, but it was due to the fact that nearly a million Negroes went north during the prosperous twenties, lured by the hope of industrial employment. The most rapid gains were in the great cities of the East and North, so that today the five cities having the largest Negro population are all north of the Potomac River.

Meantime the white population of the country increased somewhat faster than the colored, so that the proportion of Negroes in the total was smaller in 1930 than ever before in the nation's history. In 1790 this proportion was 19.3 per cent, or practically one in five; in 1930 it had fallen to 9.7 per cent, or not quite one in ten. The proportion of Negroes in the South also has been steadily decreasing. In 1880 it was 36 per cent, or more than one in three. In 1900 it was 32.3 per cent; in 1920, 26.9 per cent; and in 1930, 24.7 per cent, or a little less than one in four.

The same trend is found in every Southern state, with a single exception. The population of South Carolina, for example, which was 58 per cent colored in 1900, was only 45 per cent colored in 1930. Meantime, between 1900 and 1930, the percentage of Negroes in the population of the other Southern states had gone down as follows: Mississippi from 58.5 per cent to 50.2 per cent; Louisiana, 47.1 to 36.9; Georgia, 46.7 to 36.8; Alabama, 45.2 to 35.7; Florida, 43.7 to 29.4; Virginia, 35.6 to 26.8; North Carolina, 33 to 29; Arkansas, 28 to 25.8; Tennessee, 23.8 to 18.3; Texas, 20.4 to 14.7; Maryland, 19.8 to 16.9; Kentucky, 13.3 to 8.6. We see, therefore, that the common opinion that Negroes are increasing faster than white people is far from true. They are not even keeping up.

The rapid movement of Negroes to other sections of the country is significant also. It tends to relieve the tension in the South, and at the same time it is giving the problem a national aspect that may help towards its solution.

Negroes now possess property valued at more than two billions of dollars. This includes more than 20,000,000 acres of land. In 1930 there were 882,850 Negro farm operators. Of these 181,016 were owners and part owners, with farm property worth more than $350,000,000. In the preceding year Negro farmers produced 32 per cent of all the South's cotton, 25 per cent of its sweet potatoes, 19 per cent of its tobacco, and 16 per cent of its corn.

In 1930, 80 per cent of the Negro men and 38 per cent of the women

(including boys and girls over ten) were gainfully employed in hundreds of occupations and trades. Of these, many thousands were listed by the Federal census as owners, managers, foremen, and overseers. They were conducting more than 25,000 retail stores, with sales aggregating $100,000,000 a year. Engaged in the various professions were 351 technical engineers, 361 chemists, 430 artists, 545 photographers, 1,038 social workers, 1,247 lawyers, 2,146 dentists, 3,805 physicians and surgeons, 4,130 actors, 5,728 trained nurses, 10,583 musicians, 25,034 clergymen, and 54,683 teachers.

In recent years the race has made great gains in health. Between 1910 and 1930 their death rate per thousand decreased from 24.2 to 16.5. In ten years their average life span increased from forty-one years to forty-six. These gains without doubt were due largely to education, with increasing emphasis on hygiene and sanitation.

The educational progress of the race is best shown by the decrease of illiteracy (inability to read and write) from an estimated ninety per cent in 1865 to sixteen per cent in 1930. The 1930 census reported 2,477.311 Negro children attending school. About 22,000 are in college and more than 20,000 have won college degrees, many of them with honors. Hundreds have achieved notably in music, art, and literature, and have made valuable contributions to American culture. Others have won distinction in science and invention. On the whole the record is highly creditable and justifies great hope for the future progress and usefulness of the race.

The low wage scale of most Negro workers is a serious element in this problem. Low wages for any group mean, of course, that they have little purchasing power and that their standards of living are low. This in turn means less business for those they buy from. At the same time the competition of this low wage group tends to lower the wages and living standards of all other workers. So everybody suffers together, white and colored, business people as well as wage earners. This is doubtless one reason why the wealth of the Southern states averages only $1,785 per person, while in the rest of the country the average is $3,609 —more than twice as great. There is no ready-made answer to this problem, but intelligent people may well begin to consider it seriously.

Of the 882,850 Negro farm operators reported by the 1930 census 700,911 were landless renters and tenants. Only one in two hundred of these families had a telephone and but one in three hundred had water and lights in the home. More than three-fourths of their houses were valued at less than $500 each. Yet in 1929 these Negro farmers produced crops and food stuffs valued at 643 millions of dollars. Had their conditions been such as to favor ambition and efficiency, their productiveness and their value to society undoubtedly would have been much greater. There are also 1,954,137 white farm tenants, making a total of some 2,600,000 farm tenant families comprising twelve million people.

Of late the health of Negroes, as stated before, has shown decided improvement. With all that, however, the rates of Negro morbidity and mortality (long names for disease and death) are still much too high. In 1927 the annual Negro death rate was 17.5 per thousand, while that of white people was only 10.8 per thousand. This means that Negroes were dying at a rate 62 per cent higher than white people. In 1930 their death rate was 16.5 per thousand, which still was more than 50 per cent higher than that of white people. In a number of states and in many cities it was twice as high. Vicksburg, Miss., reported the highest death rate, 43.4 per thousand: Little Rock, 35; Charlestown, 33; Lexington, Ky., 32.9; Shreveport, 32.1; Columbia, S. C., 30; Macon and Savannah, Ga., and Greeville, S. C., 26.

Tuberculosis is one of the commonest diseases among colored people, their yearly death rate from this cause averaging 193 per hundred thousand. The rate varied greatly in the different states, but in every case was two to five times as high as the tuberculosis death rate among white people. Since this disease is largely preventable and curable, it is evident that health agencies have not given proper attention to its prevalence among colored people.

Infant mortality (the death of babies under one year of age) was 99.5 for every thousand Negro children, as compared with 59.6 for white infants. This higher rate was due to a variety of causes—unsanitary surroundings, poor medical attention at birth and later (a great number of Negro mothers have no physician at the birth of their children), improper food because of ignorance and poverty, and lack of maternal care due to the fact that so many Negro mothers have to go out to work.

In many communities a serious problem is found in the attitude of officers of the law toward Negroes. Vested with considerable authority and guns to enforce it, officers are not always as courteous and considerate as they might be in dealing with the public in general. Negroes, being largely without influence and political power, are the chief sufferers. They are often arrested and thrown into jail for insignificant offenses and on the barest suspicion. They may be threatened and tortured to extort a confession or testimony against others. Then they may be convicted and sentenced to prison or to death solely on evidence thus secured. In court people are assumed to be innocent till they are proved guilty, but with Negroes it often works the other way.

Not infrequently, in the process of arrest, Negroes are beaten and sometimes shot and killed. It would seem that mayors, police committees, and grand juries should watch keenly for police injustice and promptly and propertly punish any officers found guilty of it. In the effort to improved this condition more than a dozen Southern cities have tried the appointment of colored detectives and police to serve in the Negro section. Officials of these cities report that the plan has been found helpful in keeping order and in retaining the confidence and co-operation of the Negro community. This is another

of the problems which boys and girls in school today will be called upon to face as citizens a few years hence.

No one is so much alone in the universe as one who denies God.—Jean Paul Richter.

HARVESTING WALNUTS SCIENTIFICALLY

By G. G. Spencer

Our science department had a splendid opportunity this fall to demonstrate its value, when a new system of testing and dehydrating our walnuts was set up. Previously the walnut crop had been harvested and dehydrated more or less by guess work; that is, the walnuts were left in the dehydrator until the person in charge judged, by means of certain tests which depend upon expert judgment and experience for their accuracy, that they had arrived at the proper moisture content and were ready to be packed.

In as much as this system of controlling the dehydration process resulted in a wide range of final moisture content and consequently many tons of nuts were dried too much while others were perhaps a little too moist, a better system of control was desired. Upon inquiry it was learned that such a system had been developed and was in use more or less experimentally at about seven places, and that detailed information was available through Mr. Kimball and Dr. Moses of the California State Agricultural College at Davis, California. As a result, Mr. Kimball, assistant County agent of the Extension Service of the University of California, College of Agriculture, was assigned in an advisory capacity to our School and brought us detail-plans for the dehydrator and gas chamber which were followed in its construction.

Later Dr. Moses and Mr. Fairbanks, also from the State Agricultural College at Davis, visited our plant while in operation and ran some tests as a means of comparison with other similar plants in use. The help and suggestions of these three men were largely responsible for the success of the plant.

The dehydrator consists of a tall wooden, double-walled column about eighteen feet high and about five by eight feet in cross section. This column is divided into four compartments, one above the other, separated by movable gates covered with heavy screen and controlled from the outside. The bottom compartment has a fixed bottom sloping toward the front forming a hopper where the walnuts may be sacked. Underneath

this hopper compartment is a hot air duct by means of which hot air is blown from a heater and forced upward through the walnuts.

The walnuts enter the dehydrator at the top and are moved downward through the successive bins at regular intervals, all except the hopper being full at all times. Thus, warm dry air enters the bottom bin, strikes the driest walnuts, evaporates some of their moisture, then moves upward to the next bin where the nuts are somewhat more moist, takes some of their moisture, then travls upward to the fresh walnuts which have the most moisture, takes more moisture from them and is then discharged into the open air.

Obviously, without some means of knowing how much moisture the nuts in different bins contained at any time, this dehydrator would be little better than others which have been used. Consequently this new dehydrator was fitted with a thermostat to control the temperature of the incoming air and hold it at 110 degrees F. which was found by experiment to be the most efficient temperature. Provision was also made for taking readings of the temperature and humidity of the air in each bin.

The readings of humidity of the air were found to be very reliable guides, as was expected, because as the air passed through the nuts it increased in humidity, the amount of increase depending upon how much moisture the nuts contained. All that needed to be ascertained therefore was that reading of humidity at which the nuts would have the proper moisture content for removal from the dehydrator.

Knowing that the optimum moisture content for the walnuts is approximately 9% by weight, the science department set up a moisture testing apparatus which determined the moisture content of the walnuts by means of distillation. This process is known as the Xylene process. Briefly, the procedure was to grind up in an ordinary meat grinder, a sample of nuts, including both shells and meats, and weigh out 100 grams of the sample. This was placed in a flask with about 150 cc. of Xylene, which is an immiscible solvent whose boiling point is much higher than that of water. This flask was connected by tubing to a condenser and graduated condensate receiver. The mixture was boiled until no more water collected in the condensate receiver. The water which boiled off from the nuts collected in the bottom of the condensate receiver and was measured in cubic centimeters, the number of cubic centimeters being equal to the percent moisture content of the nuts, as a 100 gram sample was taken originally.

The Xylene test was made on every batch of nuts as it entered the dehydrator and as it approached time for removal from the dehydrator, and at the time of removal. Thus our data was complete because we had recorded the same time at which each batch of nuts entered the dehydrator as well as the moisture content of the nuts. As humidity readings were taken every hour, a close check was possible between humidity of the air and moisture content of the nuts.

By means of this control testing we were able to remove the nuts

from the dehydrator just as they reached the optimum moisture content. This was very important because a loss of too much moisture meant a loss of weight and as the nuts are sold by the pound it also meant a loss of money. For example if the nuts came out with a moisture content of 7 per cent instead of 9 per cent and one sack normally weighs 55 lb., we were then losing 2.1 lb. and at a price of 20c per pound that would be a loss of 42c on one sack or about $12 per ton.

In conjunction with the dehydrator we installed a gas chamber, where mature nuts whose outer hulls stick too tightly to be removed by the huller, were treated with ethylene gas. This loosens the hulls and the nuts then go through the dehydrator.

By close checking and recording we were able to prove the validity of our contention that if the nuts were removed from the trees just as they mature but before the hulls had dropped off they should be close to one hundred per cent Diamonds—that is, practically perfect and commanding the highest price on the market. This was shown by carefully following the nuts thus treated, through the gas chamber and dehydrator to the packing house where the grading was done.

The science department was thus able to again demonstrate the value of scientific procedure and to justify its existence. It is expected that we may have more opportunity to effect savings for our School and State in the near future by applying scientific principles to other situations here and we are looking forward to that time.

HIDDEN BEAUTY

I never knew that dark gray mist could hide
  Expanse so golden, beautiful and blue;
But when the clouds rolled by, there met my view
  A multicolored sky where sun had died.
I'm wondering if I have ever tried
  To find the lovely things; I never knew
They hid behind the earth until there grew
  A rose, and yellow daisies by its side.

I think how often people hide away
  The beauty of their souls, afraid the world
Might scoff; and underneath their gayety
  Lies dormant beauty which should be unfurled,
So, knowing this, I'll set about to find
  The loveliness to which I've been so blind.

—Christine Grant Curless, in Sunshine Magazine.

YEARS OF PRIVILEGE

(Young Folk)

Doubtless all years are full of privilege. The persons who have gone beyond "the allotted seventy," most of them, continue to enjoy privileges; in fact some are sure their latest year is their best, richest in privilege so far. But theirs is the privilege of reflection rather than construction, for the most part. The child's years are times of privilege, though he cannot see much other privilege in them than the good times he has.

The years of privilege climax in youth. Then there are pleasures, and strength and opportunity to enjoy them. Then there are means of development toward self-support and usefulness. They are the preparatory years for the thirty to sixty years that are to follow for them. There is no guess about it; it can be set down as almost a rule that a successful, comfortable last decade or so of life results from what youth does through their years of privilege.

The educational preparation is largely confined to that period designated as youthful. The establishment of a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, dependableness is accomplished for the most part during this period. The controlling principles of moral character are adopted and tested and approved by the individual while he is yet young. Usually, unless the foundations for religious living are laid during youth, no upstanding, enduring religious life will distinguish a person "down to old age."

Each passing year has its privileges, many of them, but at no time are these privlieges as inviting, as available, as for reaching in results when they are used, as during the period of youth.

A poor old book, though badly worn,
With pictures loose and pages torn,
Is often prized and in more demand
Than a fine new book in appearance grand
The reason why it is torn and old,
Is that its message is well told.
It gives one things to think about,
And that is why it's taken out
And read and read and so much used,
No wonder that it looks abused,
So here's a word for worn out books,
You cannot judge them by their looks.

—Selected.

HANDY ANDY

By Mabel McKee

It was the week Andrea finished the green knitted dress that Sara Lu invited her to attend the annual banquet of the Pen and Brush Club. She exulted in her bubbling-over fashion, "Jim Frakes, the young man you met at Sunday school on the few occasions you could go with me and who draws illustrations for the advertising agency, just gave me two tickets to the Pen and Brush Club. When I found a special book he wanted, he presented them to me and said I should be interested since the artist who illustrates my favorite author's stories is to talk."

She wanted Andrea to be her guest for the dinner. She was sure the illustrator would be interesting. He might even notice Andrea's red head and want her to pose for him.

As Andrae now turned around in front of her mirror on the night of the banquet. she frankly told herself she hoped Jim Frakes, instead of the illustrator, would notice her. If he didn't in this dress she had knitted so beautifully, well she was just a wallflower that nothing could change.

Andrea turned in front of her mirror and smiled at the girl it held. It was a glorious feeling, this knowing the dress was so beautiful with its full sleeves and the intricate pattern of the blouse.

"Against the tan and cream of the Pilgrim tearoom, you'll look grand, Handy Andy," she laughed to the girl with the burnished hair. "Of course, against the blue tones of this institutional room you coudn't look fetching in anything. It's the walls that give you the somber tone."

Sometimes, when she was very tired from hunting Mrs. Joel Ringo's spectacles, or broiling Mrs. Fred Getrth's bacon to the right crispness, or folding the towels so the matron said they were a delight to see, Andrea told the mirror that the room corresponded with most of her moods. After that she'd stare at the wooden chairs, the prim rug, the bed, and admit that Sara Lu was right in saying she'd hurry away from the Gage Home for Aged Women and hunt a more definite job, if she had the least bit of spunk.

When she had taken the position of secretary to the superintendent of the home, Andrea had definite ideas about the position of secretary. The teachers at the business college had imbued her with them. The textbooks she studied had devoted entire chapters to the duties of the successful secretary.

Of course, none of them mentioned the position of secretary to the superintendent of a home for aged ladies, so of course they couldn't advise about Mrs. Ringo, who lost her spectacles a dozen times a day and called Andrea to find them. They didn't dream that the superintendent would tell her secretary practically every morning, "Mrs. Kile's in a bad mood today and insists upon wearing her best black silk dress. Be a love and hook it up for me."

Nor did the authors forsee the nurse at the home asking Andrea to help her with the old ladies who weren't well or the cook asking her

to ice the birthday cakes or tuck the edges of the pies, because she it so perfectly. In fact, it was so well done the cook would beam upon Andrea and say, "If you weren't such a handy young person we'd all be swamped more often than we are."

"Handy Andrea," Sara Lu had laughed teasingly. "No, better—Handy Andy. Don't you know they're imposing on you, everybody from the ninety-four-year-old woman to the man around the grounds. Be firm and refuse to do all those extra things, and most of all, come out of this blind cage institution and get a job where you'll meet real people."

Sara Lu, who worked in the book department of a big store, had a great opportunity to make real friends. Teachers, even writers and artists, who came to browse among the books as well as to buy, all knew her.

In appreciation for her favors, they often took Sara Lu, who with Andrea had come to the city from a very small town. out to lunch. Jim Frakes, the young artist on the staff of the Beggs Advertising Agency, had not only taken her to lunch but had given her the tickets to the Pen and Brush banqut, saying, "Bring your prettiest girl friend. I like to look at pretty girls as well as draw them."

So Sara Lu had told Andrea she was to go with her to the banquet. And now Andrea was looking into her mirror, trying not to talk out loud to her happy self, saying "Within half an hour you'll be sitting at the table with Lindendale's really great people, especially Jim Frakes, whose illustrations are the talk of the town."

The loud-ticking alarm clock on the chest of drawers told Andrea that there was a whole half hour before Sara Lu would call her; that a whole half hour was too precious to waste right now at this critical hour at the Gage Home. The early dinner was over, and some of the forty-six old ladies who lived here needed direction for an evening's program or they'd start recitals of their woes or arguments with other old ladies.

Out in the hall, she smiled at the nurse, who was helping blind Mrs. Morris toward the stairway. The nurse was in a tragic hurry. "My nephew is in town for an hour," she began, "and the superintendent is away. Do you think I dare leave them with Mrs. Ring reading to Mrs. Morris, Miss Hetty Wythe and some of the other ladies, while I slip out to see him. She'll read today's chapter of that serial they like in the evening paper."

"I'll be here half an hour longer," Andrea offered. "You hurry right on to see him and I'll get them all settled, nurse. We see so few men we just can't keep them waiting for us. even though they're nephews."

" You're a love, Andy."

Though the words of the nurse were spoken softly, old Mrs. Ringo at the foot of the stairway heard them. Wistfully she talked to Andrea as she, with the sightless woman, moved down the stairway. "Nurse should have called the newspaper office to see if any answers to my ad came in," she said. "She knows I want to sell the love seat and get new lenses for my spectacles. Why, last night I had difficulty reading the serial."

"They'll call here instead of at the

office about the love seat, dear," Andrea soothed her "The paper hasn't been off press two hours yet. And you know everybody reads a newspaper from the front to the back. So it'll take reams of time to get to the ad."

"Would you call the newspaper office and see if any have come in?" the faltering old woman insisted. "I'll look after Mrs. Morris. She likes me to lead her. I'll walk slowly and you rush along."

A little sigh started to escape Andrea's lips, but she forced it back, scolding herself softly for daring to sigh when such a happy evening was before her. She had just taken the telephone from the hook, when the sound of confusion came from the big living room. Something had fallen Someone was crying from fear. Someone else was shrilly calling, "Nurse! Nurse!" And a dozen other voices were querulously asking questions.

Back into the big room Andrea rushed to find Mrs. Ringo and Mrs. Norris both sitting on the floor. A quavering voice admitted to its owner having left in the center of the room the stool over which Mrs. Ringo had stumbled.

Mrs. Ringo wailed that her spectacles were lost. At the same minute seventy-year-old Mrs. West, who started to hunt for them, stepped on the spectacles themselves, and the sound of breaking glass added to the woe of the women.

Andrea was on the floor, regardless of the new knitted dress, with both arms around Mrs. Ringo. "The frames aren't hurt the teeniest bit." she soothed, "and anyway you wanted new lenses. So let's not worry, for I'm sure before tomorrow comes the love seat will be sold and I'll be taking you to the occulist for them."

"Who's going to read to them?" Mrs. Ringo as always thought of the other women around her, especially the two blind ones.

Just then the telephone jangled. Sara Lu's cool tones came over the wire. "I'll stop for you in exactly five minutes."

Behind Andrea was the distressed voice of Mrs. Ringo, the piteous one of Mrs. Norris, and a growing confusion. She couldn't leave the home in this condition—not with the superintendent and the nurse both gone.

To Sara Lu she was frank. "It's all my fault," she ended. "I sent nurse out early. If she had been here the glasses wouldn't have been broken. I know you won't mind going on ahead, Sara Lu, and letting me come late. I don't want you to be late."

"If you let me down on a Pen and Brush Club dinner, I'll say you should always have to stay right at that home and be Handy Andy."

There was laughter in Sara Lu's voice and also a note of irritation, just enough irritation, when added to all the other troubles of the minute, to make it necessary for Andrea to wink back several tears before she went back into the other room.

"I'll probably get there just as the dinner's over, and no one will notice me," she thought. "I'll be so upset that I won't get any good from the address, any pleasure from the evening."

But before she could reach the living room to create order and happiness there. Andrea saw little Miss

Knowland who, for all her sixty-nine years, was the home's youngest old lady. She came toward Andrea, a look of horror on her face. She voiced the reason for it in a sibilant whisper.

Mrs. Peter Lundstrom, the home's most aristocratic old lady, had lost the false teeth which she denied owning to the other women of the home. And Mrs. Lundstrom demanded that, since she paid her board and room promptly, they be returned to her without anyone's knowing it.

"She put them in a glass of water for the night," Miss Knowland was giggling deliciously now, "and then threw them out of the window a little later when she fogot where they were. Now they're out on the roof."

"I'll get them for her myself," Andrea's inclination to shed tears over the whole disaster of the evening had left her now. "And I'll never, never tell, provided she just stops worrying until I have my little old ladies downstairs settled and I can slip up to her. And Miss Knowland, though you are her roommate, you can stop entertaining and waiting on her one evening and read to the others—tonight's chapter of the newspaper serial."

Several minutes later, forgetful of the beautiful knitted dress with the intricate pattern, Andrea stepped through the window of Mrs. Lundstrom's room, carrying a flashlight to help her in her quest. Gingerly she walked and slipped down the sloping roof to the trough at the edge of it and rescued the missing teeth. "Not even nicked." she rejoiced, back at the window.

In the hall she met Nurse Margaret, back from her short meeting with her nephew. "I brought you chocolates," the older woman murmured. "And now run to your room for your hat and coat and be off to your dinner."

Down the stairway Andrea tripped. wearing the green knitted hat with the feather which completed her costume for the evening, into a living room, where Mrs. Ringo and half a dozen other old woman sat around a young man, talking in turn.

As Andrea told the women goodnight the man turned and she was staring into the face of Jim Frakes, who instantly sprang to his feet. "Why, you must be the chum about whom Sara Lu talks so much. And you're young and pretty, too."

"She's sweet," Mrs. Ringo added. "It was she who put the want ad for my love seat in the paper, and stayed home from the Pen and Brush banquet tonight to read to us. Only something happened upstairs and she—"

Nurse Margaret was at the foot of the stairway now. Her slim hand went out to Jim Frakes. "So you are the young man who wants to buy the love seat." she began.

"I am the young man who will buy the love seat tomorrow," he smiled at Miss Knowland, Mrs. Ringo and all the others, including Nurse Margaret. "But tonight I must go to a Pen and Brush Club meeting. Thanks for reminding me of it. A very noted artist is to talk."

He held the door open for Andrea. "I don't mind missing that dinner," he began, "not if we eat at a cozy little tearoom just a block away from the hotel. We'd be horribly late. They are at the dessert course now. Late guests at a dinner often meet with scowls."

At the corner he was very sober.

"I want you to know I think you are the most unusual girl I've met for a long time," he went on. "While I waitied for someone to barter with me regarding the love seat they all talked about you. It just seemed as if everything I admired in the room brought a statement from them that Andrea had fixed that for them. They even told me you broil bacon deliciously."

Andrea tried to talk but coudn't She felt as confused as a little girl. But Jim Frakes, whose tongue was as clever as his fingers, didn't seem to notice her silence.

"Often on Saturday evenings my family, including my grandmother, goes to the woods for a picnic supper. They broil bacon and toast things to eat. I'm sure they'd like to have you along next Saturday."

Andrea's heart beat faster and faster, and each little tick seemed to say, "Lucky Handy Andy! Lucky Handy Andy!"

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Several loads of lumber have been placed on the grounds preparatory to building a wagon shed and making much-needed repairs to the chicken houses.

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The boys on the farm forces have been "stepping on it" this week, making a grand rush to complete the sowing of lespedeza seed while the soil is in good condition.

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Charles and Harley Pennell, twin brothers, who have been in Cottage No. 15 for several years, were recently placed with a farmer in Mecklenburg county. These are husky, good-looking boys and we hope they will get along well amid their new surroundings.

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A couple of the officials of the School took our large truck to Cherryville Friday to secure some certified seed sweet potatoes for bedding purposes. Most of the beds here have been planted from our own stock, but these certified potatoes will be planted so as to provide good seed, free from blemish and disease, for next season.

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Part of the cotton mill machinery donated by the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association, has arrived. Six looms have been placed in the rooms in the old shop building formerly occupied by the printing department. Mr. Kiser and a group of boys have been spending several days cleaning these looms, and it is expected they will be in operation very soon.

Ten boys were recently taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for tonsil and adenoids operations. They were returned to the School and placed in the "little white house," and may be seen near there daily, enjoying the sunshine, under the supervision of Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse. On several occasions some of them were seen enjoying a marble game, popular with boys at this time of the year, so we feel safe in saying that the patients are rapidly improving.

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Instead of the regular session of our Sunday School on Easter morning, it was our happy privilege to have as guest speaker Rev. F. Marion Dick, of Greensboro, a Presbyterian evangelist, who had been conducting a series of meetings at McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord. After hearing the boys sing the opening hymn and repeat in chorus the first Psalm, he complimented them very highly on the enthusiastic manner in which they entered into the service. He then taught them the choruses of a couple of songs which he uses in his evangelistic work.

In his brief talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Dick stated that it was fine that we commemorate the resurrection of Jesus when all nature is putting on new life. It gives us a promise that we, too, shall some day rise from the earth in glorious raiment.

We know that as Jesus came forth from the tomb, the glorified Son of God, we shall, if we live for God in this world, also enjoy the glories of the Heavenly Kingdom. If we remain true to Him, our natural body will become a spiritual body, a body immortal, just as God has promised. His definite promise of a life more glorious and beautiful is the greatest thing mankind can have to look forward to.

Each one of us should ask ourselves this question, "What am I living for?" The answer is that we are all living to live again. These bodies of ours are just the houses in which we live. Some day they will crumble and decay and our bodies return to the dust from which they came. They are perishable. We, as Christians, should not live for the body alone, but for that thing within the body—the soul—that which counts most, the only part of man that is worth saving, and the only way the soul can be saved is through the crucified Christ, whose resurrection the entire Christian world celebrates at this happy Easter season.

Because of another engagement, Rev. Mr. Dick was compelled to make his stay at the School very brief, but if we get nothing more out of the short service here last Sunday morning than his message, "We are living to live again," we should feel amply repaid, for these few words can, if we get their true meaning, lead us on to that goal for which all Christians are striving.

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and recitation of the first Psalm, led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. C. C. Hamilton, pastor of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, who read for the Scripture

Lesson the story of the Resurrection as found in the 24th chapter of Luke. In his most interesting talk to the boys Rev. Mr. Hamilton called special attention to I Cornithians 15:34—"Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that when the disciples and others visited the sepulcher on the third day after Christ had been placed therein, they found something that opened their eyes. They saw light. Jesus' body had been sealed in the tomb in utter darkness, but as they looked into the tomb all was bright and shining.

He then told the boys that they were in school, looking for something —something that will be of great benefit to them, and urged them to be wide awake to the opportunities offered here. The boys of today have greater advantages over the boys of olden days. Years ago, boys were kept in the background, but now they have much better chances to develop. People are interested in their welfare, and if a boy has the inclination to amount to something, there is nothing that can stop him.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton then told the boys that some day they were going out from this institution to either help or hinder someone else, and were now so close to good things that will be worth while for them to learn that they should not fail to take advantage of the opportunities offered. He then named several things they should be awake to. First, is the personal experience with God. Awake to the realization that they have the privilege to call upon God at all times, and thus be brought into fellowship with a personal Saviour. At this time of the year when new life is surging through all nature, we should look higher rather than dwell with those on a lower level.

The next thing of importance, said the speaker, is that the boys should awake to the fact that there are superiors about them, those who have the authority they need. To be a Christian is not to throw our arms about self and save self, but to save others who have never been taught the right way to live.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton then asked the boys to let their imagination take them twenty-five years hence and see what there is for them to do for others. As in the time of Paul, there will be found people who know not God. These will be divided into four classes: (1) People who do not know or claim to know; (2) Those who think they know, but are not sure; (3) That class of folks who know it all and cannot be told anything; (4) Those people who are in a class by themselves, those who would like to know. The latter are the people we must labor for.

All of these four classes of people we must deal with, said the speaker, and it is our duty to help them. In order to help others we must awaken to our own needs and train ourselves, and upon awakening we find God's love; we also find God's forgiveness; and we find His power. God loves us and because of this love, is willing to forgive our misdeeds if we are truly repentant. In order to receive this forgvieness, we must forgive those who have wronged us. If we fail in this respect, it will be useless for us

to seek God's forgiveness.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hamilton stated that we will find God's power ever at our disposal if we really try to live a Christian life. It is the greatest power known to man, and with the awakening to the fact that this great power will be ours for the asking, we are then in a position to overcome all the powers of wickedness in the world to day, and attain that goal—the Heavenly Kingdom—that awaits those who follow the teachings of the Son of God, whose death and resurrection we commemorate at this season of the year.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending March 28, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

Robert Allen 15
(14) J. C. Cox 14
(3) Edward Johnson 16
(11) James Johnson 11
Mack Setzer 15
(17) Fred Wheeler 17
(11) James Wilhite 16
(6) Harley Riley 6

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Arthur Martin 14
Jack McCrary 2
Roy McAbee 3
James West 12

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) R. L. Young 8
John Capps 7
Douglas Hinson 4
George Goodman 6
Clifton Mabry
John Whitaker 8
(3) Robert Worthington 9
Brooks Young

COTTAGE No. 3

(7) M. C. Cranford 13
Howard Cook 5
Neely Dixon 9
Julian Gregory 11
(2) Edgar Hatley 8
James McCune
(2) Kenneth Raby 6
F. M. Younger 8

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 5
(3) Odell Bray 6
(2) James Hancock 12
(3) Ralph Johnson 13
(2) Thomas Little 8
Thomas Maness 2
Wade Melton 5
(3) Charles Mizzell 11
Joseph McPherson 4
Lloyd Pettus 10
(2) William Surratt 4
Leo Ward
(2) Odell Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Marshall Bryson 3
(7) William Cassell 13
(3) A. L. Gaines 15
(6) Herman Hunt 10
(3) Henry James 4
Jack Tate 9

COTTAGE No. 6

William Burnette 13
Theodore Bowles 12
Jesse Cleveland 2
James Coleman 10
(4) Frank Glover 11
John Ham 2
Columbus Hamilton 9
(6) Thomas Hamilton 12
(6) Marvin King 10

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) James Finley 7
(4) Caleb Hill 12
(3) Hugh Johnson 11
(4) Lester Warren 10

COTTAGE No. 8

Lloyd Banks 5
(4) Sam Belk 13
(3) Haynes Hewitt 7
(2) John Penninger 9
(2) Charles Taylor 7
(3) Edward Whitaker 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Thomas Braddock 10
(2) J. T. Branch 8
(2) Edgar Burnette 7
Craig Chappell 3
(3) Randolph Davis 15
(2) Reuben Duggins 6
(3) Woodfin Fowler 11
(3) C. D. Grooms 13
James C. Hoyle 6
(2) Homer Smith 13
Cleveland Suggs 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(7) Clyde Adams 15
(4) Earl Atwood 7
Glenn Collins 10
Rufus Linville 5
(5) Frank Ramsey 13

COTTAGE No. 11

Walter Blevins 8
Edward Carpenter 9
John Drum 11
(2) Lawrence Guffey 2
(5) H. A. Holmes 9
Andrew Lambeth 5
Edgar Merritt
(2) William Martin 6
Donald Newman 6

COTTAGE No. 12

Joseph Cox 10
(2) Frank Dickens 14
(2) James Elders 6
(2) Marvin Edwards 15
Charlton Henry 3
(2) Hubert Holloway 2
June Malone 9
Jerome Medlin 12
Ewin Odom 8
(2) Andrew Powell 14
James Reavis 7
Lonnie Sloan 7
William Stevens 10
Horace Simmons
Charles Williams 4
Ross Young 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Fletcher Boggs 8
Clarence Douglas 7
Willard Garrett 3
(8) Claudius Pickett 12
John Smith 2
(2) Morris Starnes 3
Frank Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 14

John Crawford 3
John Church
(3) Henry Hallman 7
(5) Doyle Holder 8
(4) James Kirk 7
Henry McGraw 2
(2) James Stepp 5
Glenn Williams 7
William Warf 5

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 4
John Brown 3
Roy Cruse 12
George Gibson 14
(4) Joseph Hyde 8
Caleb Jolly 10
George McManus 13
Walter Mitchell 13
Connie Michael 5
Edward Murray 11
(2) Edward Martin 11
Marvin Martin 2
Charles Pennell 5
(4) Harley Pennell 12
Harless Triplett 11
(7) Robert Teeter 16
Robert Wilson 6

Good manners will tend to make any man attractive.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 10, 1937 No. 15

OBEDIENCE

Obedience is not the mark of a slave—it is an important quality in leadership. The great leaders of this world have not been their own masters; they arose and followed someone higher up, and thereby became the greater. Obedience is a gateway to power. Our physical health depends upon obeying the laws of our physical nature. Strength of character issues from obedience to the decree of conscience. It we are to have a commanding hold on life, we must be subject to a will higher than our own.—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE OPEN AIR

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth;
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills.
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass . . .
And of the good brown earth—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth,
So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love,
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely . . .
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear.
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to Thee, God of the open air.

—Henry Van Dyke.

FINE RESULTS OF ADULT EDUCATION

There is an old saying, "a tree is known by its fruits," and in a similar way a person is known by results of any work undertaken. Just lately it has been our privilege to come in close contact with a teacher of "Adult Education," a most enssential work when relalizing that North Carolina has 500,000 illiterates and near-illiterates. The number of those groping in darkness is not given to cast a gloom, but to suggest significant possibilities for development.

It is well to recall that Governor Clyde Hoey in his stirring inaugural address summoned "all men, women and children of the state to unite in one common purpose to make our state a better place to live." This teacher of adult education, the finest opportunity for human service, is obeying the summons, trying to bring about better conditions among the illiterates. Her specific work is to visit the prisons and there minister to the sick just as the cases demand. In her survey she finds many who can neither read nor write; others with meager advantages but have had miserable environment, and a few with some education, but morally weak. She carries in her heart always a message of love and in her hands she takes the best literature. When necessary she lingers long enough to teach many to read. It is a glorious work but looked upon with an aversion by many.

However, the following letters show the fruits of her work. The letter, No. 1, is from a young boy. He served a term in the pen for arson, but after being paroled he availed himself of school advantages; letter, No. 2, comes from one who was in prison for some misdemeanor, but his message to the one who visited him while in prison shows gratitude at least; and letter, No. 3, is the prayer of a man addicted to drink. He was too weak to resist.

These letters answer the question. Are Adult Schools worth the time and money expended? Read:

(1)

Dear Miss.————————

Mother and myself was sure glad to get the card and I am sorry that I haven't written you before now. I have been so busy that I just haven't thought of writing.

I am graduating the fifteenth of May and I am sure glad to graduate this year. There are forty-four graduating from Cranberry High School.

I have lifted myself from the bad to the good. I guess that it is caused by so many good friends praying for me.

I wish that you could be here for the Commencement program. I am over with my examinations. I was exempted on French and Geometry, but I had to take the English exam because I didn't

Mrs. Wakefield and my Mother are going if they can.

average enough.

With love.

E——————

Banner Elk, N. C.

(2)

Dear Miss——————

Do you mind me writing to you? Hope you are holding well in your strength for your work. The beautiful passages I have read over and over again. I get up late at night and refer to them.

Today a message came from my sisters. They will be here Sunday afternoon. I surely want them to see you. You and they have some purposes in common.

Believe me, I have given everything I have to the Lord, and I believe you had a big hand in helping me to reconsecrate my life. I do not pray for deliverance in this world of the flesh, only for him to let me be one of His children and serve Him, happy to be in His fold.

Do you know perhaps in lives like yours we find the fulfillment of some of our scriptures. It says somewhere that when in sorrow and despair he will visit us and heal our feelings and renew our hope; therefore I did render thanks to him for sending you to me. Not everyone is called to do your sort of work. In many cases there is willingness but not the adaptability. However, you possess all of the qualities.

Do not overtax yourself because your health is important in your useful work.

Your Friend,

J.

My Dear Miss——————

Your last letter is much appreciated. It is interesting to hear of your nieces and nephews. I have, myself, many of them. I have often told you of them during my confinement. Do you remember, I just lived in their memories during those days. A few of them came in, by permission, and sat with me.

I do wish there were no poverty ridden homes where children just grow up instead of being so reared that they see the value of the

pretty things in life. I fell. But, as I think of the depressing atmosphere, those icy walls, the stagnant conversation to be heard, I can still recall the relief I felt at the first sound of your voice even before I could see you as you entered for your frequent visits.

Of course, my loved ones reminded me of their devotion. But, they were not close at hand. You were and came frequently. I was selfish in wishing for you more often. After lonely hours, the sound of your sweet voice was like something, shall I call it delicious. No, more like a musical sound from heaven. I breathed deeply at the sound.

I had, as you know, some dark hours. I seemed at times not to care whether or not I lived. But, you came along and painted a picture in which I was to be a part. I thoroughly appreciated you. Miss————

I wonder if this might be helpful to you in your work. I have read that what man can honestly imagine, he can accomplish. I found myself able to imagine myself in the picture you caused me to see.

It is my hope that there may be within your reach, those who may be sustained and stimulated by your human interest in them and their future.

Sincerely yours,

J.

(3)

JUST A WEE SMALL PRAYER

May God in Heaven with an infinite wisdom which passes all human understanding look upon us poor weak mortals and strengthen our hearts and minds. That we may resist successfully all sin and serve Him unerringly. Forgive our past sins and watch over and guide our future.

Dear God, bless Miss—— in her work among the prisoners which pass through this jail. May something she may say or do change a sinful man or woman into a child of God.

Oh Heavenly Father, please give us strength to drive out that demon drink and all allies. We know that thou are the one and only power supreme to which all things can be easily accomplished and nothing impossible.

Dear Lord, have mercy upon us in our needs, and we shall be very careful to give thee all the praise. This we ask in thy Holy name forever. **Amen.**

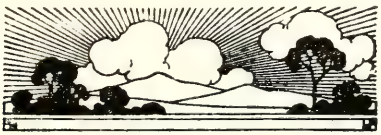
* * * * * * *

G. M. LORE PASSES

The announcement of the sudden passing of G. M. Lore, Saturday morning, April 3, at his home on West Depot Street, was a decided shock to his many friends. He had made his home in Concord since early manhood, having affiliated himself with all interests for the betterment of the entire community he was recognized as an integral part of all Concord and Cabarrus county as it stands today.

When Squire Lore passed it simply meant the last link in the chain of stalwart men that made the galaxy of Cabarrus county veterans of the War Between the States. Mr. Lore was the last of the old boys who wore the gray to answer the call and join his comrades across the harbor where there will be neither strife nor conflict. He has entered into his peaceful rest after a long and useful life, leaving as a heritage to his family memories of a kind and devoted father, and friend to humanity.

Another thought that makes the death of Mr. Lore peculiarly sad is that another link, uniting the Concord of the other days and the entire county of this hour, drops out. Having come to Concord when it was a small town he knew of its developments as well as any other citizen, if not better, because of his wide interest in business, civic and church affairs. Having a genial and kind nature he will be missed by a legion of friends who knew him intimately.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

PLAYS THE HERO'S PART

"It takes a lot of courage
To keep from feeling blue,
And antidotes are needed
To hold the spirit true;
But when just loads of trouble
Are locked within the heart,
The man that keeps on smiling
Oft plays the hero's part."

—o—

Slow down at all blind corners. There may be a driver on the other street who is in a hurry, too.

—o—

There is hardly anything more sensitive than trouble. When you stop thinking about it, it will leave you.

—o—

As far as I am concerned I hope to hear no more about strikes until the umpire calls them on the diamond. I hope all others will be put out equally as effectively.

—o—

A lot of people believe in the old superstition that finding a horse shoe brings luck. The truth of the matter is, there is more luck in horse sense than there is in horse shoes.

—o—

It is the height of gentility to listen respectfully to the fellow who is talking to you. But it is well to remember that there is a big difference between advice and information.

—o—

Do not be too hasty in your conclusions. The President did not go down to Warm Springs to get hot water to keep the Supreme Court in until the matter is settled.

—o—

A preacher has declared that "gambling is essentially a means of getting something for nothing." The experience of most people in that kind of a pasttime is that they get nothing for something.

—o—

It looks just now like this country is suffering from an overproduction of cold feet, and an extremely shortage of cool heads. There is a great need for adjustment along these lines.

—o—

Not long ago I met a fellow who talks to himself a great deal, and I asked him why he did it. He said, "I like to talk to somebody that knows something. Don't you believe that he who converses with nobody, knows nothing?" I couldn't say that I did.

—o—

Be courteous. It pays in the long run, as well as the short one. A motorist recently "bawled out" a truck driver for cutting across his path without stopping at a stop street. The driver answered the motorist with a fine flow of choice profanity. At the end of his run, the truck driver got his notice. The motorist happened to be a stockholder in the company that owned the truck. And let that be a lesson to you!

—o—

Old people, most generally, have a way of looking back, and dwelling on the past. Memory gives them much to brood over. But we have a future life to live, and should think of it more seriously. I realize how it could mean so much in the very lives of

every reader of this paragraph—yes, perhaps greatly affect every day of every week that every one of us live in the future. It could mean you, possibly, and every one of us seeing the sun rise just a little brighter every morning; seeing it set with just a little more ruddy glow every evening—just a trace, perhaps, more of brightness and cheerfulness in the faces of those we love. And when it is all said and done—when each of us get to the point where we look back down the years stretched behind us—the way I look at this life we live through—if any one of us has failed to have made this world better for us having been here—we have failed in our business of living. Some of us, likely more than not, most of us, can look back and see where we neglected to grasp opportunities. If neglecting to grasp opportunities has hurt no one but ourselves—as individuals—that may not be so bad, but where any of us have let our failure to grasp opportunities hurt those dear and true to us—that's what hurts!

Life is full of hard jolts Emergencies have always been necessary to man's progress. It is the unusual that gets us out of our ruts. It was the darkness that produced the lamp and electricity; for that brought the compass; and now it has taken the depression to teach us the real value of a job. But all strikers and "sit-downers" have not learned the lesson to their sorrow and economic welfare.

AN EXPERT'S ADVICE ABOUT FORMING HABITS

First, it is important to get all one's minor habits—such as hours of rising and retiring and hours of work—fixed and automatic in early life, thus giving the higher activities of the mind a chance for unfettered development during the years of maturity.

Second, start on any new habit you have resolved to form with a strong initiative. Be prompt at your first engagement, punctual in your hours of work, or whatever else you have undertaken to do. A good start affords a strong impetus to continue in the same direction.

Third, don't allow an exception of any kind with a newly formed habit. It is like dropping a ball of twine which you have begun to wind up. You will lose a great deal more by one fall than you can gain in the same length of time by your hardest exertions.

Fourth, never consider a habit or a principle as fixed unless you have carried it out in an action.—Prof. William James.

MILITARY ORGANIZATION OF NORTH CAROLINA DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Selected)

I am delighted to be a guest of the Battle of Elizabethtown Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

All women who are eligible in North Carolina should consider it both a duty and a privilege to belong to the state's patriotic organizations, for those who have studied the subject tell us that the first patriotic organization of women in America was in North Carolina—the fifty-one members of the Edenton Tea Party who pledged themselves in convention assembled at Penelope Barker's home to drink no more tea nor wear any more British cloth until the odious tax was removed.

But so careles has North Carolina ever been in recording her heroic deeds that we had to go to the files of a London newspaper of that day to get a copy of the resolutions and the names of the indignant signers. No wonder the British newspapers of that day said that Great Britian could manage the American men but for the independent spirit of the rebel women.

I honor the D. A. R. organization because it is teaching patriotism to our children. And what magic is in that word! Someone has said it is the divine spark that kindles a nation's fire. We might add that it is the oxgen that keeps those fires burning. It is the helmet that protects a nation's life, the shield that guards a nation's homes.

You are also teaching history to our people—history that the majority of our people have never known, or have forgotten and allowed to disappear in the chinks that Time has made.

Themistocles said that the trophies of Miltiades would not allow him to sleep. Daughters of the American Revolution, the brave deeds of our illustrious North Carolina heroes and heroines should not allow us to sleep until every battle ground has its monument, every Revolutionary soldier's grave its stone, every brave deed its marker, and until all our histories, state and national, carry their story to all the world.

The first victory of the Revolution won by patriots was at Moore's Creek, N. C. February 27, 1776, but so negligent were we to publish this abroad and so careless of the fame of our brave soldiers that when a North Carolina senator in Congress in recent years referred to Moore's Creek, Senator Lodge of Mass., an exceedingly well informed man, and himself an historian, denied the fact, and said that he had never heard of such a battle.

Surely "there were brave men before Agamenon" but we have not heard of them because there was no blind Homer to re-count their deeds in soul stirring poetry, and to make to live again wise Hector, crafty Ulysses, swift-footed Achilles, Kector, Eriam and glorious Nelon whose fair

face

"Launched a thousand ships,
And sacked the topmost towers
of Troy."

Had North Carolina had a Bancroft or a Fishe, a Longfellow or a whittier to tell our story to the world, the deeds of Massachusett's heroes would pale into insignificance. If Longfellow could make such a fine story of Paul Revere's ride of only twenty-one miles on a fine horse over a fine road on a fine night—(a ride, by the way, for which he was paid I've been told, and the receipt for the money is in one of the museums in Boston) what a glorious story he could have made of Betsy Dowdy's ride—fifty miles along Currituck Sound—an all night ride on her little banker pony, through desolate country, over rough sand dunes, swimming swollen fords, through lonely bridges, past hostile Tory homes,—a mere slip of a girl determined to warm General Skinner of the projected battle of North Carolina from the north should General Durmore's superior forces put to route General Howe's raw troops. Perhaps the strategic hour for telling our deeds in song and verse has passed, and some of the glorious events can now never be established by documentary edivence, the only kind that historians recognize, because the documents have been lost, but much can still be done.

"The citizens of Rome placed the busts of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses, so that whenever they wont in out those illustrious features met the eve to recall their glorious deeds and fire the living to imitate their virtues." The spirit of heroism and patriotism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

It behooves us to keep before our children and citizens the heroism. fortitude and valor of the men and women of the past in North Carolina. Let us "tell it to the generations following us"—tell who were the men and women who established this great state, and the valuable contribution they made in the establishment of the nation. You Daughters of the American Revolution, are contributing no little towards this desirable end, and in all your good work, I bid you a hearty God Speed.

In thinking of what historical subject we might discuss this afternoon, I have thought you might be interested in the military organization of North Carolina during the Revolution, her troops and Generals, and the part they took in winning our independence.

The military organization consisted of (1) the Continental Line or Regulars; (2) the Minute Men, and (3) the Militia.

The first step taken in the state by way of military organiaztion was by order of the Provincial Congress, the embodiment on August 30th, 1775 of two Continental Battalions placed under Col. Robert Howe of Brunswick and Col. James Moore of Wilmington. The second step was to provide, Sept. 7th, 1775,—for Minute Men. For this purpose the state was divided into six districts, and each district was to raise one battalion of Minute Men consisting of ten companies of fifty men each, rank and file, and to be enlisted for six months. And the third step each district was

to have a brigade of militia consisting of all able men 16 to 60 years of age.

The Regulars Or Continentals

We have noted the raising of two regiments, August 1775. Then in April 1776, eight months later, four additional regiments were authorized and placed in command of Jethro Summer, Thomas Polk, Edward Buncombe and Alexander Lillington. Seven months Later—Nov. 1776—the 7th, 8th and 9th regiments were authorized by the Provincial Congress, and were officered by James Hogan, James Armstrong and John Williams.

The legislature of 1777 provided for a 10th regiment under Abraham Sheppard. The Regiments seemed to consist of different numbers. The first and second had 500 men each; but when in April 1776 the Continental Congress asked North Carolina for one battalion, we created three of 750 men each. There had been passed a Continental regulation that a regiment should consist of 728 men, including officers, so when our Provincial Congress had this brought to their attention they promptly created a 4th regiment out of the extra officers and privates. Conner's history states that a Continental regiment, was supposed to consist of eight companies of 76 men each, rank and file, and by adding about twenty officers would bring the number to 628.

The printed roster of North Carolina's Continental soldiers is given in Vol. 16 State Records of North Carolina; and in round numbers is 6000. But it is true that North Carolina never was able to recruit her Continental Army up to its full strength, and the reason for this was that early in the war both South Carolina and Georgia sought permission to recruit their battalions, and permission was granted by the N. C. Convention of 1776 to both states, and in addition North Carolina raised two additional brigades of volunteers to be sent to South Carolina's assistance. John Penn, one of our Signers of the Declaration, suggested that it would be prudent to stop the officers from neighbor states from enlisting any more men until our own quota was completed. The advice was not accepted, however, and the Colonial Records say:" North Carolina became the recruiting ground for the entire South." During the invasion of South Carolina, 1779, Charles Pinckney wrote: "North Carolina has agreed to send us 2000 more troops immediately. We now have upwards of 3000 of their men with us. I consider this latest addition as the highest possible proof of their affection for us, and convincing proof of their zeal for independence. They have been so willing and ready on all occasions to afford us all assistance that I join with General Moultrie in confessing that they have been the salvation of this country."

The roster of soldiers in the State Records omits many names of North Carolina Continental soldiers which appear on the U. S. Pension rolls, State Land Grants, Army Accounts etc. But we can safely say she furnished 6000 soldiers to the Continental Army.

The North Carolina Continentals saw their first service outside the

state December, 1775 when Col. Howe led the 2nd regiment to assist Virginia in the expulsion of Gov. Dunsmore, winning the battle of Great Bridge, Norfolk.

In the early part of 1777 the Continental Congress resolved that all the battalions of North Carolina's Continental troops should join General Washington "as soon as maybe after March 15th.

There were delays, but in time all nine battalions reached Washington and fought at Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, where they had a conspicuous part, Hobkirk's Hill, Eutaw, at both seiges of Charleston and Savannah, and formed a part of the garrison at West Point, where our Major-General Howe was in command.

Our Militia

Our militia forces were far greater than our Continental Army. They were our first line of defense, and were enlisted for six months and sometimes for three, and on "tours of duty" for a brief time. They could be ordered out by the Committees of Safety. The commanding, or field officers were appointed by the Provincial Congress, but the captains, lieutenants and ensigns were appointed by committees of their respective companies. In the spring of 1782 militia troops enrolled in North Carolina as shown by returns from all the counties were 28,822. This valuable document is preserved in our state archives together with the certificate of Alexander Martin, Governor and Commander in Chief. Gov-Martin's certificate expressly states that this list does not include the Continental soldiers or the nine month's draft. It is impossible to say how many of these saw active service.

The regular or professional soldier has always held in contempt "raw militia," but when well led, our militia displayed excellent fighting qualities. Conner states: "No troops ever fought better than Nixon's North Carolina troops at Camden," Chief Justice Walter Clark says: "Alone and unaided they won the brilliant victories at Moore's Creek, Ramseur's Mill and King's Mountain;" and Thomas Jefferson said that the Battle of King's Mountain was the decisive battle of the Revolution. They also fought bravely with the Regulars at Camden and Guilford Court House. They shared in the battles of Stone, Briar Creek, Cowpens and in the defense of Charleston. Early in 1776 under Gen. Rutherford they crushed the Tories in South Carolina and the Indians in Tennessee, so that neither gave trouble again during the entire war.

Other Military Organizations

From time to time other military organizations were formed, as follows:

April 1776, three companies of Light Horse; April 29th, 1776 five Independent companies were created by the Provincial Congress. Later it created a company of Rangers and also an Artillery company. The Provincial Congress named all the officers of these companies.

Suffering And Sickness

We have learned through sad experience that war is not all gold

braid, shining swords and glory. Throughout the Revolution North Carolina troops, both Continental and Militia, in common with troops of other states, endured cruel suffering, hunger, sickness, loss of physical vitality, and of course loss of fighting capacity. The war dragged on for seven long years we must remember. It must have been hard for the officicers and recruiting men to keep up hope and enthusiasm under such conditions. There were 992 North Carolina men and officers enrolled at Valley Forge that memorable winter. Of these 249 were reported unfit for duty from lack of clothes and shoes, and 323 were sick.

Valley Forge was not the only place where soldiers heroically endured privation and suffering. When Gen. Greene took charge of the American Army at Charlotte in December 1780, he reported to Washington that nothing could be more distressing than the condition of the troops, starving with cold and hunger, and without tents—"tattered clothes held together with thorns"—1000 so naked that they should be put on duty only in desperate necesity. This condition was not due to indifference but from inability to mobilize the resources of the state. Yet these same soldiers caused Cornwallis to Mecklenburg "the Hornet's Nest," fought brilliantly at King's Mountain and at Guilford Court House, and made Yorktown possible a few months later.

FARMING BY ELECTRICITY

Electricity is used today to perform 125 different kinds of chores on the farm. A few years ago electricity was only used in the country for lighting; but every day finds some new application. There are, for instance, more than thirty different kinds of farm machinery being operated electrically. Grain is threshed by electric machinery, feed is ground, food for the livestock is cut and mixed, hay is hoisted into the barns, and even the clover is hulled in this way. The up-to-date churn is run by electricity; even the incubator is heated and the chickens hatched out by the same mysterious power. The farmer of the future may find all the drudgery of farm work done away with, and, instead of laboring for long hours, he can do the work quickly and well by merely turning a switch. The government is trying to teach farmers to use electricity and keep the boys at home.—Selected.

A PAINTING DISCOVERED

(Young Folk)

Students are very generally of the opinion that there are paintings by the old masters whose whereabouts are not known. Paintings are easily lost, they have often been stolen; the get into the hands of persons who do not appreciate them; they have not infrequently been painted over by a less proficient artist.

Paintings of the highest merit are now and then discovered after having been hidden for many years. If in no other way the identity of the painter may be known by the quality of the workmanship. It was not from an evil motive that one artist used the canvas or surface on which there was the work of another artist. But we can hardly understand why any one would wish to paint over the work of an artist like Raphael.

Very recently there was discovered in the Borghese gallery in Rome what many turn out to be a priceless painting by Raphael under a painting of Saint Catherine by another artist. The original painting was discovered when it was subjected to X-ray photographs.

Raphael, who was born six months earlier than Luther, though in the same year, 1483, has been ranked as the greatest of all painters, and hence was called "The Divine" by his countrymen. The variety as well as the superb quality of his work has always been a source of wonder, since he lived to be but thirty-seven years of age. No art gallery is complete that does not have something in some form from his brush. He was not alone an interpreter of truth, but also a lover of truth.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR FACE

"My boy," said a wise father, who knew how to play and be a chum with his seven-year-old lad, "you do not own your own face.'

The boy looked puzzled. He had come to the breakfast table with a frown on his face and had started to eat his food. Everybody felt the shadow of his ill spirits in his looks. His father's words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant.

"You do not own your own face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that. It belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it."

The boy had never thought of that, but he understood, and did not forget. And all of us should understand that our faces belong to other people, and should be kept sweet, bright and clean.—Selected.

WHAT IS THE MASON AND DIXON LINE?

(Young Lutherans' Magazine)

When you are beginning to read American history, it is not long before you meet references to "the Mason and Dixon Line." Many schoolbooks fail to explain clearly just what is meant by this term, except to indicate that it is an arbitrary dividing-line between the North and the South, or between the slave states and the free states of our country.

The Mason and Dixon Line is no longer of much importance, but its establishment in Colonial times settled a dispute between two colonies that for nearly a hundred years had carried on strife and bloodshed. And it was all because King Charles II did not know his geography. It came about in this way.

When America was young, the geography of the New World was almost unknown, and the few maps in existence were drawn largely from imagination. This led to no serious consequence at first because the country was large; but soon disputes arose over the boundaries of the several colonies. One of the most serious and annoying of these quarrels arose concerning the grants of William Penn and Lord Baltimore.

Early in the seventeenth century Charles I gave a tract of land to Lord Baltimore in what is now Maryland. The northern boundary of this land was the fortieth degree of north latitude. Some years later Penn was given a tract on which to locate a colony of Friends (Quakers). The vague way in which the boundaries of his grant were described led Penn to locate the southern boundary at the thirty-ninth degree of latitude, thus taking in nearly seventy miles of territory already claimed by Lord Baltimore. The quarrel over this fertile strip of country embroiled the Penn and Baltimore families for more than eighty years, and the matter had the attention of the High Court of Chancery and the privy councils of three monarchs of England before a peaceable settlement was made.

In 1763 King James had become so tired of hearing of Pennsylvania and the fortieth degree of latitude, that he ordered two surveyors to go to the colonies to settle the dispute for all time and to mark the boundary between the two provinces in such a way that further misunderstanding would be impossible.

It took Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon four years to complete the difficult and hazardous undertaking; but when they sailed back to England in 1767, they left a monument that has endured to this day. Every mile was marked, at first with special markers brought from England, then, as they advanced inland, with stones and wooden posts.

Mason and Dixon, with a crew of axmen, cut a path twenty-four feet wide through the wilderness, surveying at night with the stars for guidance. They carried the boundary-line that bears their name to a point 244 miles west of the Delaware River.

Here the line intersected the warpath of hostile Indians and beyond this their friendly guides refused to go.

They also surveyed and marked all the land boundary of the state of Delaware, including the peculiar line on the north. This is a segment of a circle twelve miles in diameter, with the town of New Castle as a center, and is the only one of its kind in the United States.

WHEN MOTHER NATURE CALLS

Far beneath the snow, where she had slept through the long, cold winter, a violet yawned—stretched—twisted slowly in her snug, warm bed. "It's getting almost time to grow," she said.

A lily-of-the-valley shook a bit, and cuddled closer to her twin, asleep beside her. "It's cold," she shivered. "I'm going to stay here, snug and tight in bed."

A red rose rattled, half impatiently. "Don't wake me yet," it cried. "Snow is still thick and white above our bed."

Whang! bang! The North Wind shrieked, and laughed, and sang. He banged a shutter just above the garden bed, and all the little roots drew close together. A violet gently touched a lily: "He's so strong and rough he frightens me," she whispered.

Clearly the red rose answered: "Mother Nature'll never call us from our beds till he is gone. Don't fret, my dear."

From some place came a cheery "cheep, cheep, cheep," and every flower raised a sleepy head. A warm, clearly, earthy sweetness was about them.

"Come, children, come!" 'Twas Mother Nature calling. "The brooks are free! A robin's here!"

A tender shoot of green pushed back the earth—drew bravely upward; another—then another. The red-breast spread his wings and tipped his tiny head. "Chee-ee-ee!" he caroled.

A thrush cried, "Glory! glory!"

A blackbird whistled, "Whee-ee!"

The pink and white arbutus tossed a perfume through the air.

The sun rose higher—higher; the sky showed soft and blue. Grey shadows lengthened. A screech-owl gave the love-croon that belongs to spring. From out the green a fragrant violet raised its head; and close beside, a stately lily-of-the-valley shook its snowy bells.—L. D. Stearns.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

By Lois Snelling

Mirrors are as common as salt these days, but it has not always been so. A few hundred years ago the silver-coated looking-glass was a luxury possessed only by the rich. There was but one place in the whole world they were manufactured, and the secret of their making was known only to a few men.

This place was Venice, and so carefully was the secret guarded by the Venetians that they passed a law making it a crime punishable by death for a person to disclose the formula for silvering mirrors. The mirror factories were all located on one isolated island, the island of Murano, as a measure of protection. No foreigner was ever permitted to set foot upon Murano.

But the most carefully guarded secrets have a way of leaking out, and so it was with the mirror secret. The glass-makers of other countries looked with jealous eyes upon Venice's monopoly of mirror production, and longed to share in the profits and prestige. One concern in France said, "Venice is shipping mirrors to all parts of the world. If only we might possess the formula known to those men of Murano!" The result was that they offered bribes to some of the Murano workmen. The offer was accepted, and one day the factory boss found four of his men gone—and the precious secret gone with them!

This was in the seventh century, and now after three hundred years of monopoly, Venice was to have competition. Louis XIV established mirror departments in his own glass factories and soon had a flourishing trade. It was this Louis who, in his enthusiasm over the new acquisition in his realm, furnished the famous mirror hall in Versailles.

The Venetians' mirror formula was soon public property. In the latter part of the seventeenth century factories were busy in England, as well as in France, and in time all the civilized countries were making silver-backed looking-glasses.

While the silver-coated mirror dates from about 1300, the reflecting surfaces of certain metals used as mirrors dates back to antiquity. We read frequently of mirrors in the Old Testament, the Hebrews using brass with a polished surface. Mirrors of bronze were in common use among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, a number of specimens being still preserved in museums.

Revenge is like a boomerang. Although for a time it flies in the direction in which it is hurled, it takes a sudden curve, and, returning, hits your own head the heaviest blow of all.

—Selected.

THE ROSE GOWN

By Anne Spottswood Young

Miss Jean! Oh—Miss Jeanie!"

Jean sighed wearily. She had heard Mrs. Barthow's strident voice all day, and she was eager for rest and quiet. All the other girls had left. The last pretty gown and cloak, on display for customers, had been hung away for the night, and the "Shoppe" was lighted now only by one dim bulb. Back of the two large display rooms, however Mrs. Barthow sat at her desk under a glare of electricity, checking up the day's receipts, and making memoranda for Monday's business. In response to her call, Jean appeared at the office door.

"Do you want something before I go, Mrs. Barthow?"

There was a slight foreign blur in her voice, for though Jean was an American, she had spent most of her life in France, and in fact it was her knowledge of the French language that had persuaded Mrs. Barthow to "take her on" as a sub-deb model and general worker for a short time. "It gives the place an air," she had said practically, "to have some one here who can spout French!"

"Oh, here you are!" she now said, all her suave "customer manner" laid aside like a cloak. "I was afraid you had gone. Cora promised to deliver that little rose frock to Miss Bess Winthrop, and she forgot it. At least, that's what she will say on Monday. Some day I'll send her kiting!"

"And you want me to deliver the gown?" asked Jean, readly enough, though her face was white from fatigue. She made no comment on Cora. Mrs. Barthow and Cora quarreled goodnaturedly from morning till night, and one grew to ignore it like the annoying hum of a vacuum cleaner. She picked up the gay box with its fancy gold lettering,—"Barthow—Hats and Gowns."

"Yes, see that it's there before eight. The Winthrops are among my best customers, and I don't dare disappoint them. I hate to ask you to do this errand tonight though."

"Why—tonight?" Jean was puzzled.

"Well, you see—or rather, you don't see yet—but the fact is Blanche is coming back next week, and I promised to hold her job for her, so—" Her voice trailed off, as she paused to add up a long column of figures.

"So—you don't want me to come back?"

"Twenty-seven, thirty-two, fifty-one—isn't it funny how many different answers you can get to the same column of figures? I want you back, child, but I can't afford another girl just now. You know I warned you this job was only temporary."

"Yes, I know! I'm sorry, too!" She was! What would she do now?

"Let's see!" Mrs. Barthow pushed aside the litter on her desk, and yawned. "I paid you off for this week, didn't I?" Jean nodded. "I'd really rather have you than Blanche, 'count of your French, you know, and you are a whiz at making silk flowers and little doo-dads for gowns and

hats. Learned that in Paris, didn't you?"

"I had a French governess who was very talented," admitted Jean.

"Your people must have been quite rich at one time! To bad your father and mother had to die, and leave you alone and poor! But that's life!" She yawned again and stretched in weariness. "I'll say it's life!"

Jean did not answer. She seldom did answer any probing question regarding happier days. Mrs, Barthow glanced at the white face of the girl before her, and pity shone in her eyes a moment, followed by an impatient shrug. She did not like to dwell too long on anything unpleasant.

"I'll call up some friends of mine and see what I can do for you. You are a perfect sub-deb model! This little frock—" she tapped the box which Jean held—"looked even better on you than it did on Miss Winthrop, and the silver rose with the dew-drop was a real inspiration of yours. You've kept yourself so slender!" Mrs. Barthow sighed enviously.

Glib promises and glib compliments, but Jeanie smiled. Humor died hard with her.

"I haven't exactly kept myself slender," she answered. "There haven't been many fattening things on my menu—for a long time!"

"A very good thing, too! I wish I had your courage—but my sweet tooth—and sugar will put on the pounds!" Again Jean smiled, but this time not with much humor. Mrs. Barthow, having settled the dismissal of Jean, unbothered by tears, and having pleasantly passed over the possible need of real food, was affable and cheerful. "Good-by, Miss Jeanie! Drop in and tell us how you get along." She even walked to the door with Jean, a hand on her shoulder. "If you ever need clothes—be sure to come here first. I'll make you rates at almost cost, you know. Glad to do it."

She meant that, and Jean thanked her! Clothes! There would not be much left in her purse after her room rent was paid. Discouragement had her by the throat. She had been fairly happy at Mrs. Barthow's and had enjoyed the other girls. They did not have her education, but they had a hard, practical training all all their own, and they interested her, and she would miss them. A cup of coffee and a cinnamon bun after she reached her room made her feel better. A steak would have made her feel much better! But she did not let her thoughts dwell on that subject. A glance at the clock told her she had time to bathe and rest before starting out again.

Lucky girl—Bess Winthrop! Jean wondered if she knew how lucky. She was about sixteen or seventeen, and Jean was twenty-one, but the gown had fitted both of them, and Jean had enjoyed "modeling" the rose frock for the approval of Bess and her mother. The price of it had not seemed to trouble either of them, and it had been purchased and left for a few minor alterations. Jean had a sudden thought—it had been drizzling slightly—perhaps the gown had gotten damp. She would open the box to make sure. To tell the real truth, however, she wanted to see it again and she knew she could re-box it just as expertly as Cora had done.

"Oh—you lovely thing!" she sighed, as she lifted the dress from its tissue wrappings. Mrs. Barthow "knew her line," as the girls often said. There was no hint of dampness in its delicate folds. "I'm going to try it on again, just to make sure it is perfect!" she assured herself, but she knew better. She wanted the delight of wearing it again, if only for a few moments, wanted desperately to ease the intolerable heartache of tonight for other days, and to forget if possible the fear of Monday—and all the weary days ahead! The mirror in the old bureau was cracked and rusty—not like the plate glass mirror in the mauve and silver shop of Madame Barthow, but it did its best and reflected a truly lovely image. Jean sighed and turned away quickly—too quickly! A fold in the rose skirt caught on the small table near her, and there was a little crash. A cup—still holding a little cold coffee from her meager supper—lay in fragments on the floor, but it was not the broken china that made Jean cry out in dismay and consternation and panic. A brown stain now marred the perfection of the rose gown! Time was short—something must be done at once! The gown could be cleaned by experts—but it was to be worn tonight! Choking back tears, she took off the rose frock, and donned her own suit in haste, trying to make some plan while she scored herself unmercifully.

While at work with Mrs. Barthow she had been given many a scrap of silk, gauze, tinsel, etc., and she had saved everything carefully, liking now and then to create ornaments and flowers for the sheer fun of it. In that box now—the contents of which she was tossing too and fro—there might be a piece of that silver material like the rose on the shoulder! Yes, there was—not much, but enough to make a few buds, and even a few "dew-drops" on a bit of passementerie! She set to work, cleverly fashioned the buds, and sewed them over the stain—her eyes glancing anxiously now and then at the fast flying hands of the clock. It was done at last, to her relief and satisfaction, but her heart was heavy. She knew an ordeal was ahead of her.

Later, waiting in the hallway of the beautiful Winthrop home for the maid to return with her message from Miss Bess Winthrop, her heart beat painfully. Perhaps the owner of the frock would be "to busy" to see her personally, but the maid soon set those fears to rest, and she was led up the broad stairway and shown into a charming little sitting room. Bess, in neglige, lay stretched out on a *chaise longue*, but she sprang up at once and tossed a magazine aside.

"Oh, I am glad my gown is here at last! You are the one they called Miss Jeanie, aren't you? I remember you! I told mother my frock looked better on you than it did on me! Nice of you to bring it!"

"I am sure it will fit you, Miss Winthrop—but—a terrible thing has happened!"

"Why—what? Is it spoiled?"

"No, but I have a sickening confession to make to you."

Bess had opened the box and was bending over the gown.

"It's lovely—I don't see anything wrong with it, Miss Jeanie! But—sit

down—you look so white an tired, and scared! I am not going to eat you even if something is wrong!" Jean sank down on the edge of the *chaise longue*, and told her story—just as it had happened. Bess lifted the rosebuds.

"Well—of all the clever work I ever saw! What are you worried about? I never would have noticed it! No one will ever know about it! And you've made yourself sick over this! Forget it! Tell Mrs. Barthow it's perfect and—"

"I won't see Mrs. Barthow again. My work there is over—she told me so today. It was only temporary any way. You are sweet to act this way about the frock, but when I get another position I'll begin to pay for the spoiled gown. "I'll never feel right till I do!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" Bess stamped her foot to emphasize her words. "You mean you have no work at all now? What will you do?"

"I don't know yet," said Jean trying to smile.

"It must be—awful—to want a pretty dress so much that you can't resist the temptation to try on one that belongs to another girl!"

"Oh—that wasn't the reason!" Jean was dismayed. "I didn't want your dress—I have no use for gowns like this one—oh, you couldn't possibly understand—it was all so foolish—"

"Try me! I can understand! Go on—tell me!"

"I just wanted—only for a few minutes—to recall how it felt to wear a pretty frock like that—to—to help me forget my worries. I never dreamed I would hurt it!"

"So you used to have things like this yourself?" asked Bess. "I thought so—you were so different from the other girls at Mrs. Barthow's. Mother and I both noticed that . Tell me more about yourself—it will do you good."

Jean was reluctant, but Bess was imperious. Her questions were gentle, but to the point, and in a short time the two girls learned much about one another. Jean learned that here before her was an utterly unspoiled darling. And Bess, her blue eyes wide with interest, learned at first hand what it meant to "have everything"—and then have everything swept away in one crash after another.

"Don't ask me me anything more!" begged Jean at last. "This is all wrong! Do you know for two years I haven't talked to any one as I've talked to you, but I do feel better! And, now, may I see your mother just a moment? I must tell her just what happened, and then I must go."

"Are you going to tell her about this old coffee stain too!"

"Of course! After all, it is your mother I should have told first—but I couldn't quite screw up my courage to do that."

"She'll never know! No one will know! I won't tell any one!"

"But I'll know!" smiled Jeanie.

"What a girl you are for punishment!" Bess thought a moment. "All right! Wait here! I'll be right back!" She caught up the rose gown and departed, leaving Jean with a heavy heart again. She had learned much about "customers" even in two weeks at Mrs Brathow's!

Bess was gone about ten minutes, and she came back like a whirlwind, carefuly holding up the rose gown, mindful of its beauty, even as she ran. She hung the frock in the wardrobe amid a wealth of other pretty things, then grasped Jean by the hand.

"Mother says will you please come down to the library! Come on! Don't be afraid! I have the most wonderful father and mother in all the world --and the most understanding!" Still holding fast to Jean's hand, Bess pulled her into the library, both girls a little breathless. Mr. Winthrop was reading his evening paper. His wife was playing softly at the piano, but she turned at once.

"Mother—her she is—Miss Jean Morgan—and she's scared to death!"

"Oh—how do you do?" was the reassuring response. "My daughter has told me about the little rose gown! You don't look 'scared to death'!" and she smiled at Jeanie.

"No, Mrs. Winthrop, I am not frightened—now, but I cannot tell you how sorry I am that it happened. It was terribly my fault—and some day—"

"This is Mr. Winthrop," interrupted Mrs. Winthrop. Mr. Winthrop laid aside his paper. He too was smiling.

"Well," said Bess' father, "we know the whole story of this awful tragedy, and the clever way you made the hurt 'all well again', as Bess used to say, Suppose we forget about the frock, and discuss more important things." Jean's lip quivered.

"You are all so wonderful about it —but I can't forget it! I'll just say again how sorry I am, and go. When I have a position I'll save and pay—"

"And pay for the frock?" asked Mr. Winthrop, raising his eyebrows quizzically. Jean nodded.

"You'll pay for it tonight—in full!"

"Tonight!" faltered Jean.

"Yes, tonight," added Bess. "You've got to be punished for what you did!"

"That's enough!" interrupted Mrs. Winthrop again. "They are both teasing you, my dear, and I won't have it. There is a punishment which we are going to insist upon—but it won't be a hard one, I hope. I'll tell you about it later on. In the meantime, take this chair, Mr. Winthrop wants to talk to you a little."

"You speak French, my daughter tells me."

"Yes, Mr. Winthrop. I had all my schooling in Paris. If I were back there now I—would have many friends, but here in America we knew so few people, although we were Americans."

"I see," he commented. How tired she was, how thin, how worried, and how very pretty! "Do you mind my asking you a few questions—I might be able to get work for you."

"Oh—of course not!" Then most unexpectedly Mr. Winthrop spoke to her in French, and her face lighted up eagerly. Mrs. Winthrop evidently caught most of rapid conversation, sation, Bess only a familiar word or two."

"Well, my dear child," said Mr. Winthrop, in English, to Bess' relief, "will you please tell me why you haven't tried to get a position through your French knowledge?"

"I have—and now and then I did

get a little work, but not much. All any one seems to want now is a dish-washer or a mother's helper—and I—"

"Humph!" commented Mr. Winthrop, which might have meant anything. "You come to my office at ten o'clock on Monday morning. I happen to need some one right now who understands French. If you can take hold and show the same resourcefulness that you showed with that coffee stain—you need worry no longer about work."

"Oh—!" Jean's sudden breath of relief was almost a sob. "If" she could take hold! She had a chance—a real chance at last—to make good. "I just cannot tell you—what—that—means to me!" she said at last.

"All right—don't try! We'll call tell you where my building is. We have wide interests in France, many French customers and much French correspondence, and I think there is no doubt we can find the right place for you. And now, I think Mrs. Winthrop has something to say about that punishment."

"Indeed I have! My punishment is this—Bess and her father and I have worked it out together. You are to dine here with us this evening, and wear the rose gown. Afterwards—you are to go with us to the musicale. That is the punishment—and there is no more to say!"

"But—but—"

Mrs. Winthrop laid a soft finger on Jean's lips.

"There is no more to say," she repeated gently. "Bess—" with a glance at her watch. "you two girls will have to hurry now. I'll send Bella to help you dress—I am sure you can find all the necesary accessories for your guest. Look your prettiest—and be off with you till dinner is served!"

Not allowed to make any protest, nor even to express thanks, Jean was pulled away by Bess, who cried out delightedly, "Boy—this will be fun! Come on! I'll wear my blue-and-silver, Mother!" The look Jean sent back from the doorway, however, was tragic in its gratitude—tragic and then suddenly radiant, as if she had already caught a glimpse of a happy future. But there was a promise, too, in that look—they would never regret what they had done tonight!

"Well, darling," commented Mr. Winthrop, when Bess and Jean had disappeared, "congratulations! There is a girl who is well worth helping! A few of your 'girls' have been sad failures, but others are rapidly climbing the ladder of fame and success—and at least three are now nationally known—through your timely aid—"

"Your aid, Johnny-Boy!' She used her own special pet name for him. He caught her hand and held it to his cheek.

"Nonsense—I just signed a few checks! However—it's been rather comforting, hasn't it—this memorial work, known only to you and to Bess and me—for our little girl, who—"

"Who would have been twenty-one now! We won't be disappointed in this girl, John, not with her background of education and culture, and her natural grace and courage and sweetness. By the way, dear,—her French?"

"Her French! It is flawless—beautiful! If my hunches are as good as yours—and I am rarely

wrong in judging a prospective employee—she will be 'our Miss Morgan' before so very long, representing the firm on trips to Paris. I might even allow Bess to go with her!"

"And she might fall in with your plan!" smiled Bess's mother. "John—"

"Yes dear?"

"Did you notice her eyes, and her pretty, smooth dark head?" He nodded, drew her down to the arm of his chair. "Yes—she reminded me of Pauline, too!" They said no more just then, absorbed in memories too precious for words.

Jean was never to forget that evening, a forerunner of such changes in her life that it was almost unbelievable. They had all been happy. Fun and laughter kept the dinner table gay, and Jean was entranced with the exquisite music later. They "spoke the same language." Not very often, but sometimes people become real friends from the moment of first meeting, and this was one of those times. When, toward midnight, the Winthrop car pulled up in front of the boarding house (which after Monday Jean was never to enter again), she stood on the pavement a moment trying in vain to express her joy in the last four hours, holding fast to Bess' hand.

"I wish you'd let me give you that dress!" sighed Bess.

"Well—I won't!" laughed Jean. "But I'll keep it safe in my memory all my life. There is just one thing I cannot understand!" Happy and smiling, she was nevertheless sincerely puzzled. "I did something very wrong—and just look at all the good things that happened to me! It doesn't seem—logical!"

"What you did," said Mr. Winthrop, "showed almost total depravity!" The others laughed, but Jean waited, as she was to wait many a time in the future for his opinion. "As it happens," he added, "it wasn't the trying on of the dress, nor the coffee stain, that started what you call 'the good things.' It was the way the way you instantly faced your mistake, regardless of consequences to yourself. If you can use that same quality in all you do, you will often find success, in spite of mistakes—just around the corner!"

"I'll remember that always!" Jean promised herself as she hung up the "rosy cloud" that had banished all the real clouds of her day. She caught the skirt to her lips and kissed the silver buds, but the kiss did not stay there. It winged its swift way across the city to find its rightful place on the lips of—Bess Winthrop, as Jean meant it to do!

"Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and thy most blessed will.
Till I reach thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace."

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The basement of the new granary is being prepared for storage for our tractors. Gravel is being hauled in large quantities to make solid roads leading to it.

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The race is on between the recent rains and the nitrate of soda applied to the fields of oats, and the little green bugs that have been working havoc with the prospective production of these fields.. They have been running "neck and neck," but at the present writing the soda and rain seems to have an edge on the bugs.

—o—

Charles Phillips, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who was paroled in 1931, called on friends at the School recently. He is now employed in the shipping department of a cotton mill at Ewin and reports that he is getting along nicely. Charles is now twenty-one years old and has developed in a young man of very nice appearance. In a conversation with some School officials, he stated that he considered his stay here most beneficial.

—o—

William Abernathy, twenty-five years old, who left the School in August 1927, stopped in for a few minutes recently. For five years after leaving here was employed by a railroad as a call boy. He is now a dyer in the N. C. Finishing Co. plant, located on the Yadin River, above Spencer, having been with this company about sixteen months.

William weighs 165 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He lives with his father and mother at Spencer. While at the School he was in Cottage No. 11.

—o—

A fine addition to the supply of reading material for our boys' education and enjoyment was sent to the School last week, consisting of a large collection of National Geographic Magazines, the gift of Mr. L. D. Coltrane, and a number of popular magazines, donated by Mrs. George H. Richmond. Such donations as these are always appreciated, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks to these good friends for their kindly interest in the welfare of the boys at the School.

—o—

Last week business was going strong on the farm. Tractor plows were in use, turning fourteen feet at each round in our corn fields for next season. All the teams were being used in planting, hauling and distributing fertilizer, planting corn and preparing and planting gardens. The boys on the garden forces were transplanting tomatoes. It all looked good and was good until heavy rains came down, and frustated all such plans. On Thursday of this week when we were about to revive these activities, more rain again blasted our hopes along this line. No one knows what a day will bring forth.

—o—

Walter Sistar, a former member of our printing class, who was paroled January 8, 1934, spent last Sunday

afternoon at the School. After leaving here, he obtained employment as linotype operator on the Daily Times, Athens, Ga., remaining there until about two weeks ago when he accepted a position with the Creative Printing Company, High Point, and reports that he is highly pleased with his new place of employment. He is married and is the proud father of a son, seventeen months old.

We were all glad to see "Sis" and to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving the School, and his many friends here tender best wishes for continued success.

—o—

Mr. J. A. Arey, Extension Dairyman, State College, Raleigh, visited the School last Thursday. He inspected our herd and left with us some records showing the attainment of the herd during the year 1936.

This record shows the amount of milk and butter fat produced; the value of the product; feed cost; income above feed cost, and feed cost per 100 pounds of milk. Some of these items are listed below:

1 cow— 4,891 lbs. milk; 183 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $2.43.

3 cows— Average 6,051 lbs. milk; 223 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $2.13.

8 cows— Average 7,632 lbs. milk; 374 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $1.36.

18 cows— Average 8,984 lbs. milk; 329 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $1.51.

8 cows— Average 10,517 lbs. milk; butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $136.

5 cows— Average 11,195 lbs. milk; 416 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $1.26.

3 cows— Average 12,730 lbs. milk; 458 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $1.16.

1 cow— 15,608 lbs. milk; 540 lbs. butter fat; average feed cost per 100 lbs. milk, $.99.

For the year 1936 our herd, consisting of 47 cows made the average production record of 9,701 lbs. with the average feed cost per 100 lbs. of milk at $1.575. A little calculation will show that each quart of milk produced at the School cost 3.4 cents. We call special attention to one cow in the herd whose record production last year was 15,608 lbs. of milk and540 lbs. of butter fat. This production was made at a cost of 99 cents per 100 lbs. of milk.

The above record shows the necesity for a herd to have high production in milk and butter fat in order to obtain the most profitable results.

—o—

Rev. C. E. Murray, pastor of Kerr Street M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he had the boys read responsively a selection from the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to Matthew 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

In this particular verse of Scripture, said the speaker, Jesus makes a promise that no other person in the world would dare make, and he does so because he wants us to find rest.

We need to go to Jesus for several

reasons, said Rev. Mr. Murray, and the first is that we all failed in doing just the kind of things we should do. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

There has never been a person, save Jesus, who could stand up and say, "I have always done as I should and have never left undone anything that should have been done."

In looking over our own experiences, said the speaker, we find a vast difference in what we really are and what we would like to be. Not so much difference as the world sees us, but a vast difference as God sees us. In the sight of God we feel under obligation to do that which is right, but we all fall short. We are not always able to jump across from what we are to what we ought to be.

Because we fail in this duty to God, continued the speaker, our conscience is not at peace. While the world may not know about our shortcomings, we never feel good deep down within ourselves, knowing that we have done wrong. When we disobey God, we are not quite satisfied. We feel uneasy. Because of this disobedience to the Heavenly Father, we need to come to Jesus, our only source of help in time of trouble.

We also need to come to Jesus, continued the speaker, because of what he has done for us. God has allowed punishment to fall upon him that we were justly entitled to receive. He bore our sins in his own body in the death upon the cross. On Calvary he received punishment for the sins of the world. He says, "Come unto me and I will give you rest, peace and joy."

All he asks of us is that we truly repent and ask God for forgiveness.

This better life that comes from God is ours if we accept Jesus and the fuller and richer life that he offers. He offers us the gift of a happier life here, and if we accept that gift we are assured of a glorious life in the world to come. Thousands have accepted this offer and have gone out to become a great blessing to the world because of it.

There is not a person in the world, said Rev. Mr. Murray in conclusion, who cannot have this, the greatest of all gifts, if they will only receive Jesus as their Saviour. By so doing they are assured of the peace and rest which he offers.

"Ere thou sleepest, gently lay
Every troubled thought away,
Put off worry and distress
As thou puttest off thy dress,
Drop thy burden and thy care
In the quiet arms of prayer."

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Glatley Branch 3
Felix Littlejohn 3
Asbury Marsh
Robert Maultsby 2
Ray McAbee 2
George Wilhite 3
W. J. Wilson 2

—B—

Martin Crump 3
Bruce Kersey 2
William Kirksey 2
Charles McCoyle
Charles Taylor 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Floyd Combs 3
Garfield Walker 2

—B—

Fletcher Boggs
Craig Chappell 2
James Coleman 3
Ben Cooper
Frank Dickens 2
Baxter Foster
Jack Foster
Elbert Kersey
Edward Murray 2
Theodore Rector
Cleveland Suggs
Jack Sutherland 2
John Tolbert
Samuel J. Watkins 2
James Wilhite 3

THIRD GRADE

—B—

Shelton Anderson
John Crawford
Thomas Doby 3
Harvey Ledford 3
Elmer Maples 2
Frank Pickett 3
Howard Roberts
Ira Settle
Mack Setzer
Carl Speer

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

James M. Hare 3
Bruce Link 3
Julius Stevens 3
R. L. Young 2

—B—

Claude Ashe
Marshall Bryson
Nelson Daubenmeyer 3
Eugene Green
Harvey Smith
Charles Williams 2
Brooks Young

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

William Brackett 2
William Kirk
Eugene Patton 2
Walter Taylor

—B—

Thomas Braddock 3
Paul Shipes 3
Wilburn Suite
N. C. Webb

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Henry Fredere 2
Caleb Jolly 3
Thomas Little 2
Ewin Odom 2
Glenn Williams 2

—B—

Odell Bray 2
Emerson Barnhill
Walter Blevins 2
Edgar Hatley 2
A. L. Gaines 2
Ralph Johnson
George May 2
William Mickey
Glenn O'Quinn 3
Sidi Threatt 2
Ralph Webb 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Ralph Rainey 2

—B—

Julian Andrews 2
William Bell 2
Fred Clark
George Goodman

Caleb Hill
Frank Lewis
Max Lindsay 2
Kenneth Messick
Wilson Myrick
Claudius Pickett 2
Albert Silas 2
Fred Seibert
Melvin Walters 2

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending April 4, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(2) Robert Allen 16
(15) J. C. Cox 15
(4) Edward Johnson 17
(12) James Johnson 12
(2) Mack Setzer 16
(18) Fred Wheeler 18
(12) James Wilhite 17

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 3
Robert Blevins 4
Henry Cowan 3
Robert Coleman 4
William Howard 11
William Haire
Horace Journigan 4
John Kellam 9
Bruce Link 3
Jack McCrary 3
(5) Arthur Martin 15
Howard Roberts 5
Bunn Shoe 3
Albert Silas 11
Frank Walker
Preston Yarborough 15
(3) R. L. Young 9

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 2
Henry Fredere 10
(2) George Goodman 7
Max Lindsay 5
Fred Seibert 8
Carl D. Shoffner
(4) Robert Worthington 10

COTTAGE No. 3

Charles Furchess 10
Eugene Green 11
John Hampton 7
Jesse Holleman 5
William New 3
(2) F. M. Younger 9

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver
Garrett Bishop 8
(4) Odell Bray 7
Edward Fisher 3
John King
(3) Thomas Little 9
(2) Wade Melton 6
Richard Mills 10
Robert Mims 9
(4) Charles Mizzell 12
(2) Lloyd Pettus 11
Frank Raby 12
Melvin Walters 11

COTTAGE No. 5

(8) William Cassell 14
(4) A. L. Gaines 16
John Grider 10
Jack Gunter 7
(4) Henry James 5

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 2
(2) William Burnette 14
(2) Theodore Bowles 13
Fletcher Castlebury 12
(2) James Coleman 11
(2) Columbus Hamilton 10
(7) Thomas Hamilton 13
Roscoe Honeycutt 4
Leonard Jacobs 6

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 8
James Corn 11
(5) James Finley 8
(5) Caleb Hill 13
Houston Howard 10
(4) Hugh Johnson 12
Wayland Morgan 7
J. D. Powell 5
Joseph Wheeler 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Sam Belk 14
Lloyd Banks 6
Ralph Rainey 11
(3) Charles Taylor 8
John Tolbert 5
Walker Warr
(4) Edward Whitaker 4

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Thomas Braddock 11
(3) J. T. Branch 9
William Brackett 2
(3) Edgar Burnette 8
Wilson Bowman 10
Hubert Carter 5
(2) Craig Chappell 4
Gladston Carter 2
(3) Reuben Duggin 7
(4) Randolph Davis 16
(4) Woodfin Fowler 12
(4) C. D. Grooms 14
Mark Jones 2
Thomas McCarter 7
Esmond Reams 12
Thomas Sands
Earl Stamey 3
(3) Homer Smith 14
Percival Shuler 6
Hubert Short 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(8) Clyde Adams 16
(5) Earl Atwood 8
Ralph Carver 3
(2) Glenn Collins 11
Mack Joines 6
William Knight 10
James Martin 3
(6) Frank Ramsey 14
Jack Springer 9

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Lawrence Guffey 4
(6) H. A. Holmes 10
(3) Donald Newman 7
Theodore Rector 6
Julius Stevens 13

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 6
(3) Frank Dickens 15
(3) James Elders 7
(2) Charlton Henry 4
(3) Hubert Holloway 3
Frank Lewis 11
Asbury Marsh 8
(3) Andrew Powell 15
(2) James Reavis 8
(2) Lonnie Sloan 8
(2) William Stevens 11
(2) Horace Simmons 2
(2) Charles Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Fletcher Boggs 9
Harry Flowe 2
Ney McNeely 3
Eugene Patton 6
(9) Claudius Pickett 13
(3) Morris Starnes 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 5
Warren Bright 5
John Brown 4
(2) Roy Cruse 13
(2) George Gibson 13
Walter Hill 13
Melvin Jarrell
(2) George McManus 14
(3) Edward Martin 12
(2) Walter Mitchell 14
John Mathis
(2) Marvin Martin 3
Raymond Mabe
(2) Edward E. Murray 12
James H. Riley 7
Wilson Rich 3
(2) Harless Triplett 12
(8) Robert Teeter 17
James Watson 4
(2) Robert Wilson 7

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 17, 1937 No. 16

(e) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LIFE'S STEWARDSHIP

If I have strength, I owe the service of the strong;
If melody I have, I owe the world a song.
If I can stand when all around my post are falling;
If I can run with speed needy hearts are calling,
And if my torch can light the dark of any night,
Then, I must pay the debt I owe with living light.

—Author Unknown.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE ART TO PLEASE

You may boast the wealth of Croesus, you may have a Cæsar's power,
And the fame that wins the future may be your easy dower;
But if one modest quality you cannot add to these,
Your case is poor and pitiful: I mean the art to please.

'Tis fact that parries eloquence, a famous poet said,
For it's not the wisest intellect that always gets ahead;
There is a mild persuasion which plays so well its part,
It baffles pompous phrases, and defiles the speaker's art.

Since life is full of friction, and our paths are sore beset
By obstacles that hinder us, 'tis better not to fret.
But try the gentle manner, whatever comes to tease,
And practice with suavity the helpful art to please.

—Joel Benton.

IT PAYS TO CLEAN-UP AND BEAUTIFY

Spring is here with its renewed promise, stimulating us with renewed purpose to faithfully carry on. Looking out from some vantage point the green swarth covering the earth, the trees bursting forth their foliage and the blossoms of the passion season, present a picture emblematic of the dawn of a new life.

As beneficiaries of the beauties of nature, are we doing our part to enhance the natural beauties by cleaning up the rubbish around home, by giving to the bare places on buildings a touch of new paint and adding to the attractiveness of the lawn by planting shrubs and trees? This is a duty that devolves upon every citizen. To clean up is not only a personal obligation, but keep in mind, if you please, you owe your neighbor that consider-

ation—to keep clean and beautify your premises. Your attitude is a stimulus to others.

Every city and community should have a specified time for cleaning-up and beautifying the lawns let them be ever so small. The lawn of any place, a home, or a public institution, is a map of indifference, or of order and beauty. The ideals of the host or hostess are shown.

If we lack in the aesthetic taste then we should clean up the grounds, plant shrubs and paint out-buildings from an economic viewpoint. Orderly and well kept property brings a better price when put on the market, therefore from a monetary slant it is wisdom to keep things orderly and clean.

* * * * * * *

A DISCOURAGING SITUATION FOR LIBRARIES

The following in regard to the libraries in the state shows that the people have not awakened to the idea of establishing public libraries to meet the demands. Our schools have increased in number with every modern device, therefore, it is an indictment as to our better judgment not to have public libraries with a rating the equal of our public school system.

This report is rather discouraging and not in keeping with the progress of North Carolina:

North Carolina's population, by the last census, was 3,170,276.

The number of people in this State who have no library service is 62 per cent of the population, or 1,965,571.

Thirty-one counties in North Carolina have no public or subscription libraries within their borders.

Only eleven counties in the State appropriate $1,000.00 or more annually for libraries and are considered as having county library service.

If the books in all the public and subscription libraries in North Carolina could be spread over the whole State, there would be only one-fifth of a book for each person on the State's population.

* * * * * * *

THE SEVENTH MAN

The story of the "Seventh Man" is a humanitarian story. It is brief but gives every evidence of true nobility. The hero of the

brief, or the principal character is Edward VIII who relinquished the throne of England for the woman he loved, an American girl, who, in the sight of God is the equal of any princess, but does not possess the inherited requisites to be made Queen of England.

However, the story is, as Prince of Wales he was asked to visit a private hospital with only thirty-six patients. They were so dreadfully wounded till all hope of recovery was abandoned.

They were war veterans. The Prince made the rounds and spoke to each words of comfort and encouragement, finally he was conducted to the exit by the head of the staff. The Prince stopped suddenly and said, "I was told you had thirty-six patients; you have shown me only twenty-nine." He was told the seven others were so terribly mangled and disfigured that a visit to their ward was purposely omitted. The Prince insisted he see the others regardless of conditions. He was ushered into the ward and looked with a loving heart upon each, thanking them for the service rendered England. Again the Prince asked, "where is the 'Seventh Man?" he never missed the count of his men. Truly said the guide, "the seventh man is disfigured out of all likeness to a human being and he is off to himself, too horrible a sight for the other patients to see."

But see him the Prince would. The Prince walked firmly to the bed. The sight of the horrible scene did touch him visibly. As he looked upon this wreck of human life, the full anguish of a monstrous war, was the picture presented to the Prince. But he quietly stooped down to the "shapeless form and kissed the face." The face of the seventh man was lightened with a faint smile. It seemed as if the Prince of Peace had entered the room. It is the little things that show the true nobility of manhood,—a feeling of compassion and love.

* * * * * * *

THE MEMORY BOX

Despite the fact many claim that to "reminisce" is a sure sign of age, it is seldom young people assemble without an exchange of experiences while in high school or college. In fact to meet old friends is suggestive of the past. And we admit to live absolutely in the past is senile, but the opportunity to renew old acquaintances and talk of the past is a real joy.

Even when scanning old books showing the fingerprints of time with familiar quotations and other notations brings to mind the past even if fraught with disappointments. The person who cannot boast of a delightful "memory-box" misses a lot. People in all stations of life actually get a "kick when lingering over an old photograph album with the styles of ancient days, also reading quotations in autograph-albums, an appropriate gift for a young woman during the "eighties."

This, we take from "Across The Desk" in the Lutheran. One can vividly visualize the sparkle in the eye of the distinguished writer as he slowly turned the pages of the old autograph album with the date 1885:

An old autograph album came to our attention some time ago. Perusal showed that most of it was dated 1885 and that its contents were written by the boys and girls in a village high school.

Among the contents is:

"As sure as you get married
A broom to you I'll send;
In sunshine use the brushy part
In storm the other end."

We vividly recall the young lady to whom those lines were addressed. She was red-headed, keen-minded and later became the lady in a Methodist parsonage. Probably if the broom was sent as per promise, it served the dual so subtly indicated.

But the real gem in the collection was the sentiment of one boy o his chum: "In memory's woodbox, consider me a chip." What could excede this in homely modesty and appreciation of friendship? The writer should have developed into a second Abe Lincoln, but for some reason or other he did not. The last we heard of him he was druggist and handled Rexal remedies. The woodbox had disappeared.

* * * * * * *

THE NEW TRUSTEES

The new members of the governing board of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Messrs Alex R. Howard, L. D. Coltrane, Sr., Concord; O. C. Bruton, Mt. Gilead and Mrs. W. C. Hammer, Ashe-

boro, lately appointed as sponsors of this institution, will prove valuable acquisitions to the School.

The Governor has chosen wisely, selecting men and women with the combined elements of fine business acumen, and a welfare spirit, making them well fitted to be sponsors of a school the object of which is the development of the boy.

A genuine hospitality from officers, the present members of the board of trustees and boys awaits these new members. We welcome them knowing they are friends of the delinquents and will never miss an opportunity to plan for the uplift of the boys.

* * * * * * *

STATE FARMING

The following excerpts are from an address by M. G. Mann, Raleigh, general manger of the State's two largest farms:

North Carolina farmers are spending in excess of $40, 000,000 a year for fertilizer—and a sizable saving could be effected if they would insist upon high-analysis plant food of known quality. It costs just as much to mix and transport sand as it does real plant food.

As we read of the increase in farm tenancy in our country, it is interesting to note that in Denmark, where farmers are the most highly organized in the world, farm tenancy has decreased until it is now at a scant 4%. Truly, Denmark points the way.

Farmers should think of themselves as manufacturers. Their capital is the good earth and their equipment; their raw materials are the seeds they plant and the fertilizers and supplies they use; the labor is usually their own and that of the members of their family, and this makes it all the more important that they receive a just price for their finished products. .

To pay fancy prices for planting seed is not enough. The wise farmer sees to it that he gets what he pays by buying only seed of known and adapted origin.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

SPRING'S A LITTLE LADY

"Spring's a little lady—tripping
she goes,
A raiment of the rainbow, a
chaplet of the rose.
Sunny-sweet and smiling
She takes the world along
To music of her laughter
And the sunshine of her
song."

—o—

The only strike that will be beneficial to this country, is a sit-down strike on the rising cost of living.

—o—

The reason some women have so few "speaking acquaintances" is because all the rest are listening.

—o—

As the coronation in England goes forward, it is more evident every day that David Windsor is content to let George do it.

—o—

An English statesman says that armaments are getting bigger all the time. He's right, in regard to debts and taxes.

—o—

They are now talking about a coal shortage in Germany. This is one thing that goes to show that you cannot fuel the people all the time.

—o—

The trouble with so many personal and family affairs not getting on well is because so many people with bicycle incomes are riding around in automobiles.

—o—

Some people down in Georgia are hotly contesting the placing of General Sherman's picture on a postage stamp. They should not get too much excited as they now have a chance to lick him.

—o—

If you will take the trouble to make the investigation, you will find that that the most of the trouble in this world has been caused by the stupidity of men greatly under the age of 70 years.

—o—

Gardening is all right. I like to see people engaged in gardening. I have only one objection to it myself. And that is by the time your back gets used to it your enthusiasm is gone.

—o—

From the number of sit-down strikes, and the killing of people, and other violent crimes, it seems that the people, don't stand recovery as well as they did the depression. Pity it's so.

—o—

The peace conferences do not seem to be making much headway in bringing about peace-consciousness in the land. They are a great deal like prayer meetings. The people who need them the most never attend.

—o—

One cause of the unrest, and the misery many people experience is wanting more than they can possibly get. You know we are told that "contentment is great riches." Try it a while and become wealth in contentment.

—o—

Believe it or not, but the fact remains that the perfect person has

not yet been born. It is hard for most of us to look into the mirror and realize that this so. We may hold a good opinion of ourselves, but, alas, it is the judgment of others that counts in the scale of this world's opions.

—o—

Here's a good one I picked up the other day. Irene Harand, Catholic leader fighting anti-Semitism in the name of Christianity, recently showed herself as quick-witted as she is religious. Somebody set off a stench boom in one of her meetings and it seemed for a time that a panic would result. But she calmed the assembly and made them roar with laughter when she remarked: "Well, everybody contributes what he can." I call that a fine bit of wit and sarcasm.

—o—

Have you even thought about it? That the iron junk that is being gathered up and shipped from any North Carolina town, to Japan, may come back to us in bullets, or spades and shovels. Why can we not utilize that scrap iron in this country. Are we not as smart as the Japanese? But it all has one advantage. It provides incomes for many without a job. Then, too, it removes the many junk piles seen at or near most every town, which have so long marred the scenery to the approach to a place, and in this it has accomplished some good.

—o—

A world peace conference, at which Shirley Temple, child screen star, will greet a child messenger from every nation in the world, is being planned in Los Angeles for July 4th by the United Mothers World Peace Movement, an organization of women seeking to dramatize the cause of peace. The purpose of the conference, according to the National Council for Prevention of War, is to educate children to believe in peace rather than in war and to provide an occasion for all mothers and children to voice their plea for peace. Shirley Temple has written a letter to President Roosevelt inviting him to attend the conference.

HALLELUJAH!

Deep within the heart of spring,
A violet smiles through winters's sod,
There sleeps a tiny rose;
A jack bean bursts its brittle pod;
A lily lifts its face to God—
For He is King!

—Nell Murney Hopper.

IN SALUTE TO A FINE CITIZEN.

(Selected)

The community will stand at salute to Mr. J. Luther Snyder for his magnificent offer of $100,000 to the Myers Park Methodist Church for a new Sunday school building, the gift conditioned only upon the raising by the congregation in cash and pledges during the next three years of $100,000 with which to liquidate the present indebtedness on the handsome church building.

This is a philanthropy that is in keeping with Mr. Snyder's well-known liberal and unselfish attitudes.

He has always been known to be among the most generous of the city's men of wealth, seldom turning aside from any opportunity presented to use his ample means in some worthwhile and constructive cause for social and religious improvement.

This gift to his own church ought, and doubtless will, spur his fellow-members into renewed interest and activity toward qualifying to receive this great benefaction and giving to the Myers Park church, free of all incumbrances, one of the most complete, commodious and attractive church properties in the South.

Mr. Snyder's generosity might well serve as a stimulus to others of affluence to make similarly good use of their wealth to cover up worthy places of need or to advance social, moral and spiritual agencies dedicated to the advancement of society.

Mr. Snyder is the sort of Christian citizen and leader who delights in progress and who believes that the best type of progress is that which is associated with religious interests and enterprises.

His consistent good works and unnumbered charities that have been assisted by his finanical means in a quiet and undemonstrative manner through the many years of his successful residence in Charlotte are thus given a climax and keystone worthily excited by the needs of his own church and faith.

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE

Work thou for pleasure, paint or sing or carve,
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenton Cox.

PAMPHLET WILL TRACE DISEASE

(Charlotte Observer)

With the aid of three pamplets to be distributed during the month of April, the North Carolina Tuberculosis association will seek to educate the people of the State in the modern methods of reducing the toll from tuberculosis. They will stress the importance not only of consulting the doctor when the early symptoms of tuberculosis appear, but also of examining apparently well young people in order to detect the disease in the early curable stages.

One pamplet entitled "Signals" shows a picture of a locomotive engineer looking out of his cab window. Inside are the danger signals, fatigue, loss of weight or appetite, indigestion, or a cough that hangs on, as well as the more evident blood-spitting or pain in the chest. A person with any one of these symptoms should make a trip to a reputable physician for an examination. But there is no cause for undue alarm, for the pamplet states: "None of these signals is a sure sign. Don't live in doubt—let the doctor decide." And there is no need of despair if the doctor discovers tuberculosis for no chronic disease is more curable, if it is uncovered in time and treated by modern methods.

A second pamplet entitled "It Can Happen" tells how tuberculosis shadows the lives of young men and women between the ages of 15 and 25. The germs may lurk hidden for years in even the strongest of young bodies and do serious damage before they give a hint of their presence. The newest strategy in overcoming the treacherous enemy is a search for trouble while it is in the "silent stage, before it has advanced far enough to cause symptoms. Then an early recovery can be effected or a breakdown altogether prevented.

The first step in the routine search is the simple tuberculin test. This test is done by placing between the layers of skin on the forearm a few drops of a clear liquid made in the laboratory from the products of growth of the tuberculosis germ. It is harmless since it contains no actual germs. If a redness or swelling of the skin occurs within a few days, this is a sign that the person so reacting has been infected with tuberculosis germs. It does not necessarily mean that he has active trouble.

The X-Ray picture is the next step to determine what, if any damage has been done to the lungs of positive reactors to tuberculin. If the X-ray shows evidence of damage done by the germs, the physician can advise the patient whether to start treatment or simply to add to his regular living the hygienic measures that may prevent a future breakdown. Authorities advise all young people who have been infected to have X-rays every year or oftener in order to insure continued freedom from tuberculosis or an early discovery of any trouble that develops.

A third pamplet bears the title "In Every Home" and explains why tuberculosis "runs in families." It points out the special danger to children from kissing, spitting, and uncovered coughing and sneezing, and

emphasizes the need for co-operation. "No home is safe until every home is safe," says the pamplet. "But by joining with all other families in the community every home can be made safe against teuberculosis."

Further information about preventing and curing tuberculosis can be obtained by writing the Extension Department of the North Carolina Sanatorium, N. C. Anyone in the State who cannot afford to go to a private specialist may get a free examination at the Sanatorium by writing to the superintendent for an appointment. The extension department also employs three traveling specialists who hold free diagnostic clinics when requested by the community authorities.

SATISFIED

A lot of people go through life
  Dissatisfied and blue;
Whining for a lot of things
  They're not entitled to.
But with me it's just the opposite,
  There isn't much that I require;
And to make me very happy
  This is all that I desire.

Just a little sunshine
  And I won't mind the rain;
Just a little happiness
  And I won't mind the pain;
I won't mind the poverty
  If I have just a bit of wealth,
Where sickness is a resting place
  On the road to health.

I want a sense of humor
  And the ability to smile;
So that when the world is darkest,
  I can still find life worth while.
And then, I want one real friend
  Who proves true when he's tried;
And I'll find life one long glad smile
  And then, I'll be satisfied.

—Selected.

MISTAKEN IDEAS ABOUT TUBERCULOSIS

(The Sanatorium Sun)

It has just been within the past fifty years that ignorance about the cause of tuberculosis and a lack of understanding of the true nature of the disease have been banished from the minds of the medical profession. It is not surprising, then, that erroneous ideas which had once been accepted by the medical profession and which have been handed down from generation to generation should persist in the minds of laymen. Some of these misconceptions, however, are due to misunderstandings or vague ideas about the more modern scientific truths.

In March, 1882, Dr. Robert Koch, a German physician, announced his discovery of the tubercle bacillus—a discovery which entitles him to immortal fame, for it was to become the foundation stone of the modern campaign to eradicate tuberculosis. He proved that the disease is caused by a definite organism which is transmitted from the sick to the well and exploded the belief that tuberculosis is hereditary.

But the fact that tuberculosis runs in families made the old idea of heredity cling in the minds of ignorant persons. But now every well-informed person knows that tuberculosis runs in families because it is communicable and because family association provides an ideal opportunity for the transmission. He knows that one case comes from another, often from someone in the same household.

The source of infection may be a grandparent or servant, who is expectorating bacilli but does not even know he has the disease. Infection results from close contact—kissing, exposure to an uncovered cough or sneeze, or putting into the mouth contaminated articles. Children are in special danger in such households.

One of the most persistent ideas about tuberculosis is that health will surely be found if the matter of climate can be adjusted. In untold numbers of cases this has led to long, expensive, and disappointing excursions into the magic land—disappointing because they have often ended with the patient either worse or dying in a strange land, his money squandered on the hopeless search.

The old medical theory that a change of climate will cure tuberculosis has been abandoned. At least it is recognized that the part that climate plays in recovery, other things being equal, is so small as to be almost negligible. Time and supervision, perferably in a sanatorium, are the important factors in any climate..

A patient can save money and worry by taking advantage of the much cheaper and just as efficient care offered by the sanatorium in his own state or cummunity. The cure promises to be a long-drawn-out affair, and any person is foolish to spend all of his resources in the first few months of treatment.

One of the greatest disoppointments

growing out of Dr. Koch's experiments with the tubercle bacilus was the failure of the serum he prepared to cure tuberculosis. Now tuberculin is used only in diagnosis. Nor is there any other injection or medicine which has been proved to be a specific cure, although many have been devised—the theoretically correct, as well as the fake cures and nostrums. There is no known drug which can kill the bacillus inside the body. Medicines such as cod liver oil are used only as supplementary aids in increasing the resistance of the body to the germ.

Special diets have also been recommended and soon discarded when they proved worthless. Many patients have ruined their digestions by the old-fashioned diet of "raw eggs and milk," while others have been led astray by overeating with the mistaken idea that a rapid gain in weight is essential. So far as we know, the proper diet in tuberculosis is more elastic in amount and variety of foods than in any other disease. A normal well-balanced diet, containing milk in quantities which can be readily assimilated, is satisfactory. Any special nourishment between meals should be prescribed by the physician. The important point is not so much the quantity as the variety of the food and how it is taken.

About the same time that Dr. Koch was announcing his famous discovery of the cause of tuberculosis, the great Dr. Trudeau was at work starting his sanatorium at Saranac Lake. But people thought his efforts to cure tuberculosis would be in vain, for at that time they thought that everyone with the disease was doomed to an early death. As he worked and experimented, Dr. Trudeau became more and more persuaded that tuberculosis is cureable and that the most important principle in the cure is rest. The era of wood-chopping and long exhausting walks in the open air for sick patients was to pass into oblivion.

Today we do not have to grope in the dark as Dr. Trudeau did. The primary importance of rest is well established, yet many patients, even in the face of this hard-won knowledge, still insist on taking too much exercise—with disastrous results. In this they are often aided and abetted by their friends and families, who do not understand the treacherous nature of the disease and falsely reason that the patient cannot be sick when he is looking and feeling so well.

Exercise in tuberculosis is a medicine which is valuable in the proper doses and at the proper time, but is just as deadly as any other medicine, if taken in excessive amounts.

There are people, even today, who think that a physician should be endowed with supernatural powers, always being able to diagnose a case of tuberculosis at the first examination. If he hesitates or suggests reexamination at certain intervals, he is either ignorant or trying to "stall" them along. The truth is that early tuberculosis often does not exist in a detectable form. Sometimes the physician needs second or third examinations or X-rays at monthly intervals to detect changes in the lungs which are definite evidence of the disease.

Neither is the doctor a magician

when it comes to cure. The best physician in the world is helpless when confronted with the last stages of disease. Curing tuberculosis is the patient's job. The doctor is primarily a manager—an adviser who knows more about the technical nature of the job than the patient does. Here the physician's services are indispensable; but, unless the patient follows his advice in every detail, he might as well not have a doctor.

Efforts to teach the communicable nature of tuberculosis have made the public germ-conscious; as a consequence, some otherwise brilliant-minded people share with the ignorant an unreasonable fear of the person who is known to be tuberculous.

Tuberculosis is not caught like measles. Although it is caused by the invasion of a living micro-organism in the body, it is not so readily transmitted as to require quarantine. Ordinary association with a tuberculous person, even one who is expectorating bacilli, is not dangerous if the patient covers his mouth and nose with gauze when coughing and sneezing and expectorates into a cup to be burned along with the gauze and sees to it that his dishes, his bed and personal clothing are boiled or sterilized. A closed case is no more dangerous than a well person.

As a result of the blind prejudice against the tuberculous, many formerly patients have had then homes broken up and have been unable to find employment or a place to live. This is unfair and unnecessary. And it is also inconsistent, for some of the principal agents in spreading the disease are the undiagnosed cases who are promiscuously expectorating bacilli but who are not shunned or feared because they are not recognized as tuberculous.

The purpose of this article has been to enumerate and explain briefly the fallacies in connection with some of the proper misconceptions regarding tuberculosis with the hope that the patient may ignore the arguments of uninformed persons while curing and have a better chance to become adjusted to society when he leaves the sanatorium.

TAKING LITERALLY

"Dear Mrs. Pucket," a school teacher wrote to the mother of a pupil, "William was absent this morning. Will you please tell me what kept him out of school?"

"Dear ma'am," was the reply; "Willie is keeping time for his father. Last nite he cum home with an example about how long would it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and one-half times around a field four miles square. And as Willie ani't no man, we had to send his pap. They left erly this morning but I don't know when they will git back. Please make the next problem about something else, as my husband hasn't the time for such things."—Selected.

RICHMOND CANNOT AFFORD THIS

(Suffolf News Herald)

"Richmond city jail is a 'crime factory'." Those are the exact words attributed to an authorized body of investigators. Accepting its statement as fact, we say unreservedly that no city can afford to live under such a stigma. The wealthy, cultured, humane and God-fearing capital for its own self-respect must wipe away this stain.

It is bad enough for some backwoods county or cross-roads village to maintain prisons which shame the devil. There are places, sad to say, through which the sun of emlightenment has never penetrated or shines only fitfully, where criminals are treated more like animals than human beings with sensibilities and feelings like other normal people.

But Richmond knows better, can and should do better. The balance of the state is prone to look up to its capital city as an example of all that is good and refreshing in civic affairs. It is depended upon to set the pace in social movements, particularly those having to do with difficult social problems affecting the lives of the lowly and those who have fallen from man's high station.

At best our jails under our antiquated penal system are anti-social. But we have never before heard one officially classed as a "crime factory." Our good friends in Richmond should first sweep before their own doors before condemning counties which maintain death traps called jails. Theirs kill only the body of their victims.

WHERE HAPPINESS DWELLS

Nobody knows where happiness dwells
Or how to snare it by charms or spells;
It can fly like a lark; it can bud like a rose;
But the secret of happiness nobody knows.
This much is true: it will not depart
From the way of a tender and loving heart;
It can veer like the wind, it can turn like the the tide,
But in souls that have faith it will still abide.

—The Messenger

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

(Selected)

William Lyon Phelps, in one of his recent "Daily Talks," tells an interesting story of a little girl, daughter of a prominent evangelist, who was taken to the hospital for an operation. As they were about to administer the anesthetic she asked the surgeons what they were going to do. They informed her in simple words that they were going to operate so that she could run and play as she used to do. "Well," she asked, "what is going to happen now?" When they told her that they were going to put her to sleep so that she would not feel any pain, the child said, "But before going to sleep, I always say my prayers." Without asking permission, she promply climbed down from the operating table, and in the presence of physicians, nurses, internes and orderlies, got on her knees and prayed aloud:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake.
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Millions of mothers have taught their children to pray this simple prayer. Many have continued praying the children's prayer all through the years, and until their dying day. It is said of John Quincy Adams that he continued praying this prayer every night of his life, as ambassador to Europe, in the White House as President, and during his long service in Congress.

There is an interesting story to the effect that the prayer of child-like faith with which Jesus closed his earthly career was also a prayer which he had learned in childhood. Tradition has it that it was the custom at the eventide devotions of pious Hebrew homes to read the thirty-first Psalm, and that the fifth verse was repeated by the children in their evening prayer. That very night as Jesus slept in the tomb, the children in Jerusalem were saying in their prayers, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." It clothes the parting prayer of Jesus with infinite tenderness to remember that it was a prayer that took him back to childhood days; it was as though he bowed his head and folded his hands, and said: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Bishop Fiske, in his "Calvary Today," beautifully reminds us of this aspect of Jesus' prayer, and reminds us that long ago we, too, prayed the children's prayer. The petition with which the bishop closes his book expresses the desire of all true followers of Christ; may God grant that when the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done, we may have our child faith again. Then may God in his mercy grant us a safe lodging, and an holy rest, and peace at the last forever; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

NIAGARA'S ONE GREAT STILLNESS

By Walter K. Putney

The excitement around Niagara is intense. Tons of rock have fallen into the river, and precautions have been taken to keep people from the danger zone. But the present excitement is not to be compared with that which prevailed on the morning of March 31, 1848, when Niagara's one great stillness occurred.

Early on that monring, people awoke with a strange feeling. They could not hear the roar of the water rushing over the falls, and their first thought was: "Am I deaf?" Out of bed everybody rushed, calling to others to learn if hearing had left them. Dressing hastily, they went out of doors, breakfast, chores and ordinary morning duties forgotten.

Down to the falls they hastened, fearing that the great rock barrier had at last succumbed to the pressure of those lake waters. A strange sight met their gaze. Where the river had been flowing turbulently the previous day, was only the stream bed, jagged rocks showing their heads and pools and muddy water lying undisturbed. Looking upward, they saw that the great precipice was bare, except in the very center where a tiny stream of water was trickling down. One could walk from the Canadian side to Goat Island without even getting his feet wet.

Had the waters from the lake found another outlet and had the reign of Niagara ceased forever? Those were the questions that were asked again and again as the people looked with awe at the spectacle of Niagara being stilled. All day long they wandered aimlessly about as the great stillness prevailed. If Judgment Day had been pronounced as coming, these good country folk could not have been more troubled.

Many recalled the old Indian tales of the region—how the Great Spirit, to rebuke those who disobeyed the laws, punished them by having the great cliffs crash down and kill them. In early days canyons were never entered except by permission from the tribal chief and consent of the medicine man of the community. There were many stories of profiles in such canyons, set there, so the Indians claimed, by the Great Spirit, to warn away those who might trespass. Were those old stories more than myths? Had nature taken a part and caused Niagara to be still to punish those who almost worshiped the wonderful formation of rocks?

That night folks went to bed, some with much hestitation and some with dread that it might be their last night on earth.

About midnight there came a roar such as Niagara had never before made, and people again jumped from their beds, once more thoroughly alarmed. Had the river now broken the rock, and was it bearing down upon them? Dressing, many went out into the darkness and dared the elements to approach the river. The earth shook as if from an earthquake; the river was higher than any persons had ever seen it. Great cakes of ice, magnified in the minds of those people because of their mental state, crashed over the falls and

were sucked into whirlpools and thrown violently about by the rapids.

Many stayed up all night long, afraid to go to bed for fear that, in their sleep, some catastrophe would occur, and their homes be swept away. But exhaustion finally claimed them, and sleep came.

In the morning Niagara's roaring was nearly normal. The flood of the night was diminishing and the waters were less angry. Peace came again to Niagara's people.

Later it was learned that this great stillness was caused by an unusual condition. The winter had been extremely cold, and Lake Erie's ice was of exceptional thickness. As so often occurs when a cold winter lingers into March, the breaking up of the ice came very suddenly, as a warm spell of weather swept across the land and lake. During the last week of March, a stiff northeast wind drove the broken ice floes uplake and piled them up almost mountain high, forming miniature icebergs. On March 31 a severe gale swept the lake from the opposite quarter of the wind and hurled the ice back to the head of Niagara River so as to form a frozen dam there. The water of the lake was thus kept back, and when the river water above the falls had gone out, there were only tricklings to show that Niagara Falls was at all active. Meantime, the waters of the lake had risen and the enormous pressure after twenty-four hours caused the ice dam to break, and the water rushed over Niagara with more than usual force and quantity. But it seems odd that Nature should have taken such a time to give Niagara a well-earned rest, for it was on April 1 that Niagara again went to work—a sure April Fool joke (?) on those excited and alarmed natives who thought they had lost their pet attraction forever!

IT'S BETTER

It's better sometime to be blind
  To the faults of some poor fellow being,
Than to view them with visions unkind,
  When there's good we ought to be seeing.

It's better sometime to be dumb
  Than to speak just to be criticizing,
Through it seems to be given to some
  To recall traits both mean and despising.

It's better sometime to be deaf
  Than to hear only lying and pander,
For there's nothing so low as theft
  Or a good name destroyed by slander.

—Selected.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

(Selected)

When the writer was a boy he early learned to know the tracks of many of the wild creatures as they went to and fro in quest of food or pleasure. Some of the older boys had set traps for fur-bearing animals along the rocks near the creek, and, as we were often allowed to go with them, we soon learned to know the the footprints of the raccoon, mink, skunk, muskrat, fox, opossum, rabbit and squirrel. Learning to distinguish the tracks of these animals became an interesting and fascinating game. It was also as much fun as being a Sherlock Holmes to be able to tell not only what bird or animal had made the tracks, but what state of mind it had been in, or what appetite it had, when it made them.

Almost every night the rabbits came to the grounds of our country school to nibble at the apples thrown out by the pupils. On snowy mornings their footmarks could be seen where they had hopped around in search of food.

One day, during the long noon hour, I started out with a companion of about my own age, to follow the tracks of a rabbit. From the corner of our school ground the animal had hopped leisurely into a field against the hillside, which contained many old stumps and brier patches. Its tracks here were about three feet apart, as it went up a shallow ravine. It finally came to a spring where the snow was melted away and a little green grass and clover grew. Its tracks around the edge of the open space indicated that it had stopped long enough to eat some green food. It then went slowly on for probably a hundred yards, when it suddenly turned to the right. Perhaps it was only the rustle of leaves that scared it, or it may have been a real enemy. At any rate, bunny suddenly began taking leaps five or six feet in length, until it stopped near a friendly brier patch, a hundred feet away. There, we could tell, it sat up to look and listen. We could see the print of its body in the soft snow. Had it discovered an enemy, the rabbit would have plunged into the brier patch for protection. As the noise proved only a false alarm, bunny went leisurely hopping along the hillside for quite a distance.

All at once the animal began taking leaps and began to zig-zag from side to side. No friendly brier patch was near, so bunny popped into a woodchuck hole beneath a stump. Very likely a great horned owl, so common in the neighborhood, tried to capture it; at least, the long, zigzag jumps indicated something of the kind.

Although I was probably twelve years old when the incident occurred, this was my first real lesson in tracking. I knew the footprints of a number of our wild animals, and had often followed them, but I had not known before that by studying the tracks we could learn much of what the animal was doing. It is not enough merely to know what animal has made the tracks and how to distinguish them from the footmarks of other creatures. We want to learn

where it lives, how far it goes from home, how it obtains its food, what enemies it has, how it protects itself, and, in fact, everything that the tracks, when properly interpreted, can teach us.

Animals that stalk their prey, like those of the cat tribe, place the hind feet exactly in the tracks made by the front feet, as they wish their progress to be as noiseless as possible.

With dogs and wolves the hind feet do not quite track with the front ones. Individual animals vary much in regard to the tracks they make. Animals that hop or bound, like the rabbit, show the footprints of all four feet and the tracks of the hind feet a little ahead of the front ones.

The red fox makes a track much like thaat of a small dog. The claw-marks show better, and the hind feet step almost exactly in the tracks made by the front feet. The trail is very narrow. I mean by that that the footmarks are almost in a straight line. This trait in an animal is said to indicate swiftness and agility. A clumsy creature has its feet spread wide apart and leaves somewhat of a zigzag trail.

Most animals do not go far from their homes. They know their own locality best, and rarely leave it. That is the reason that, when hunted, they generally run in a circle; a very crooked circle, to be sure, but they usually return about to the starting-point. Foxes know a large area, and will often trail along for miles. They are always on the lookout for food, and their keen sense of smell leads them to many a good dinner.

Ernest Thompson Seton, who without doubt is the best authority in the country on the tracks and tracking of our wild creatures, has well described how the grouse and prairie-chicken are sometimes caught by the fox while asleep in a bank of snow. During very cold weather, especially when there is a keen wind blowing, these birds often dive into a snow-drift, and there, covered with a soft white blanket, they sleep through the night. The fox and coyote are always on the lookout for these birds, and, with their wonderful sense of smell, are often led to their sleeping-places. It was while following the trail of a fox that Mr. Seton first saw where one of these sly creatures had caught a grouse as it broke through the snow. The chief advantage that the fox has over the grouse lies in the sense of smell, a keen and highly developed sense that is practically absent in birds.

Speaking of the ruffled grouse, which is also called partridge or pheasant, we must not forget that it has a very peculiar adaptation for walking on the snow. In the late fall numerous short, bristle-like feathers grow from each side of its toes. These snowshoes enable it to walk on the snow and prevent it from sinking deep. The quail or bob-white is another snow-walker, and its tracks may often be seen in cornfields, meadows and open thickets. These birds generally go in flocks, and often the snow is so trampled up that one has trouble in following the tracks. The toe-prints of the bob-white though not so large, are much clearer cut than those of the grouse.

FOR HIM

By Laura Wade Rice

It was almost night and bitterly cold; even through armor the wind cut like a sword. Here and there in the encampment little fires sent sparks up through the darkness and made visible the forms of men huddled close to catch some warmth before the wind blew it away so that hands and feet might be less numb when the call came to retire for the night. Some talked of hard-fought battles, others speculated as to the when and where of those to come. A quiet soldier here and there gazed into the fire, his thoughts traveling to a far-away home. From the outskirts of the camp came the sound of singing, men's voices, rich and deep, rather than loud.

"Tis the Forty," one man commented "Who but they would sing on a night like this ."

"They be strange men," another ventured, and a third came back sharply: "Would that more of us were strange men then. Who but they takes thought for any but himself? They are the strongest and bravest among us, those Wrestlers, yet they are not above putting out a helping hand to one in trouble. A word, a look, a lift—the gods know we need to be brothers here, so far from land and people of our own." The voice of the speaker sank low, and the rest nodded assent. Just then the bugle sounded and the men went to their tents.

The sun was giving out no warmth when they rose the next morning, the frozen lake made a desolate background for the encampment. It was the third century, long, long ago in the days when Rome held sway over land and sea. From every conquered province and tribe she culled the strongest and bravest for service in her legions. One thing was demanded, layalty to the emperor and unqestioning obedience to his commands. Let the men have whatever religion they chose—one god more or less mattered not in Rome's pantheon; the emperor and his gods must not fail of homage.

In some way it had reached the imperial ears that, while most of his soldiers cared not one whit what god they worshiped, others had strange ideas regarding their allegiance to one Christus, whom they considered supreme over all gods and men.

Rumor had it that He had been a poor peasant, born in the paltry Roman province of Judea, that His followers kept a feast on the day of His birth and told all sorts of strange stories about Him. They reported that He had wrought marvelous miracles and that, though He had been crucified. He had risen from the dead and gone up through the clouds. Well—let them believe it if they chose. What mattered such foolish tales! The gods of Rome always had been worshiped and always would be. These stories would pass from men's minds—Jupiter, Apollo, Diana and the rest would remain. But these babblers said their Christus was coming back to rule over the whole earth. That did not sound so good to Cæsar. Perhaps it would be just as well to root out from the ranks men with

such ideas. A test could be made—let it be done.

So, through the early morning light a runner came, bringing a message to the commander. The edict bore these words:

"Whosoever of this legion refuses to pour a libation before the image of Cæsar in honor of the ancient gods of Rome, let him be sent naked to take his stand all night on the lake."

The commander was frankly puzzeled. Why the threat? Who would refuse to salute the emperor? As for his gods— what were they, anyhow? Marble images that had stood in the same spot ever since some artist had carved them. The real gods--who knew if there were any? They had never troubled themselves to come down and look after the legions so far as he knew. With little interest the men watched the preparations being made; the call went forth and they formed in line. Their commander stood by the rough altar, edict in hand, and read its words, Man by man they passed, received the cup and poured the libation.

Suddenly something grew tense in the air. Stalwart and strong, one man stepped aside from the line. "I own no allegiance before that of my Master, Jesus Christ," his clear voice rang out. Those behind slackened their pace a bit as if confused, then recovering, saluted as they passed. Soon another broke rank, and saying the same words, took his place beside the first. The face of the commander grew dark, he started forward, then restrained himself and waited in stern silence as one by one, the bravest of the legion, known as the "Forty Famous Wrestlers," stood apart awaiting their sentence.

The rite was over. Horror- stricken, their leader pled with the band who had defied the emperor. He knew them, loyal, true, bravest among the brave.

"Men, look! Death is there on the lake. It is madness—your Christus cannot demand this. I know you would give your lives for the emperor. You need not believe in his gods. I do not myself, for that matter! But just for a few drops of wine—Come now, think again. Tomorrow afternoon at this time—by then you will have come to your senses."

The legion filed silently back to their tents. Camp fires flickered again, and again came the sound of singing. Two men crept away through the darkness and listened,

"Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife,
Thou didst Thyself abase
That from Sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

"Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast."

People who blunder along carelessly need not expect much joy from life. The well-planned life stands the best chance to become the useful and happy life.—J. Gordon Howard.

NED'S APRIL-FOOL JOKE

By J. L. Glover

Come on, fellows; I've thought of a fine joke," called Ned, beckoning a group of his special cronies over to a corner of the playground. The prospect of something new was attractive, and the boys trooped after him. He spoke mysteriously.

"You know, fellows, next Friday is April Fools' Day."

"Of course we know that. Was that what you wanted to tell me?" asked Mat King rather scornfully.

"No. it's a new plan for an April-fool joke. You know how proud Geoff Halstead is of his old composition, and how certain he is that it will take the prize. Well, the compositions are to be handed in on the first of April, as it happens, next Friday. I'm going to slip his composition out of his desk and substitute a lot of blank sheets, and, when he hands it in to Dr. Marston, it will be too late to write it over, even if he could. Good joke, eh?"

"I don't see it," said Tom Prescott, dryly. "How will you get to Geoff's desk without his knowing it? And will he stand for your rummaging it without his leave?"

"Of course not, silly! but that is where you fellows come in. Old Geoff is a grind, and hardly ever leaves his desk, even at recess. So you must call him out for a game or something, and while he is gone I'll slip in and change the composition for the blank sheets. See?"

"I see; but I don't think much of it as a joke. Geoff has worked hard over his essay, and it's a shame for you to spoil his chances of the prize when he needs the money and you don't."

Tom was the only one of his special party who ever ventured to dispute with Ned when he had made up his mind to some trick or plan. His remonstrance was received now with airy scorn.

"Oh, go on! Old Geoff works hard over everything, anyway. He needs a little taking down; he thinks he can just walk away with all the prizes, and he'll have a little lesson to bring down his pride. I'll manage my part of it, if you fellows will do yours."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," said Tom, walking off in disgust. The other boys looked at each other in some dismay.

"Do you think he'll put Geoff up to the idea that something is liable to happen to his precious essay, and warn him to be extra careful of it?" suggested Fred Morgan.

"No. Tom isn't that kind. He won't give us away," said Ned, confidently. "I've a little grudge against Geoff for carrying off the mathematics prize last year, when he knew I wanted it, and now's my chance to pay him back."

So the plan was carefully laid. Other tricks were to be played, of course, as a blind, that Geoffrey might suspect no design against his prize composition, over which he had worked so long and so carefully. A prize of $50 had been offered for the best essay on the subject, "America: Her Past and Her Future." It was a sufficiently large subject for schoolboys, but nothing daunted them. The

prize essays had been the chief topic of their thoughts for the past month, and history books had never been so faithfully conned before. Many of the boys had dropped out after awhile, growing tired of the effort; but a group of the best students in Dr. Martson's history class had kept on; and it was the general opinion that Geoffrey Halstead would win the prize. He was inclined to hope so himself, as he put the finishing touches to his composition on the last day of March, folded it and placed it in an envelope, ready to be handed in at the close of school. This done, he laid it carefully in his desk and tried unsuccessfully enough to forget all about it.

All during the morning of the first of April the boys played their usual jokes on each other—jokes in which Geoffrey took no part. He was busy studying, and, as his books and pencils were not molested he never thought of examining his desk to see whether it had been tampered with.

Recess-time came, and the boys trooped out, shouting. Geoffrey, as he often did, remained in his seat, studying an unusually difficult lesson which came soon after recess.. But soon there came shouts for him from the playground, and one of the small boys came running in to call him. "They want you to play in Ned Foster's place. He's gone home sick," he gasped.

Quite unsuspicious, Geoff rose good-naturedly and put down his book. "All right. I dare say I'll study all the better for some exercise, anyway Run and tell them I'm coming, Ted," he said.

Hardly had he disappeared by one door than Ned entered by the other, and, hurriedly searching in the desk, found the long envelope with "Prize Essay" written on the back. There was no time to lose; someone might come in at any moment. Ned hastily took out the folded sheets and substituted a similar manuscript, thrusting the one he had taken out into his own desk, to be disposed of more at leisure. While he was doing so the door opened and Professor Marston walked in. Ned's guilty start attracted his notice, but the boy was at his own desk, and the doctor suspected nothing.

"What are you doing, Foster? You should be out in the yard at this time. Play is as necessary as study, you know," he said.

"Yes sir; I'm—just going," stammered Ned, taken aback.

When the boys came in from recess Ned was with them. Geoffrey looked surprised at seeing him.

"Why, I thought you had gone home sick," he said.

"Oh, I felt better and came back," returned Ned; and then the bell tapped for silence and the boys fell to work.

School went on quietly, save for a few tricks, such as a substituted book or an unexpected empty ink-bottle; and at the close of the session Professor Marston called for the compositions. One by one the boys walked up and laid their folded papers on the master's desk, and then filed out. Ned from his seat watched anxiously to see if, by an unlucky chance, Geoff would open his manuscript for a last look before handing it in, but he merely took out the envelope containing the false essay and unsuspicious-

ly took it to the desk and laid it down. Ned breathed freely, chuckling to himself as he pictured the surprise of the teacher when he should open those blank sheets. He would accuse Geoff of playing a trick on him, and so the joke would be a double one. At the thought of Geoff's face when the trick was disclosed to him, Ned fairly doubled up with silent laughter.

The next morning the boys who were in on the joke on Geoffrey waited in breathless suspense to hear the outcome. Professor Marston had a pile of papers before him, and he looked around on the assembled school with a smile of approval.

"Young gentlemen," he began, "I must say that I have been very much pleased with the results of the prize competition. Your essays are very creditable, very creditable indeed, and I congratulate you all—except the one who handed in a sheaf of blank leaves—typical, I judge, of the condition of his own mind. To dispose of this first, I will ask the young gentleman whose envelope contained the blank pages to come up and get it. Edward Foster!"

With a face as blank as the pages, Ned obeyed, looking inquiringly at the boys as he returned to his place. Had they played a trick on him? But their faces were as dismayed as his. Then the teacher said:

"The essay which seems to me best deserving of the prize, as showing careful work and thoughtful study, was written by Geoffrey Halstead, and the prize of $50 dollars is justly his."

Great was the amazement on the faces of the boys, and there was much laughter, at Ned's expense, when they reached the playground.

"But what happened?" he said, utterly bewildered. "I took the composition out of Geoff's desh and stuck it into mine, and I put the blank sheets in his envelope. How did they get into my desk again, so that I handed them in by mistake for my own? And what became of mine?"

Tom Preston laughed. "The joke is on you, Ned. I was determined you should not spoil Geoff's chances, and I went there after you and put his composition back into his envelope and the blank pages in your desk, thinking that of course you would discover the exchange too late to play the trick again. The rest you did yourself. What became of your essay? You didn't destroy it, did you?"

"No, I meant to give it back to Geoff, or let him find it. It is in the waste-basket in the hall," confessed Ned. "Well, I admit the joke is on me, boys. It would have been a mean trick to play on Geoff, and I'm not sorry it turned out as it did. Geoff did deserve the prize, and I'm glad he got it. The next thing is to explain to the professor, I suppose. I'll rescue my essay from the waste-basket, or wherever it is, and show it to him to prove that my bean isn't such a blank as he thinks. Don't give me away to Geoff, and I'll give you my word of honor never to play such a trick as that again."

Ned kept his word, and when the next prize competition took place he actually succeeded in winning the prize fairly, thus proving to the teacher that his brains were not of such an inferior quality after all, finding, to his own surprise, much

greater satisfaction in his own performance. The boys kept the secret loyally, and Geoffrey never knew of the plan to substitute blank paper for his essay; and, when Ned was successful, his congratulations were so warm and sincere that Ned was more than ever ashamed of his so-called joked. But, as it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two boys, it proved, after all, a case of "all's well that ends well."

THE MAN WHO KNOWS

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered, and seen, and knows;
Who has measured his pace on the battle line, and given and taken the blows;
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong, nor scoffed at the failing plan—
But taken his dose with a heart of trust, and the faith of a gentleman;
Who has parried and struck and sought and given, and, scarred with a thousand spears,
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven, and isn't ashamed of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all, and seen,
Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread, and struck to the world-machine;
Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn, and thirsted, and starved, and felt
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt;
Who was tempted and fell, and arose again, and has gone on trusty and true,
With God supreme in his manly heart, and his courage burning anew.

Sunshine Magazine.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Caleb Jolly, of Cottage No. 15, was paroled last week and is now employed at the Carro-Jean Inn, Boone, N. C. The reports from Jolly are that he is worthy and giving perfect satisfaction.

—o—

Willard Newton, who is now located in Pasadena, Calif., where he is employed in the post office, dropped in to see us last Monday. He was accompanied by his brother, who is employed by the Internal Revenue Department, Greensboro. We were very glad to see these young men, both of whom seem to be doing well in their respective professions.

—o—

Our good friend, "Bill" Barnhardt, of Charlotte, who for years has given a Bible to each boy as he leaves the School, recently sent one hundred Bibles, beautifully printed and bound in leather, to replenish the supply that was nearly exhausted.

The boys appreciate these Bibles very much and we feel that Mr. Barnhardt is doing a great and good work in making this provision for their spiritual guidance as they return to their homes. Many of them have written letters of appreciation to him, expressing their gratitude for this gift.

—o—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending March 31, 1937, as follows:

First Grade—George Wilhite, highest general average; Second Grade—Floyd Combs, most studious; Third Grade—Thomas Doby and Harvey Ledford, highest general average; Fourth Grade—Bruce Link and William Haire, highest general average; Fifth Grade—James Reavis, most improvement in geography; Sixth Grade—Ewin Odom, highest general average; Seventh Grade—Kenneth Messick, best average in English.

—o—

Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, who was the moving spirit in the establishment of the King's Daughters Library at the School several years ago, recently sent out an appeal to the various counties of North Carolina for a donation to cover the expense of re-binding the worn books in this library, which now consists of more than four thousand volumes. The following counties have responded to this appeal with a donation of five dollars each:

Cabarrus, Davidson, Durham, Edgecombe, Mecklenburg, Surry, Union, Wayne and Wilson.

This is a fine service and any county contributing to this fund may be assured that it is a most worthy cause.

—o—

Last Sunday afternoon the regular program provided for our service was

not able to be carried out because of unforseen happenings, and Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, who has assumed the duty of providing speakers for these services, was our speaker for the afternoon.

Mr. Barnhardt has always shown great interest in our boys, and gets a great thrill out of hearing them sing. On one occasion he heard them sing "When They Ring Those Golden Bells," and since that time he always calls for this number whenever he attends these services.

His talk to the boys last Sunday was based on thoughts about God and the many things He does for us, and His wonderful power in helping to shape our lives and direct our accomplishments. He said that none of us realize how great our lives may become until we accept the truth that we are made in the image of God and are endowed with His power and greatness.

Mr. Barnhardt futher stated that if the young life of a boy should be consecrated to God, and his life lived under His direction, he would develop into a wonderful power for good, no matter what his sourroundings may have been.

The boys thoroughly enjoyed this service as they have a kindly feeling of appreciation toward Mr. Barnhardt at all times.

EASTER DAWN

Even as we watch the hills,
  The shadows stir and rise;
A strand of silver ribbon,
  Breaks the gloom of eastern skies.
A cloud-ship, painted by the dawn,
  In tones of rose and gray,
Slips swiftly from the arms of night,
  And rides to greet the day.
A giant oak spreads sturdy arms,
  In supplicating grace,
And forms a mighty, rugged cross,
  Against the morning's face.
A thousand little voices
  Wake the valley from her dreams,
And the first bright rays of sunshine,
  Are caught in dancing streams,
Hush—the sound of music
  In glad and sweet accord—
The angel chorus singing—
  "All hail the risen Lord!"

—Irone Rehm Hertweck

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending April 11, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(3) Robert Allen 17
(16) J. C. Cox 16
William Hawkins
(5) Edward Johnson 18
(13) James Johnson 13
James McGinnis
(3) Mack Setzer 17
(19) Fred Wheeler 19
(13) James Wilhite 18

COTTAGE No. 1

Glatley Branch 7
(6) Arthur Martin 16
(2) Robert Coleman 5
Julian Myrick 6
Jack Norris 8
William Pitts 9
Robert Watts 5
James West 13
(4) R. L. Young 10

COTTAGE No. 2

Douglas Hinson 5
Clifton Mabry 2
(2) Fred Seibert 9
(5) Robert Worthington 11
Richard Wrenn 7
Brooks Young 2

COTTAGE No. 3

M. C. Cranford 14
Frank Crawford 7
Howard Cook 6
Neely Dixon 10
(2) Jesse Holleman 6
(2) John Hampton 8
James McCune 2
James Mast
John Piner 4

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 6
William Bell 9
(2) Garrett Bishop 9
(5) Odell Bray 8
(2) Edward Fisher 4
(2) John King 2
(2) Richard Mills 11
(2) Robert Mims 10
Robert Orrell 8
(2) Frank Raby 13
(3) Lloyd Pettus 12
(2) Melvin Walters 12

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 3
(5) A. L. Gaines 17
Ernest Beach 2
(2) John Grider 11
(2) Jack Gunter 8
Monroe Keith 11

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 3
(3) Theodore Bowles 14
Jesse Cleveland 3
(3) James Coleman 12
Robert Deyton 13
Frank Glover 12
(8) Thomas Hamilton 14
(2) Leonard Jacobs 7
Ray Laramore 3
Charles McCoyle 5
Richard Patton 4
Joseph Sanford 5
George Wilhite 8

COTTAGE No. 7

William Estes 2
(6) Caleb Hill 14
(2) Houston Howard 11
(5) Hugh Johnson 13
(2) Wayland Morgan 8
Kenneth Messick 4
Percy Strickland 4
William Tester 5
William Young 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(6) Sam Belk 15
Duke Davis 3
Edward McCain 6
John Penninger 10
(2) Ralph Rainey 12
(2) John Tolbert 6

COTTAGE No. 9
(4) Homer Smith 15

COTTAGE No. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11
Howard Clark
(4) Lawrence Guffey 5
(7) H. A. Holmes 11
(2) Julius Stevens 14

COTTAGE No. 12
Charles Batten
Joseph Cox 11
Talmage Dautrey 12
(4) Frank Dickens 16
(4) James Elders 8
Marvin Edwards 16
Richard Honeycutt 2
(4) Hubert Holloway 4
(2) Asbury Marsh 9
June Malone 10
Jerome Medlin 13
Glenn O'Quinn 12
(3) William Stevens 12
(3) Horace Simmons 3

COTTAGE No. 13
(4) Fletcher Boggs 10
Clarence Douglas 8
(2) Harry Flowe 3
Willard Garrett 4
Robert Hailey 11
(2) Ney McNeely 4
(2) Eugene Patton 7
(10) Claudius Pickett 14
John Smith 3
(4) Morris Starnes 5
Frank Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 14
Clyde Barnwell
Doyle Holder 9
Troy Powell 3
Paul Shipes 6

COTTAGE No. 15
(3) Julian Andrews 6
(3) Roy Cruse 14
(3) George Gibson 16
(3) George McMauns 15
(3) Walter Mitchell 15
(3) Marvin Martin 4
(2) Raymond Mabe 2
(3) Edward E. Murray 13
Alvin Powell 7
(2) Wilson Rich 4
(2) James H. Riley 8
(3) Harless Triplett 13
(9) Robert Teeter 18

THE TRANQUIL HOME

Why must you always go and go and go, my child, in constant quest of new excitement? Why this maddening rush for high-pitched pleasures, for syncopation, and for jazz? This furious firing of your senses must rapidly consume your vital forces, leaving you a residue of dead ashes. Unless you check this plunging gait, your mad race must swiftly end in worn senescence. Pause, my child, for a moment's reflection how placid and serene the tranquil home is. The quiet talk, the good book, the grateful nook, allure to calm repose and deeper pleasures. A sane and placid life engenders happiness sublime. Instead of ever going, hastening, rushing here and there and everywhere in search of fleeting pleasures, tarry, my child, in your tranquil home. Then tomorrow will not depress you with its foreboding nor yesterday with its regrets.

—Paul Waldemar Boehm.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 24, 1937 No. 17

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AGE

Age is a quality of mind;
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambitions' fires are dead,
Then you are old.
But if from life you take the best,
And in life you keep the jest—
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

—Selected

— Published By —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MAKING A HOME

A smiling face will brighten the home
  When evil omens hang around;
It brings the light of cheerfulness,
  Then soulful laughter will abound.

Kind words make music in the home
  Far sweeter than a harp of gold;
Their melody will long remain
  When silence holds them in her fold.

Politeness puts a charm in home
  Much stronger than the siren's wiles;
It casts enchantments over all
  And every discord reconciles.

Home is the place where love is king,
  Reigning supreme in every heart;
That place a paradise will be
  Surpassing all the works of art.

—William James Robinson.

A CAMP FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED BOY

A fine humanitarian service is that of Curtis B. Johnson, manager of Charlotte Observer, in planning a camp to be located on Catawba River, about seventeen miles from Charlotte, for underprivileged boys. This act gives evidence of the fact that Curtis B. Johnson knows the boys' problems,—that if not engaged in some worthwhile recreation, or work, they surely will stumble in some seductive pitfall. To make it possible to get a boy's interest is the first step towards development.

This camp will have many cabins to house certain units of boys, on a broad expanse of water front that will give the privilege of swimming, boating and other water sports.

The boys to be received in the camp are chosen from the lists of the Salvation Army, the United Welfare Federation, the Red Cross and other cooperating charitable organizations.

One of the specific requirements for admission is a physical examination so as to avoid all communicable diseases, and the camp will be sponsored by an executive experienced in the training of youth.

This project is a noble ambition on the part of the manager of of the Charlotte Observer, it shows the impulse of a fine spirit, and doubtless will be the means of starting out many boys on the right foot, making them valuable acquisitions to the community.

Elsewhere in this issue is a brief resume of all the boys may anticitpate through the interest of Curtis B. Johnson, manager of the Charlotte Observer. This man of broad vision knows that the boys of this generattion are the men of the future.

* * * * * * *

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

Within the past few weeks Charlotte, famed for its genuine hospitality, has been the meeting place for two groups of most distinguished women, each rendering an incalculable service to the state.

First, the Daughters of the American Revolution, a patriotic organization that has for its ultimate aim the preservation of all early history, and to inspire that "America is the child of a great ideal, born of vision in the hearts and wills of a sturdy people". Then following quickly in the trail of the D. A. R. came the Federation of Women's Clubs, with a membership from every point of the compass in the state, and in the Queen City the women pitched their tents for business.

The address of Mrs. George E. Marshall, the president, at the opening meeting was one of the high spots of interest. She emphasized that the United States faces a national crisis in crime, telling that the criminal forces are greater than the armed forces of the United States; also called attention to the increase in law-

lessness, the tendency to the perfect disregard to the low morale and the casual manner it is accepted by society. She importuned the women of the federated clubs to maintain their high standard of morale and guard with diligence the honorable place accorded them in this Christain nation.

The North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs has an extensive program, co-operating with the State Board of Health; the American Society for the control of cancer; the support of Adult Education; state aid for libraries, the public schools and this noble band of women also show a vital interest in the delinquency of the state, realizing that society is no stronger than its weakest link.

While there are many women classed as social butterflies, one must concede that there are equally as many interested in the worthwhile affairs that tend to make stronger and better citizenship. We salute the women of both the patriotic and civic organizations, who give time and talent for the betterment of humanity.

Some one has written that "the strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation is in the intelligent and well ordered homes of its people". And we all know that it is the woman who makes the home.

* * * * * * *

PARENTS ARE PROBLEMS

The thought that parents, as well as children, are problems, was enphasized when a young mother in an hour of exhaustion remarked to the grandmother, "My children worry the life out of me."

The grandmother, a woman of years experience in rearing a fine family, adroitly replied, "Mary, have you ever thought that you also worry the children?" There was silence for awhile for the answer in the form of a question took lodgment in the mind of the mother. No this mother had never had such a thought.

Another similar instance is recalled. This time the young son failed to lead his class as he had previously done, and the mother was severely upbraiding the little fellow for not maintaining his standard. This bright faced young American looked his mother square in the face and most seriously said, "Well, mother, you have never thought other mothers want their boys to lead their clases

sometimes." This reply too served as a pacifier to that mother.

No study is more interesting than child life. No two children in the same home are alike. The chart that will serve one will not satisfy another. Each child is an individual, so each is a separate and distinct problem. Therefore, the parents who expect to correct their mistakes in life through the child, forcing the child to abandon a "natural bent" for others make a colossal mistake.

The estimate of the pshychologist rings true: There is a loss of time, and many warped lives caused by a lack of mutual understanding upon the part of the family group. Parents truly should grow with the children, guide them, and not thrust their viewpoints upon them. It is poor psychology to force upon a child the viewpoints of the parents. It causes friction and frequently social maladjustments in children.

* * * * * * *

THE VIEWPOINT OF A PSYCHIATRIST

According to Dr. J. L. Moreno, New York, an experienced -psychiatrist, only about 25 per cent of the people ever find real friendship and love. For twenty-five years this noted man of keen intuition relative to humanity has reached this conclusion by studying interrelations, and his method is known as "SOCIOMETRY", whatever that means or conveys to others. However, the finest element for building character is the old theory "love begets love". It may fail sometimes but it is good philsoophy at least, and makes one tolerant.

Sociometry holds that the pratice of mixing up people of all races and creeds, as well as degrees of criminality, brings a discrered mind on the part of mankind, let it be either in community settlements, or in prisons. We naturally take to our kind. So writes Dr. Moreno, that Sociometry is:

"A guide which helps people to find each other by learning their aptitudes and the group to which they belong, so that they secure a greater chance of happiness.

Today we are not organized. We only consider how good a worker a man is, but we don't consider the human, emotional relationship that he has with others in his own community. We have already found and proved that when individuals have been

transferred from one environment to another, they have been made much happier.

* * * * * * *

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL CLINE, JR.

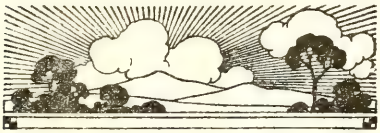
The entire community was shocked beyond words to express when the terrible tragedy was heralded that claimed in death A. Campbell Cline, Jr. at the age of twenty-one, just entering upon the threshold of a useful life with the promise of a successful career.

Young Campbell Cline was exceedingly popular, possessing a fine mentality combined with a handsome physique and a pleasing personality that radiated cheer and goodwill upon all regardless of class who happened to pass his way.

As a young man he was outstanding among his comrades, the hope and joy of his fond parents and only sister who will miss him and revere his memory to the end of time. The many admiring friends of this young man of sterling qualities will also cherish his memory, realizing they have lost a potential leader in all future activities for the betterment of the community.

With a heart full of sympathy for the beraved home we close this tribute with this thought expressed in verse:

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

TWO SIDES OF LIFE

"There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in."

—o—

Settling with the plumber is paying the piper.

—o—

The sweet meets of life—visiting the object of your affection.

—o—

If you must embrace while you are driving an automobile, hug the curves and not the girl.

—o—

The coopers constructing tobacco hogsheads for the manufacturers, are the ones who are hooping 'em up in these parts.

—o—

Did you know that in this world there are lots of people who believe it is better to grab than wait to be served.

—o—

Remember, before doing a wrong act, or speak disparagingly of another, you are compelled to live with your memory.

—o—

There is one consoling thought to the fellow who has had his car stolen. He does not have to hunt for a parking place any more.

—o—

There is an old saying, "The will is as good as the deed." That may be true. I'll take the deed. Lawyers may at any time upset the will and there's no telling what you will get.

—o—

An Englishman was on his first visit to America. While driving along he saw a sign that said: "Go slow; that means you." He said: "By Jove. How did they know I was here?"

—o—

A husband found some holes in his socks and said to his wife: "Dear why haven't you mended these?" The wife replied: "Hubby, darling, did you buy me that coat as you promise?" "N-no." "Well, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

—o—

All over this land people are being deprived of their loved ones by death. It saddens the heart, and for the time being takes the joy out of life. But in the bitterness of bereavement, just nurse this comforting and precious fact that God's eye can see the tear of grief and sorrow quicker and better than you can see the most brilliant star in the glittering firmament above, if you will only turn your glistening eyes to Him. His look of mercy and sympathy will dry your tear dripping eyes of grief, and they will be radiant with the brilliant beamings of joy and resignation. When we throw open the door of our heart for the outflowing of nobles impulses, and faith in the Triune God, with generous emotions, some watching angel at that very moment throws open the gates of Heaven and through

the portals there comes some of its sweetest and purest blessings.

—o—

Here is a prayer we should pray with great earnestness. Almighty God, Nature is speaking to us today with an insistence that cannot be neglected, in her Spring revival, and we thank Thee for its promise and beauty that touch us to deeper thoughts and higher feelings. The Lord God is our salvation; we will trust and not be afraid. Blessed Master, enrich us with Thy redeeming and transforming power and direct our pride, our temper, and our ambition. Do thou take any blindness out of our understanding, any hardness out of our hearts, and any paralysis out of our wills. Fostered by Thy succoring influence and teaching, may we give full proof of our devotion to the cause of religion and good government, plainly manifested by our daily conduct and by our public acts. Thou art the God of our joys, of our sorrows, of our hopes, and a Father of infinite forgiveness that streams from Thy throne of mercy. In our Savior's name. Amen.

—o—

I entertain a feeling of repugnance against the knocking of other people without a just cause. No modern man can live apart from the rest of his fellows. Back in the old stone age every man was sufficient and a law unto himself. Civilization brings comforts and dependencies. We make progress by helping others. Just now the world needs a new touch of brotherhood. It's got plenty of touch, but it's usually touching the other fellow. That becomes a merry-go-round. He comes through it best who manages to escape being hit, or who responds lightly. The chap who touches often and hard get the plums. After all, life is a matter of survivals. You can deny the statement if you wish. That, however, does not change the fact. Nature herself sets the example. All life preys upon other life. Man preys upon it all, and then goes after his fellows. If he gets the right start he becomes a multimillionaire. In these days there is no place for real pride. There is no disgrace in toil. It is the motive that determines what you will do that degrades. You can't tell a man by his clothes, or the grime upon his face. It's the man inside that determines the real worth.

WHEN TO LAUGH

An Englishman, according to legend, gets three laughs from a joke—first, when the joke is told; second, when it is explained to him, and third, when he finally understands it.

The Frenchman gets only the first two—he never sees the point.

The American man gets one—he won't wait for the point.

—Selected.

CAMP FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED BOYS WILL BE SITUATED ON CATAWBA

(Charlotte Observer)

The purchase of a tract of about 125 acres near the Buster Boyd bridge on the South Carolina side of the Catawba river as the site of The Charlotte Observer's Fresh Air Camp was announced recently.

The property was purchased last week from the Duke Power company, with Norman A. Cocke representing the Duke Power company in the negotiations and Curtis B. Johnson, publisher of The Observer, underwriting the purchase price. The property represents an investment of about $4,500, and the Duke Power company was persuaded to sell the property only because of the use that was to be made of it, and it will transfer the land at the exact price per acre at which it was acquired.

The property consists of what might be termed three parcels of land, each of which juts out into the Catawba river, with a water frontage of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet. It is located about 17 miles from Charlotte and is immediately to the left of the Buster Boyd bridge on the South Carolina side of the Catawba river as one goes westward toward York, S. C. The Red Fez Country clubhouse is almost immediately opposite on the North Carolina side of the river.

Every effort will be made to get the camp in operation this summer and in order to facilitate this, Mr. Johnson has agreed to underwrite the amount necessary for its construction. It will require from $15,000 to $20,000 it is estimated, to equip the camp with proper buildings and necessary camp facilities. This amount, however, does not include necessary operating expenses for taking care of the boys this summer. The preliminary building program provides for the construction of 17 cabins, each of which will be designed for the comfortable housing of from six to eight boys and a counselor, an administration building, a dining hall and kitchen, recreation hall, infirmary, boat housees, incinerator, and automobile garages. The recreation hall will be designed in such way that it can be converted into a gymnasium, and possibly skating rink and motion picture theater.

The camp throughout, according to the present plans, will be built in rustic fashion. Practically all the buildings will be constructed of logs, and when finished the buildings will impart an outdoor, rural atmosphere.

The site of the camp naturally lends itself to the enjoyment of water sports, including swimming, boating and other games provided, too, including baseball, basketball, horse shoe pitching, hiking, riding on flying-jinnies, and other land sports.

In the planning of the camp, J. E. Steere, Charlotte Boy Scout executive, has been giving its sponsors the benefit of his long years of experience and well matured judgment. Mr. Steere, as is well known, has spent many years in the development and training of youth in outdoor

activities and camp life, and has been most successful in his work.

The first year's operation of the camp, it was pointed out yesterday. will be confined to giving vactions to underprivileged boys, those who otherwise would not be able to have vacations. The boys will be drawn from the lists of the Salvation Army, United Welfare federation, the Red Cross and perhaps other charitable organizations. It is estimated that there are several hundred boys eligible for admission to camp.

Naturally, all boys before entering the camp will undergo strict medical examinations to see that they do not have any communicable diseases and will otherwise qualify for admission before they are taken in.

It is now hoped that the camp, even though it may not be fully completed, can be put into operation not later than next July 1.

There will be no charge made to the boys. their parents nor the organizations from which they are drawn. Through the Golden Gloves contest and other minor sporting activities The Observer has raised within the last several weeks a sum of about $3,000. Other promotions are planned for the summer and fall. The funds raised from these sporting events will be used to augment the funds contributed by the public.

In addition, The Observer will open its columns to the public with an invitation to all those so inclined to make a contribution to this charity. It may be that some reader of this story, it was suggested, will have the uncontrollable urge to send in his or her subscription immediately. If that happens, the sponsors of the movement will be delighted.

In discussing the future of the camp, Mr. Johnson said it was his thought at this time that the Fresh Air Fund should be incorporated in order that the camp may be perpetuated. This, of course, contemplates that as time goes along some endowments may possibly be made by people interested in boy development, which endowments, if and when made, will assist in carring on for the future.

Oh you won't be any poorer if you smile
along the way,
And your lot will not be harder for the
kindly things you say.
Don't imagine you are wasting time for
others that you spend;
You can rise to wealth and glory, and still
pause to be a friend.

—Selected.

TITANIC DISASTER 25 YEARS AGO FATAL TO 1,500

By Herbert Hollander

Down into the North Atlantic steamship lanes 25 years ago this week floated a gigantic iceberg that was to cause the greatest maritime disaster of all time, and then give impulse to the establishment of an unique service which has succeeded remarkably in protecting life and property from that grim and deadly hazard.

On the night of April 14-15, 1912, the Titanic, then the largest and finest vessel ever built, went down on her maiden voyage with a loss of more than 1,500 lives.

It was that disaster, so appalling in itself and so fearsome in its implications, that resulted in establishment of the international ice patrol managed and operated by the United States Government through the Coast Guard. Although 13 other nations signed the convention establishing the patrol, and now cooperate in its work, it is the U. S. Coast Guard that carries the bulk of the responsibility to protect shipping from the vast masses of ice that come down from the north each year.

Since the Coast Guard took up the work, not a life has been lost!

To many, the Titanic disaster, which gave the needed impetus for the creation of the international ice patrol, is still a vivid memory. It shocked the world as have few disasters before or since. The great ship, making her first trip, was crowded with notables, many of whom lost their lives. Almost every city in the United States was represented in the passenger list.

None who waited breathlessly for the first reports from the stricken ship 25 years ago will forget the dramatic dash of the Carpathia to pick up the scattered survivors of the Titanic. The horror of those who lived through the ghastly night, in the life boats, on life rafts, or with naught but life preservers between them and the ocean bottom, communicated itself to every newspaper reader.

The Titanic went down in the early morning hours of a starlit night. On her deck stood the ship's band, playing a ragtime tune. The radio operators, Bride and Phillips, had held their posts to the last, sending messages of distress until their cabins were flooded and their dynamos stilled by the mounting waters.

It was difficult for any on aboard the ill-fated vessel to believe the blow of the iceberg could sink the reputedly "unsinkable" Titanic. Many had to be forced into the lifeboats.

Yet, considering the stress of the moment, order prevailed. There was confusion, of course, but eye-witnesses seem generally agreed that for the most part the first law of the sea, "Women and children first," was obeyed without question.

Colonel John Jacob Astor forced his bride of a few months into a lifeboat and then waved goodby from the side of the listing Titanic, promising, futilely, soon again to be by the

side of his sobbing wife.

Their hands clasped, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus, he the famed New York merchant and philanthropist, went down together. Mrs. Straus refused to leave her husband. Major Archibald Butt, confidant of Presidents, also died in this disaster, as did Benjamin Guggenheim and George D. Widener.

A true epic of the sea was the Carpathia's gallant answer to the distress call. The Carpathia was 58 miles from the scene when the SOS came. Geared ordinarily to a top speed of 15 knots, her captain ordered her engines forced to the utmost limit and the Carpathia strained her way through that ice-infested stretch of the North Atlantic at 18 knots, arriving at the tragic spot three and a half hours later.

The Titanic, struck about midnight, disappeared beneath the calm, cold waters at 2:17 a. m. It was not until 3:15 that the Carpathia's lights shone out as a beacon of hope to the hundreds of men, women and children drifting in the Titanic's lifeboats.

Only 20 miles from the scene was the Californian, but in 1912 all-night vigils in wireless rooms were not the rule. The Californian's operator had closed up shortly before midnight, just missing the Titanic's S O S. Had the Californian received that message, hundreds more of the doomed liner's passengers would have been saved.

In all, 1,517 lives were lost. Of this number 103 were women and 53 children. The ship carried a total of 2,207 persons, including passengers and crew.

A vast vessel, more than 880 feet long, and built at a cost of $7,500,000, she was held to be a very model of safety. Yet under the impact of the crushing blow she foundered.

The Titanic's fate brought the nations of the world to their feet. Shipping laws were overhauled, inspection standards raised, and every phase of international passenger-carrying was subjected to the closest scrutiny and the most searching investigation.

Of all the constructive developments which grew out of the loss of the Titanic, none has proved of more far-reaching importance than the international ice patrol. Prior to 1912, nothing had been done toward the establishment of any system for guarding against the danger from floating ice along the trans-Atlantic steamship lanes in the vicinity of the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland. Immediately following the Titanic disaster the patrol of the ice regions was performed by two Navy scout cruisers. During the season of 1913, the patrol was undertaken by the Treasury department and carried out by the Coast Guard cutters Seneca and Miami.

Besides the regular work of locating the ice and warning passing vessels of the danger limits, the officers of the cutters were directed to make a study of the whole ice situation, particularly as to the currents in the vicinity of the ice; habits of birds and seals with regard to ice; in short, to gather a great mass of information helpful to navigators.

In November, 1913, the International Conference on the Safety of Life at Sea was convened in London.

The convention which was signed January 20, 1914, by the representatives of the various maritime powers, provided for the inauguration of an international derelict-destruction, ice-observation and ice-patrol service, consisting of two vessels which should patrol the ice regions during the season of danger and attempt to keep the trans-Atlantic lanes clear of derelicts during the remainder of the year.

The United States Government was invited to take the management of this service, the expense to be defrayed by the 13 nations interested in transatlantic navigation. This was agreed upon, with the following countries signing the pact: The United States, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Norway, Spain, Sweden, and Russia.

The duties of the Coast Guard in its ice patrol work are as interesting as they are important to all those who lravel the steamship lanes.

These duties consist in finding and keeping in touch day by day with icebergs and field ice, determining their set and drift, reporting their presence and location to the Hydrographic Office of the Navy, and broadcasting the information by radio for the protection of shipping. While on this work the Coast Guard cutters perform such services as rendering aid to ships in distress, giving medical aid to crews of passing vessels, removing obstructions to navigation, and giving other assistance to mariners.

In addition, the cutters are manned by scientifically trained officers who conduct all manner of important observations and experiments to contribute to the body of oceanographic knowledge.

Mankind always has been fascinated by the vast, ghostlike hulks which drift down ominously and silently from the frozen wastes of the far north. Only of relatively recent years, however, have scientists gathered a really sizeable body of accurate knowledge about them.

It is pointed out by one of the latter, Edward H. Smith, who has made important studies through the Coast Guard, that spread over the top of the world is a huge white covering of sea ice about 3,500,000 square miles in area. During winter this expands outward until at the maximun,27 per cent of the North Atlantic (the polar sea included), is ice-decked. To this total must be added 805,-650 square miles of land areas, which in many places are submerged by several thousand feet of solid ice.

"The great polar ice cap covering 1,800,000 square miles of the sea, never melts," Smith points out. "During winter the basin becomes greatly congested through freezing and rafting of the fields and little open water is to be found. Lanes of open water appear along the coast for a few brief weeks in summer, and leads and pools appear in the pack. Two great icy arms extend from the centeral polar core, one along the east side of Greenland, the other down the American shore. Every year hundreds of square miles of ice fields perform journeys 1,500 miles or more in length, projecting barriers halfway from the pole to the Equator."

According to this noted authority, the annual discharge and summer

melting amounts to about 1,100,000 square miles of northern sea ice. The great chilling effect attending the latent heat of melting combined with the cooling of northern currents, he says, are two of the Arctic's major geophysical factors. Furthermore, annual variations in the amount of ice and cold water discharged in the North Atlantic are known to have a significant effect upon the weather.

"The berg, of all ice forms in the polar regions, is the most spectacular," Smith continues. "Greenland produces somwehat between 10,000 and 15,000 icebergs every year. Literally thousands of bergs are scattered at times in Greenland coastal waters.

"The wanderings of the bergs are freer than those of the sea ice because, with their massive proportions. they sometimes survive long journeys. The icebergs that reach farthest south are those traveling the 1,500-mile pathway down the Laborador coast."

It was one of these which 25 years ago loomed up before the Titanic and crushed as though it were of straw that magnificent creature of man's mechanical genius.

But that iceberg brought a new era of safety into shipping. It set that indomitable watch-dog, the United States Coast Guard, upon the trail. The icebergs won in 1912; since then science and the fortitude and courage of strong men has cheated them of further prey.

The watch which the Coast Guard has set is a never-ending one. These men more than any others know the icebergs and their habits well enough to be deeply respectful of them. They know that even in the apparently smallest bergs lurks great danger, for the great portion of all such floating masses of ice is under water.

The Coast Guard has conducted experiments in attempting to break up icebergs by the use of TNT. They were not very successful. Aside from the fact that no man-made weapon can be even fractionally as effective against the bergs as sun and the wash of warm water, the placing of the explosive is a task fraught with the greatest danger.

It is virtually impossible to put a boarding crew on a berg. Many are so finely posied that the slightest pressure on any side will topple them. Also, many are precipitous. In all cases, any attempt to board an iceberg is more than likely to be fatally dangerous.

Explosives were placed on the bergs by mechanical means, however, and in some cases the masses were partially shattered. But on the whole that plan of combatting the menace is not feasible. The only practical method is to track and chart the bergs and to warn shipping in the vicinity.

Each year a Coast Guard cutter cruises to the exact spot in the North Atlantic where the Titanic went down. Memorial services are held by officers and crew.

At the same time, flowers are placed on the Titanic memorial, a beautiful statue, commemorative of the tragic event, which has been erected on the banks of the Potomac in Washington, D. C.

But the finest memorial of all is the fact that through the zealous watchfulness of a branch of the United States Government, the

treacherous ice mountains for 25 years now have been cheated of their toll.

The brave men and women who stood on the listing decks of the Titanic, a ragtime tune ringing in their ears, the cold stars gleaming brightly overhead, and the surging ocean singing a requiem beneath their feet, would want no finer testimonial to their heroism than this.

Here is one tragedy that has not been forgotten, nor will it be so long as gallant American sea-hawks scan with tireless vigilance the windswept wilderness of northern waters.

"Try loving people; you can hate them without trying."

A TREE THAT BEARS SAUSAGES

By Ruth I. Simon

Most of us would never think of associating the word "sausage" with a tree. Even a dictionary gives no connection. But perhaps that is because we have never visited the Victoria Lake region of Africa, where naturalists find a tree of great interest to them. Botanically this tree is known by the Latin name *Kigelia pinnata*, but the English name of "sausage-tree" is much easier and is strikingly descriptive of the fruit. It is also called a fetish-tree, for the native considers is as an object of fear and worship.

Several specimens now grow in California and Florida. Fruit gathered from a tree located only a short distance from the city of Miami, Fla., was displayed at the Century of Progress Exposition. Dr. David Fairchilds, government agriculturist, brought the seeds from Africa about thirty years ago and the government experimental station propagated this young tree with others of its kind.

Thousands of tourists from every state in the Union and many Foreign countries visit this sausage-tree each year. The leafy top reaches a height of only thirty feet, but each night during the summer months deep purplish-red blossoms make it an immense bouquet. These gay blossoms attract a great number of nightflying insects; in the morning the ground is covered with their beautiful petals.

The fruit which hangs from the branches on long ropelike stems, resembles huge sausages. A large specimen may measure twenty-seven inches and weigh as much as fifteen pounds. A brown fibrous substance, spongy in appearance but solid to the touch, fills the sausages and encloses the seeds.

Although the sausages cannot be eaten, the native African finds them useful. He slightly roasts the fruit to use as an outward application in certain diseases. He also obtains a deadly poison from the seeds with which he paints the tips of his spears and arrows in order to increase their effectiveness.

FRIEND CHICKADEE

By Frances Bigelow, in Young Folk

As we tramp the winter woods, we sometimes catch glimpses of an animated fluff of feathers, bouncing blithely from one bare branch to another, twisting and turning and summersaulting with amazing agility. When we draw near, the fluff resolves itself into a spruce-looking little bird, bright eyed and alert, dressed in a Quakerish suit of gray, topped with a snug fitting black velvet cap, with neckerchief to match.

As we watch this little wood sprite, we are intrigued by his gymnastic ability. Now he teeters on the end of the slenderest branch; now he turns a flip-flop, and hangs by his claws from the under side of the branch. Before we have time to catch our breath, he has righted himself, and flitted to another branch, where he clings perilously, or so it seems to us, to a slender leaf stem.

Light hearted and irresponsible as this bird seems, he is performing a valuable service to mankind. for as his little tummy is filled, the career of many a noxious insect is cut short. One by one, countless tiny insects, stowed snugly away in their winter hide-outs in the crevices of the bark, meet a tragic death at the bill of Friend Chickadee; and hundreds of eggs and chrysalids that would otherwise develop into troublesome pests help to make up his bill of fare. All day long he works, scanning trunk, and branch, and twig for the insects that menace the blossoms and fruit of the coming season. And as he works, he voices his contentment, and his satisfaction with the word in his charming little song of "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chich-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee."

The economic value of the chickadee is much enhanced through his remaining in the northern states the year round, for in the winter he takes the proverbial stitch in time by destroying millions of insects that would otherwise become pests during the summer. He also consumes many tiny insects that are over-looked by larger birds.

This sprightly little bird may be found foraging by himself, but he is more likely to be found in the company of several others of his kind; or he may be a member of a gay little party of chickadees, nuthatches, brown creepers, downy woodpeckers, or tufted titmice, for friend chickadee is a good mixer. He revels in the companionship of his little woods comrades, and he is willing to make friends with any human being who has the good sense to cultivate his friendship, and to treat him with the respect due his confiding disposition. and his worth-while services.

His friendship is readily bestowed on anyone who has the time and the patience to enter his domain and make the proper advances to win his good will. With a bit of food for bait, it is comparatively easy to enter into his good graces to such an extent he is willing to perch on your hand, your shoulder, or your head.

In the spring, after Friend Chickadee has assumed the responsibilities of a benedict, he and his bride set

about the important business of preparing a home for their future family. Sometimes a hollow in a tree, a stump, or a fence post, is converted into a dwelling place, by the addition of a soft lining of grass, moss, feathers, or similar substances; sometimes a nest chamber is excavated by the sharp bills of the hard working little birds, and sometimes they conserve their energies by renoveating a deserted woodpecker's hole, and setting up housekeeping therein.

A human workman may be "known by his chips," but these little feathered carpenters cannot be judged in this way, for when they have finished their work, there are no chips to be found! Each chip is prudently carried a few feet away from the nest before it is dropped, for a litter of chips would reveal the presence of the nest to enemies, and Friend Chickadee is far too clever to jeopardise his family in this way.

A favorite location for a chickadee's domicile is in an apple orchard, where the services of the birds are invaluable to the fruit grower, for when Friend Chickadee has attained the high estate of parenthood there may be five or six hungry little bills to be stuffed with beetles, spiders, insects eggs, or other delicacies that tickle the chickadee palate, and Father and Mother Chickadee must work overtime to supply the needs of their offspring. Tent caterpillars, canker worms, and plant lice are among the common pests that are destroyed by chickadees. One pair of chickadees have been known to feed as many as five thousand plant lice to their offspring daily.

A certain orchard was the rendezvous of a number of chickadees during the winter months, and next summer the trees that were thus protected bore a rich harvest of fruit, while the fruit in neighboring orchards was badly damaged by insects.

If farmers were more alert in availing themselves of the services so freely offered by our native birds, no doubt much expensive spraying could be dispensed with. And few citizens of the bird world are more valuable than our little friend, the chickadee. His cheery presence brightens the grayest of winter days; his contented little song enlivens the woodland, and his incessant warfare against insects brings dollars into the farmer's pocket.

The cystal must be either dirty or clean— and there's an end. So it is with one's hands and with one's heart—only you can wash your hands without changing them, but not the heart or crystals. On the whole, while you are young, it will be well to take care that your hearts don't need much washing, for they may, perhaps, need wringing also when they do

—Ruskin.

THE PROXY GIRL

By Elizabeth Preston Allan

"Don't forget, girls," said Miss Rosa Franklin, "that our new preacher comes this week, and that there is a daughter about your age."

And then Miss Franklin looked into the faces of her Sunday school class with an expression of utter surprise. When had this loyal seven ever received coldy any hint or suggestion from her

"Well, comrades," she said presently, "how about England expecting every man to do his duty? How about it, Connie?"

It was impossible to ignore that direct appeal, and Cornelia Dowd—after a moment's hesitation—answered, rather peevishly:

"You needn't think, Miss Rosa, that a girl whose name is 'Irving McClanahan Bemis, and who is preparing for college, needs any favors from us! She'll turn up her nose at Pryor village, all right!"

"And Ladybird"—broke in Flora Kennedy, eagerly (this was the pet name of the class for their teacher), "she's been abroad! What do you think of that?"

"My! What a high crime!" mocked Miss Franklin. "Any more misdemeanors?"

"People say they are awfully rich, Miss Rosa," ventured Agnes Bradley, somewhat disconcerted by Miss Franklin's tone. For if insubordination was novel in the class, sarcasm was unheard of in the teacher.

"Would you think it 'awful' to be rich, Agnes?" asked Miss Franklin, dropping her severe manner and turning an amused smile on this rather timid member of her class. "I don't think I ever knew a preacher who was awfully rich; I would like to see one. But now, girls, I have something to tell you about the new preacher's daughter that is not just hear-say. I saw her myself when I went to the convention last month, and oh my dears—" Miss Franklin stopped to control her voice—"oh my dear—she is lame! I don't mean that she just halts or limps, but I mean that her poor spine is curved so that she can never grow any more,—can never be a graceful, agile young person like the rest of you, but she must always be a sad and painful sight!"

At this moment seven girls tried to put their arms around Miss Franklin at once; seven pairs of dewy eyes beamed promises of sympathy and lovingkindness; but what the lips said I cannot tell you for at that moment the superintendent's bell rang, and all the class rooms emptied themselves into the general auditorium for the closing service.

A few days before this Sunday on which we have seen Miss Franklin's class gathered about her, a little white envelope had been put in Uncle Sam's mail bag, addressed to Marian Lind, who was Irving Bemis' best friend, although now they were separated by hundreds of miles.

"I know you will be feeling sorry for your poor little Jonathan, my dear David," said the letter, "when you think of the ordeal I will be going through next week. I shall be stranded in a perfectly new place, without

a single acquaintance—much less a friend.

"And I am going to burden you with a confession that I would not let papa and mamma hear for the world; because I know it would grieve them so. I met a rather giddy, foolish girl the other day, who had just been to Pryor on a visit; and she giggled and twisted her mouth and said, 'O Miss Bemis, I am sorry for you, sure; the girls of Pryor have just got it in for you, somehow, and I don't believe they intend to have anything to do with you."

"Now I know what you are saying, Marian,—that a girl who could say such an unkind and stupid thing to a perfect stranger, is not worthy of being considered. And I have said the same thing to myself—over and over! But, all the same, there is a little cloud hanging over my path, for I do not think the girl invented that idea: no doubt she exaggerated it—but what can be the meaning of it, even if it is only half true?"

I am afraid that the taste for reading other people's letters is a dangerous one to indulge, yet for a good and honest reason I am going to ask you to read the next letter that traveled from "Jonathan" to "David."

"O my dearest dear"—it read, "I am much too tired to think of writing you anything as complicated as a letter, for, as you may suppose, unpackng and placing furniture, even with plenty of help, uses up several hours' energy every sixty minutes.

"But when I remember what a wicked, doleful letter I wrote you last week, I simply cannot wait another minute to say that my dream of the cold shoulder I should find turned to me in this nice little town was all a nightmare—nothing more.

"In the first place, seven lovely girls met me at the station, called me 'Irving' right away, and just treated me like a long-lost sister. I confess that the first moment or two after I stepped out of the car things were embarrassing. I don't know just what sort of a girl 'La Sept' (as this group call themselves) expected to find; but they looked at me, and at one another, and at papa, and at the retreating car,—and one of them said, 'Didn't your daughter come, Dr. Bemis?' 'Yes,' said papa, laughing, 'all there is of her; not much, as you see. She's little, but she's great; and she's all we-ve got.

"Then the girls seemed to pull themselves together; and they carried me off as a guest, for of course our house was not ready. I have been staying with each of them in turn and having the time of my life. I'm in love with them all, and can hardly wait for your promised visit, for you to know and love them, too. I wish you could hear that 'pat' way they call you 'Marian' already; and they know all of your virtues, my dear,—and such poor little insignificant faults as I could think up on you."

The letter trailed off into a few lines of endearment, and then a hasty good-by.

And now what are you thinking of Miss Franklin and her pathetic story? You have seen that the preacher's daughter was not in the least like the picture the teacher had given of her. The stranger was a small, slight young thing, but graceful and alert, and not at all lame.

The girls could not wait for their usual five minutes' chat after the next Sunday's lesson, but surrounded Miss Franklin with accusing eyes as soon as they gathered in the class room:—what had she meant by telling them that the preacher's daughter was lame?

"You surely did not think I was trying to deceive you?" protested that lady. "The person who pointed out to me the poor little hunchback as Dr. Bemis' daughter, thought she knew, I am sure; but it was just one of those mysterious mistakes that occur every now and then, as if the spirit of mischief was taking a hand in our lives."

"Ladybird, we are so glad you made the mistake!" said Connie earnestly. "You see, we got ready to be very good and nice to a lame girl; and then Irving just stepped into it by proxy, didn't she?"

"And do you know, Miss Rosa," said Flora, "I believe she needed us just as much as if she had been lame; —people do, don't they,—in their spirits, I mean?"

"It wouldn't be a bad rule for La Sept—" suggested Mary Moore with a quizzical look, "to treat everybody as if they had curved spines!"

"If we could see as God does, dear," said Miss Franklin, "we would find that almost every life is lamed in some way; so that we need to be especially gentle and kind to each one."

"We sure did strike an angel unawares in our 'proxy girl'," said an enthusiastic member of the class; and it gives me the creeps to think how near we came to being nasty to her."

"Hear the Eighteenth Amendment to our Constitution," repeated Mary Moore gaily: "All the world to be thought of by every one of us as afflicted and to be treated accordingly, until contrary is proved."

TREASURE

All that is bright is not gold, my boy,
And though it were it might not buy joy;
If you'd be rich you must learn to see
The worth of that which is given free.

You may be rich though you have no gold,
For many things can't be bought or sold:
More dear by far is a good true friend
Than all the gold you may hoard or spend.

The books you read, the desires you form,
The life you live, the deeds you perform—
If they are good you have naught to fear
For you are rich in the things most dear.

—Selected.

A BAZAAR IN INDIA

By Leon Godown

Last Thursday afternoon it was our happy privilege to hear an Oriental program, "A Bazaar in India," presented in our auditorium by Mr. William S. Willett, of Hendersonville, N. C.

While serving the Tata interests of India for a period of six years during the construction of a tremendous steel production mill which employed thousands of natives of numerous castes and customs, Mr. Willett was placed face to face with the mysteries of the Orient and the terrors of the jungles.

This most interesting program portrays to the American public the splendor of the Orient and the thrills associated with real jungle experiences. It is an entertainment which employs thousands of dollars worth of magnificent Oriental articles, including exhibits of rugs, native weaving, knives, articles of clothing, weapons of war and the hunt, opium pipe, fruits, and the beautiful skin of the huge man-devouring tiger killed by Mr. Willett.

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Willett spoke of the Suez Canal as being the dividing line between the old world and the new, and that one could easily recognize the change in dress, color and customs when crossing over this line. In traveling this canal for a distance of 97 miles through a desert, one can see many camel caravans along the route, making a highly interesting picture. After a few hours the Red Sea is reached, the crossing place being where Moses led the Israelites to safety and destroyed the Egyptian army. Here, too, may be seen Mount Sinai, where Moses talked with God. After five days' sailing across the Arabian Sea, the party landed at Bombay, India, where great crowds of natives had gathered to see just what the ship had brought in.

The biggest problem in India, said Mr. Willett, is the caste system or divisions of the people of that country. They are not united into one group, but each caste represent a certain territory under a presiding native officer known as a maharajah or an English governor. The native prince or ruler maintains his position because he has remained true to the British Crown during uprisings, the other castes are governed by English governors, placed there after the native maharajah has been deposed or perhaps put to death for taking sides with those who are not loyal to Great Britain.

These people worship fire, water and earth, said the speaker, and do not believe in polluting either. The question then arises as to how they dispose of their dead. It is done in this manner. Huge walls are constructed, on top of which are laid large iron gratings. This is called "The House of Silence," and all around the top of the walls may be seen vultures and other birds of prey. When a person dies, the funeral party may be seen slowly mounting eighty flights of stone steps until the grating is reached. The priests then carry on the funeral-like rites and the body placed on the grating where,

in a short time, it is devoured by the birds of prey. While this custom may seem terrible to us, said the speaker, there is very little choice between grave worms and vultures.

The are mor than 360 millions of people in this most fascinating land, said Mr. Willett, and they speak many hundred languages and dialects, one only finding it necessary to travel 50 miles to hear people speaking an entirely different language.

According to the speaker, the mountain ranges in India would exceed in height the combined heights of both the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountain ranges by more than 10,000 feet. At the foot of these ranges the thermoneter will sometimes soar to 135 degrees in the shade, while at their snow-capped peaks it will be about 200 degrees colder.

Mr. Willett then called attention to the many wild animals and snakes in the jungles of India, and briefly explained some features concerning those best known. Elephants, said he, are protected by the Indian government. Once a year a great round-up is made. They are captured and trained to be beasts of burden, especially they are valuable around the lumber camps. The skin of an elephant is one inch thick. A 22 calibre bullet can not penetrate it yet, a fly or mosquito lighting on this huge beast will cause him no end of worry. A herd of wild elephants are never dangerous unless they have young ones with them. Each herd has a leader, and sometimes two of these leaders will have a fight. The winner is fully established as leader and the loser becomes an outcast and either goes mad or becomes what is known over there as a rogue. One such fight was described by Mr. Willett. It lasted for two days, at which time he and his assistants found one huge beast dead, both tusks having been broken off. Three days later, the other was found dead, and the broken tusks of the first elephant were found deeply imbedded just below his eyes.

The speaker then told of water buffaloes, very dangerous animals, some attaining the weight of 3,000 pounds. The buffalo knows no fear and will charge elephants or fight tigers. A tame buffalo, however, can be led by a child, and taught to pull a cart or a plow, and do many other useful things.

Wild dogs, very much like the American wolf, are abundant, continued the speaker. They have very little hair—just a few bristles down the spine. They are very destructive and take many lives. Wild jackals and hyenas are also plentiful. The jackal is very cunning and has teeth that cut keenly, much like a pair of scissors, and his cry sounds quite human. The hyena is one of the most powerful-jawed animals known. They can crush the bones of animals much larger than themselves, and their cry is quite different from that of the jackal, being more like a human laugh.

The leopard, said Mr. Willett is the most ferocious of the cat family. One good thing about it, however, is that it never strikes without giving its victim warning. It always screams, which gives one time to get his gun and shoot him before he comes close enough to attack.

The tiger, said Mr. Willett, is the deadly foe of both man and beast. The

name, "tiger" means in native tongue, "swift as an arrow," so named because he is quick as a flash in getting to his victim. While some animals change, the tiger, as far back as we can trace him, has always been the same murderous beast. The lion has been called "king of the jungle," but that is all wrong, for in many battles between these beasts, the lion has never been known to beat the tiger. There are three safe ways to hunt the tiger, a very dangerous sport because of the fact that when man is in his territory this animal becomes the hunter rather than the hunted. One way to hunt him is from the back of an elephant, another is from a tree platform, while the third is to select a valley, take a group of 200 or more natives to beat the grass or brushy growth, thus driving him out where you can get a shot at him. He then told of shooting the huge tiger which came down to his bungalow in a small village. After making several trips during which he killed seven natives, a young calf was staked out as bait, and when the tiger came to pounce upon this choice morsel, Mr. Willett shot him from a tree platform, the skin of which, already mentioned, was exhibited on the stage.

Mr. Willett then told of the many snakes and their habits, stating that one may find 64 varieties of snakes there, 29 being deadly. The most poisonous ones are the cobra, or man-hunting snake; the krait, much like our copperhead as to size, but more deadly; and the viper, not very large, but also quite deadly. Sometimes during the hot winds, these snakes go mad, and often fight to get in the bungalows.

The dominating creatures of the jungle are the ants, said the speaker, and that some day they will control all the tropical world. One kind in particular, the traveler ants, travel in great columns, destroying everything in their path. One time a tiger with two cubs saw these creatures coming. She carried one to safety, but returning to get the other, found that the ants had devoured it. These ants eat every edible thing, even the grass and the tree leaves. They can devour an elephant weighing six tons in six hours.

In concluding his remarks Mr. Willett said that in one year in India 29,800 people lose their lives because of snakes and animals, but as this was 25 per cent less than the number of people killed in the United States by automobiles during the same length of time, it seemed to him that after all, India was probably the safest place in which to live.

Mr. Willett then showed a number of articles made in that country. The first was a ladies' dress of most beautiful silk. In that land the members of the fair sex wear plain colors, mostly white, while the men appear resplendent in gaudy colors. Then came the showing of a rare sacrificial Thibetian knife, used by the priests to cut off the heads of animals, after which he would flay it about, and those attending the ceremony who happened to get blood on them, considered that they had received a blessing. Other articles shown were the tom-tom, mangoes, soldiers' side knives, opium pipe and many other curios, each of which was briefly described.

While Kipling said, "East is East

and West is West, and never the twain shall mett," after witnessing Mr. Willetts collection of most interesting articles and hearing his most vivid descriptions and explanations, we are of the opinion that it is entirely possible for East and West to meet without enduring the discomforts and dangers, and at the some time enjoy all the pleasing and appealing things of the Orient. It was a most delightful and instructive entertainment, and should Mr. Willett be traveling this way at some future time, we wish to assure him that we shall only be too glad to have him repest this splendid entertainment.

WHY MEN LIFT THEIR HATS

Like many customs—among them the pratice of shaking hands and drinking toasts—the lifting of the hat as a form of salutation goes back to the days when knighthood was in flower and men seldom appeared in public except in full armor. The phrase, "Safety First," was unknown then, but its principle was well understood.

Almost every knight had enemies who lurked in the shadows, waiting for an opportunity to catch him off his guard, and armor was the only recognized form of life insurance.

When in the presence of his friends, however, the knight would remove his helment, and bare his head, thus signifying his belief that he was safe. The helmet would be placed upon the table or under his arm, ready to be instantly clapped into place at the first hint of danger.

The wearing of armor passed away with the invention of gunpowder, but the practice of raising the hat—the successor to the helmet—remained. At first it was retained as a mark of respect to either sex, just as men now remove their hats in the presence of royalty or when the flag (the symbol of authority) is passing by. Gradually, however, its use was reserved as a salutation from men to their friends of the opposite sex thus again returning to the days of chivalry.

—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Francis Hart, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left here September 15, 1933, will this month complete his studies at the Angier High School, being a member of this year's graduating class. He recently sent Superintendent Boger an invitation to the commencement exercises, to be held April 30th.

—o—

Mrs. Leslie Bell, of Concord, recently brought a nice collection of fine magazines to the School for the use of the boys. These magazines were the gift of a group of ladies of the First Presbyterian Church. We are grateful to these good ladies for their contribution to the boys' education and amusement. Such gifts as these are always welcome.

—o—

Lawrence Valley, who left the School in January 1929, recently called on us. He is now living at Thomasville, where he is employed in a lumber yard as inspector. He is married and is the father of one child. In conversation with some of the School officials, Lawrence stated that he has done very well since leaving us, and he thought his stay here had been of great benefit to him.

—o—

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury visited the School last Tuesday, and, after visiting the several departments of the institution expressed their pleasure with the manner in which the work is being carried on here. The members of this committee were: Messrs. Frank Brown, R. E. Holland and R. B. McAnulty, of Concord, and N. O. Petrea, of Mount Pleasant.

—o—

Wade Clewis, of Lumberton, formerly of Cottage No. 4, called on friends at the School the other day. While here he was employed as house boy and for a while was a member of the poultry yard force, and had reached the seventh grade at the time he left. He is now past twenty-five years of age, is married and has two children, a boy and a girl. For the past three years Wade has been working as a plumber and reports that he likes his work and is getting alone fine.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Hayes Creary, who has been in the United States Marine Corps for several years. He is now stationed at Shanghai, China, where he has been since January 1st.

Hayes wrote that while he was on his way from Guam to Shanghai, in December of last year, the ship was stranded near Peking, China, and they spent Christmas "on a rock pile."

He states further that he is having a fine time and will be due back in the United States some time in December of this year.

The first game of the 1937 baseball season was played on the local diamond on Friday of last week, the Concord High School team furnishing the opposition for the School boys. In a six-inning game the visitors won easily by the score of 15 to 5.

Goldston did the pitching for the visitors and kept the local lads' eight hits well scattered. For the Training School it was a parade of pitchers, no less than five of them taking a turn on the mound. While they managed to hold the Concord boys to five hits, they seemed to lose all sense of direction so far as locating the plate was concerned, issuing an even dozen bases on balls. These free tickets to first base, together with several costly errors, made it possible for the Concord lads to score almost at will, none of their runs being earned.

Walters, catcher, ripping out a brace of singles, was the only visitor to secure more than one hit, while Worthington, local guardian of the second hassock, led the School batters, getting a triple and a single, which were responsible for three of the five runs registered by his mates. The score:

								R	H	E
Concord	0	0	5	3	3	4	—	15	5	2
J. T. S.	2	0	0	2	1	0	—	5	8	9

Three-base hit: Worthington. Stolen bases: Barret, Blackwelder, Smith. Struck out: By Goldston 9; by Fowler 1. Base on balls: Off Goldston 2; off Rainey 2; off Furchess 2; off Fowler 5; off Worthington 3.

The game last Saturday afternoon between Franklin Mill and the Training School resulted in a 13 to 5 victory for the former. W. Mauney, visiting hurler, held the local lads to seven scattered hits and struck out ten batters.

Andrews started on the mound for the School, but was forced to reire in the seventh after being struck on the knee by a pitched ball. During his stay on the firing line he allowed eight hits and fanned seven batters. Lawrence then assumed the pitching duties and was touched for five hits. He too, caused seven batters to retire on strikes.

J. Bost, with three singles, set the pace for the Franklin batters, while Homer Smith, local shortstop, with two singles to his credit, was the only School batter to obtain more than one hit. The score:

										R	H	E
Franklin	3	0	0	0	3	3	0	0	4	— 13	13	5
J. T. S.	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	2	— 5	7	5

Two-base hits: R. Mauney, Lawrence. Double play: Smith, Worthington and Younger. Struck out: By W. Mauney 10; by Andrews 7; by Lawrence 7. Base on balls: Off Andrews 2. Hit by pitcher: By W. Mauney (Andrews); by Andrews (R. Mauney).

—o—

On Monday afternoon a team from Hartsell Mill, composed mostly of members of the Lefler family, visited the local diamond and defeated the School ball tossers by the score of 3 to 2.

This game was a pitchers' battle between Charlie Lefler, visiting hurler, and Charlie Furchess, who tossed 'em in for the School lads, with honors even so far as base-hits were concerned, each pitcher allowing six singles. All three enemy runs and both markers chalked up by the School boys were the result of errors, thus giving our Charlie the worst of the duel between the pitchers.

The School scored once in the fifth when Williams reached second on an error, scoring later on a single by Furchess.

In the first half of the eighth the visitors marked up three runs on singles by Whittington and H. Lefler, and three errors by local fielders, made on easy chances which should have retired the side scoreless.

In the local half of the same frame, our boys put their second run across as Furchess was safe on an error, took second on Younger's single, and scored on Goodman's two-ply blow to right field. The score:

		R	H	E
Hartsell	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 —	3	6	5
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 —	2	6	4

Two-base hit: Goodman. Double play: Smith, Worthington and Youngs. Struck out: By Furchess 6; by C. Lefler 7. Base on balls: Off Furchess 2; off C. Lefler 1. Umpires—Liske and Whittington.

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 13: 1-13, and the subject of his most interesting talk to the boys was, "Who Hath Ears, Let Him Hear."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer called attention to the value of hearing—what a wonderful thing it is that God has given us ears to hear.

He then stated that the Parable of the Sower, as read in the Scripture Lesson, was a story of the open country—a farm scene, with the sower going forth to sow. Especially at this time of the year we who have been in any way connected with farm life, feel the urge to go out to the farm, where the air is clear and we can feel free.

This parable, continued the speaker places emphasis upon the soil, and mentions the four kinds of soil—the hard soil, some stony, some thorny and then the good soil. In this story from Jesus teaching we see the vast importance of sowing in the right kind of soil. In other words the Master means those four kinds of hearers who receive the Word of God.

In the first class, said the speaker, we find those upon whom the message set forth by Jesus was utterly wasted. They represent the hard soil. Their minds were elsewhere. They failed to respond because they were hard-hearted. Like the wayside soil, their hearts were packed down so tightly that it was impossible for the seed to enter, consequently they refused to take advantage of the opportunities God offered.

The next class of people, said Rev. Mr. Kellermyer, represents the stony soil. There was no depth to them. While making quick response to

Jesus' words, they were equally quick to forget. Their lives were shallow and the seed failed to mature because it was impossible for the roots to take hold.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then called attention to the third class—those people whose hearts resembled thorny ground. The message of the Master was received, but evil thoughts sprang up and grew so rapidly that the good thoughts were completely overpowered. Some of this thorny growth in our lives consists of worry, hatred, love of money, love of pleasure, etc. A Christian cannot afford to allow the best to be crowded out of his life by the second best.

The fourth class of people described in this parable consists of those who heard the message and allowed it to take root. In their hearts the soil was good, and as the seed entered it was nourished until it attained great proportions. Then, too, it was not only kept in this kind of heart, but as it grew, it was shared with others, helping them to prepare the soil in their hearts in order that the seed might receive proper nourishment.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that the fruitful hearer is patient. He knows how to keep on even against great odds. He then urged the boys to listen to the message of Christ; take him as their guide, and carry on his work until the crown is won.

A LOOK AHEAD

That was an interesting and not entirely unaffecting story in the papers recently about two old ladies who are still drawing pensions because their husbands fought in the War of 1812. One of them, a sprightly dame of 80 summers, told a particularly pointed story. She said that as a girl of 19 she married her husband, a veteran of the abortive invasion of Canada, when he was 71 years of age.

To make a modern paralled: Suppose a youth of 18 was drafted a week or two before the close of the World War, in 1918. This youth, if he lives, will be 71 in 1971. If, in that year, he marries a girl of 19 and she lives she will be 80 and still drawing a pension in year 2032.

But by then, doubtless, our great-grandchildren will be so busy scrambling to get the money to pay pensions for the World Wars that have occurred in the interim they won't even have time to wonder at the tale.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending April 18, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(3) Robert Allen 18
(17) J. C. Cox 17
(14) James Johnson 14
(2) James McGinnis 2
(4) Mack Setzer 18
(20) Fred Wheeler 20
(14) James Wilhite 19

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 4
Henry Cowan 4
Charles Cole 2
Carrol Dodd 3
William Haire 2
William Howard 12
Horace Journigan 5
John Kellam 10
Bruce Link 4
(7) Arthur Martin 17
(2) Julian Myrick 7
(2) Jack Norris 9
(2) William Pitts 10
Reece Reynolds 3
Howard Roberts 6
Bunn Shoe 4
Albert Silas 12
Jerry Smith 3
Eugene Stallings 2
(2) Robert Watts 6
(2) James West 14
John Wilson 7
Preston Yarborough 16
(5) R. L. Young 11

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 3
John Capps 8
Julius Green
Max Lindsay 6
(3) Fred Seibert 10
(6) Robert Worthington 12

COTTAGE No. 3

Julian Gregory 12
Edgar Hatley 9
(2) James Mast 2
Harley Mathews 3
William New 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) William Bell 10
(6) Odell Bray 9
Hurley Davis 8
James Hancock 13
Henry Harris
(3) John King 3
(3) Richard Mills 12
(3) Robert Mims 11
(4) Lloyd Pettus 13
(3) Frank Raby 14
William Surratt 5
(3) Melvin Walters 13

COTTAGE No. 5

(6) A. L. Gaines 18
(3) Jack Gunter 9
Henry James 6
Ralph Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Robert Bryson 4
(4) Theodore Bowles 15
(2) Frank Glover 13
(3) Leonard Jacobs 8
(2) Ray Laramore 4
(2) Joseph Sanford 6

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn 12
(2) William Estes 3
James Finley 9
(7) Caleb Hill 15
(3) Houston Howard 12
(6) Hugh Johnson 14
Elmer Maples 2
Milton Pickett 11

COTTAGE No. 8

(7) Sam Belk 16
Lloyd Banks 7
(2) Duke Davis 4
(3) Ralph Rainey 13
(3) John Tolbert 7

COTTAGE No. 9

William Brackett 3
Edgar Burnette 9
Wilson Bowman 11
Hubert Carter 6
Randolph Davis 6
Woodfin Fowler 13
Charles Freeman 13
C. D. Grooms 15
Mark Jones 3
Thomas McCarter 8
Esmond Reams 13
Earl Stamey 4
Percival Shuler 7
Cleveland Suggs 6
(5) Homer Smith 16
Samuel J. Watkins 5

COTTAGE No. 10

Earl Atwood 9
Clyde Adams 17
William Knight 11
Rufus Linville 6
William Peedin 9
Ralph Carver 4
Matthew Duffy 4
Jeff Gouge 12
Walter Merriett 2
Glenn Collins 12

COTTAGE No. 11

Walter Blevins 9
(2) Howard Clark 2
(8) H. A. Holmes 12
David Hodge 13
William Hirk 10
William Martin 7
(3) Julius Stevens 15

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 2
(2) Joseph Cox 12
(5) James Elders 9
Franklin Hensley 4
(2) Richard Honeycutt 3
(5) Hubert Holloway 5
Lester Jordan 4
Frank Lewis 12
Clarence Mayton 8
(2) Jerome Medlin 14
Ewin Odom 9
Lomie Sloan 9
(4) Horace Simmons 4
Charles Williams 6

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Clarence Douglas 9
(2) Willard Garrett 5
(2) Robert Hailey 12
(11) Claudius Pickett 15
(2) John Smith 4
(5) Morris Starnes 6

COTTAGE No. 14

Lee Dowless 7
Spurgeon Dowless 7
Jack Daubenmeyer 6
Nelson Daubenmeyer 3
James Kirk 8
(2) Troy Powell 4
Wilburn Suite 5
James Stepp 6
(2) Paul Shipes 7

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Julian Andrews 7
John Brown 5
Granville Cheek 4
(4) George Gibson 17
Melvin Jarrell 2
(4) George McManus 16
(4) Walter Mitchell 16
(4) Marvin Martin 5
(3) Raymond Mabe 3
(2) Alvin Powell 8
(3) Harley Riley 9
(3) Wilson Rich 5
Wallace Sommers
(4) Harless Triplett 14
(10) Robert Teeter 19

CONFIDENCE AND OPPORTUNITY

"He can who thinks he can." How much truth there is in that simple phrase. Many failures have been caused by the lack of this thing called "confidence." You cannot succeed in life doubting yourself or thinking of failure.—Selected.

MAY 9 1937
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 1, 1937 No. 18

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FALSE AND TRUE

The dwellings of error will crumble and fall,
Mortality knows a swift end;
But spiritual mansions are past any touch
Of plagues that the years may send.

The false and the sinful return to the void
Of things that in truth are unknown;
But love and goodness will live to the end,
And nourish the seeds we have sown.

—Camille DuBarry.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FOR AN AGED PERSON

I would not see the faded cheeks that once wore youth's bright glow,
I would not mourn the chestnut locks that now are white as snow,
I would not notice furrows in a former rounded face,
Nor would I scorn uncouthness in a mien once filled with grace.

But I would see the patient smile that greets me when I speak,
The noble features, made so by the tasks you had to meet
On life's wide road. You conquered, and now your visage bears
Lineaments that are finer than youthful beauty wears.

Of the hands that are unsteady, I would not rudely think,
But with them thoughts of sacrificing deeds would rather link;
The feet that often falter show me how you bravely trod
The rugged, narrow paths of life in company with your God.

And though life may have robbed you, as it robs an autumn tree,
Of former grace and beauty—gloom, lost hope, I do not *see;*
But in a shining future, mortal robings cast aside,
I see a lovely picture: you, transformed and glorified!

—Selma B. Bechtel

TRUSTEE O. C. BRUTON—

That a "prophet is not without honor, save in his own country" does not fit the case of O. C. Bruton, a leading merchant and outstanding citizen of Mt. Gilead, and one of the lately appointed trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

The Mount Gilead Herald writes interestingly of this distinguished citizen, giving every evidence of a truth that O. C. Bruton has in every interest of church, civic and business so deported himself as to gain and hold the confidence of all the people of Mount Gilead and adjacent community. To be successful and at the same

time hold the faith of home folks tells a story,—that this fine North Carolinian has the combined characteristics of fine judgment and integrity.

The job of trustee is no small responsibility in a school like the Jackson Training School where raw material is expected to be converted into good and useful citizenship. But from the following taken from Mount Gilead Herald one is convinced the new trustee will measure up to every expectation also that the honor has been well placed in the appointment of Mr. Bruton:

He is of an old and substantial family of the county, from which have gone out many men of action who have assumed heavy responsibilities and worn them well. He was reared in the Wadeville section, but for a number of years has lived at Mount Gilead where he has been vitally connected with the industrial life of the community and the civic and social life of that county. A promoter of Christianity and education, as well as business and social welfare, and with his experience and broad sympathies, Mr. Bruton should be superlatively qualified for the new responsibility that has been tendered him; and it is a pretty safe bet that the governor would have had to look a long time before he'd have found a better man for the job.

* * * * * * *

LIBRARY BOOKS NEED REPAIR

The establishment of a library for our boys at first was a venture, and there were some "Thomases" who had misgivings about the boys showing an interest in reading. Well, to make a long story short and impressive, we are happy to announce that the boys took to the books "like a duck does to water."

The library is no longer an experiment. It is an essential—a companion work to that of the school room. There are now on the shelves in the King's Daughters Library more than four thousand volumes, but many of them show they have been used, not roughly, but carefully and to advantage, therefore, the next step is to re-bind a great number of them.

Mrs. E. E. Peele, Charlotte, a dynamic worker for the cause, who established the library, according to rules and regulations of

standardized libraries, has started out to assemble funds for rebinding.

Her plan is to contact the commissioners of each county, asking for the minium sum of five dollars, hoping to raise the required amount so as to solicit federal aid, making the work a P. W. A. project.

Several counties have already responded—Cabarrus, Davidson, Durham, Edgecombe, Mecklenburg, Surry, Union, Wayne and Wilson—and there is no doubt that others will be heard from, knowing the influence of clean, wholesome reading material for the Jackson Training School boys.

If the funds are received according to plans devised by Mrs. Peele, Miss Elizabeth Gibson, of Concord, supervisor of book-binding, will be in charge of the repairs made to our library books.

* * * * * * *

THE D. A. R. STRESSES THE RIGHTFUL TRAINING OF YOUTH

The number of women in Washington D. C., for the 46th annual congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution just lately was near to 5,000 from all parts of the United States with the specific purpose of paying homage to their forebears, also to emphasize the rightful training of the "youth".

The reports from the chapters of the states told of work done for the underprivileged child due to ignorance, poverty and other causes. Since the election of Mrs. William A Becker, president general, two years ago a greater stress has been given to the youth of the county, stressing a "Good Citizenship Program" that with the unified interests of all D. A. R. will bring about a salvaging of the waywards, and in many instances these waywards may be termed a "castaway" class.

It is pertinent here to say that all of the delinquents are not of the underprivileged type, but many are wayward and bad due to being over indulged. Many parents as well as the child need training. That truth is briefly stated but true.

One of the high spots at this annual congress was an address by George Sokolsky, lecturer and traveler, who cheered the women in their ambitions, saying "women only of this generation can re-

store the leadership of the church, state and home, and the role of women in politics is to preserve order and government for future generations."

This is a big tribute to the women. And those who heard doubtless read between the lines, realizing that normalcy can best be attained by restoring home to its old time prestige where mother was always found to rejoice in the hours of success, cheer in the moments of despair and misfortune. The entire career of a child depends largely upon the "rightful training" received in the home.

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TICS

Most people have "tics," says Ethel Cotton, authority on "Art of Conversation." To say one has "tics," we begin to think of one of the pests of the woods, or the creeping things that annoy animals by sucking the blood. Neither are the "tics" referred to here a disease.

It is just specific mannerisms, or habit inherited, or cultivated. Some times the habit is due to self consciousness.

Often people when in company, and engaged in a conversation, will play with a spoon, knife or fork on the table, or play tit-tat-too on the table, or wiggle their feet or twiddle their fingers. These habits are called "tics" and can be overcome if attention is called to the same. So "to have tics" is nothing short of a cultivated habit. Sometimes these mannerisms come from nervousness.

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Doctor B. H. Van Limburg Brouwer, a Rochester, N. Y. authority on hypnosis, predicts that the true science of hypnotism, long a matter of controversy among scientist's, medical men and laymen eventually will replace anaesthesia in minor surgical operations.

He thinks that hypnotism takes its place especially in the medical branch of psychiatry, that is living by suggestion, therefore, if we live by suggestion, the same things once suggested to the human mind can be taken away by suggestion. Briefly, it is mind control by suggestion.

Hypnotism is used in Russia for minor operations. The several

types of hypnotic sleep are the light, the deeper, sonnambulic, and the state of being insensitive to pain.

Doctor Brouwer is mental instructor of mental hygiene and psychology in some high school. He is a naturalized American. He holds degrees from Amsterdam, Vienna and Berlin, but has no license to practice hypnotism, but can teach it.

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Robert Quillen, the columnist, states when you have to do any thing it loses its charm. But if works are looked upon as a game or sport things go easy. For instance if golf was classed as work, and the price was $5 or more per day it would not be long till golf would lose its value and charm. Who would cut wood for sport? No one. That is real labor. However, it is fine exercise.

It is a pity that bridge can not be classified. There is nothing more taxing. Yet women sit by the hour playing with the ultimate aim to be classed as the best player of bridge in the community. How many ladies of the social set would tax their minds to bring about a civic benefit for the community with the same earnestness they play bridge? Have you ever thought along that line. Human nature is hard to fathom. The secret of the mystery is few discriminate between essentials and non-essentials.

* * * * * * *

The murmuring melodies of the Jew's Harp are no longer allowed in Germany. The simple souls who loved its tremulous tones and the tingling of its vibrations on their tongues, will now be deprived of their pleasure because of the unfortunate name of the instrument, which is neither a harp nor the product of the Jews. The sole manufacture and distribution of the so-called Jew's Harp has been in the hands of a British family at Birmingham, England, for over 200 years. It has never been a large industry. Because of the extreme simplicity of the instrument, the total output is produced by a staff of ten skilled artisans.—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

SAILING

"I have no ship, I have no crew,
I have no sea on which to soar,
But yonder in the skies so blue
The fleecy clouds sail on before;
I gaze an instant and they seem
To dip and lift me, let me ride
Upon their decks toward the dream
That glows beyond the eternal tide."

—o—

A wife can discover more things wrong with a man than all the doctors in the land put together.

—o—

The world is mighty slow to applaud success. But a failure is discovered as soon as it happens; and sometimes before it occurs.

—o—

A squeaky pair of shoes, it always seems, takes the longest kind of time to get any where. And they will make people notice you, if nothing else will.

—o—

Lawrence Smith, of Orleans, Mich., some time ago, lost his glasses while helping extinguish a fire. Three days later his collie scratched at his front door, bearing the lost glasses in his mouth. Instinct? No, decidedly. Ability to think; to connect objects and ownership. The dog had, no doubt, seen his master search for his glasses —for who, among wearers of glasses does not lose them and seek them, time and again—and when he found the glasses he knew his master wanted them.

Some folks think they have reached terminals when they have only hit the sign posts. Direction is one thing, arriving is another. It takes more than a ticket to get somewhere. Paid passage is never a substitute for the brains and brawn that make the wheels go round. I am not asking everybody to go into the carrier business. That would leave the world in rather bad shape. Soon there wouldn't be anything to carry, and everybody would be out of a job. No, I want production. The more we can produce the more we help the world. Every going enterprise calls for men. The proper purpose and promotion will keep them busy and meet the world's needs. And because some folks do a few things they get the idea they have met the sum of life's ideals. What a pity! Become satisfied and you die on your own doorstep. Red blooded push is too busy to become satisfied. Let us take life as it is, rejoicing that every situation might be worse, might be improved; never surrendering our faith, never faltering, never doubting the unltimate reality and victory of the Divine plan.

—o—

A smile! Nothing on earth can smile, but the face of a human being. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with eye-flash and a mind-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile; nor can any other living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears,

and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face by which signifies to father, husband or friend, that it is at home and waiting. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and is more bewitching than either.

—o—

Physicians agree that health is the normal condition of the body. Unless there is inherited or transmitted disease, there need be no disease. if a person is careful. Large sums of money are spent yearly on illness. Accidents will happen, of course. As I read of this sickness cost and accidents, there is another thought that impresses itself on my mind. The cost of sin. Queer word is that word "Sin." You don't hear much about it any more, but most of the older generation were raised within the sound of it. Sin costs, not only a lot of money, and a lot of time, and a lot of worry and sorrow—but it also costs eternal happiness. Sin is not the natural condition of man. He picked it up from his first ancestors—inherited it —but there has been a lot of activity by the ways and means committee, since the Original Sin fastened itself on humanity. The sin disease has developed mightily and there are more ways of committing it today than there are ways of doing almost anything else that man is heir to. There is only one Remedy and that Remedy works. The Remedy does not cost a cent—not a bit of time, not even the smallest bit of worry or sorrow. Christ is the universal Remedy. In God's kingdom there is no room for Sin, but we do not learn that until we make our world God's world. Let us make our own private world, a World for God.

COMFORT

Sometimes we hold a message in our hearts
We feel would cheer the world or ease its pain;
So full of tenderness and kindly thought
To send it forth would be the whole world's gain.

But fate has circumscribed with four high walls
The place wherein our efforts all must lie;
'Tis not for us with word or deed or pen
To life the souls of mortals to the sky.

And yet the lily does not need to leave
The place wherein it grew to cheer and bless;
Perhaps that just to be both kind and good
May serve the waiting millions none the less.

—Victor Gage Kimbert.

THE DOGWOOD, BRIDE OF SPRINGTIME

By Conrad Frederick Smith

You have seen the silky mist of a waterfall against precipices of mossy rocks. You have seen ocean spray dashed from a sandy beach high against the blue of a summer sky. In winter you have seen fresh-fallen snow shining on bare twigs in the silent woods. Or perhaps you have admired rare old Brussels lace delicately arranged over shimmery black velvet. Put them all together and you have a faint idea of the glory of dogwood in April woods.

Like sea foam, dogwood blossoms are tossed lightly into the air, then remain there as by a miracle. And like fresh snow the blossoms catch the sunlight in their chalices and reflect it throughout the forest as though some giant chandelier were lighted with a million candles.

The dogwood bursts into bloom when the world is surfeited with winter's gloom and longs for gaiety, youth, and laughter. The flowers face upward, their lovliness held toward the sky. And as a perfect foil for such an array, the redbud tree nearby adds the bright beauty of her queenly tresses. Such perfect beauty needs be perishable. For it to survive forever would be to lessen its value to humanity who looks for it with joyous welcome every spring.

I like to think of a dogwood tree in full bloom as a bride attired in purest white veil and coronet, awaiting her bridegroom at the woodland altar. With hymns bubbling from the throats of birds and the majestic organ tones of the wind in the pines, nature provides nuptial music for one of her most beloved.

MERRY MAY DAY

By W. J. Banks

May is the merry month, and the first is its merriest day. Or such has been the tradition throughout the centuries. And why not? For this is the time of nature's glorious bloom. Who can resist the charm of the blossom and the flower, or fail to pay through them homage to the renewed power of nature? If we are not happy at this season we never shall be. And if the happiness of some is thoughtless, more reflective minds are filled with a grateful sense of the divine goodness which is behind all beauty.

The period of nature's outbreak into loveliness and color has been celebrated from time immemorial, just as has her first awakeening from the winter's sleep a month or so earlier. The Romans observed the Floralia or floral games for a few days commencing about April 28. It was probably this circumstance that led the countries of western Europe in later times to fix upon the first day of May as the special occasion for corresponding celebrations, now however amended in some measure to conform to Christian teachings.

In the sixteenth century English folk still arose in darkness on the morning of May 1 to gather the lovely blossoms of their country lanes and pastures. By sunrise they were tripping homeward amid laughter, song and the blowing of horns, arms laden with hawthorn or other pretty blossoms. This ritual was called "going a-Maying" and "bringing home the May." Thus the hawthorn bloom itself came to be known as "the May" through its special association with the festival.

The peasants were not the only ones to go a-Maying. In fact the more city-pent the people, the greater was their eagerness to get out among the flowers of the countryside on May day. And even the iron-bound class distinctions of old England fell before the great levellers, joy and laughter. Kings and queens mingled with their subjects on this occasion. Says Chaucer in the Court of Love: "Forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh."

Perhaps it was this circumstance that led nearly every parish or village, in the absence of real royalty, to choose a "King and Queen of the May." Others suggest that the Queen of the May, whose fame has outlasted that of her consort, had her original in the Roman Goddess Flora, who was supposed to preside over the Floralia. Appropriately enough the of the May was chosen from the community's loveliest maidens. During the jolly festivities she did not mingled with the crowd, but sat in state in a bower or arbor of flowers.

This custom has survived in parts of France longer than in England. A variation, however, was common in the latter country until more recent times. Children of the poorer classes worked and saved to dress elaborately a doll which they called the Lady of the May. With this they roamed the streets to attract the attention of gentlefolk who, in the stiff, patronizing charity of the nineteenth

century, would bestow a few pennies upon the urchins.

It is an odd but comprehensible circumstance that the grimy chimney-sweeps of London. Whose trade was perhaps the most remote of all from the beauties of the flowering field. were the last to preserve May Day customs in the English metropolis. Small bands of youths, their filth covered by fantastic costumes, were accompanied by a bespangled girl and and by "Jack-in-the-Green," a man all but concealed within a tall frame of herbs and flowers. They danced to drum and fife, in appeal, of course, for alms.

Perhaps somewhat more appropriate were the milkmaids' demonstrttions on May Day. A group of the maidens, wreathed in flowers, danced about a milch-cow which was equally festooned. A man accompanied the group, wearing again a frame with decorations and silver flagons, covering all but his agile legs. The exact meaning and origin of these strange customs, now all but forgotten even in England, are shroulded in mystery.

The center of the community May Day festival was the Maypole, erected in the public square or perhaps beside the parish church. Apparently the pole was originally a tree, and perhaps the custom originated in the Druidical worship of the tree. Or perhaps it came from the garlanded green branches held aloft by "Summer" in token of victory over "Winter." The ancients, believing May 1 to be the boundtry between the two season, staged a mock combat between two men representing them. The winner, which was always Summer, of course, was crowned King of the May.

At any rate, the branches and flowers were represented later in the deorations of the Maypole, which also had long streamers attached to the top and held by the people as they danced about. The community Maypole was never very popular in America, probably because of the early Puritan influence, but children's May parties in the public parks sometimes take place even yet. Bright paper costumes, cometitive games and dancing about the pole are features.

Neighboring villages, as well as parishes in London and other large towns, vied with one another in the size and adornment of their Maypoles. At least one church in the metropolis took its name from its Maypole. The huge pole erected in the nearby yard topped even the lofty steeple, so the church came to be known as St. Andrew's Undershaft. Set up on the morning of May Day, this pole rested between times upon hooks over the doors of a nearby row of houses.

The Puritans, deploring the license of the age, frowned even upon some rather innocent pleasures when they gained control of England. They sawed up the Maypoles of many parishes. But with the restoration of merry King Charles came a great revival of the May Day customs. One pole, 134 feet high, was erected in the busy and famous thoroughfare, the Strand, opposite Liittle Drury Lane, which became known as Maypole Alley.

This great shaft was put up by the seamen of the navy in the days when the great diarist, Samuel Pepys, was

a high official in the admiralty and doing much to establish Britain's maritime power. It became so familiar a sight that when it finally passed away a poet was moved to ask:

"What's not destroyed by time's relentless hand?
"Where's Troy—and where's the Maypole in the Strand?"

As a matter of fact it was out in the country, at Wanstead. The great Sir Isaac Newton had bought it to use as a support for a huge telescope presented by a French savant. Many a Maypole lingered for generations after its original use was forgotten, to carry a weathercock or serve in some other unobtrusive capacity.

Mingling with the May Day festivities of four and five centuries ago were sports commenorating the legendary Robin Hood. The Maypole was erected amid sound of foresters' horns; minstrels played; the jester, Friar Tuck, Robin himself, and other characters of medieval lore were personified. Archers tried their skill and all the manly, ofttimes dangerous sports and contests of the period were indulged in.

There were almost countless customs and superstitions connected with the May Day festival. Maidens believed that to bathe the face in the dew before sunrise on that day was to ensure a complexion of exquisite beauty. We are told that even Queen Catherine and her ladies went out in the darkness "to seek the Maydew bath." In rural Scotland and Ireland "wishing wells" may be found still, in which the lasses saw the reflection of their destined lovers at sunrise.

All this is of the past, but the loveliness and promise of nature is still ours in Maytime. Let us, as our forefathers were wont to do, wish each other and all the world "a Merry May."

FAITH

Faith is not merely praying
Upon your knees at night;
Faith is not merely straying
Through darkness to the light.

Faith is not merely waiting
For glory that may be,
Faith is not merely hating
The sinful ecstasy.

Faith is the brave endeavor,
The splendid enterprise;
The strength to serve, whatever
Conditions may arise.

—S. E. Kiser.

WHEN SPRING COMES IN SWITZERLAND

By Ethel R. Adamson

Snowy mountains piled high into the sky, glittering glaciers broad ski fields, icy cols and rivers—these often largely comprise the picture which many people have of Switzerland; and yet there is another one of this wonderful little country in the center of Europe just as true, and that is of Switzerland as a land of flowers.

Spring in any land is a glorious season, whether it be in the "green fussiness" of the English countryside, the almond and cheery months of May and April in far-away Japan, or golden poppy time in our own golden West. But in the land of the Alps it seems to take on a special charm, and to witness the spreading pageant of growing things in the Swiss springtime is an experience never to be forgotten.

Because of the many different altitudes and the varied climates and conditions in the Alps, nature's awakening presents a picture of many contrasts. Locarno and Lugano on the Italian Lakes, by the last of March are already radiant with roses, azaleas, golden plumed minosa, wisteria, and stately camellias, touched up artistically with palms and heavily laden orange and lemon trees. By April the lakesides and meadows of the lower valleys everywhere are covered with a soft grassy carpet, spangled with bright-eyed daisies, the bluest of blue forget-me-nots, little yellow and white harebells, periwinkle, and myriad other sweet and lovely flowers; while in the cool damp woods of dark pine and fir hepatica blends contrastingly with golden prim-roses, and purple violets, and delicate lady's slipper. Soon through the Engadine, the Vallais, the Oberland appears the added wonder of the budding orchards, actually seeming to cover whole villages with a white veil of fragrant blossoms. And all this while the great avalanches are still thundering down the mountainsides.

As the snow retreats farther and farther up the steep slopes under the increasing warmth of the sun, in its path spring up with magical swiftness, troops of creamy-cupped crocuses, dainty snowdrops, gentians rivaling the sky in color, glowing poppies graceful soldanellas and columbines, and other favorites—

"Flowers that with one golden gleam
Cover a hundred leagues,
To set the hills afire,"

with fields and pastures yellow and rose with cowslips and other mealy primulas, slopes mauve and white with anemone and violas, and whole hillsides above Lake Leman misty with the flaky-white narcissus, which spreads like a great sheet of new-fallen snow over the lower portions of the Alps and is one of the special glories of the Swiss springtime and a delight to visitors from other lands at this season of the year.

The advent of spring is the occasion for many picturesque fetes and customs. One of the oldest and best-liked is the Chalandra Marz, dating back to the time long ago when the Romans held dominion over the part of Europe now known as Switzerland, and which takes place the last of March in the Engadine while the snow is still on the ground. It is distinctly a children's festival and is supposed to represent the doom of winter and the coming of the bright, warm days of the new season. Early on the morning of the long looked for day the boys of the village are up, and after breakfast, form in line each carrying a big bell and some dressed to represent the Swiss herdsmen. As heralds of spring they march from house to house, singing lively yodel songs to the accompaniment of the tinkling bells. Wherever the merry crowd of boys knocks at a door they are quite sure to receive a warm welcome and gifts of pies, cakes, sausages, fruit, nuts and other dainties; which good things they later share with the girls in a jolly feast in the Town Hall.

The "Six O'clock Ringing Fete", or "The Burning of the Bogg", helps usher in the spring in Zurich, Switzerland's largest city. Winter typified by the "Bogg", a huge wooden figure covered with a generous coat of cotton-wool and stuffed with firecrackers, is paraded through the streets with much fun-making. The procession of the afternoon, usually led by children playing musical instruments and the flower-bedecked float of the goddess of spring and her lovely attendants, after winding in and out the city streets, proceeds to an open square, where at the hour of six (the close of the working day), Mr. Bogg is set afire with due ceremony. While the culprit is thus expiating his wrongdoings other fires blaze up on the nearby hillsides, and the last memory of the cold chill winter is finally disspelled by a night's carnival of fireworks on the lake.

The glad season of the Resurrection is the occasion for many quaint usages, many of them, however, having no connection with the religious meaning of the season. Parades in which both young and old take part are a feature in all sections of Switzerland. In some towns and villages among the Alps the burgomaster or mayor leads the way garbed as Father Winter in high topboots, red jacket, pointed cap, and flowing white beard. At his heels follow the boys and girls wearing tall cardboard hats cut with curious designs and illuminated within by a lighted candle. They are supposed to picture the gnomes or fairies of spring whose task it is to drive away the ice and snow of winter. When the procession reaches the outskirts of the town, they accordingly give Father Winter a merry chase out into the fields beyond, to the amusement of the many onlookers who have gathered to witness the lively, entertaining scene.

In the romantic valley of the Lotschental, where old customs have remained the same for generations, may be seen the grotesque and fantastically savage wooden masks, which have come down from very ancient times. A Swiss writer has described them as "carved from blocks of larch, painted in vivid colors, finish-

ed off with pigs' teeth and goat horns, with kid or goat skin for hiar." The time for donning them is the week preceding Easter.

One of the happiest manifestations of this season of the year is the Alpauzug, which marks the departure of the herds for the upland pastures for grazing while the crops are ripening in the lowlands. At sunrise of the day of the upward march the cattle gather down in the valley with their attendants. The finest animals lead the way, their horns decorated with sprigs of honeysuckle and alpenrose. The herdsmen, too, are in holiday attire with gaily embroidered waistcoats trimmed with shiny buttons and shirts as white as the mountain peaks above. Following the herds is the oxcart with its load of cheese-making utensils and some household necessities for the long stay loft. At a signal they are off followed for some distance by the villagers, whose happy songs mingle melodiously with the clanging of the many bells, as men and animals climb the steep trails to the pleasant airy meadows far above the timber belt in the region of the glaciers.

THREE GIFTS

There are three lessons I would write,
  Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracing of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope, though clouds are gathered round,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
  No night but hath its morn.

Have Fatih, where'er thy bark is driven—
  Through sullen calm or tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
  And the inhabitants of earth.

Have Love—not love alone for one,
  But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

—Square and Compass.

GOOD-BY, CHERRY BLOSSOMS?

(Selected)

Approximately 213,000 persons, the National Park Service reports visited Washington last week end for the annual Cherry Blossom Festival, which is becoming one of the American symbols of spring as well as a reminder of the generosity of a friendly nation. How many of these people or of other thousands who look to such a prilgrimage some future April know that if the $3,000,000 appropriation bill for the proposed Jefferson Memorial should be passed in Congress—and President Roosevelt has asked $500,000 to begin work—this would be the last time the Japanese cherry blossoms would ever be seen in their present informal beauty around the curving borders of the Tidal Basin?

Plans call for the reduction of this basin to a formalized small reflecting pool in front of a classic marble pile which would occupy most of the present area. Half of the trees would be transplanted if possible along the new pool but the remainder would be lost, and experts say the intertwined root masses would not survive being moved. Years would be required to grow new trees from shoots. Meanwhile what is now a scene of beauty would become a mud-splattered playground of piledrivers, dredges, steam shovels and trucks while foundations were being sunk some eighty feet to find a footing.

Great as Jefferson was, there is legitimate question whether he deserves to rank with Washington and Lincoln. And excellent as is the proposed architecture of John Russell Pope, there is little need for more marble columns in a city already full of them or for another monument of the same general type as the beautiful Lincoln Memorial. If Jefferson is to be honored, a more appropriate and useful memorial to the great champion of democracy would be a public auditorium in some other portion of the capital city.

The site of the Tidal Basin, it is true, was intended by Major l'Enfant as one of five locations for national monuments, the others occupied by the Capitol, the White House, the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. But if an array of cherry blossoms, attracting an annual hegira of scores of thousands of visitors to the seat of government, is not a national institution, what could improve upon it?

A tradition has grown up about a small boy who chopped down one cherry tree— or at least is supposed to have done so. The redeeming feature of that story was candor. The principal sponsor of the Jefferson memorial plan is the Tammany representative, John J. Boylan of New York. If the congressional advocates of the potential wholesale slaughter of cherry trees were to be equally candid about the mainsprings of their proposition they would have to say, "I did it in the interests of politics."

It is a fairly safe venture that a majority of Americans, if they write

to their congressmen about it, will prefer their cherry trees standing and blossoming and without the accompaniment of marble columns to accentuate or overshadow the pink-tipped petals.

Little minds are wounded too much by little things; great minds see all, and are not even hurt.—Selected.

NEW PRODUCTS OF THE FOREST

By Wouter Van Garrett

For centuries the chief product of the forest was lumber. Today, lumber is only one of the many forms of wood. Trees are no longer converted merely into lumber and then into such articles as can be made out of wood; but they have become the basis for many products that seem far removed from wood.

A score of years ago, when men spoke of the uses of wood they thought of houses and the furniture that was used inside. They also spoke of the thousands of miles of railroad tracks and of the million and a quarter crossties that were needed each year. About twenty-five million trees were converted into crossties each year.

Millions of farmers used wood to build fences around their fields, and they set 400 million wood posts in the ground annually. Coal, ore, and salt mines used millions of wood props to safeguard their workers. In addition, about twelve per cent of all the lumber that was cut was made into packing boxes and crates. Oranges and lemons and grapefruit required more than 21 million wooden crates each season. Wood was also the chief material out of which to make barrels, baskets, and buckets.

There were also hundred of small artices that were made out of wood. Take lead pencils, for instance, and we are amazel to learn that a billion were used annually, and they required a great deal of wood. Then there were pen holders, rulers, squares, spirit levels, tripods, toys, baseball bats, golf clubs, tennis racquets, and many other articles; all making a demand upon the forests.

One must not forget the thousands of newspapers that are printed every day, or every week, and that all the paper that they use is made from wood; in addition, there are hundreds of magazines that need paper. And, of course, there are all sorts of wrapping paper, writing paper, and decorative paper, most of it made out of wood.

There were, and still are, many other articles that come from wood, but the ones I have mentioned are the principle ones. Within the past ten years, however, wood has found many new uses; it is being used for products that would have seemed ridiculous a score of years ago. Still oth-

er new uses are bound to be announced as time goes on, because the Federal goverment has a forest products labortory at the University of Wisconsin and it is constantly seeking new uses for wood.

Such things as dyes, quinine, galactan, pinite, and tannin have been added to the list in recent years. The one type of tree that is most generous in its contribution is the giant redwood. The young redwood, for instance, has a substance in the very tips of its branches which produces choice perfume. The same trees also produce an inhalant that is helpful in the treatment of nasal afflictions, and an oil that is made into candles.

The new uses of wood have made their greatest contribution in the realm of forest waste. For many years, for instance, sawdust was considered a waste as well as a nuisance. Today it can be made into feed for cattle. It is cooked under pressure with a diluted sulphuric acid which converts much of its cellulose into sugar. When lime is added, to neutralize it, the whole mass becomes a thick syrup. When mixed with grain it is relished by the cattle, and makes a well-balanced ration.

Sawdust has other uses that have proved more popular. It can be made into insulating material, it can be cooked and pressed into blocks for fuel, and it is made into a cleansing agent for metal products. Do you know that many radiator caps, radio dials, telephone parts, umbrella handles, etc., are made out of sawdust?

Would you imagine that wood has a part in the making of the safety glass in your car? Wood has a very prominent part. Safety glass is made by placing two thin sheets of plate glass together, but these sheets must be held tight together. That's where the wood comes in. The adhesive that holds both sheets together is made out of wood.

Another use for wood is rayon, or artificial silk. It is made from cellulose, and cellulose can be made from cotton, but most of it is made from wood. Imagine a tree in the forest being made into dainty underwear! Well, it is done in the following manner. The wood is cut into small pieces and cooked into pulp. The pulp is then dissolved, all impurities removed, after which it is forced through very small openings. It comes out in the form of small threads, and these are properly treated and finally woven into rayon fabric.

For many years there was cruel waste in our forests. Trees were cut down by the millions, only the best part of the wood was sawed into lumber, and the rest was thrown aside as waste. The men who had the trees cut down had neither the time nor the inclination to plant young trees in place of those they had felled. As a result our forests were being denuded at a rapid rate, while great quantities of waste were left to rot. But, today, careful planning has found its way into the lumber industry. Young trees are being planted, waste products have found new uses, and our forests are being replenished.

The greatest encouragement in the whole matter is that we are rapidly learning to use the products of the forest, without waste. Even sawdust

is being made into products that are useful to man and beast. The best part of a tree is no longer cut away, while the rest is thrown aside, today even the smallest branch has a use. From the rough bark on the outside to the hidden chemical in the center of the trunk, our chemists are finding uses for every particle of the tree.

Yes, twenty years ago a tree was considered only for the wooden articles that could be made from it. But today wood can be made into many products that are delicate as well as useful. From clothing to medicine, and from glass to handbags, we have found hundreds of new uses for the woodwaste of our forests.

MY DWELLING

Others may live in books and art,
Great monuments and things akin;
Wealth may be the choice of many,
But I'll take the hearts of men.

I shall serve the best I know,
But not with pomp or pride;
If I can live in the hearts of men
I shall sleep and be satisfied.

Not as long resolutions
Written when I've made the grade;
Let me leave in the hearts of men
A light that will not fade.

I may not sit with the lofty,
Nor walk with the glorified;
If I can live in the hearts of men,
Though dead, I'll be satisfied.

—J. C. Wright.

DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER!

By Dr. Edward Ormerod

Perhaps the greatest help a fellow conuld have in training himself to control a bad temper would be a good, clear, close-up photograph of himself in one of the finest rages! If he could sit down and view this for a few moments daily it would not be long before he would remember it when tempted to fly off the handle and burn somebody up!

It is never good business to give somebody a piece of our mind—because few of use have more than we need to get by anyhow, so we cannot afford to give some of it away.

All said and done, a mad man is a madman! . . . and who wants to admit that he is?

Once in a while a fellow does the right thing when he is in a rage. There is such a thing as righteous indignation. Even Jesus once laid hold of a rope's end and drove pell-mell from the temple men who had come there to desecrate the place with their crooked finance. But for every case where a fellow does the right thing when he is mad, there must be scores of cases where the wrong thing is inevitably done. If this were not so we would not have so many saying, when they have cooled down: "I'm sorry! . . . I lost my temper!"—and they might add: "and my common sense with it! I wish I had kept a firm hold on myself."

Bad temper is an unhealthy thing. I do not mean as regards the fellow it is aimed at. Flaming outbursts of wrath are often followed by severe headaches, and sometimes by very unpleasant upsets of digestion. In other cases, symptoms of general poisoning of the whole body are presented. A typical example of this is seen in the person classed generally as "dyspeptic." Thin, with face drawn and worried, an anxious expression constantly in view, short of temper, complaining . . . you know the rest of it! Scores of these cases started in nothing other than bad temper, uncontrolled until it had set up the commencement of the unpleasant conditions we now see. We recognize almost instinctivly the fellow of good temper or good humor. He always receives a warm welcome. His pleasant face and comfortably nourished body are his credentials.

Temper, good or bad, like other of our characteristics, is very much a matter of habit. After we have thought over a bit we will come to feel ashamed that we lost control of ourselves at critical moment—that is what temper means—and when we are sufficiently ashamed, we will find means to guard against making fools of ourselves again. The way to be good-tempered is just to keep a firm grip on ouselves; to realize that in giving way to rage we are ninety-nine per cent likely to go wrong. . . whereas in declining to get excited we are in danger of making not more than one per cent error. That one per cent provides for the occasion when a fellow should properly boil over and show his righteous indignation.

But for the ninety-nine times. . . . Don't lose your temper!

A SERMON IN A WORD

(Young Folk)

If you look into a large dictionary you will discover that the word miser and the word miserable have the same root meaning. That may surprise you. They both really mean wretched.

The first definition of a miser is, "One who is given to saving and hoarding unduly." The second definition is, "One who is miserable." Possibly we have been thinking that the person who, instead of sharing with others what he has and thereby adding to their comfort, saves his money and places it under lock and key, is going to have a bright and happy future.

When I listen to an appeal from a representative of some worthy cause at home or abroad and say to myself: "I am able to make a contribution to relieve this condition of need, but since I do not know what the future has in store for me, nor what hardship I shall have to face in the years ahead, I shall keep my money to myself," the chances are I am diminishing both my present and future joy.

No one would discourage proper economy nor encourage giving away all one has, no matter how worthy the cause; nevertheless "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

If you and I can resist the calls for help and turn a deaf ear to legitimate appeals, and suppose that we are thereby increasing our assurance of a bright future, we fly in the face of experience and discredit the Scriptures. He who closes his heart of compassion when want and destitution cry aloud will find himself without that peace of mind which a generous spirit imparts.

HEARSAY

They said he had a lovely home;
But when I stopped one day,
I knew they spoke of bricks and floors
And not of spirits gay.

They told me of a wretched cot
Where purse and fare were lean;
I couldn't see its shabbiness
For its gentle, joyous mien.

—Ruth William Bright.

SQUARE-SHOOTERS

By L. L. Wightman

Jack Crandall reached the edge of the swimming pool and pulled himself from the water. With a triumphant smile he turned to his sister, who had timed him with a stop watch.

"What's the verdict?" he asked.

"Two seconds slow," she replied.

Jack nodded, satisfied with his time. "Not bad. That means I'll win the championship for the third consecutive year. Tom Gilmond never can beat that mark. He's reached his limit unless . . ."

Jack checked his utterance, deciding to keep whatever idea he had to himself. But that "unless" aroused Ellen Crandall's curiosity.

"Unless what?" she probed for further information.

"Unless he learns to swim faster," Jack endeavored to dismiss the subject.

But Ellen belonged to that species of the human race that is not so easily sidetracked when curiosity is once aroused. Jack was withholding certain information from her, information concerning his chief rival. That information might have something to do with the forthcoming race. She was older than Jack, but had never assumed that commanding spirit which often goes with the superiority of age. She chose to be a pal.

"Don't try to hide things from me, young man," she warned him. "Secrets between pals are not allowed. You know something about Tom Gilmond's swimming that you haven't told. Out with it."

Jack grinned. "All right, Sis. But don't you breathe a word of what I tell you. Tom has a decided fault in his style of swimming. It handicaps him terribly. If he should discover and overcome that fault, he probably would be the next champion. As the matter stands now, I'll beat him hands down. But, remember, that is a secret between us, and not one word is to be said about it."

Ellen arched her brows in surprise "So that's the way you win your races," she commented. "If a cripple with crutches could beat you, you would take his crutches from him in order to win. Is there any glory in that?"

"Cripple—crutches—glory—" Jack was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Rather of an indefinite way of expressing myself, I'll admit, so I'll make my meaning clear. Tom is under a handicap, and you're keeping him there. Why not point out his fault and help him overcome it?"

Jack shrugged, a trifle provoked at the suggestion. "Help him defeat me?" he asked. "No, thanks. I'm working hard to win. I'm looking ahead to the cheers for the winner."

"There can't be any real satisfaction in winning over a rival who you know is handicapped. No, Jack, I'm not suggesting you work to defeat yourself. I'm suggesting you help another to develop the best there is in him. Let results follow as they will. There are some victories the crowds never cheer, for they do not see them. Better take time for serious thought on the matter, Jack. You can rely on me not to say one word of what you've told me," was her final utterance as

she turned away, leaving him alone.

Unable to argue further with his sister, Jack argued with himself "Nonsense! If I was doing Tom real harm by withholding certain information from him, it would be different." Nevertheless, his sister's words nettled him. He should have said nothing to her. If he should win now with another sharing his secret, the honor of winning would be gone. "Beating a cripple!" rang in his mind. But he wished to win! Selfish.

That sister of his was a peculiar parcel of humanity. She was a square-shooter, no matter where you put her. Jack honored her for that. But she had a way of tossing out suggestions that forced others to see things from her point of view. No, he couldn't accuse her of that, others to see things for her point of view. Did she wish Tom Gilmond to beat him? No, he couldn't accuse her of that, knowing her as he did. The more he thought about it, the more evident became the truth. His sister had forced him into a position where he must act according to her code. He must help Tom to overcome that handicap, even if it cost him the race. Otherwise, a victory would be empty honor.

Aid an opponent to perfect himself, and then beat him at his best! That was his sister's code. "And she's usually right," he admitted. "Why not follow her suggestion, and see what happens?" Something new surged within him.

The following afternoon Jack strolled down to the pool just as Tom completed his swim. "Setting new records?" he inquired, jokingly.

"Trying my best," Tom confessed, "but it's a hopeless effort. I've reached my limit. I may give you a hard race and help you establish a new mark. I hope I can. But I know I can't beat you."

Again Jack came in contact with that spirit which seeks to force one to his best. Facing certain defeat, Tom thought only of a victory that might be achieved in his defeat. If he could help his rival establish a new record, the race would be worth his own defeat.

"I'm not so sure you can't beat me," he said with new spirit. "Moreover, you have't reached your limit. You have a faulty leg stroke which loses much power for you. If you can correct the fault, you'll see an improvement in your speed. Let me show you what I mean."

For an hour the two swimmers devoted their time to the handicap. When Jack finally left, progress had been made.

"Maybe you'll be sorry for this," Tom warned him. "I'm sure I will show an improvement. Suppose I should win?"

"That would be my hard luck," Jack called back to him.

With the passing of the days Tom showed steady improvement in style, At first he sacrified speed for form, but as he mastered the new style, he regained his former speed. Watching him closely, Jack admitted that if Tom kept up in that manner, the outcome of the race would be doubtful for the present champion. Yet to his amazement he felt no regret in lessening his own chance to win. His experience in real sportsmanship was bringing its reward.

"What luck?" Jack asked his sister

one day as she anxiously read a letter he brought her.

"Nothing definite," she replied. "My application has been filed, and will be given due consideration."

The News Agency, a national concern, wished a correspondent for that district. Inasmuch as Ellen had work-for local editors and knew much about reporting, she made application, receiving the endorsement of some prominent citizens. Some felt the work to be a man's job, but Ellen appeared to have the inside track.

One week later there came the announcement that Ellen had opposition. Another applicant came forward in the person of Tom Gilmond. Jack exploded the moment he heard the news.

"Nice kind of sportsman, that fellow is," he raged before his sister. "Here I help him to be an expert swimmer and endanger my own chance of being champion, and then he tries to knock you out of a job. Just wait until I see that cheap sport. I'll tell him something that will make his ears ring."

"You will not," Ellen contradicted him. "You'll keep your hands and tongue out of this. Tom has as much right to apply for the position as I. Perhaps the company prefers a man for this job. Anyway, you wait before doing anything rash. We may not know all the facts."

"I know enough to satisfy me," Jack fumed. "Moreover, I'll win that swimming championship if it's the last thing I do. I'll show that cheap sport something if I hove to rap him over the head."

Ellen looked him steadily in the eyes until he was forced to look elsewhere than into those steady gray eyes. "I'm quite disappointed," she remarked, calmly. "I thought, when you took that commendable step of offering Tom assistance, you had climbed to a new level. Unfortunately, you seem to have slipped. Just to help steady you and bring you to your senses, I'll tell you what I propose doing. If Tom Gilmond gets the position, I'll endeavor to be the first to congratulate him. The race is open to all competitors. May the best one win."

But Jack was too angry at the moment to look at the situation unbiased. Neither could be get anywhere arguing with his sister. Consequently, he left the house in a tantrum.

Regardless of his sister's admonition to keep free from this matter so important to her, Jack chose to force the issue with Tom. It was unbelievable that this young man should try to oppose his sister. He needed to be told some things. But Tom had left the community for a few days' visit, presumably to an uncle in a distant city. This, of course, was only a subterfuge, for the headquarters of the News Agency was in that same city. Tom had gone to make application in person, Jack decided. But he would return ultimately. Jack would see him then.

For a week Jack was as ugly as a bear with a sore paw. Ellen used discretion by deciding to visit a nearby girls' camp for a few days.

"You drive up after me Friday afternoon," she requested of Jack.

"Sure will. I'll go to the fishing cottage Thursday and drive over from the lake."

Thursday night a hard storm

swept the countryside. "That won't improve the road," Jack remarked, thinking of the dirt road to the camp. "Too slippery when wet."

By Friday afternoon the storm had cleared. The sun was shining brightly when Jack started to get his sister. Three miles from the cabin at the foot of a steep grade, he pulled his car to one side of the road waiting for an oncoming roadster to pass him. The other driver had difficulty with his car on the greasy surface.

"He'd better take. . . ." Jack's sentence remained incomplete as he saw the approaching car skid into the ditch, whip back suddenly into the road, spin around crazily and topple into the opposite ditch.

Knowing the futility of drivng his own car to the scene of the accident, Jack leaped to the ground and raced up the hill. A huddled heap slumped behind the wheel. One glance at the blood-stained face caused Jack to gasp. Tom Gilmond! With almost superhuman strength he managed to remove Tom from the wreckage and stretch him on the ground.

For just an instant Tom recovered consciousness. The light of recognition flashed in his eyes as he gasped, "Jack—wire message—five o'clock —latest." He reached for his pocket, but his hand dropped limp as his senses lapsed again.

"Got to get him some place first of all," Jack decided. His sister could wait; Tom couldn't. He carried Tom down the hill, loaded him in his car, and drove for town. He watched the farm houses along the road, stopping at the first one which had a telephone. A hurried call went to the hospital.

While he waited for the ambulance, Jack thought of Tom's broken message. Wire a message by five o'clock at the latest. What message? To whom? He found an unsealed envelope in Tom's pocket. It was addressed to the News Agency. Within it was a folded telegram sheet.

"That's probably his acceptance of the position," Jack leaped at a conclusion. "If it reaches the News Agency by five o'clock, he gets the job. Five o'clock at the latest. If the message isn't received. . . ."

He started to replace the envelope in Tom's pocket. He could pretend he didn't understand Tom's mumbled message. "And then my sister will get the job." Things looked especially favorable for Ellen.

But that envelope didn't reach Tom's pocket. For a moment it remained in Jack's hand as he saw a vision of his sister confronting him. What would she say if she knew the truth? She would point the finger of condemnation at him for taking advantage of a helpless man. Moreover, he knew she would never accept a position gained in this manner. She was too much of a square-shooter for that.

Jack finally surrendered, thrusting the envelope in his own pocket just loses, it's her own fault." But it did grate on him to help defeat his own as the ambulance drove up. "If sis sister. At the telegraph office he thrust the envelope through the wicket. "Send that at once," The agent extracted the form, red it silently, and nodded.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad . . ." Ellen checked her warm greeting as Jack met her at the camp. His expression denoted something wrong. "Jack,

what's the matter? Nothing serious?"

"Everything is wrong," he declared, listlessly. He began with Tom's accident, his broken message, the temptation to ignore it, and the final yielding to send it. "I knew you wouldn't have it any other way."

Ellen looked him squarely in the eyes. "Are you sorry you did it?"

Jack shrugged. "Oh, it was the right thing to do, but I hated to see you lose. It was bitter medicine to swallow."

She laid her hands of Jack's shoulders, her eyes shining with joy. "Jack, I didn't lose. That message confirmed my acceptance of the position. Certain people wished Tom to get the job. He made application to forestall other applications, then saw the management and worked for my appointment. He was successful. He returned home, found us both away, so drove out to the camp to get my acceptance. Due to the time limit they placed on the acceptance, and the unforseen accident, I would have lost had it not been for your—what shall we call it?—square-shooting."

Jack stood in a daze, the wind completely knocked from him. It took him several seconds to adapt himself to the unexpected development of the affair. Finolly a sime parted his lips. Ellen had won!

"Congraluations, sis," he said, grasping her hand. "You have convinced me all right."

She smiled. "Congratulations, Jack," she expressed her intense emotion. She was not the only winner.

Now he must see Tom as soon as possible. Perhaps Tom would be unable to enter the swimming meet, but if he did, well, the battle for supremacy would be between friends.

LIFE WORTH WHILE

See all the loveliness there is to see,
Hear all the harmony there is to hear,
Look for the gladness everywhere so free,
Open your heart to every blessing near.
Thrill to the fact that life is wonderful,
Think all the worthwhile thoughts Truth has to give;
Realize that the world is beautiful;
That is what makes it worth the while to live.
Grow every good the soil of life will yield,
Gather each blossom growing by the way;
Harvest the worth from every sunny field
And all the values from each passing day.
Garner life's good, for it is bountiful,
Profit from all each has to give;
Sowing and reaping, ever dutiful;
That is what makes it worth the while to live.

—The Messenger.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his group of boys have been quite busy for several days preparing flower beds in various sections of the campus, planting seeds and transplanting plants.

—o—

Some of our outside forces have been making repairs to the roads on the recently acquired land, known as the Pharr property. One road was elevated about eighteen inches in order to take care of a considerable amount of surface water which was damaging the fields.

—o—

During the dry weather of last week our agricutural forces did quite a bit of plowing, some fifty acres of land being broken. Engaged in this work were two tractors with three bottom turn plows and several teams. This land was put in ideal condition and planted in corn.

—o—

Albert Spangler, of Shelby, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called on friends at the School last Monday. He just stopped for a few minutes on his way back home from a trip to Rocky Mount. He is employed as an automobile mechanic and reports that he is getting along nicely, and his clean, rugged appearance bears out the truth of that statement.

—o—

Superintendent Boger and Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, attended a meeting superintendents of the State's several training schools for both boys and girls, held at Ellerbe last Tuseday. While there the group inspected the Ellerbe High School, which has received national recognition during the past year, and were highly pleased with the work being carried on there.

—o—

As these notes are being written, one of the youngsters employed in the poultry yard entered the room, proudly exhibiting a large hen's egg, and when we say large, we mean just that. This "cackle-berry" tipped the scales at four ounces. To use the pet expression of the late "Venus", a former correspondent to the Concord Daily Tribune—if anyone can beat that, let 'em trot out the egg.

—o—

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. B. Craig, manager of the Concord Machinery and Implement Company, our boys thoroughly enjoyed an hour's entertainment last Wednesday afternoon, a motion picture showing of the progress made in the development of farming machinery since the days when ox teams slowly pulled plows across the fields. With this picture was also shown a comedy entitled, "See My Farm," which kept the boys in a continuous uproar.

The latest improved power for saw mills and farm work was shown, and the wonderful gap between these high-powered tractors and the old farming methods was exhibited. These machines cultivated corn, tobacco, cotton and other row crops with ease and dispatch.

We feel that our young farmers derived much benefit from this entertainment, and our deepest gratitude is herewith extended to Mr. Craig for this splendid educational program.

Mr. R. K. Bailey, a student at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, who is trying for a post-graduate degree in sociology, came to the School last Thursday to make a check-up on the boys from Durham County who have been allowed to leave the School during the past five years.

—o—

Bob Worthington, a member of the printing class, who has been our chief linotype operator for the past year or more, has secured employment on the Concord Daily Herald-Observer, and started regular work last Monday. Bob is not a stranger in that printing establishment, as he has helped them out on several occasions during the past year, acting as pinch-hitter during the absence of one of the regular workers.

Bob is a Cabarrus County boy whose home is in Concord. He will reside with his mother on East Depot Street. This lad made a splendid record while at the School and his many friends here extend best wishes for success in his new place of employment.

—o—

While in Raleigh recently, one of the members of our staff met Judge Francis D. Winston, familiarly known as the "Sage of Bertie County." The veteran jurist, who has been a regular subscriber to the The Uplift for many years, spoke very higly of our little magazine, saying that he considered it one of the cleanest and most interesting publications coming into his home, also that he had kept a file for several years.

It is most gratifying to receive commendation from such an authority as Judge Winston, and the entire working staff of the paper is very much elated, feeling that their efforts have really been worthwhile.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. After the usual opening exercises, he presented Mr. Vann, also of Charlotte, who read the story of David and Goliath, making interesting comment on same.

In his talk to the boys Mr. Vann stressed the point that the reason David was able to overcome the giant, much larger than he, was because he loved the Lord and relied on him for strength in doing that which was right. So it is with people today, said the speaker. The Lord's power is always available, and all we need to attain our goal is to take advantage of that power. If we do this, it will help us even as it aided David in his struggle against great odds.

No day is lost, nor does it go into its sleep as not worth while, if during its hours you have said even one beautiful word.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending April 25, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(4) Robert Allen 19
(18) J. C. Cox 18
William Hawkins 2
(15) James Johnson 15
Edward Johnson 19
(3) James McGinnis 3
(21) Fred Wheeler 21
(15) James Wilhite 20

COTTAGE No. 1

(8) Arthur Martin 18
(2) Howard Roberts 7
(2) Eugene Stallings 3
(3) Robert Watts 7

COTTAGE No. 2

Douglas Hinson 6
Brooks Young 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 5
Frank Crawford 8
Howard Cook 7
Neely Dixson 11
Eugene Green 12
Jesse Holleman 7
Frank Pickett 10

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 7
(3) William Bell 11
Garrett Bishop 10
(7) Odell Bray 10
(2) James Hancock 14
(4) John King 4
(4) Richard Mills 13
(4) Robert Mims 12
Charles Mizzell 13
Robert Orrell 9
(5) Lloyd Pettus 14
Thomas Stephens 7

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 4
(7) A. L. Gaines 19
John Grider 12
(2) Henry James 7
James Seawell 3

COTTAGE No. 6

William Corn
Jesse Cleveland 4
Fletcher Castlebury 13
James Coleman 13
Robert Deyton 14
Thomas Doby 3
Columbus Hamilton 11
Thomas Hamilton 15
(3) Joseph Sanford 7
George Wilhite 9

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 9
Archie Castlebury 6
(3) William Estes 4
Lacy Green
(8) Caleb Hill 16
(7) Hugh Johnson 15
(2) Elmer Maples 3
(2) Milton Pickett 12
J. D. Powell 6
Jack Pyatt
Percy Strickland 5
William Tester 6
William Young 10

COTTAGE No. 8

(8) Sam Belk 17
Wilfred Land 8
(4) Ralph Rainey 14

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 3
J. T. Branch 10
Wilson Bowman 12
(2) Randolph Davis 18
Reuben Duggins 8
(2) C. D. Grooms 16
Elbert Kersey 6
(2) Percival Shuler 8
(6) Homer Smith 17

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 18
(2) Earl Atwood 10
Emerson Barnhill 4
Glenn Collins 13
Floyd Combs 6
Matthew Duffy 5
Jeff Gouge 13
(2) Rufus Linville 7
William Peedin 10

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 2
(3) Howard Clark 3
Lawrence Guffey 6
(9) H. A. Holmes 13
Edgar Merritt 2
(2) William Martin 8
Donald Newman 8

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Burl Allen 3
Alphus Bowman 7
Charles Batten 2
(3) Joseph Cox 13
Fred Carter 3
Ben Cooper
Talmage Dautrey 13
Frank Dickens 17
(6) James Elders 10
Marvin Edwards 17
Charlton Henry 5
(6) Hubert Holloway 6
S. E. Jones 2
(2) Frank Lewis 13
Asbury Marsh 10
(2) Clarence Mayton 9
June Malone 11
(3) Jerome Medlin 15
Glenn O'Quinn 13
(3) Ewin Odom 10
Andrew Powell 16
William Powell 3
James Reavis 9
(2) Lonnie Sloan 10
William Stevens 13
Harvey J. Smith
(5) Horace Simmons 5
Ross Young 10

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell 2
(2) Lee Dowless 8
(2) Spurgeon Dowless 8
(3) Troy Powell 5
John Robbins 5
(2) Wilburn Suite 6
(3) Paul Shipes 8
Glenn Williams 8
William Warf 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) Julian Andrews 8
(5) George Gibson 18
Joseph Hyde 9
Walter Hill 14
(5) Walter Mitchell 17
(5) George McManus 17
Connie Michael 6
(4) Raymond Mabe 4
Edward E. Murry 14
(3) Alvin Powell 9
Edward Patrum 2
(5) Harless Triplett 15

THE THINGS WE FAIL TO DO

It's not the thing you do, friend,
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write;
The sympathy you might have shown, friend,
Are haunting ghosts tonight.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 8, 1937 No. 19

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LITTLE OLD LADY

There's a little old lady, awaiting somewhere,
I see her sitting in an old easy chair.
I see her eyes gleaming, her hair snowy white,
As I lie gazing through my window tonight.
The love in her heart for me is divine;
That little old lady is—Mother o' Mine!

Heartache or pain, sorrow or shame,
Through errors of mine, yet I'm not to blame.
God bless her and keep her, safe from all harm,
Until the day I can take her again in my arms,
And cherish and love her, till the end of time,
That dear little old lady—Mother o' Mine!

—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MOTHER, I THANK THEE

For the body and sinew and brain,
For the blood that flows in my veins,
For the heart that beats in my breast,
For the hand that rocked me to rest,
O Mother, I thank thee.

For hushing my infantine cries,
For drying my tear-dripping eyes,
For showing me first how to walk,
And teaching me next how to talk,
Dear Mother, I thank thee.

For guiding my footsteps when young,
For placing a prayer on my tongue,
For telling me just what to say
When I knelt in the morning to pray
Good Mother, I thank thee.

For chasing my cares with a song,
For chiding me if I did wrong,
For closing my day with a kiss
In spite of what I did amiss,
Kind Mother, I thank thee.

But when I grew older, I fear,
I made thee shed many a tear;
I wrung from thee many a sigh,
And unhappily forced thee to cry:
O Mother, forgive me.

I may have been thankless and rude-
Perhaps I misunderstood;
I may have resisted thy prayer,
I may have silvered thy hair:
DearMother, forgive me.

How oft did I rob thee of sleep,
How oft did I cause thee to weep,
How oft did I trouble thy mind,
How oft was I cold and unkind:
Good Mother, forgive me.

—Selected.

MOTHER'S DAY

In this issue is a brief article captioned, "A Day of Sentiment", that tells of the person who first conceived the idea of "Mother's Day," a day of veneration to mothers, and one of the most beautiful and appropriate sentimental observances.

However, Miss Anna Jarvis, Philadeplphia, caught up the mantle that had fallen upon her shoulders and had a bill introduced in Congress that designated the second Sunday in May as a national Mother's Day, but the idea was originated in the heart of another.

Alfred Einstien writes: "My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavily from the work of other men. This is an honest confession from such an outstanding character, but true nevertheless. The practice of plagarism is as common as other deeds of dishonor but usually passed up unnoticed.

The Sunday Magazine thinks of Mother's Day as a little different from other holidays and special occasions. "Christmas has a deep religious meaning, as has Easter. But too many of us look upon Christmas merely as a time to get and give a lot of presents, and on Easter a day for displaying new clothes and hunt Easter eggs.

Other holidays mean a day of freedom and rest from work, a day of sports and good things to eat—just a day of joy.

But on Mother's Day we are unselfish. We think of somebody besides ourselves. We express love, honor, and respect for one who went near the grave to give us life. We give to her flowers, the sweetest things God ever made and failed to breathe the breath of life into, and other gifts, trying to make her realize all we feel. It is a wonderful sentiment and one that should be made the most of whenever the time comes."

* * * * * * *

NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK

The national observance of Music Week illustrates a growing tendency toward appreciation of music. During this period there are innumerable concerts and contests, and community showings of music talent all over the country. Even the most artistically-inclined individual, at a time when the whole county focusses its at-

tention on the subject, feels an increased interest for the trend in music and for the composers themselves.

It seems that there is a decided movement toward symphonic and more tempered pieces. What has commonly been called the "Jazz Age," has been on the decline for the last few years. This fact is substantiated by the observance of the large-name orchestras and nearly all of the second-rate bands and ensembles who are beginning to copy the sweet lilting tempos of many top-notchers.

When we think of the artist personally, we come to realize that many well known writers never acquire a fortune at it; then a few of our later day sold popular pieces and drew in untold wealth. The great Wagner, who composed "Lohengrin, ' "Tristan and Isolde," and other well known compositions was found starving. Bizet, who gave us the opera "Carmen," died of a broken heart over the failure to get financial returns. "Hark, Hark, the Lark," of Franz Schubert, was written on the back of a menu-card to pay for a meal. Of the other class we have such pieces as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which netted about $145,000, "Sonny Boy," which earned over $160,000, and "Over There," which has brought almost incalculable profits. However, just comment might be made—often the ones which pay the most live only a short time; while those of the past, bringing little gain, are immortal.

National Music Week should stand as an inspiration to all—music patrons and those who furnish it. Also it is bound to provide new zeal to the youth who is planning to make music his life's work.

* * * * * * *

GREAT BRITAIN'S BIG DAY

Without a doubt the outstanding interest of the public this year, one that evershadows all things political and otherwise, is the induction service of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at Westminster Abbey in May. Most stupendous preparations have been going on for months to make this regal affair exceed all others in every appointment.

The Americans are busy for the occasions. The officers of the Crown and members of Parliament are on their tip-toes, one trying

to out do the other in splendor of equipment for the notable occasion.

It has been a long time since a king has been crowned in the British empire and the attention of the English-speaking world is naturally centered upon this event. It is most natural that all intelligent persons in the civilized world will experience more than a fleeting interest in this brilliant display that previously was the occasion of much conjecture before the substitution of George VI for Edward VIII.

* * * * * * *

OUR LINOTYPE OPERATORS

The manager of the Concord Daily Herald-Observer, Zack L. Roberts, is evidently well pleased with the skill and accuracy of boys trained in The Uplift office. This inference is reached because Manager Roberts has at this time two of our young linotype opeerators employed, Clyde Kivett and Robert Worthington, who learned here all they know about operating one of those complicated machines.

These boys are deporting themselves nicely and are doing their work acceptably, so states the genial manager of the Herald-Observer.

The young men trained in this department of the many activities of this institution have no trouble in finding gainful occupations with a salary that inspires a feeling of security.

All right, Manager Roberts, any time you are in need of a linotype operator, just let your wants be known. We can supply the demand.

* * * * * * *

WORKERS IN PRISONS NEEDED

The subject of this article has been made impressive by reading a resume of prison work accomplished by a local worker in the prisons. From a humanitarian standpoint the results of the work were satisfactory, because the inmates of the prisons are human, regardless of the misdemeanor, and they have souls to save. And to minister to those miscreants right at our door is a duty, and

should be soul satisfying. Therefore, "inner-mission" work ought to be stressed.

The report showed up plainly that the inmates of the jails were not the poor and ignorant altogether, but there were found illiterates, near-illiterates, high school graduates and often university graduates, the average age nineteen, and many coming from reputable families.

Also their credentials showed they were eligible to the U. C. V., S. A. R., and in a direct line of any and all patriotic organizations many boast of. This is a challenge to society, to the Christian church and every person who has a spark of love in his soul. Don't stop to ask the question as to the manner of approach. This underclass, fallen because of some physical or spiritual weakness, long for the touch of a tender and sympathetic hand.

And without some stimulating, strengthening and sustaining influence every man's son of them will return to their "old-wallows" and this means an increse of crime. Remember all are not reclaimed, but if one is saved that one may carry the torch that lights the straight and right way to thousands, thereby making the world better.

In doing prison work one literally is fulfilling the injunction of Christ when He said, "Go rather to the lost sheep." Besides scripturally we are taught there was greater rejoicing over the return of the one sheep that had gone astray than the ninety and nine that remained in the fold.

It is better to go out into the highways and hedges and do an inner-mission work than appease one's conscience by dropping a few dollars in the mite-box for missions.

Through the press we learn that Governor Hoey was scheduled to teach a Sunday school class last week end at centeral prison, Raleigh. Governor Hoey has always been an ardent advocate of Sunday school work, and this time he has set a precedent during his regime as Chief Executive of the Old North State, that doubtless will be an incentive for other representative citizenship to follow. Not a finer service can any man, high or low, rich or poor, offer than salvaging the souls of men and women who have fallen.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

GOLDEN FRIENDSHIP

"Time weaves a mystic pattern,
On this queer old loom of life;
His shuttle is the fleeting years,
His warp—the joy and strife;
His woof and web, the hopes and dreams,
Good fortune and despair;
But friendship is the golden thread
That makes it all so fair."

—o—

The quickest road to contentment is learning to enjoy thoroughly failure to obey the laws.

—o—

What if you did have the right of way; will that do you any good when you are conveyed to the cemetery?

—o—

Much can be said on both sides of any question, and there are a lot of people who say it either way—or both ways.

—o—

Our language has been called "the mother tongue." I guess they did that because the women use it so much more than the men.

—o—

A lot of folks don't mind listening to some folks tell them something if they would only hush when they got through telling it.

—o—

In the big cities you are run down by automobiles. In the small towns you are run down by the gossip. One is about as bad as the other.

—o—

It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction. But the trouble is there are so many people who are averse to associating with strangers.

—o—

It is always the best policy to deal gently with fools. There's no telling what you may come to some day.

—o—

The pennies, the nickels and the dimes, make more noise in the collection plate than the half dollars and dollars. But the latter do the most work.

—o—

This world would be better off if people would quit talking so much about officers failing to enforce the laws, and talk more about our failure to obey the llaws.

—o—

A Durham youngster having heard that this is the time of the year in which puppies are sold, and who had just been spanked, by his papa, wants to trade his in.

—o—

Beauty is coming down the mountains, in her impressive garments of green—coming from the hills from whence cometh our strength. She lifts her head to the music of the birds, and laughingly kisses her finger tips to the golden sunshine. She comes from valleys and from the seashore, with the spray of old ocean in her hair, sparkling like diamonds. She comes to the very door of our spirits, and peeps in. In beauty we learn much of God's handiwork, and heavenly things. Beauty is coming in the wild azalea, the columbine,

the lovely rhododendron, the snowy dogwood, the blushing redbud, scattering the aroma of tuberoses and "sweet-betsies" under the kiss of the serapha that lean from the May sky, with her laughter and her smile to paint with living beauty every rough, scarred and rocky nook of this weather-beaten old earth. Yes, Spring is stepping down the mountain. She has heard the robin calling. Her dreams have been of the nightingale's sweet songs, She has waited for the beauty of the landscape a'bloom with fire. She's coming with a garland of her May daffodils, and she's coming straight to you.

—o—

In passing, on our pilgrimage through this world, it is well to note that joy is a duty we owe to ourselves, to others and to God. It was thus that Saint Paul presented it to the Philippians. It is a duty because it is the natural fruit of faith. This is a truth which we have great need to lay to heart. We do our best work when we are joyous; we ought to be joyous that we may do our best work. And when we are inclined on our own account to be grave and gloomy, let us strive to be joyous on Christ's account, and on account of others. We can not help to dispel the world's shadows unless there is some sunshine in our own hearts. Then, too, joy is strength. All gladness has something to do with efficiency; for it is the prerogative of man that his force comes from his mind, and not from his body. The cheerful workman makes work light and keeps off strife. The cheerful husband lightens the burdens of his wife's cares, and thus soothes her temper. The cheerful father makes it easier for his children to obey him and helps them over moments of ill-temper and discontent. The cheerful teacher keeps better order than a surly one, and the cheerful boy is ever so much more teachable and tractable than a sulky one. Cheerfulness is a wonderful source of strength in the affairs of daily life as well in the life of the soul. And another thing. Joy is a great aid against temptation. The evil one is foiled by song as much as by prayer. As the microbes of disease cannot exist in the sunlight, neither can temptation prevail against a joyous heart. Joy is an antiseptic environment—a bank of sunbeams—which is utterly impregnable to all assaults of the adversary.

"Youth fades, love droops,
The leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope
Outlives them all."

THE MOTHER OF FRANCES WILLARD

By H. H. Smith

When the statue of Frances Wilwas unveiled in Statuary Hall of the Capitol Building at Washington, Senator Beveridge, in his address on the occasion, said: "She made purer the moral atmosphere of a continent —almost of a world. She rendered the life of a nation cleaner, the mind of a people saner. Millions of homes today are happier for her; millions of wives and mothers bless her, and countless children have grown into strong, upright and beautiful maturity who, but for the work of Frances Willard, might have been forever soiled and weakened." He also referred to Miss Willard as "the first woman of the nineteenth century, the most beloved charaacter of her time, and under God, a benefactress of her race."

These words are quoted to remind us of the greatness and the goodness of this remarkable woman. One is naturally interested in the ancestors of such a woman. We know there must have been a fine background to produce such a character. What kind of mother had she? Let her describe her mother's methods of child culture!

"She never expected us to be bad children. I never heard her refer to total depravity as our inevitable heritage; she always said when we were cross: 'Where is my bright little girl that is so pleasant to have about? Somebody must have taken her away and left this little creature here who has a scowl upon her face.' She always expected us to do well. She used to say that a little child is a figure of pathos. Without volition of its own, it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown way-wise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation.

"With such a mother, my home life was full of inspiration; she encouraged every out-branching thought and purpose. When I wished to play out of doors with my brother, and do things he did, she never said, 'Oh, that is not for girls!" but encouraged him to let me be his comrade; by which means he became the most considerate, chivalric boy I even knew, for his mother taught him that nothing could be more for her happiness and his than that he should be good to 'little sister.' By this means I spend a great deal of time in the open air, and learned the pleasant sports by which boys store up vigor for the years to come.

"To my mind the jewel of her character and method with her children was that she knew how without effort to keep an open way always between her inmost heart and theirs; they wanted no other comforter; everybody seemed less desirable than mother. If something very pleasant happened to us when we were out playing with other children, or spending an afternoon at a neighbor's, we

would scamper home as fast as our little feet would carry us, because we did not feel as if we had gained the full happiness from anything that came to us until mother knew it."

Later in life, meditating upon the career of her brilliant daughter, the mother of this famous woman said:

"Motherhood is life's richest and most delicious romance. And sitting now in the sunshine calm and sweet, with all my precious ones on the other side save only the daughter who so faithfully cherishes me here, I thank God that He ever said to me: 'Bring up this child for me in the love of humanity and the expectation of immortal life.' My life could not have held more joy if some white-robed messenger of the skies had come to me and said: 'I will send a spiritual being into your arms and home. It is a momentous charge, potent for good or evil, but I will help you. Do not fear. Therefore mother, step softly. Joy shall be the accepted creed of this young immortal in all the coming years. This child shall herald your example and counsels when you are resting from your labors.'"

MOTHER

That's the name of an angel
  In childhood I knew,
Whose love was so sacred,
  So tender and true,
It banished all trouble
  All sorrows and fears;
Brought smiles to my face,
  And dried up my tears.

Whose smile, like the sunshine
  That bursts, through the skies,
Lit a fountain of love-light
  Bubbling in her eyes.

Please God in your infinite mercy, I pray
Send back that angel if just for a day.
  Send back that angel of mercy and light
Who caressed me so fondly
  And hugged me so tight.
Take all of life's treasures—
  All its joys and its charms,
And let me nestle once more
  In my dear Mother's arms.

—Selected.

A MOTHER'S DAY TRIBUTE

By H. E. Grant, in the Masonic Beacon.

It is the worthiness of a Mary which gives to the world the eternal blessedness and benefit of a Jesus. Motherhood spans the heavens with myriad guiding stars. The son may achieve character or other success but it is the Mother who makes that achievement possible.

Brooding o'er chaos and the void, it is probable that the initial idea of the Infinite was one of Motherhood; an idea from which was born so much of the good enjoyed by mankind.
of God. There is no need for ex-

Gifts to man are a manifestation travanagnza in praise of Mother, nor is that possible. The facts speak for themselves and need only to be recalled. Motherhood is the vehicle by which, through some spiritual alchemy, the wholesome, gentle and other dominant and desirable characteristics are transmitted to posterity. In that it implants in man whatever there is one of the most beneficient, one of the greatest gifts made within the generosity og God.

It is not within the ability nor the province of any man to express precisely the miracle of Motherhood, but each and all may, within the sphere of their experience, pay passing tribute to the engrossing love of the one who has made it possible to enjoy so much of whatever is here beautiful and worthwhile. Affection of the child, itself a reflex of the Mother-love, should be the ever expression of the most intimate tie that binds our experiences to the ideal, and should never be withheld.

Motherhood, an angelic ministration, makes of earth a heaven. "Suffer little children to come unto me," is its silent orison; for it knows that of such is the kingdom of heaven. The thought of the Mother, objectified, is an evidence of things harmonious which are thus not only proved possible but seen to be part of a definite continuity.

Fatherhood is incidental and temporal but the influence of Motherhood is spiritual and eternal. Motherhood is the highest expression of the triunity of Body, Mind and Spirit; and its preeminent belief is in the Father, Mother and Child. Motherhood is a blending with God for the attainment of Perfection; a clear channel through which the gifts of the Creator flow unceasingly to His creation.

"As for me and my house," affirms the Mother, "we will serve the Lord." Thus Motherhood, on behalf of its offspring, make covenants with God which it is the privileged duty of the children, as to their part, to fulfill. Mother has done her part. Eventually Motherhood will, must, see of the travail of the soul and be satisfied; but we who are after all unworthy, should endeavor with every talent within our stewardship to hasten the day toward fulfillment of the promise during their sojourn here upon earth.

In the highest concept and purpose of Motherhood lies the foundation of the greatness of nations.

Love, an attribute that is a synonym for God, is inseparable from Mother, as are Purity, Truth and all the graces. That which, within the

entire range of human experience is the Divine is not the disciplinary direction of Fatherhood, but the most sacred and brings us nearest supreme tenderness, unstinted affetcion, ceaseless solicitduc, self-sacrificing care and tireless protection of the Infinitude of Mother-love.

Motherhood is the essence of permanence in human society. Exemplar of purity in living, it enriches the world. To Motherhood even privation is not an evil but vanishes into insignificance through the recognition of the importance and far-reaching effects of its mission.

Mother-love, although with heart akin to breaking, sings a sweet lullaby, smiles through tears, makes the best of most adverse circumstances and conditions, bestows a wealth of encouragement, sacrifices self to give advantages to offspring, and displays an unwonted courage in its protection combined with a fostering care without limit. Motherhood is love made manifest.

Mother-love asks no other reward than the privilege of Motherhood with its confining responsibilities, its bitter and its sweets. It recks not of lack of appreciation but goes on loving, conscious that in the end this must conquer, is Supreme. The guidance of Mother-love, superior to that of the relatively juvenile and immature idea, is certain and satisfying. Mother-love, guarding our lives and guiding our conduct, cradling and nurturing whatever there is of greatness, or goodness, will survive in peoples yet to be.

Belief in the Motherhood no less than in the Fatherhood of our Divine Parent would seem to be a requisite stepping-stone across the streams of disconcerting troublous thought that would separate the creature from the Creator, and be an aid to union with the Great Mother of Life—of All; an Infinitude of Mother-love embodied in the Fatherhood of God, our Divine Parent—our Father-Mother.

Mother-love made Infinite would make it easier for the children of earth to know what should be done; and be inspiration enough for its performance. From this Motherhood, as a tale twice told, would come the varied expression of the deal by which humanity might safely and securely order its being—the impulsion of each moment an invariable compulsion to do aright.

To make the ideal real is a debt to Motherhood that must be discharged by all. This is the way of wisdom and honesty; a manner of discharging a liability so great that the utmost of accomplishment would not wipe out the half of it. And when the container of this precious boon is broken and the fountain of her life seems to have subsided, her offspring should not alone rise up and call her blessed, but evidence the sincerity of the call by unselfish service to others, and in particular to those other Mothers, who whether youthful or aged, are still with us.

Expressed in kindliness to the living and practical appreciation of those who have passed on, there should arise from all men everywhere a prayer perfect, performance worthy the immeasurable boon of self-sacrificing Motherhood.

ONE WOMAN THE WORLD REVERES

(Selected)

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

When Rudyard Kipling, the soldier poet, penned these immortal lines and those which follow he may have had in mind his own mother, but he spoke for the sons and daughters of all mothers the world over today and on into infinity. Americans will bend a reverent knee tomorrow in observance of the day set aside for the one woman in all the earth whom all men worship and glorify and are not ashamed.

It is eminently fitting that we should reverence and seriously observe this day dedicated to mother and motherhood. It is a day for solemn meditation on the part of those whose mothers have been called hence in order to gather strength, patience and courage for the remaining battles of life; if living to pay her royal and loving homage.

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

In the still, quiet watches of the night with only the stars looking on she kept her lonely vigil for us; when we wandered from the path of rectitude as blazed by her for us, her love remained steadfast and unshaken though the world despised and reviled us for our misdeeds. Through the years her hope supplanted and outran our own; it is only a mother who can see her child ascending the heights, be he ever so mediocre and of the earth earthy. To her he is perfection because she beholds only through eyes of love as true as the needle to the Polar star and as pure as it came from the hand of the Creator.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

It may be that the relentless finger of Time has silvered her hair and stolen the bloom of youth from her cheeks. But her all she has given for us; and still in her eye we can see blazing the flame of a deathless love. Then on this day, hallowed by tender memories, let us devote part of the time to silent introspection, resolving to strive harder to attain the goal she would have us attain.

If she be living let us thank whatever gods may be for her unfaltering love that has attended from the cradle and will go with us till the

end of the journey, seeking to convey to her some token of our everlasting gratitude and affection for all that she has suffered and endured for us. If she has crossed over the invisible line from life to eternity, let us in reverence honor the memory of her blessed named. It may not reach her ear or eye, but it will make better men of us.

MOTHER'S DAY

I wear it for you, O mother o' Mine.
  Your hopes may strive to fulfill;
Your tender caress, O Mother o' Mine,
  It lingers in memory still.
The prayers you said, the tears you shed,
  Each from your lips so divine,
I recalled them once more from days gone before,
  To bless me, O Mother o' Mine!

A white rose for you, O Mother o' Mine,
  To mark the long years that have sped;
Since you with a smile, O Mother o' Mine,
  Laid your loving hands on my head.
The hurts that you bound, the solace you found,
  The love that your heart did enshrine,
Are memories dear of each vanishing year,
  To lead me, O Mother o' Mine!

A red rose for you, O mother o' Mine,
  I would it were given to me
To bow once again, O Mother o' Mine,
  In the evening prayer by your knee.
To close my tired eyes to your sweet lullabys,
  Your hands in my hair to entwine.
Be the rose white or red, the prayers you said
  Still guides me, O Mother o' mine.

—Author Unknown.

MOTHERS

By Mrs. John W. Richards

In contemplating the annual Mother's Day we turn to the word which has placed woman on a pedestal of honor and crowned her with heaven's laurel—motherhood. A woman's first mission is in the family. She is the center of it, as also the family is the foundation of the church. Before our pulpits or Bible schools begin to mould the lives of children, a good mother has already begun. A child has four thousand waking hours in a year. One thousand are spent in school. Who is the child's real teacher? And it is not only the bringing up of our children which is important, but what some mothers forget—"taking them down" by wholesome discipline and correction. Atheism need not be planted in our homes; we can make children atheists by simply neglecting to plant religion in their minds and hearts. Every family should be a little nursery for the church.

Someone has said, our mothers are in danger of a new disease, "M-itis, —Men, Money, Movies, Modistes, and Make-up." Here the unworthy mother stands apart from the true one, who adorns her mind and heart in the beautiful garb of humility. She looks into that mirror of the Word, and asks herself what she is living for, tries to see herself as God sees her, and plans her life along nobler lines of Christian excellence. The history of the Christian women is a story of blessings. As Peter says. "The husband is often won by her chaste conversation"; and much more is this true of the children. We would all be astonished, if we could vision the vast company mothers have led to God, and saved by the gentle power of their piety.

At the start of the majority of the best Christian lives stands a praying mother. Some years ago at Princeton Seminary the chairman of the Examining Committee requested the students who had praying mothers to rise. Nearly the whole 150 stood up as a witness to the power of a mother's prayers and moulding influence in life's plastic years. "As is the mother so is child," quotes the seer Ezekiel in telling the sad story of Israel in his day. Its finer life had been defiled by the fall of its mothers.

What will not a mother do for her child? Love, fashioned by the Creator centuries ago, is still the thing that binds us together. The closest link between heaven and earth, and the cornerstone of the American home. Everything else goes out of fashion, but still abideth love. Neglect your business, and it will leave you; your garden, and it will starve you; your engine, and it will wreck you. But neglect your mother, and she will still love you, though her heart lies bleeding in the dust.

In the two books of Kings we find twenty-five times the phrase: "His mother's name was" so and so. I Kings 22: 25 expressly says: "He walked in the way of his mother." Samuel came from the godly Hannah, and the two Ahaziahs from the godless Jesebel and Athaliah. The rule worked in both cases. A deal of saccharine sentimentality has

crystallized about Mother's Day. There are mothers and others! We are not knocking mothers, but would knock out of them some of their weak and wishy-washy traits. These increase in a geometrical ratio, until as indulgent grandmothers they are utterly blind to a child's faults. There is a story about a criminal on the gallows who wished to speak a last word to his mother. Instead of whispering in her ear, he bit it, and said, "If you had taught me to obey, I would not be here!" A recent issue of *Time* has on its front page a picture of Shirley Temple and her mother, with the proverb: "Spare the rod, and spoil the star!"

Booth Tarkington pictures a foolish mother bending over the wash tub and a neighbor calling from the next door: "Hard at it, Mrs. O'Toole?" "Yes, Mrs. O'Hoolihan, I'm washing for eleven, and that does not leave much spare time on hand." "Is that Marie I hear singing to the ukelele in the parlor?" "Yes, that's her; and how would I ever get along without that girl? Every Monday she sings and plays while I am scrubbing the clothes and the nicest cheeriest song; 'Mother,s Day,' or 'Dear Mother in Dreams I See Thee,' or 'Lighten Mother's Task with Love,' and the work just rolls off like play. I tell you there ain't many girls like my Marie." Well, if there are, the Mothers are to blame, and those who replace ideas of helpful service with mere sweet sentimentality, as so many do at this season. In the fable of the Mother Crab, she says to her daughter: "Go Forward, my daughter, go forward!" The young crab says: "Good mother, do you show me the way?" Whereupon, the Mother crawling backwards as usual, the daughter cried: "Lo, mother, I go just as you do!"

In Matthew 20: 20 we read of an indulgent mother who was the tool for her two ambitious sons. Salome begged Jesus: "Command that these, my two sons may sit, one on the right hand in thy kingdom, and the other on thy left!" Her boldness was partly due to their close reationship; she was an aunt of Jesus. Our Lord was on His way to Jerusalem and His impending crucifixion; but she had only crowns in mind. She "worshipped Him," it is true, as Messiah and King, but according to a frequent custom in Oriental courts, she entreats an unconditional consent to her petition before she presents it. Pride was at the bottom of her plea, and a conceited estimate of the merits of her sons. That right hand was in the East the highest place and post beside the King, and she asked it for James, her older son. And the place on His left asked for the meek and gentle John. There was nothing eft for Peter, and the rest! She overlooked the faat that John already occupied a higher place: "in the Master's bosom." To excel others in grace and holiness is a goodly ambition; but it is surely sinful to covet precedence in pomp and grandeur. It was presumptous selfishness which made Salome and her sons forget to "prefer the others in honor"; and therefore our Lord rebukes them, but with gentleness: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Hast thou not just now heard how I am to be mocked, scourged, and crucified?" She had a wrong

view of the nature of His Kingdom: "Ye know not what ye ask." These posts could not be obtained without sharing His sufferings. What she really asked, all unconsciously, was the place of the two malefactors beside His cross! But like her sons, this mother of Zebedee's children was converted to a better course of action and became one of the figures at the cross, and again one of the company bringing the spices to anoint His body at the sepulchre.

Among these none is greater than Mary, the virgin, held in highest honor by all. What Jesus knew of the Old Testament He got first from her who had been favored above all the daughters of the house of David Her song in our Vesper Service shows her familiarity with that Book, and into it she led her divine Son. "God could not be everywhere, and that is why he made mothers." Another lovely daughter of the Scriptures, noted for her loyalty to Naomi, and love for God and His people, was Ruth. And she had her reward. She became the grandmother of David, and one of the Old Testament heroines of humble service, unselfish devotion and reverent faith.

A Bible class teacher was speaking of the various translations of the Book, and their various excellencies. The class was much interested. One said: "I prefer the King James Version, though the Revised is more scholarly." Another thoughtfully remarked: "I prefer my mother's translation to any other version!" A voice cried out: "Why, what has your mother made? What do you mean?" The daughter answered: "Mother translates the Bible into the language of daily life! And her version is correct, too, and full of meaning."

Dr. Campell Morgan relates with pleasure how a friend was dining with him, when his four sons were at home, all of whom were ministers also. This led the guest to ask humorously: "Which of them is the best preacher?" And at once the startling answer came: "Mother!" That was a lovely tribute to her patience and gentleness, with the home as her pulpit.

That eminent divine of earlier days, Richard Cecil, says he tried his best to be an infidel in his youth. But his mother's prayers were too much for him. He records: "She would talk to me, and pray with me, and weep the while. I would fling out of the house with an oath; but when I got out, I would weep, too!"

Thank God for the mothers extraordinary, who have had noble minds and more than worldly ambitions for their children. From this source came the men who minister at our altars, and the women who serve so ably in the congregation and parsonage. We mothers are sometimes accused of having our lassos ready for good young men for our daughters, and especially ministers. But having served forty-five years under that yoke, I wonder whether they realize what they are wishing on them—the burden, as well as the blessing.

That famous temperaance lecturer, John B. Gough, drove a friend through rural New England in the 1860's. His companion commented on the "immense amount of human vegetation" there. "In these isolated villages, without railroad communications, what do the people do? What

do they see? What do they know? You cannot call this life! It is a sort of vegetation, and yonder is a specimen of what I mean!" They were passing a lonely farmhouse, where an old lady sat knitting on the porch. "Look at her. She eats and drinks, sleeps and knits. She is a human vegetable!" Gough drew rein, and insisted that his friend stop to chat with the old lady. Feeling his sympathy, she told them her story. Sixteen years before she had been left a widow, with six children, the youngest only four years old. She owned the little house and four acres, and that was all. "Where are the children now?" Gough asked. It turned out that her oldest son was a missionary in the foreign field, and the next a home missionary in Iowa. "Where is your third son?" "His work is done. He lies under the sod at Gettysburg!" "And where the youngest?" "With his regiment under Grant." "But there were six." "Yes, until a message came from Roanoke. Send us teachers for our negroes, teachers who are willing to endure hardship without remuneration. Then my two daughters left home to do their share." She had given her family to her country and her God, and there she sat alone at home. It was true that she ate and drank, slept and knit, and had never traveled five miles from home. But she was by no means a "human vegetable!"

MOTHER

Can man forget that saintly shrine,
  In mother's mystic loving heart?
Where love celestial, divine,
  In sorrow bore our humble start.

Oh, Mother's heart like proud chateau!
  That bears the stress of war and hate,
In loyalty, we bow, and know—
  Your golden love—unswayed by fate.

As faithful friend—through all distress,
  A mother's heart is always true;
This charity we all confess—
  This love forgives the hurts it knew.

E'en truth of guilt with tragic shock,
  Withholds her heart from rabble hate—
As cruel scornful fingers mock,
  Some hope of broken heart will wait.

Her son she knows has turned from right,
  In moments weak with grief and sin—
But through it all she sees some light,
  And hopes that mother's love may win.

—Selected

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

By Stewart Long, in Watchman-Examiner

Barrie once described a lady by saying: "She had a mother's face." The sweetest word in all of our language is "Mother." No other word is so filled with divine emotion. No other word in all of the language contains such superlative power of tender suggestion. "Mother" is a magic word. In each letter of this magic word is a wealth of Divine music—vibrating chords of angelic harmony.

Mother-influence has tenderly moulded the ideals, and her memory has become the star of destiny of many who, later, and as a result of her careful and loving guidance, became leaders of men and builders of empires, and shaped the destiny of nations.

Mother-love has never been obtrusive. In fact, her tener devotion, loving care and career-shaping influence have been so completely submerged in the development and success of her object of affection and sacrifice that mother, herself, has often been entirely forgotten, while her illustrious sons will live down through the pages of history. Truly, mother-interest and mother-love are divinely sacrificial. Who can give us information in regard to the mothers of Alcibiades, of Aristotle, of Thucydides, of Pericles, or of Plato? Who can tell us of the mothers of Virgil, Homer, Tacitus, Horace, or Julius Cæsar? About all we can learn of the mother of James and John is by way of an incident revealing her superlative ambition for worldly honors to be conferred upon her two sons. We have no trustworthy information in regard to the characters of the mothers of Matthew, Mark, Luke, Peter, and Paul.

John Quincy Adams said: "All that I am, my mother made me."

Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Dwight L. Moody declared: "All that I have ever accomplished in life, I owe to my mother."

Napoleon was a sage when he said: "Let France have good mothers, and she will have good sons."

Andrew Carnegie frequently acknowledged the tender interest and influence of his mother.

Benjamin West declared: "A kiss from my mother made me a painter."

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "The Memory of my sainted mother is the brightest recollection of my early years."

President McKinley provided in his will that, first of all, his mother should be made comfortable for life.

Garfield's first act, after being inaugurated President of the United States, was to stoop and kiss his aged mother, who sat near him.

Julia Ward Howe, when 91 years of age, said: "We talk of 40 horsepower. If we had 40 mother-power it would be the most wonderful force in the world."

Richard Cecil declared that when he was a youth he tried his utmost to be an infidel; but his mother's beautiful and eloquent Christianity was too much for him. He could not answer that.

Ethelbert Nevin, the composer of "Narcissus" and many other selections of dainty originality, was most devoted to his mother; and in a letter of his, written while a student in Berlin, we find one of the most beautiful tributes to a mother that has ever been penned.

Thomas Edison paid a beautiful tribute to his mother when he said: "I did not have my mother long, but she cast over me an infiuence that has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should never have become an inventor. I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental calibre, I should have turned out badly. But her firmness, her goodness, were patent powers to keep me in the right path. My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing."

Ex-President Loubet, of France, was most thoughtful of, and tenderly affectioned toward his mother, even after his elevation to the Presidency. His mother was one of the many humble market gardeners in a small French village. A meeting between President Loubet and his mother has been described as follows: "Her noted son awaited her in the market place, as she drove up in her little cart loaded with vegetables. Assisting his mother to alight, the, French President gave her his arm and escorted her to her accustomed seat. Then, holding over her a large umbrella to shield her from the threatening weather, he seated himself tt her side. and this mother and her illustrious son enjoyed a long talk together."

Two lines from Coleridge may well follow these tributes from great men to their great mothers:

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

MOTHER'S DAY

Someone has said that God has made his presence felt everywhere because he wisely gave everyone a Mother. Strangely enough in all climes and in all languages the first intelligible sound uttered by an infant is the sound or expression which means "Mother". No one disputes the fact that the most enduring love in all mankind is the love of a Mother for her children—a love which shines through sorrow, anguish, pain, disgrace, and humiliation. What a blessing that our scheme of society has so organized itself that the home has become the very foundation of civilization. The home is the first institution to shape the destinies of all of us, and the influence care, and training of a good mother probably means more to our country, and every other nation in the world, than any other element tending to develop fine, strong, and clean character.

—Selected.

A DAY OF SENTIMENT

(The Greeting Card)

Out of a little school teacher's great devotion to her mother has sprung the day we know as "Mother's Day," a day of great national veneration of mothers; and one of the most truly beautiful of all days of sentimental observance.

The school teacher's name was Mary Towles Sasseen. She was a member of a distinguished Kentucky family. Her birthplace was the beautiful little city of Henderson, on the south bank of the Ohio River, also famed as the birthplace of John James Audubon, would-famous naturalist. Even as a child, she adored her mother. On growing up she became a teacher, and by then the ambition had taken firm hold not only to teach children to value their mothers, but to make the observance national in scope. Beginning with her pupils, in 1887, she observed Mother's Day in her own school for several years. Then she started a campaign to make the day a national one. Her first step was to issue a pamphlet for the use of schools, only two copies of which are now extant. The title page of this pamphlet bore this inscription:

"Lovingly Dedicated to My Mother in the hope that April 20th (her birthday) be Annually Celebrated as Mother's Day."

Curiously enough, the idea of Mother's Day was a new one, hence Miss Sasseen was a pioneer in the true sense of the word. Originally her plan was for a day to be set apart each year for special exercises at school, to which parents were invited, the recitations being on the subject of mother, the songs referring to the home. No such book of exercises being available, Miss Sasseen compiled her own. In closing her introduction to this first pamphlet ever issued on the subject of Mother's Day, Miss Sasseen said:

"This pamphlet is sent forth in the hope of awakening on the part of the child a deeper appreciation of her who is the central figure of the home. May it strengthen the family bonds, making them more beautiful and tender. May it breathe a hope of that future where language is music, thought is light and love is law."

About this time, Miss Sasseen made a trip to Springfield, Ohio, the home of her sister, Mrs. E. W. Olds. With her sister's help, she was successful in introducing Mother's Day into the schools of that city. This was in 1890, and the Springfield Teachers' Manual of that year provides for such observance on the school schedule. Later, Miss Sasseen traveled extensively, and about 1900 married Judge Marshall Wilson, leaving Kentucky to make her home in Florida. Six years later she died, still endeavoring to promote a country-wide observance of the institution which she had founded.

However, a Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, caught up the mantle that had fallen from her shoulders, and eventually succeeded in persuading Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, to introduce a bill into Congress, designating the second Sunday in May as national Mother's Day. This date

was selected because Miss Jarvis' mother was born at that time.

And so the Mary Towles Sasseen must go the credit for originating the celebration of a day that does nation-wide honor to the sacred name of Mother, and helps to stimulate in the minds of all the full admiration, respect, and love which is her due.

MOTHER

Who is our dearest friend, on earth?
We often, ask each other,
With the loving thought, in mind,
Everyone, will think of mother.

When we were just a baby,
Lying sick and needed care,
With all our pain and suffering,
Our mother, was always there.

Her love and kindness, for us all,
She gave, with no regret,
We must make, a point, to remember,
Mother, never to forget.

While we are growing older,
Mother's hair is turning gray,
Try to make her happy,
And pray for her each day.

We often think, back many years,
Of the good deeds, that were done,
Mother now, needs our attention,
As she gave when we were young.

We ask our heavenly father,
Before we are called away,
To give our mother, the best of health,
For the time on earth she stays.

—Chas. R. Bohnau.

LEST WE FORGET

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

A "James B. Duke Section" of the Charlotte Observer, consisting of 36 pages, was issued last Monday morning. It is a remarkably interesting story of Mr. Duke and of the workings of the $40,000,000 Foundation which he established. Extended space has been given to Duke University. And none of the beneficiaries of the Foundation has been overlooked. But our only aim in this connection is to quote what John Paul Lucas. Jr., says about the early life of Mr. Duke. It is not a new story but should be oft repeated lest we forget. For it is of special value at a time when "rugged individualism" is in the discard and when young men seem unwilling to battle with poverty, but rather look to Uncle Sam to pull them through. Mr. Lucas says:

"Born December 23, 1856, on a very modest farm near Durham, James B. Duke was named in honor of the then recently elected President James Buchanan. The Duke family, like many others throughout the South suffered misery and poverty toward the end of the War Between the States and in the tragic period of reconstruction while the father was away at war, it was necessary to dispose of the farm to a neighbor. Although the purchaser could not make the payment, he refused to concede the land and the Dukes were reduced to living on a share of the crop and a small return for their labor. The family assets at the end of the war were two blind army mules and 50 cents in cash. Although the farm had been pillaged of everything that could be utilized or marketed except the season's yield of leaf tobacco, Washington Duke courageously set himself to the task of preparing it for market. The first Duke tobacco factory was in a log barn 16 by 18 feet. After smoking the leaf, father and children without machinery, flailed it by hand, sifted it, and packed it in bags, creating a brand for their product—Pro Bono Publico. Loading their output in a covered wagon, together with food supplies for the trip, the "manufacturers" made a long trek to the southern part of the state.

"The business prospered and in 1866 the Dukes manufactured 15,000 pounds. In 1872 they had become an important unit in the local industry and were selling over 125,000 pounds yearly. By this time, young Buck Duke was learning his father's trade and, even at this age, his interest in the possibilities of water power was marked—though he little dreamed that within his lifetime he would make possible the development of unbelievable power through harnessing the rivers of his native state."

Rule your mind, which, if it is not your servant, is your master. Curb it with a bit; bind it with a chain.—Horace.

PURPOSEFUL DAYS

By Stanley A. Gillet

We scarely need to urge the necessity of having a plan for one's life. But what about having a plan for each day of life?

The village blacksmith, of whom Longfellow wrote, made his days purposeful:

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

The end of the day should be something more than a mark for the passage of time. It should be a mile-stone of achievement. Time flies by, whether we work or do nothing. But the fulfillment of our duties and the realization of our dreams require intelligence, courage, and will power.

The ultimate aim of life can be attained only by completing each day some part of that task. The possession of happiness is conditioned by ability to grasp joyful hours. Goodness comes through a long succesison of daily acts embodying high principles of living. A well-read individual knows the value of such stepping-stones as a single book and even a short expanse of time. In striving to complete great tasks, let us not overlook the importance of finishing little ones.

Set aside some period in which to plan for each day. Whenever the mind is clearest and the outlook on life most balanced, that is the moment to seize for mentally projecting personality into the most desirable units of work. Not including those obligations which occur regularly and are, perhaps, beyond our control when it comes to planning, let us direct attention to those moments of free time which can be used for matters of desire. Unless a definite hour is assigned for beginning and also for completing a piece of work, it rarely gets done. Let us make rather rigid appointments with the tasks that are awaiting our attention. Time brings skill in estimating our endurance and speed and the length of period needed for each unit's allotment.

There are few satisfactions comparable to the joy that comes from looking back over a day well spent. The successful man has an accumulation of such separate achievements. He has formed the success habit. Work well done, work done on time, brings not only the praise of our overseers, but, what is even better, the approval of our best selves and of our heavenly Father.

If in the morning you throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up in the course of the day.

—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A group of ten boys enjoyed another concert presented by the Nation Concert Association in Concord last Tuseday night. Mr. Topping, tenor soloist appearing on the program, especially appealed to the boys, although a few of them were interested in viola solos rendered by another Association artist.

—o—

Mr. C. W. Kipka, principal of Oak Ridge Elementary School, Mooresville, accompanied by thirty boys and girls of the sixth and seventh grades, visited the Training School last Tuesday. The youngsters had a fine time as Superintendent Boger escorted them through the various departments of the institution, after which they ate lunch under the oaks near the Administration Building.

—o—

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury visited the School last week, and was shown through the several departments, after which they expressed their pleasure with regards to the manner in which the work is being carried on here. Members of the committee were Messrs. R. E. Holland, Frank Brown and R. B. McAnulty, of Concord; and N. O. Petrea, of Mount Pleasant.

—o—

Dr. C. B. Johnson, a member of the staff of the Department of Oral Hygiene, State Board of Health, who has been conducting dental clinics in the public schools in this county, visited the Training School last week. Upon calling at the Uplift office, Dr. Johnson stated that he was not visiting us in an offiicial capacity, but had heard so much about the Training School from our good friends Dr. Branch and Dr. Buie, that he felt he must look the place over while in this vicinity.

—o—

Woodrow Maness, aged 20, formerly of Cottage No. 8, called on friends at the School the other day. He left here January 6, 1932, returning to his home at Norwood, where he was employed by a minister for about two years, acting as chauffeur and general handy man. He then spent a couple of years in C. C. C. camps at High Point and Madison.

Woodrow was married in December 1936, and since that time has been living at China Grove, where he is employed in a cotton mill.

—o—

Thurman Saunders, who left the School in July 1928, was a recent visitor. He spent three years and nine months here, being employed in the bakery, and we were glad to hear that he has followed that occupation since leaving the School. The fact that he is now second man in the Bell Bakery, Winston-Salem, would indicate that he has made consider-

able progress in his chosen line of work. He is now twenty-five years old.

In conversation with some of the School officials, Thurman stated that he greatly appreciated all that was done for him during his stay here, and would really like to be back at the School

—o—

Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, recently informed us that Rowan and Henderson counties had sent contribution of five dollars each in response to the appeal sent out to the several boards of county commissioners for funds with which to repair several hundred library books in the King's Daughters Library here. While this work, to be done as a P. W. A. project, is quite a task and one that will require a considerable amount of money, we feel that it is a most worthy cause, and have no fears concerning the inability to secure sufficient funds for carrying on same. Especially is it most gratifying to have such an ardent supporter in the person of Mrs. Peele, who was largely responsible for the establishment of the library several years ago, and who has been constantly working to keep it up to the highest possible standard since that time.

—o—

For several years past the School has been most fortunate in having a friend, Mr. Earl M. Ruth, of Charlotte, who is greatly interested in athletic activities among our boys. On numerous occasions he has caused his firm, the Friedman-Shelby Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo., to make valuable contributions to the boys' amusement and recreation. The latest donation coming from this source were eight baseballs and a like number of gloves, all made of fine material, which were recently turned over to our athletic director.

It is hardly necessary to express our appreciation to Mr. Ruth, for years ago he was unanimously voted a "regular feller" by the Training School boys, and as he adds to their enjoyment each year, he simply rises a little higher (if possible) in their admiration. His popularity with the youngsters here at the School is almost as great as was that of "Babe" Ruth, former Yankee home run king, with the fans in New York a few years ago.

—o—

Acting as "pinch-hitter" for Rev. R. S. Arrowood, who was unable to be present, Rev. W. L. Hutchins, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, comducted the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 91st Psalm, and the subject of his most interesting and helpful talk to the boys was "The Scheme of Things."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Hutchins complimented the boys on their singing, saying that if they threw themselves into their respective tasks if life with as much enthusiasm as they show in singing, great things would be in store for them.

In speaking of the scheme of things, the speaker stated that some

people think we are living in a world in which luck has lots to do with things. In calling attention to various great events, these folks say they just happened. This is not true, for it is all a part of God's great plan.

There is something working in the world in which we live that we cannot see, contiuued the speaker, but we do see its effects. As we read of the many great inventions, we are prone to give much praise to the inventors, never realizing those things were made possible by God and man working together. Man is able to do very little when he simply relies on his own power, but when he has God working with him, their combined forces can accomplish great things.

Rev. Mr. Hutchins then urged the boys to try to make something of themselves, reminding them that whenever one tries his very best, there is always God to help. All things work together for good for those who adjust themselves to God's purpose.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys they must all work together with enthusiasm for that which is right, ever striving to do God's will rather than carry out their own selfish desires. If we take life as it comes; sing at our tasks; and always look ahead, determined that tomorrow will be better than today, there need be no doubt concerning the future.

MOTHER

A soul with everlasting love,
  Of greatest human worth;
The key to life and life's romance,
  A god right here on earth.

The Orchid of the human race,
  Adored by every heart;
The base of every faith and creed,
  The key to every art.

The word alone, is part of God,
  A word with gentle ring;
Not only to the hearts of men,
  But every living thing.

On Mother's Day we bow to her,
  And bring her loads of cheer;
But really, we should worship her,
  Through every day and year.

—T. C. O'Brien

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1937.)
(NOTE: Figure following name indicates number of times boy

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Noah Ennis
Samuel Ennis 2
Felix Littlejohn 4
Charles Taylor 4

—B—

J. T. Branch
Fletcher Castlebury 3
Robert Coffer 3
J. C. Ennis
William Goins
Bruce Kersey 3
June Malone
Charles McCoyle 2
W. J. Wilson 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

James Coleman 4
Ray McDonald
Jack Sutherland 3

—B—

Floyd Combs 4
Frank Crawford
Frank Glover 3
Blaine Griffin
William Howard 2
William Jerrell
Melvin Jarrell
Edgar Merritt
Edward Murray
Edward E. Murray 3
Holdren Sweeney
Garfield Walker 3
Jack West
Frank Wilson

THIRD GRADE

—B—

Earl Atwood
Theodore Bowles 2
Talmage Dautrey 2
Julian Gregory
George Hedrick
Raymond Mabe
John Mathis
David Odham
William Young

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Marshall Bryson 2
Edgar Burnette 2
Howard Roberts 2
Harvey Smith
William Warf

—B—

James Martin
Oscar Roland 2
James Stepp 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Braddock 4
Jack Norris
John Grider 2

—B—

James V. Harvel 3
Charles Williams 3
Brooks Young 2

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Walter Blevins 3
Henry Harris
Houston Howard 2
Thomas Little 3
Arthur Martin
Milton Pickett
Eugene Patton 3

—B—

James Andrews
Arthur Craft
George Gibson
Jack Gunter
William Kirk 2
Jeff Gouge
Wayland Morgan
Grady Pennington
Wilson Rich
Walter Taylor 2
William Thore
Wilburn Suite 2

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Sam Belk
Lee Dowless
A. L. Gaines 3
George Goodman
William New
Charles Webb
Fred Williamson
Preston Yarborough 2

—B—

William Bell 3
Randolph Davis 2
Marvin Edwards
Giles Green 2
Edgar Hatley 3
Percy Strickland
Melvin Walters 3
Robert Watts
F. M. Younger 2

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending May 2, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(5) Robert Allen 20
(19) J. C. Cox 19
(2) William Hawkins 3
(2) Edward Johnson 20
(16) James Johnson 16
Mack Setzer 19
(22) Fred Wheeler 22
(16) James Wilhite 21

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 9
Leo Forester
Henry Fredere 11
Max Lindsay 7
Fred Seibert 11

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Eugene Green 13
Julian Gregory 13
F. E. Mickle 6
James McCune 3
William New 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 8
(4) William Bell 12
(8) Odell Bray 11
Edward Fisher 5
(3) James Hancock 15
Henry Harris 2
Thomas Maness 3
(5) Robert Mims 13
(2) Charles Mizzell 14
Frank Raby 15
(2) Thomas Stephens 8
Melvin Walters 14
Leo Ward 2
Odell Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 5

Ernest Beach 3
(8) A. L. Gaines 20
(2) John Grider 13
Herman Hunt 11
Thomas Sullivan 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Thomas Doby 4
Noah Ennis 7
(2) Thomas Hamilton 16
Clinton Keen
Ray Laramore 5
Richard Patton 5
Canipe Shoe 4
(4) Joseph Sanford 8

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 10
James Corn 13
(4) William Estes 5

James Finley 10
(2) Lacy Green 2
(9) Caleb Hill 17
(8) Hugh Johnson 16
James Jordan 4
(3) Elmer Maples 4
(2) William Young 11

COTTAGE No. 8

(9) Sam Belk 18
Howard Baheeler 2
Letcher Castlebury 2
Junius Holleman 2
Fred May 3
Edward McCain 7
John Penninger 11
(5) Ralph Rainey 15
Ray Reynolds
Charles Taylor 9
John Tolbert 8

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Braddock 12
(2) J. T. Branch 11
William Brackett 4
(2) Wilson Bowman 13
(2) James Coleman 14
(3) Randolph Davis 19
(2) Reuben Duggins 9
Woodfin Fowler 14
Charles Freeman 14
Robert Gaines 3
(3) C. D. Grooms 17
Odie Hicks 3
Mark Jones 4
Luther Landrum 3
Thomas Sands 2
Earl Stamey 5
(3) Percival Shuler 9
Cleveland Suggs 7
(7) Homer Smith 18
S. J. Watkins 6
Luther Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 19
(3) Earl Atwood 11
(2) Emerson Barnhill 5
Ralph Carver 5
Jack Carter 5
(2) Glenn Collins 14
Walter Cooper
Fred Davidson 6
(2) Jeff Gouge 14
Mack Jones 7
William Knight 12
James Martin 4
(2) William Peedin 11
James Penland 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Harold Bryson 3
Walter Blevins 10
(4) Howard Clark 4
(2) Lawrence Guffey 7
David Hodge 14
(3) William Martin 9
(2) Donald Newman 9
Julius Stevens 16
Fred Williamson

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Joseph Cox 14
(2) Fred Carter 4
(2) Talmage Dautrey 14
(2) Frank Dickens 18
(2) Marvin Edwards 18
Richard Honeycutt 4
Lester Jordan 5
(3) Frank Lewis 14
(2) Asbury Marsh 11
(4) Jerome Medlin 16
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 14
Charles Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 13

Harry Flowe 4
Robert Hailey 13
Claudius Pickett 16

COTTAGE No. 14

Fred Clark 4
Curtis Coleman 3
(3) Lee Dowless 9
(3) Spurgeon Dowless 9
(4) Troy Powell 6
(3) Wilburn Suite 7
Desmond Truitt 3

COTTAGE No. 15

L. M. Hardison
Melvin Jarrell 3
(2) Connie Michael 7
(5) Raymond Mabe 5
(6) Walter Mitchell 18
(2) Edward E. Murray 15
James McGinnis 4
(2) Edward Patrum 3
(4) Alvin Powell 10
(6) Harless Triplett 16

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 15, 1937 No. 20

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U. N. C. Library

SUNSHINE AND CHEER

The thing that really matters is the "something else" you do,
Besides the getting dollars all your whole life through.
It's just the touch you're giving to others day by day,
The sunshine that you scatter all along your way.

The kindly deed you're doing when someone needs a friend;
The service that you render, the helping hand you lend.
It brings a joy that's lasting, which money cannot do—
To know that someone's gladness is just because of you.

—Sidney J. Burgone.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

UNFORGIVEN

He wronged his neighbor once before he knew
  The higher life; and later, when he sought
To make amends in full, he found the dew
  Glistening on a grave, when he had thought
To find a warm heart. Then, with deep regret,
  He said: "Tomorrow I shall rise at dawn
And crowd the day with good to pay the debt."
  And so he wrought until the day was gone.
Only to find that he had done no more
  Than was demanded by that day itself.
The ladger, keeping the unsettled score
  And still accusing, stood upon the shelf.
Man cannot right the evil he has done;
  Forgiveness comes through One, and only One.

—William Christopher Sayrs.

THE READING HABIT

A message from Mrs. E. E. Peele, founder of the King's Daughters Library at this institution, was very encouraging in regard to assembling funds for rebinding of the books. There are few people who can conceive of the pleasure these books have given our boys. It is not unusual to see the boys lying around on the campus deeply engrossed in some good book.

One can readily see the boys getting the reading habit, a splendid way to spend the idle moments profitably. In fact if parents could only realize how much the happiness and success of a child depends upon the habits formed in youth books instead of the

many trivial playthings that clutter the home and yards would be placed in homes in some niche.

The reading habit stands pre-eminent, for the love of books—the best books—is something which can be cultivated, and the more the reading habit is practiced the more it grows. Here is hoping that Mrs. Peele will meet with a most generous response for the small stipend she has asked of each county—just $5. We feel quite sure that each county at some time has placed a boy in the Jackson Training School, and the boys are the individuals who profit by the books in the library.

* * * * * * *

VALUABLE ECHOES

It is refreshing at times to review the life of men who have really contributed to the progress of civilization and again imbibe some of their thoughts that are valuable and inspiring.

For instance Henry Grady, born 1851, died in 1889, American journalist, orator and one time the distinguished editor of the Atlanta Constitution had keen intuition and wisdom gained by experience gave these encouraging words to the farmer that today are timely:

"When every farmer in the south shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pastures and be disturbed by no creditors and enslaved by no debt shall sit among his teeming gardens, orchards, vineyards, dairies, and barnyards, pitching his crops to his own wisdom and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus and selling it in his own time, in his chosen market, not at a master's bidding, getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt but does not restore his freedom—then shall be breaking the fullness of our day."

And here too we might incorporate a thought from Woodrow Wilson, one of the greatest of American presidents, who admires those who think for themselves and abhors the fellow who patiently awaits to get something for a mere bagatelle. He is reported as saying:

"I do not want to live under a philanthropy. I do not want to be

taken care of by the government either directly or by any instruments through which the government is acting. I want only to have right and justice prevail as far as I am concerned. Give me right and justice and I will undertake to take care of myself. I will not live under trustees if I can help it . . .I do not care how patriotic the trustees may be. I have never heard of men in whose hands I am willing to lodge the liberties of America in trust."

* * * * * * *

A GOOD THOUGHT

Aunt Het by Robert Quillen, the columnist, writes, "I think child labor is a crime like it is now in some places, but younguns that ain't old enough to work ain't old enough to drive cars and have spendin' money for liquor and gamblin'. If the law makes 'em all loaf till they're 18 but allows 'em all other liberties o'grown folks, we're goin' to need a lot o'new jails.

It seems to all thinking people there is much food for thought in the remarks of Aunt Het. Aunt Het as depicted is neither stylish nor comely, but the comments carried with the picture are safe and sound.

* * * * * * *

MRS. W. T. BOST CONTINUES AS COMMISSIONER OF WELFARE

Governor Clyde R. Hoey has shown wisdom in continuing Mrs W. T. Bost as head of the State department of public welfare. The recognition or honor has been placed due to the efficiency of Mrs. Bost in handling the complicated conditions that have arisen during her many years of untiring service.

Either by letter or personal contact she is approachable, and shows the disposition to go into the details of any question regardless of social or political affilation. Her fine mentality and gracious spirit combined with the experience gained during her administration will all the more qualify her to give even more satisfactory service in the future.

DR. CLARENCE POE'S INTERPRETATION

The editor of the Progressive Farmer clearly and briefly relates mistakes that to his way of thinking has retarded the progress of the South, especially so since reconstruction days. In his summary he emphasizes the material things we have depended upon for success, but this public spirited citizen of wide experience and wisdom missed the first key note that energizes and produces peace and harmony—a greater faith and reverence in the Power that generates all of the blessings mentioned in the following:

"It is high time to get away from all the lopsidedness that has so long held back the South. We have depended too much on brawn and not enough on brain, too much on muscle and not enough on mind. We have depended to much on agricul ture and not enough on industry. We have depended too much on plant production and not enough on animal production. We have depended too much on making money, and not enough on saving money. We have depended too much on education to fit for college entrance and not enough on education that fits for economic independence and the enrichment of life. We have depended too much on our relatively small wealthier classes to make the South properous and not enough on the development and improvement of the vastly large numbers of all our distadvantaged classes."

* * * * * * *

GRADE LIMIT INSTEAD OF AGE

The grade limit instead of age limit should determine when a child stop school. With the age limit time can be dissipated much easier than if the grade limit marked the time for the child's school days to cease. One may play the time away until reaching a certain age, but to make a certain grade tells the true story. While willing to entrust the school question to wiser and experienced educators we would like to see the finishing of certain grades supplant the age limit for attending school.

Of course mental and physical conditions would enter into the question, but these conditions are a handicap at any time and under any system of schooling.

DID YOU KNOW

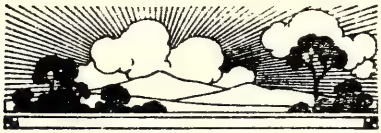
That John Adams was the first President to take the Oath of Office on March 4th. President Roosvevelt was the first to be inaugurated on the new date, January 20th.

That when James A. Garfield died at the age of 49, from an assassin's bullet he was the shortest lived President. John Adams, who died at 90, lived the longest.

That President Roosevelt's daily mail averages 8,000 letters. President Hoover's record was 690.

The presidential rite of throwing out the first ball dates back to the jolly days of William Howard Taft. What began as a beaming gesture twenty-seven years ago has come to be regarded as an essential part of the national pastime.

"Money misers may hoard treasures abundantly and yet grow poorer daily and come to distress and want. It is not the quantity a man owns but the part he uses which tends to comfort him and make him loved as a citizen. His head and hand may be full but his heart barren. This engenders a weak hand and a fearful head. It is the liberal, willing, cheerful user of his possessions who gets the truest joy out of living."



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

TUMBLING DOWN

"From the skies around us here
Such a gentle grace of things
As if from some magic sphere
Sped a flight of angel wings.
Hours and moments sweet with chime
Of the loveliness of life—
How can there be war and crime;
How can there be hate and strife?"

There are some people who do nothing some days, and other days when they do twice as much again.

They say that "a new broom sweeps clean." Maybe so. But an old broom generally knows where the dirt is and lets it stay there.

The tags on the clothes you buy stick on till the clothes wear out. What a pity the buttons will not do the same thing.

It is said that most movie actresses prefer the simple things in life. It does seem so—a good many of them marry three or four of them.

It is told that a New Jersey school teacher took his pupils fishing as a part of their school work. Guess he was teaching them to bait and rebate.

A minister asks: "How can a man who has been married for years deceive his wife?" Well Parson, I would say, it can't be done.

People who are inclined to bear grudges against others find they have a heavy load to carry in the end. A grudge has never yet made anyone happy.

It seems that the women of this nation are improving the face value of things, if the men are not. The information is that they spent last year, $378,000,000 on cosmetics.

It is said that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. That is because those who do not know are not on a party telephone line.

A political critic complains "that not one really great figure has emerged from our period of depression." Well, he's behind the times. He has not kept up with the growth of the national debt.

From my observation America has about settled down to two classes of people. Those who would like to check the government on spending so much money, and the others are those who would like to spend the government checks.

Red, says a psychologist. is the color most conducive to cheerfulness. We are getting so much of it in our government budgets, that it controverts his theory of cheerfulness, and looks like blue is the most predominating scheme.

THINGS WORTH HAVING

There are many things in this world more worth having than money,

on which so many people set their hearts. If it wasn't for the laughing, the loving, and the songs of cheerfulness, this life would be wearisome, long and fatiguing. If it wasn't for the wooing of a little human chap, whose loving, dimpled arms infold your neck and say, "I luff yu' des as dood"; and children inocently and loving greet your name as you pass along the streets, and friends warmly shake your hand; and bright eyes smile and sparkle when you return home. your pathway in life would be irksome. I love the mountains, whose verdant peaks seem to pierce the sky, but I'd turn away from mountains quickly to look a baby in the eyes. I could grab at a dollar, and squeeze the minted gold, but what is that compared with a little fellow's hand to hold? No gold was ever dug out, or minted, that would make my heart reach out like a baby's laughter and cooing, and when he first begins to notice things and jabber, "dada." I like my pipe, and little nap in the afternoons, but let me tell you, I'd trade 'em any time for a loving little chap. I love to get out early in the morning's, when the day begins with so much beauty; the sky in pink and blue, amid a golden glow, when the flowers are a-tipping with dew like they were adorned with diamonds; the birds singing glory to the on-coming sun in his lustrous chariot brilliancy; I love to hear the whisperings of the wind, as it toys with the leaves of the trees, and rustle the roses and other blossoms. If these were all there was in this world I think I would be very forlorn; for the things most worth while is the loving of a mother. and the baby's daddy kiss. Can you think of anything more inspiring? I once had two bright little boys. But they long since went from me apart for a while.

WAR SETTLES NOTHING

War has never settled anything!
It has never righted wrongs.
It has never substituted virtue for vice.
It has never promoted justice as against injustice.
It has neven permanently settled any dispute.
These statements hold whether war is personal or institutional.
They hold whether war is fought out among individuals or among nations.
They hold whether was is limited to the back alleys or to international areas.
They hold whether war is between armies or between employers and employes.
War has never settled any question!
IT NEVER WILL!—Charlotte Observer.

A CENTENARY OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

The three-day convention of the North Carolina Education Association, with an attendance of around 2,000 taechers in Durham in its 53rd annual session, reached its culmination last Friday night in Duke Stadium. Weeks of preparation made possible this pageant to celebrate the centennial of public education in this state. Some 18,000 spectators with about 5,000 taking part, made possible this first event of the kind in North Carolina. No statistics, however, or brief outline of episodes can tell the story. April 23, 1937, was indeed a rare day.

The day dawned gloriously—one of those rare days in Dixie. In the early morning hours scattered over the gridiron—much as a circus grounds at sunrise—were the lights and wires and amplifying fixtures ready to be put in place. The small boy and his dog was already on the grounds getting a first view of the situation. A soft haze hung low over the hills of a vast horizon, with the deep blue overhead. The fringe of green forests, with the birds in the trees and the white of the dogwood all around, gave a wonderful setting to the stage. It was a peaceful and inspiring hour free from the noise of and confusion of the age. Never did the stadium show to better advantage. So calm and idyllic was the scene, one could scarcely envisage the gridiron warriors of a titanic struggle in a Duke-Carolina football game. A blessed calm was on the world.

Doubtless one hundred years ago the birds, the trees, the haze on the hills, the deep blue above and the peaceful calm around were much the same, but all else was changed. Then Durham did not exist and a football stadium had never been dreamed of any more than the present educational set-up all over the state.

In the evening hour of this eventful day all was changed. the bands, the marching participants, the hum of voices in stands and the many fixtures peculiar to this mechanical and electrice age made it difficult for one to visualize the ancient order before the days of steam engines, the railroad and the electric telegraph. The soft evening air and the glory of a full moon, riding high in the sky, contributed much to make this the close of a perfect day. It was certainly a perfect atmosphere for a huge outdoor drama in an effort to portray "A Century of Culture."

Going back to the Greeks to depict the heritage of education, a chorus and prologue opened the drama by calling upon the audience to behold the gains of the past, but yet to be not so content that there would be no progress in the future.

From the beginning with the Greeks, the pageant traced the development of teaching through monasticism and scholasticism to the apprenticeship of orphans, the found-

ing of the University of North Carolina, the enactment of the common school law, the effect of the Civil War, the founding of teachers' colleges, the influence of Aycock and Joyner, and the rise of the Negro in education.

Then followed episodes depicting the modern school in review, in which kaleidscopic scenes showed every-day activity in the schools, and "A Masque of the Future," in which the golden years ahead for public education were predicted.

A first century has passed. It is a marvelous story. No one can ever write its complete history. Most of the devoted toilers, making possible the present, belong to the unwritten record. No diary has been kept of their sacrifices. They belong to the unsung heroes and heroines of a people struggling upward in the paths of knowledge.

We have done well to recognize and to gain some inspiration from the conquests made in this first century of public education in North Carolina.

WE AREN'T HELPLESS AGAINST AIR ATTACKS

By Col. L. C. Brinton, C. A. C.

Ever since the Wright brothers demonstrated at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, that a machine could successfully fly through the air, military men have recognized the potentialities of its use in military operation, both defensively and offensively. Defensively, to greatly broaden the field of observation of an army; offensively, to attack hostile troops on the ground by machine-gun fire and bombs; the deluging of cities with poisonous gases and bombs containing large amounts of high explosives, and finally to drive off enemy planes engaged in any of the foregoing designs.

The World War presented the first opportunity to try out the airplane, and the successful use therefor promptly compelled all nations to recognize its value in war and to develop means of combatting this new menace. Today, they are feverishly engaged in training the civilian population in methods of protection against poisonous gases and bombs dropped by these instruments of destruction. Just a few days ago, the English House of Commons, listening to the defense of their budget, were startled by the prime minister's announcement that England was preparing to manufacture 100,000 gas masks per day, and eventually have a mask for every inhabitant of the British Isles.

The steps taken to overcome this new antagonist brought forth a new series of weapons, as well as a material change in the design of older weapons, and the birth of a new defense called antiaircraft defense. Today, all nations are pushing

quietly the development of new anti-aircraft defense material, and we, in the United States, are not laggards in this respect.

In our Army the principle ground defense against air attacks has been intrusted in the Coast Artillery. The basic element of the defense is our three-inch, 50-caliber gun with a vertical range of about 8,000 yards, or slightly less than five miles. This gun fires two types of projectiles: the shrapnel, weighing about 15 pounds, looks like a baking powder can with a rounded nose and filled with lead pellets about the size of small marbles; and the high explosive shell, which has the same appearance, but instead of being filled with pellets is filled with a powerfull explosive.

In the nose of the projectile is a fuse which sets off the bursting charge within the projectile at a predetermined height in the air. The fragments from these projectiles fly in all directions from it, with dangerous force up to about 300 yards. The predetermined height is set on the fuse in the fuse-setter, electrically connected to the range-finding system.

But in order to hit the plane, we must know its distance from us, and its altitude, or height. These are not difficult to find, for it you imagine an airplane flying along the ridge of the roof of a house and you were shooting at it from along the eaves, if you measure the distance along the surface of the roof, and the angle this line makes with the horizontal, a simple calculation will give you the altitude of the plane. But, you say, a plane doesn't "fly along the ridge of a roof." No, it does not, but in order to hit a target the aviator must, during the last few minutes of his flight to bomb an object, fly on a level course, in a straight line, in order to insure any accuracy at all in his attack.

Ingenious instruments have been developed to compute the altitude and combine it with other firing data, which is then transmitted electrically to the guns. The locator, gun, and searchlights are all provided with what is called an azimuth scale, which is graduated in degress and fractions, and the zero is always to the north, so that if anything gets out of order we can rely on our circle for direction.

But the airplane may, and usually will, come on us in the darkness, but this is no barrier to our gun. For working with each battery of guns, is a group of searchlights, each 60 inches in diameter, and generally effective up to 6,000 yards or nearly four miles.

But speed is all essential in aircraft defense, for even the slowest plane flies at least 120 miles an hour, and would be over us in a few minutes at most, so that in order to locate the plane farther away, we make us of sound locators, which work on the same principles as the doctor's stethoscope when he listens to your chest. These immense horns, four in number, mounted on a revolving platform, can detect the approuch of a plane as far as, or even further away, than 12,000 yards, or about eight miles.

In order to take full advantage of this distance, the searchlights are connected to the locator through a comparator, which keeps the light

pointing in the same direction as the locator and when the source of sound is located by the locator, the searchlight is uncovered and is illuminating the target. Of course certain corrections in the direction, determined by the locator, have to be made, as sound travels only about 1,100 feet a minute and unless we allowed for this our lights would not be exactly on the target. Corrections in the direction of the light are even made for differences in the effect of atmospheric density and wind velocity on the travel of the sound.

But the danger from low-flying planes has not been overlooked, and protection of installations is furnished by the half-inch standing tripod.

For the past five years, national economy has made us go slow on providing all of this equipment which we should have, for it is very expensive and requires a long time to manufacture. The rate of fire on our guns is very rapid—about 25 rounds per minute, and this rapidity, coupled with the high velocity of our projectiles cause rapid wearing-out of the bore, and limits these guns to a very short life, before they require relining. A start has been made however, and we can rest assured that we are not helpless against the plane.

All of the foregoing material is required to equip a regiment, which is the smallest unit capable of making an effective defense against the plane. This regimnet contains 12 guns, 15 searchlights, and 60 50-calibre machine guns. In addition to the weapons, telephones, communication material, and accessories in large quantities are required. A regiment of anti-aircraft artillery has 270 motor vehicles and requires 74 officers and 1,913 enlisted men.

The handling of this antiaircraft ground defense is intrusted to a skeletonzied unit of the Coast Aritillery stationed at Fort Monroe, and on Army Day, Tuesday, this year, the Regular Army will exhibit this equipment in Richmond and stage a night demonstration of its use.

Through its pages down the ages;
Gives that child a ship to sail
Where the far adventures hail
Down the sea of destiny;
Gives that child a vision, wide
As the skies where stars abide
Clear and white through the night;
Gives that child great dreams to dream
Sunlit ways that flash and gleam
Where the sages tramp the ages."

—William L. Stidger

LIVING WITH BOOKS

(The Watchman Examiner)

A good book is the monument of a great mind. To possess a library of such books is like luxuriating among trees that bear all manner of fruits. Dwelling in these groves of knowledge is as near to an earthly Paradise as a mortal man may expect to get. In that sanctum sanctorum the demarkations of race, creed and time fade away. Men are never more a unity than when they are respected in the silent witness of their written words: class and color lose strident articulation; generations are fused into centuries and a thousand years are but as a day. There in the presence of poet, philosopher, scientist, historian, traveler and interpreter we sit as a king surrounded by his court, receiving ambassadors from every realm of thought, and in our empire there is peace and contentment.

The collection of a library of good books is not an easy pursuit. To find our literary thoroughbreds means industrious labor. Literary selectivity is itself an art. Most must acquire it, for only a few are to the manner born. Who has not been sold poisonous books again and again. How many have become attached to these literary mongrels only to acknowledge that in the den of their pages lurks the serpent whose poison intoxicates pure sense with its unholy perversions. Happy and wise is he who gives to the flames such soul defiling books. Also there are books which clutter a shelf, add no permanent knowledge or wisdom to the total. They may be a mild introduction to mental and moral confusion, so close to the border as to claim a citizenship in your kingdom, yet having no true right there. The discerning bibliophile will not entertain so useless a trespasser. As weeds must be unrooted from the flower bed, so corrupting and destructive books must be pulled from their shelves. The highest literary-culture will manifest itself in pure discrimination and a relentless attitude toward every book that "defileth or whosoever worketh an abomination or maketh a lie."

Readers of the best books acquire not only information but also a finesse of keen thought. Intelligence is as contagious as wit. Doctrines are tested before they can be annexed. Methods and views are improved and clarified before they become part of our personal government. If conscience is illuminated by such intelligence the lamp on the alter of our lives will never go out. That is the reason why the Book of Books is called the lamp of our feet and the light of our path. It shows us the path that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. In that pilgrimage we catch the influence of divinity and are purified.

In the light of the beauty and charm of such culture how depressing it is to see people unconcerned with the fact that, literarily, they dwell in swamps and cesspools; their poor lives breathing the poisonous miasma of debasing literature. Like the poor slaves huddled in pens at

Sierra Leona, Africa, during the last century, dying in unconcerned degradation, they linger in a sort of satisfied indulgence, dying mentally, with consciousness almost dead. How necessary it is to awaken them. Yet how pitiful that they should be so degradedly content.

Now a wise and careful reader will profit immeasurably from his books. He himself will gradually become a grateful composite of what he reads plus what he is and what God's grace can make him. He will need no special committee to select his reading for him. Neither will he be amenable to attractive club rates that purchase for him twelve books a year which others think he ought to read. He will not so easily surrender his sovereignty and pay tax for books he might never find it necessary to read. No, the true lover of books will enjoy the search for what is good and true. It is true the jungle of annual publications may be too thick at times but there will be something keener about the hunt because of it.

For this reason the man who loves books will appreciate honest book re view work. He will discern between the exaggerating blurb mainly culled from an extravagant cover notice, empty capituations of the chapter titles and a slovenly estimate—and that extremely valuable service of reviewing in which the reviewer honestly pronounces his loves and fearlessly depicts what he dislikes. Lovers of books form a deep fondness for their review medium which deals honestly and frankly with the books reviewed, for by this process the man in search of new books finds what he wants.

To live among books is also to feel an honest detestation for the "digest" craze which is so fashionable now. Just as sermonettes have the danger of producing "Christianettes" so the modern quest for digested reading has the inherent evil of producing "literettes"—to coin a word—instead of literati. The intellectually thorough cannot find satisfaction in such tidbit condensation After all one can write "nothing" on a blank page and in one word make a perfect digest. The pilule form of literature is no adequate medium by which we may get our intellectual vitamines. We need the mental task of grappling with the author's full rounded thought. Our hectic modern ife will never be conquered for matured repose until we can take the time that is needed to learn what others think.

What is more thrilling than to select the small shelf of good books which you will set yourself to read. The philosopher, the scientist, the biographer and historian, the interpreter of that which is devout, and the dreamer, each will have a place. For variety they meet you at one and any time. With these you hold converse, you challenge, agree, accept modicums of knowledge gratefully and rejoice in combat with such friendly but tense intellects. And at the center is the crowning all and blessing all. Come, let us be quiet and read.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF INDUSTRY

By Florence Marie Taylor

While passing through the industrial center of a city, were your eyes ever caught by the exterior of a factory built within the past decade? A plant so resplendent with shining windows that it seemed a veritable house of glass?

There is something fascinating in a big plant,—the great, clean corridors, the very magnitude and power of the heavy machinery, its pulsing rhythm quickening the heart beats with a vibrant thrill!

Hearing recently so much of sweat shops, child labor, and atrocious working conditions, it is gratifying to delve into the other side of the situation and learn the things many factories are doing in the way of social betterment.

There are factory executives of the opinion that constant improvement of working conditions is money saved because of the high cost of labor turnover. At least seventy-five to one hundred dollars is one plant's estimated sum added to the cost of production for training a man to replace a skilled worker who leaves its employ. A contented worker is one who does not cast sheep's eyes at an alluring offer from another firm even though there is the promise his weekly pay envelope may average a bit more that the one he is receiving.

Keeping the worker contented! That is "Personnel" work! The writer spent three vitally interesting years of her life in one of the most complete industrial personnel departments in the Middle West.

It is a comparatively new idea—this thing of creating special departments in the interest of the health and happiness of the worker, so that even the bent old men who sweep the floor clean of steel shavings, will speak of their firm affectionately as "our plant," with that look of personal pride in their eyes.

The personnel department is ordinarily composed of a number of subdivisions, all formed for the well being of the employee. Included in the program are recreation and thrift plans, employee publications, general health and safety programs, restaurants, and other employee service features.

As a rule the personnel manager O.K.'s all rate changes of pay, and is a very vital factor in each employee's life. But you will agree that "money isn't everything" and difficulties arising in any factory, just as in any well regulated home. are smoothed out by the personnel manager himself. He welcomes the trust of the employees. Their troubles are his troubles. He believes men are better workers when not worried by debts, court and domestic burdens. The picture of the man who fills this all-important place has already been drawn. He must be a keen judge of character, one who knows and can handle men. He must be kindly, sympathetic, with great tact, and have the unwavering confidence and affection of every man and woman in the entire organization.

Shall we inquire into the business of getting a job? We come upon the door marked "EMPLOYMENT,"

which is easily accessible from the main factory entrance. We find ourselves in a waiting room with a row of chairs around the walls. The employment man is in his office interviewing a young aspirant for work. Formerly a foreman hired his own men and fired them at will. But that system has been generally discarded and an employment man now has charge of taking on additional workers. Hiring is his job. He can, therefore, be deliberate in making his selection in a sincere endeavor to secure the right kind of employee for the job to be filled, and to place him where he will be best suited. After several days he follows up his man, seeking the new employee's reaction toward his work and surroundings, as well as the observation of the foreman. If a new man does not satisfy one particular foreman or make good in one department, a new supervisor and a different kind of job may change the unsatisfactory and dissatisfied man into a valuable worker. And the result? Men working steadily and co-operatively. The turnover is low.

Let's stick an inquiring nose into "First Aid." We will find that it is a miniature hospital. Tiny rooms, just large enough to hold a hospital cot, and lavatory adjoin the center room. With freshly laundered sheets the cot is most inviting to young Mary of the assembly department who has suddenly been stricken ill. After a few hours' rest, together with something from the medicine cabinet, she has accomplished a quick recovery so that she is able to go back to her work in fine shape with only a minmum loss of time. The visitor is amazed at the variety of shining surgical instruments placed in precise rows in their case. They await use when a steel splinter has imbedded itself in a finger, or for minor accidents which the nurse, looking very efficient in a white starched uniform, is able to take care of herself. Besides the well-stocked medicine cabinet, there are scales to record the weight of the workers. A weight chart is indispensable in determining when a man is underweight and in need of medical advice. In the case of Jim of the tool room, tuberculosis was caught in the earliest stages. He was sent to relatives in the country and a tragedy was averted. Periodic physical examinatonsi at specified intervals are provided by some plants who feel that sickness and inefficiency go hand in hand.

It is noon. The visitor, finding himself in the cafeteria, smiles at the gay rush of the employees for an advantageous position in the "line" when the twelve o'clock whistle shrieks. It has been many hours since breakfast, and the dishes of well-cooked food on the long counters and the fragrant smell of coffee in the huge coffee urn, are appetizing. The food is served at cost. It is not a money-making venture. In fact, there have been times when the cafeteria showed a loss. But a workman given warm, nourishing food, certainly cannot be marked up on the red side of the ledger. And another thing! The personnel from the president of the firm to the young apprentice of the machine shop, sitting down together to dinner, furthers the dream of the personnel manager, the building of a great family in the factory.

When we hear of the intriguing vacation plans we are tempted to go back to the employment office and apply for a job. For who wouldn't be thrilled with the prospect of a week or two at a country club maintained for employees and their families, or in a vacation camp situated on the shore of a clear, cool lake. Yes, indeed! These are advantages enjoyed by workers fortunate enough to be in the employ of some firms. Think of equipment for the entertainment of all! Baseball diamonds, tennis courts, a racing track, football field, swimming pool, gun club, golf course, and playground for the children! And also fishing and hunting for those interested in this branch of sport. A most alluring vacation at a nominal cost to the employee. These camps and clubhouses situated within reasonable distance, are also used for week-end parties chaperoned by the personnel manager. During winter, attractive sports of sledding, sleighing, and ice skating afford a gay and exciting time.

A firm too small for such elaborate plans may offer a vacation service for employees who do not know where to go with their limited amount of money.

Jim, entering the personnel office, says, "My vacation begins the first of the month. I have fifty dollars to spend on the family's vacation. Now where can we go to enjoy fishing, boating and swimming. That's what we all like."

The personnel manager looks through his card index of nearby mountain, lake or seashore resorts. He immediately answers, "Spruce Lake provides cabins large enough for your family of four, fully equipped, and the cost of transportation, rent and unkeep would come within your budget."

So Jim, his wife and two curly headed youngsters had a wonderful time and came back refreshed and rested, ready for the year's work. Employers know a pleasant vacation means a contented worker.

Some firms help employees save for these vacations by organizing a vacation club. Usually fifty cent to one dollar is deducted from the pay envelopes every two weeks, and the sum grows in a surprising manner. The firm may add a liberal contribution, knowing that relief from the monotony of shop work results in renewed energy. Vacations also have a tendency to reduce labor turnover, since the length of vacation for the shop worker is based on length of employment. From three to five years in a company's employ usually entitles the worker to one week with pay, and longer service is rewarded with two weeks.

Sufficient ventilation, freedom from dust and vapors, adequate light and a recreational program are the responsibility of the management, many firms feel keenly. They know absence of physical comfort breeds discouragement, jealousy and friction which may quicken into dangerous flame by monotony of shop routine.

One malleable and brass foundry installed white tiled showers with an attendant to keep them scrubbed down and clean so they would be attractive to the worker at the end of a day spent by hot furnaces. In answer to the questions, "Does it pay?" and "How much?" the firm says,

"The outlay is small. But the profits are gratifying. We are proud of the appearance of our foundrymen as they leave for home at the end of the day."

A recreational plan may consist of only a roughly cleared plot of ground for a baseball diamond, and football field, or assume the proportions of a fully equipped gymnasium located near the plant. Inter-departmental bowling games, appealing to the majority of the employees, whether young or older, develop friendly rivalry and make for good sportsmanship and interest.

We will leave the more romantic aspect of personnel work and take up the phases that are of most actual advantage to the worker, mutual benefit associations, which insure him from the uncertainties of life. Group insurance coming under this head, is an instance in which the employer not only takes an interest in the employee but looks after the welfare of his wife and youngsters following his death. It is the wise worker, young or old, who takes advantage of this astounding service. Because of the large number of policies issued, the insurance company is able to give startlingly low rates. These rates are uniform. There are no physical examinations. There is no age limit. The amazing thing is that the man seventy years of age may obtain the same amount at the same cost as the young fellow at his first job. The experience of one factory was unique. Although the sole support of aged parents, the stongest, huskiest specimen of youth was insistent he needed no insurance. He was young. He was healthy. He would live to be eighty. But ironically he was the first to be called in death. Of equal importancce are benefits paid to workers during absence on account of sickness. The dues are nominal.

The credit union will hold your attention. Virtually a bank, it has a savings and loan department. Indeed, this is one of the most attractive organizations in personnel work. The employee receives a good rate of interest and in addition, the opportunity of borrowing money without the higher rates of the installment plan and without collateral. It enables John Jones of the hardening department to pay the doctor and hospital bills incurred when John, Jr.'s tonsils were removed. It will enable Martin Burk of the punch press department to make a substantial payment on the cozy little white cottage he is buying. And it will encourage young Bill Bryan of the shipping department, who can't hold on to his money, to save for the wedding he and the light haired girl in the time keeping department are plannng.

The credit union is organized, maintained and managed by the employees themselves, who elect officers and a board of directors. Purchase of at least one share of stock or a deposit in the savings bank is required for membership.

The large plant often finds a factory magazine a means of supplying a personal contact between the management and men, since it lacks the close touch the small firm is able to maintain with its employees. Issues containing athletics, hobby stories of employees and interesting things individuals are doing, are edited in

an entertaining fashion, and have proved quite popular. They make the plant seem human and personal to the worker. This interest is further whetted by soliciting items from the shop. Each employee is urged to be a reporter. And what fun that is!

Of a more didactic nature are the firm's activities in preventing accidents. In order to guard the health of the employee more carefully, the subject of safety is kept constantly in the minds of the workman by means of the safety sign and posters displayed on bulletin boards located in each department. The posters, startling in character and brilliantly colored, depict the hazards not only in the shop but on the highway and in the home.

A stabilizing system, beneficial to both workman and company, is the service bonus. This bonus, which increases yearly, is irrespective of a regular raise and is not to be confused with it. Each added year of service adds to the employee's income. You may ask, "What if the man or woman is forced to take several months' leave of absence because of illness?" Will, his folder in the records office is placed in a special compartment labeled—shall we say, SX—and although he is not receiving an actual salary, he is still on the company's record. When he returns to work the bonus is continued at the same rate he received at the time of his layoff. However, should he terminate his services with the company but return later, his service bonus must start at the bottom again. The result is obvious. The employee thinks twice before he quits his job.

Diffusion of stock ownership among employees is a plan whereby the employee is literally permitted to have a finger in the pie. The man who invests his own earnings in his company's shares, will feel more intimate relationship to his employer, and the firm believes, in addition to encouraging thrift and good will, the system will hold the employee longer.

Yes! Personnel work should have a very definite place in every industrial organization. Healthful recreation, light and clean surroundings, and the feeling of safety that group insurance and sick benefits give, will rein a contented worker. And a contented worker means better quality and greater output in industry.

THE LIGHT BEYOND

Resign they will to righteousness if thou
Wilt be the master of thy fate. Allow
Thy mind to govern each intense desire
Of thy bewildered heart that seems afire,
And kindle flames within thy soul sublime
That will outlive the endlessness of time.

—Lois Virginia Fout.

A FAMILY PEACE RECEIPT

By Lydia Lion Roberts

Take one lump of adjustability, mix well with a sense of proportion, and spice with plenty of humor. Use liberally as often as friction arises in the family.

I remember reading of a woman whose husband was often late for meals in spite of her entreaties or indignant protests. She dutifully tried to keep his supper warm, but one evening when she was serving it in frigid silence, her husband looked up and said, "Oh, serve it cold with a smile!" Another woman found that her husband liked her to be ready on a minute's notice to go away with him. She was the kind who liked to prepare every detail beforehand, and for a while the two ways did not harmonize, but finally the woman found she could get ready in a minute, and that she always had a good time as a result, so she adapted her ways and found peace. There seem to be certain traits in people which they cannot change very much and it is like knocking one's head against a stone wall to try to do it for them. Why not climb over the wall, or wiggle a way through, or train flowering vines of patience and tolerance along it to soften its harsh appearance. As Doctor Conwell says, "To learn early to change what can be changed, and to put up happily with what cannot be—what a blessing that is!"

A sense of proportion is a great help in this matter of keeping the peace. One should ask, "Is this really a big thing that will make or mar my happiness, or am I making a whole sand dune out of a grain of sand?" Shall I scold about the peculiarities of my family, or concentrate on their loyalty and courage? Shall I stress the little, petty pinpricks of every-day living, or look at the bigger, finer things the months bring? Did I marry John Henry to reform his table manners, his careless habits, or did I marry him for his unselfishness and tenderness? A little nagging now and then will spoil the nicest of the men. A sense of proportion gives one a power and poise to balance the real and the fancied, the larger and the smaller.

Every family should have a set of Special Family Beatitudes for daily living, and the first one might be, "Blessed is the member of the family who useth a sense of humor in the right place." A mother was angrily complaning of the faults of another person when her daughter interrupted her with, "Never mind, don't you lose your religion just because she lost hers." This amused the mother, cooled her wrath, and became a family byword in times of storm.

One morning the family came to the table feeling much abused as bad weather and baby's teeth had made the night anything but pleasant. "My! My!" said the father as he glanced at the cloudy faces, "I have not met these people before, but they must be Mr. and Mrs. Grouch and all the little Grouches."

"No," said mother quickly, "this is Mr. and Mrs. Smiles and all the

little Smiles," and sure enough they were!

"Blessed is the person who keeps a cool disposition in warm weather," was the motto of one gay family, who knew that when people are uncomfortable it is hard to be cheerful, and the weather easily leads us into irritability if "we don't watch out."

A merry heart doeth good, and a little laughter leavens the whole family lump. Adjustability, a sense of proportion and a gracious humor are a trio that cannot be surpassed.

The Peace Recipe for family ills
Will save Doctor Misery's bills.

FRIST WORSHIP IMMORTALIZED

By Omeda Davis

A granite cross standing high on a sand dune at Cape Henry, overlooking Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, memorializes the earliest landing of the first permanent English settlers of America. Here, at Cape Henry, April 26, 1607, began the exploration, leading a few weeks later, May 13 1607, to the settlement at Jamestown and the colonization of Virginia, a new world for the English. To this cross thousands come every April 26 to worship in commemoration of that religious service in 1607, conducted by the Rev. Robert Hunt, and to honor the memory of those hardy adventurers who laid the foundation of a great nation.

Cape Henry has not always been the Mecca it has become in recent years. It remained for a small group of church people, appreciative of the beauty of the spot, cognizant of its historical significance, to go there April 26 and worship at a crude wooden cross in commemoration of that earliest service of their church in Virginia. To the late Rt. Rev. Beverley D. Tucker, D. D., bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Virginia, belongs much of the credit for establishing the historical significance of that early service. While he was rector of old St. Paul's, Norfolk, accompanied by his family and a group of devotees to the church and the history of the State, he conducted the memorial service there year after year.

This memorial service was revived about 1920 by the late Rev. H. H. Covington, D. D., rector of the same church, who led a little band of worshipers every year to this wooden cross.

The Assembly of Tidewater Virginia Women, inspired by the memorial service of the church and realizing how few attended it, set as its project in 1926 the organization of a prilgrimage as a part of its program in seeking out and memorializing Virginia's historical places and events.

The assembly began its work of establishing Virginia's priorities in 1923. In April, 1924, its first intention was to help restore the College

of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, but its work here soon was made unnecessary by the plan of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. to restore Colonial Williamsburg, including the college. So the assembly turned to Cape Henry and began to direct its energies toward organizing pilgrimages to this early shrine. In 1926 the first organized pilgrimage there was led by Harry Flood Byrd, then governor of Virginia.

Then came the request to the General Assembly of Virginia to create a Cape Henry Memorial Commission, to be named by the governor, to work toward the establishment of a permanent memorial. Accordingly, the commission was authorized with the provision that it should function "without cost to the Commonwealth." C. Wiley Grandy, of Norfolk, was named chairman of this commission, and Mrs. Frantz Naylor, speaker of the assembly, was made its secretary.

Since 1920 the annual organized pilgrimages to the Cape Henry Shrine have attracted visitors from all parts of the country. Not only Virginia's governor, but governors of other states, high officials in the state and the nation and the President of the United States have been among the pilgrims.

In 1931, President Herbert Hoover and Mrs. Hoover with Dr. John Garland Pollard, then governor of Virginia, led the pilgrimage. This probably did more to acquaint the world with the historical importance of Cape Henry than any other single event. That day thousands gathered to worship with their President at the wooden cross near the old lighthouse—a little later to scurry away in a downpour of rain. In each succeeding year many have made the pilgrimage; but no more do the pilgrims worship at a crude wooden cross in the shadow of the old lighthouse.

A unique feature of the assembly is the fact that patriotic and historic societies (along with others) are affiliated with it. Consequently on its council of 30, the governing body, are Mrs. James Branch Cabell, of Richmond, state regent of the Virginia Daughters of American Colonists, and Mrs. Lewis L. Chapman, of Smithfield, chairman of the Southern historical markers of the Daughters of American Colonists. It is through their interest, inspired by their membership in the Assembly of Tidewater Virginia Women, that Cape Henry has been permanently and fittingly marked. Now a granite rail, forming a chancel for the service, overlook the ocean, and by the National Society of the Daughters replace the simple cross. It was erected by the American Colonists and unveiled and dedicated April 26, 1935.

This year the assembly not only has worked toward organizing the pilgrimage. Its work in establishing widespread recognition of Virginia's significance historically did not stop with the realization of the memorial at Cape Henry. This year the assembly has sponsored the organization of the Old Norfolk County Historical Society; it has sponsored a Virginia maportran or mapsetan, a colorful map-like portrayal of Virginia's outstanding events from 1607 to 1619. And as its major activity it has worked for the inclusion

of Cape Henry in the Colonial National Park Area along with Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown, a dream of the last few years which it hopes to see realized in the 1937 pilgrimage.

"The Assembly of Tidewater Virginia Women, in outlining its origin, its history and the scope of its work, is ever mindful that its objectives have elicited the interest, presence and active cooperation of the men and women at home, governors of Virginia and governers and dignitaries from other states," says Mrs. Franz Naylor, its speaker. "Congratulatory messages have come from one President of the United States, and another has come as a devout pilgrim, intent upon awakening a national consciousness to the importance of the assembly's purposes."

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

San Francisco's Chinatown is world famous and attracts thousands of visitors every year. There is no comparison between the Chinatown of New York and that of the western metropolis, and there is a very excellent reason for the difference. The settling of our western shores naturally attracted thousands of these Orientals to California and they, like we of the Occident, found it a land rich in possibilities for commerce and agriculture.

Chinatown is not necessarily a section full of opium dens and gambling halls; instead it numbers thousands who are interested in art, music, literature, and the more cultural things of life. There is a large opera house in San Francisco's Chinatown, a bewildering telephone exchange, in which the operators have to known all the phone numbers of the residents, and no less than five newspapers: *Young China, Chinese National, Chung Sai Yat To, Chinese Times,* and *The Chinese World.*

All these papers are, of course, published in Chinese. In China there are many dialects, more dialects than there are provinces in fact. Practically all the inhabitants of the territory north of the famous Yangtze River speak a northern dialect, but in Centeral and South China it becomes a more difficult matter as there are, in some instances, as many dialects as there are districts within a province (districts being comparable to our counties). Both Mongolia and Manchuria, on the other hand have dialects of their own. On top of this mixture of dialects there is the language of the court and high officials, known as Mandarin, which somewhat resembles the northern dialects. Foreign organization (meaning American and English) engaged in commerical activity in China pay their employees a bonus when they have gained a knowledge of Mandarin.

If the newspapers printed in San Francisco's Chinatown had to be publisher in different dialects, it would take more newspapers to supply the needs of its residents who hail from all parts of China. There is however, no dialect in Chinese literature.

As an aside, it is interesting to find that in higher education among the Japanese the literature of Nippon is really Chinese, though a simpler method of expression through short strokes and the use of phonetics is employed.

Chinese letters, papers, and books are printed in such a way that they have to be read in reverse of our method. That which would really appear as the back page of their periodicals is in reality the front page. Then, in reading. the Chinese read from the right hand side of the page, line by line, up and down toward the left.

Chinese papers would not appeal to the average American boy as none of the newspapers include any comic strips. Seldom are any illustrations used unless considered absolutely essential as, for instance, the arrival in the United States of a famous Chinese person. In the rare instances in which illustrations are used, these are made. in the case of the Chinese papers published in this country, by by American firm.

Of course the papers have a department of humor. but it is so different from our own that I doubt if we'd even get the point of the jokes!

Short stories are published as in some of our American newspapers, but one departure from the usual plan of layout (as the arrangement of news is termed) is that the papers are divided into sections for important news, news of international importance, local news, then come the editorials, foreign items (meaning items of interest to the Chinese living in the country) and miscellaneous items which complete the makeup of the average Chinese newspaper.

To visit the printing establishment in which one of the papers is published is quite interesting, especially when compared with one of our own newspaper plants. No hurry or bustle is in evidence in the Chinese newspaper offices or pressroom. There is no overwhelming sound of tickets and teletype machines, no linotype machines casting and setting the type.

Visiting first the editorial offices, we find the managing editor to be a man of much culture and refinement, using vastly better English than we do, for his is the correctly spoken language of the text books. Behind a desk covered with papers and telegrams he sits in a swivel chair, thoroughly at ease, and with no evidence in his manner or acions of having anything to do but be interested in our visit and to be helpful to the stranger in his office.

From the managing editor's office we are conducted down a passageway to that of the editor-in-chief. His work, we are informed, is concerned only with the preparation of editorials and with the selection of items from the newspapers received from the home country, for in that manner is the real news from China obtained. Next we are taken to the office of the city editor whose duties compare with that of a city editor on our own papers. Next there is a miscellaneous

editor, but he acts really in the capacity of assistant to the editor-in-chief, as he clips suitable items from the American and foreign newspapers for incorporation in the paper.

On the second floor in the plant of the Sai Gai Yat Bo Publishing Company, publishers of *The Chinese World*, San Franisco's oldest Chinese newspaper (1899), is the composing room in which are two long A-shaped racks containing the type.

All the actual type is manufactured in China. It is set up by hand and locked in metal frames in exactly the same manner as though it were for job printing work in a small print shop.

Standing over five feet high, each rack is about twenty feet long—almost four hundred feet of storage space for type! What a job the compositors have in setting type! They have to walk over eight miles each day in gathering the type and in distributing it when the edition is printed. This vast amount of walking and work is due to the peculiarities of the Chinese language.

In Chinese there is no alphabet therefore twenty-six characters are not sufficient to make up the language. Instead there are no less than one hunred and fourteen roots (or radicals as they are termed) from which all Chinese characters are made. If the character required is composed of any liquid, the typesetter seeks for it under the water radical; if of metal he would find it under the gold radical; but if of mineral it would be under the stone radical; and so on. Of course, each receptacle for similar characters on the racks is neatly labelled in Chinese, so the typesetters are able to work quite rapidly.

The locked forms containing the news are printed on a flathead press, and the paper is folder and distributed through fruit stands—a favorite haunt of the Chinese—and by mail. It is never sold by newsboys as are the newspapers of the Occident.

CAN YOU THINK?

Can you think through a subject clearly and reach the right conclusion, even if it be contrary to that of the crowd? And are you strong enough to stand by your conclusions in the face of the scoffing and scorn? If you can, you are needed. The world is being built by the creative thinkers of its day, by the men and women who go before the masses, who dare to think dangerously.—Lois Bierman.

AT THE CROSSROADS

(The Lutheran)

A world conflict is in progress. Two spirits are in a war to the death. Most people think of the struggle between rich and poor, capitalism and labor. This is only the surface manifestation of a deeper struggle. Essentially the conflict is between Christianity and paganism, between God and the world.

What we put into or leave out of the schools, we put into or leave out of civilization. One hundred years ago Horarce Mann argued for the extension of the public schools with certainty that nine-tenths of the crime would disappear. Our public schools have been extended, millions are spent for their maintenance. But crime has increased five hundred per cnt since the days of Horace Mann. The American people believe in the separation of church and state, but they do not believe in the godless schools. To maintaain Christian ideals and attitudes in the schools is not contrary to the Constitution.

But in some sections objections have been raised to observing Christian festival days in the public schools. In one district where the Bible must be read each day, a teacher declares to her pupils she would not read it if she did not have to. In higher education, biologies have become lifeless, and psychologies have become soulless. Some historians belittle the events of the crucifixion precious to the hearts of Christians. Some educators speak and write of the essential elements without mentioning religion.

If modern civilization is to be saved from revolutionary, destructive forces now at work in the world, the church will do it through her educational program. The church must counteract the anti-religious movement working subtly in education. The church must contradict a materialistic psychology. The church must teach a Christian ethic. The church must preach a gospel so effective in the lives of individuals that human needs will be met and social injustice checked.

"Unless those who believe in a Christian civilzation are willing to sacrifice of their good, hard-earned cash to educate Christian leaders, they will find in a few generations that their dream has vanished, that tyranny with is hard and fast, ruthless rules of life will be substituted for the good life. . . . It is not a question so much of churches and preachers as it is of colleges that will make leaders who will create a world in which churches can thrive, leaders in all walks of life, in all callings and professions. If American churchmen fail to support the kind of colleges that turn out Christian leaders, American life under another leadership soon will close the churches.."

These are the words of William Allen White to the Kansas Council of Church-related Colleges. If the church fails in her educational program, a pagan culture and civilization wlll result.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carriker were absent a few days from the school on account of the death of Mrs. Taylor, the mother of Mrs. Carriker.

—o—

Mrs. W. M. Crooks who has been a patient at the Charlotte Sanatorium is recovering nicely and will return home within a few days.

—o—

Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, is in Charlotte and Gastonia, taking over boys for tonsil operation, and other boys for treatment at the Orthopedic Hospital.

—o—

Superintendant Boger has made all necessary arrangements and plans for the rebinding of library books. The work will be started at once.

—o—

The rebuilding of the milk house began last Monday and when finished will be modern and up to date. Sanitation is the ultimate aim of all activitives carried on at the dairy.

—o—

Norman Lee, one of our former boys, visited the school last Sunday. He is now holding a position in the King Cotton Hotel. Lee reports he is doing his work acceptably and is happy, but holds pleasant memories of the time in this institution.

—o—

William Bell reported the institution notes during the absence of Mr. Leon Godown, who is attending a Masonic meeting at Goldsboro, N. C.

—o—

Our Mother's Day program for last Sunday was arranged and presented under the direction of Miss Agnes Lapsley. The exericse was impressive and brought forth much favorable comment.

—o—

Robert Sisk, of Belmont, one of the former boys in this institution paid the school a visit last Saturday. He is working in a hosiery mill at Gastonia and all reports of him have been favorable.

—o—

Mrs. George W. Conley one of the co-workers of this institution has received surgical attention at Charlotte Sanatorium. She is responding nicely to treatment and will soon return home.

—o—

The officers and boys of the school are deeply appreciative of the beautiful flowers given by the young wo-

men of the first Baptist Church Kannapolis, for Mother's Day. This was a fine expression upon the part of the First Baptist Church. showing the boys someone thought of them.

—o—

Mr. Graham York one of the directors on the farm, keeps a squad of boys busy gathering strawberries. The berry crop is not as good this year as last, but the boys are enjoying berries despite the fact that the grade of the berries this year is inferior to that of previous years.

—o—

The latest report from Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, was she had sufficient funds to start the work of rebinding library books. Mrs. Peele has an appealing cause, rebinding the books, and there is no doubt she will succeed in raising the required amount.

—o—

Rev. Thomas H. Spence, the father of Mrs Guy Hudson, a former employee of the school. died Sunday, at his home in Jackson Park.

Rev. Mr. Spence was once pastor of Rocky River Church and at the time of his death was pastor of Patterson Presbyertian Church, Concord.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday. The Scripture Lesson was taken from the first and eighth chapters of St. John. The subject of his splendid talk was—"The Light of the World." He spoke of the artificial gas light that had to be fed by a flow of gas, and when the gas flow ceases the light goes out.

The light of the human life is comparable to that of the artificial light. For when interest and courage stop, stopped, and all works are discontinued.

There are, he said in substance as many varying degrees of human nature as kinds of artificial lights.

Some are compared to the flash light, with one interest focussed on one thing, and yet there are others with a broad vision radiating and illuminating light at all times and under all conditions. Rev. Mr. Hughes closed his impressive talk to the boys with the thought that the safest and truest light, the unfailing light was faith in, "Jesus, the Light of the World."

Don't be afraid of wasting time by learning something you are not required to know.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending May 9, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(6) Robert Allen 21
(20) J. C. Cox 20
(3) William Hawkins 4
(17) James Johnson 17
(3) Edward Johnson 21
(2) Mack Setzer 20
(23) Fred Wheeler 23
(17) James Wilhite 22

COTTAGE No. 1

Arthur Martin 19
Bunn Shoe 5
Robert Watts 8
James West 15
R. L. Young 12

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) John Capps 10
Samuel Ennis
(2) Henry Fredere 12
Douglas Hinson 7
Floyd Lane
(2) Max Lindsay 8
Clifton Mabry 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 6
Kenneth Conklin 10
M. C. Cranford 15
Frank Crawford 9
James Eury 2
Norwood Glasgow 5
(2) Julian Gregory 14
Jesse Holleman 8
(2) F. E. Mickle 7
(2) James McCune 4
Frank Pickett 11
Kenneth Raby 7
F. M. Younger 10

COTTAGE No. 4

(5) William Bell 13
(9) Odell Bray 12
Hurley Davis 9
(4) James Hancock 16
(2) Henry Harris 3
Grover Lett 3
Thomas Little 10
(6) Robert Mims 14
(3) Charles Mizzell 15
Robert Orrell 10
(2) Frank Raby 16
William Surratt 6
(2) Melvin Walters 15

COTTAGE No. 5

(9) A. L. Gaines 21
(2) Herman Hunt 12
Henry James 8
David Odham 2
James Seawell 4
Ralph Webb 3

COTTAGE No. 6

William Burnett 15
Robert Bryson 5
Marvin Crump 2
Fletcher Castlebury 14
(3) Thomas Doby 5
Columbus Hamilton 12
(3) Thomas Hamilton 17
(2) Ray Laramore 6
(5) Joseph Sanford 9

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) William Beach 11
Archie Castlebury 7
John Elliot 10
(3) Lacy Green 3
(10) Caleb Hill 18
(9) Hugh Johnson 17
Wayland Morgan 9
(4) Elmer Maples 5
J. C. Mobley
Milton Pickett 13
Jack Pyatt 2
(3) William Young 12

COTTAGE No. 8

Duke Davis 5
James Ferrell 4
Haynes Hewitt 8
(2) Fred May 4

Rayvon Michael 6
W. B. Peach 2
(6) Ralph Rainey 16
(2) Ray Reynolds 2
(2) Charles Taylor 10
(2) John Tobert 9

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Thomas Braddock 13
(3) Wilson Bowman 14
(3) James Coleman 15
(4) Randolph Davis 20
(3) Reuben Duggins 10
(2) Woodfin Fowler 15
(2) Charles Freeman 15
(4) C. D. Grooms 18
James C. Hoyle 7
(2) Mark Jones 5
(2) Earl Stamey 6
(8) Homer Smith 19

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Clyde Adams 20
(3) Glenn Collins 15
Lake Cooper 2
(2) James Martin 5
Walter Merritt 3
(2) James Penland 7
James Singleton

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Harold Bryson 4
(5) Howard Clark 5
H. A. Holmes 14
William Kirk 11
(4) William Martin 10
(3) Donald Newman 10
(2) Julius Stevens 17
John Uptegrove 8
(2) Fred Williamson 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Ben Cooper 2
Talmage Dautrey 15
(3) Frank Dickens 19
James Elders 11
(3) Marvin Edwards 19
Hubert Holloway 7
S. E. Jones 3
(4) Frank Lewis 15
Asbury Marsh 12
June Malone 12
(5) Jerome Medlin 17
(3) Glenn O'Quinn 15
Ewin Odom 11
Lonnie Sloan 11
William Stevens 14

COTTAGE No. 13

Fletcher Boggs 11
(2) Harry Flowe 5
(2) Robert Hailey 14
Eugene Patton 8
John Smith 5
Morris Starnes 7
Frank Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Lee Dowless 10
(4) Spurgeon Dowless 10
Henry Hallman 8
Doyle Holder 10
Henry McGraw 3
(5) Troy Powell 7
James Stepp 7
Paul Shipes 9
Glenn Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 9
Roy Cruse 15
Joseph Hyde 10
(6) Raymond Mabe 6
Edward E. Martin 16
(3) Edward Patrum 4
Harley Riley 10
Ira Settle 2
Carl Toney 9

Having an old horse-shoe for luck is not equal to lifetime savings to care for you as you approach the sunset of life.

—Selected

MAY 2 5 1937

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 22, 1937 No. 21

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GREAT INVISIBLE ARMY

Before that Great Invisible Army of marching men, let us uncover, let us bow our heads in silent tribute;

Ragged farmers, marching, marching, marching, leaving blood-stained footprints in the snow;

At the head of the column a tattered flag with red and white stripes, and thirteen stars in a circle;

The Boys in Blue: Human skeletons from the prison camps; boys with empty sleeves; open places in the ranks;

The Boys in Gray: Haggard men straggling homeward to desolate farms and plantations;

The Soldiers of the War with Spain: Men wasted with fever; worn, tired men; marching. marching;

The Boys of the A. E. F.: Mud-covered men; blood-spattered men in steel helmets. marching, marching into the west;

Terror, hysteria, pain, sorrow, ruin, death—these are the grim realities of war;

These are the monsters that hide behind the pomp and the glory.

At this price the Great Invisible Army purchased liberty, saved the Union and sought to end war.

As the salute is fired, as "Taps" is sounded, as we deck their graves with flowers let us pray that your rosy-cheeked youngster, and mine, may never know the horror of war;

That the Great Invisible Army shall not have suffered in vain.—Selected.

MEMORIAL DAY

General John J. Pershing, of World War fame, gives expression to a fine sentiment. He writes:

Memorial Day each year comes to us in the height of the springtime, with all nature in blossom. It is the season when the world bursts forth in the beauty of life and new hopes, and when warm sentiments fill the human heart.

In the midst of these surroundings our thoughts turn back to the memory of loved ones, and we gather to honor the services and the heroism of those who gave their lives to their country.

I like to think that those whom we remember on this day are here with us and that they understand why we are assembled.

The season should symbolize a new consecration of our lives to service. It should cause us to awaken our own patriotism and renew our ideals of brotherly love and devotion to country. It should move us to search our souls for evidence that life is not a mere selfish pursuit of pleasure or wealth or fame. It should teach us to understand that each one is called upon to contribute to the well-being of mankind and that the greater our devotion and our sacrifices, the more worthy will be our contribution to our fellowman for all time to come.

* * * * * * *

LOOKING BACK THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS

One has but to remember that colonial America took its origin at Jamestown when Capt. Christopher Newport landed his tiny fleet the Sarah Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery with his little band of settlers that planted the flag of England in the Virgin soil May 13, 1607. This particular area is known as the Cradle of the Republic, and therein is written the early history of an intrepid people who suffered all kinds of hardships.

Theirs was a trememdous task to hew a home out of the wilderness with the danger of disease, massacre and starvation confronting them. Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown, the best known names in America, stir to the uttermost depth the patriotism of all Americans, understanding that it is the area of the first permanent settlement in the New World, nursed to naurity and finally won its independence by a decisive victory at Yorktown in 1781.

It is with a certain degree of satisfaction, not with a boast, we note that within the confines of this Virginia Peninsula were as follows: the first legislative assembly, the first church, the first free school, the first theater and the oldest academic building. Also the place was made a cultural center, having the old college,

William and Mary where Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, Peyton Randolph and John Blair were instructed. Another significant fact is that there were between 1,250 and 2,200 colonists in this area of Tidewater Virginia making laws and building substantially when the Mayflower reached Massachusettes in 1620. But there is honor and glory sufficient both for the Cavaliers and Puritans who braved all dangers to build a nation like the "land of the brave and the home of the free."

* * * * * * *

CALVIN HENDERSON WILEY

There has fallen into the hands of the writer a North Carolina Reader, containing a history and description of North Carolina, selections in prose and verse, historical and chronological tables, and a variety of miscellaneous information and statistics, by C. H. Wiley, the first superintendent of Public Schools, published by Lippincott, Grambo and Co., 1851.

Calvin Henderson Wiley was born in Guilford County, February 3, 1819, and died in Winston on January 11, 1887. His forebears moved into the State from Pennsylvania in 1754, and were Calvinistic in faith living consistent and devout lives.

He was a member of the General Assembly of 1850-51, and at this session he introduced and championed in a speech of great power and eloquence a "bill to provide for the appointment of a Superintendent of Common Schools and for other purposes". However, this bill was defeated, but he was returned to the General Assembly of 1852-53, and through his influence the bill with a few changes was passed. Though a Whig, he was made the first Superintendent of Common Schools by a Democratic Legislature in December 1852, and assumed the duties of office January 1, 1853.

The signal service rendered the state by Calvin H. Wiley was in organizing and bringing into efficiency the public school system, and for this will receive the undying gratitude of generations unborn as they will continue to learn from history's shining pages the debt they owe C. H. Wiley, the founder of the "Common School" system.

The moral learned from such a life—one of service to overcome ignorance and teach the people the possibilities of their own state

—is that the influence of such a life never ceases but continues to bear a rich harvest to the end of time.

There is not a doubt or even question that C. H. Wiley, classed not as a politician but a humanitarian, has left his "foot prints upon the sand of time". The answer to his influence is the magnificent school system, with myriads of children in every nook and corner of the state finding their way to some one of these schools to be taught by precept and example so as to become better citizens.

* * * * * * *

MECKLENBURG

Charlotte is in Mecklenburg county; and the name of Mecklenburg has acquired a fame as excessive as this great country. Mecklenburg has associated with it illustrious deeds, and the glory of these deeds is the common property of North Carolina.

On the 20th of May, 1775, in Charlotte, the people of this county solemnly declared their independence of the British government; and this you will observe, was more than a year before that national declaration of which all Americans are so proud.

The manifests was joyfully hailed by the freemen of the surrounding country, and it was undoubtedly the first paper of the kind published on the American continent. Its authors and friends were true to its principles, and, throughout the eventful war of the Revolution, manifested the same spirit with which they began the drama. They were tried in a fiery ordeal, and were indeed in a very exposed position.

The generals and soldiers of England paid them several visits; and such was the reception given to these invaders, that Mecklenburg receievd from them the appellation of "Hornets' Nest." These hornets did wonderfully annoy the British lion, and they deserve in history an honorable distinction.

Charlotte at that time was a central point, an early seat of power, the center of wealth and fashion for British America. This was due to the possibilities of radiating with some comfort for that era of history to New-Berne, Wilmington and on to the city of Raleigh, the city named for the greatest Englishman of his day, and the first who planted a colony on American soil. From thence it runs

into the wild fields of Alamance, where was shed the first blood for liberty and on and on to the battle field of Guilford, to the spires of peaceful Salem, to the historical city of Salisbury, to Concord outstanding because of the daring deed of the Cabarrus Black boys and again back to Charlotte.

All of the above thoughts have been summarized from Wiley's North Carolina Reader, and he closes, saying this entire region "Is rich in historic interest, and the names of those connected with the history will continue to shine like stars in the dusky firmament of the past."

* * * * * * *

PUBLICITY PROGRAM FOR NORTH CAROLINA

One of the many interests now absorbing the attention of Governor Hoey along with many other important issues is the spending of the $250,000 appropriated by the last Legislature for publicizing the state, making known to the nation its resources, climate and scenic beaut.

This is a duty that falls to the Board of Conservation and Development, with the governor who insists that scrupulous attention be given to expenditures. Moreover, that the advertising campaign carry the maximum of the state's assets and attractions. The objective of the project is to prove that North Carolina has all of the appealing inducements, the equal of any other state in the union, that will bring good substantial citizenship within its borders.

Having the interest of the state at heart it is clear that Governor Hoey revolved many times in his mind plans to bring North Carolina before the people of the entire country. He is convinced the surest and safest way to make the resources and desirableness generally known is through a publicity program as he directed.

Like the people of old the North Carolinians have anticipated hopes of "good times coming" but nothing tangible or fixed has been arranged to make the hopes realized till the present Chief Executive decided to publicize North Carolina, and recommended the same. The results of this project will be awaited with interest.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A Little More

"A little more trying
A brother to win;
A little less spying
On folly and sin,
Would bring folks together
In confidence sweet,
And help them to weather
The storms they must meet."

There are many people in this world who know so much that they can't remember half of it.

It is quite likely that many people of this generation will never leave their "foot-prints on the sands of time." They ride automobiles.

Back in other days the slogan used to be "Stand up for your rights." In these modern days it is now sit down for your rights—and get left.

If people who are in the habit of giving good advice would start in and set good examples it would be more effective on the lives of others.

An old timer is one who can remember when he was the least governed and saved up a little money from his toil. He was rarely visited by the tax collectors.

Divorces, all over the land, are increasing so rapidly that it leads to the conclusion that love isn't blind, as people were once led to belives, but rather an eye-opener.

The young girls of this age may not know anything about looms, weaving, and the like, but some of them, when they get into an outomobile, certainly know how to spin.

I am not at all surprised now that the cattle on the ranges stampeded so often, aften hearing the many newfangled "cowboy songs" over the radio. Hand me down my hat and cane and let me move, too.

Orators all over the land are telling us that "war does not pay." That is true, and neither do the governments that borrow money from Uncle Sam to engage in war. But war does make its subjects pay—what is left of them after the war is over.

Senator Joe Robinson says, "We have about exhausted the sources of taxation." Not quite, Senator. There's the air, the sunshine, the moonlight, and every star that wants to shine. And the taxes you collect from these will be about the same as from all the officials that are tax-free.

There is one blessed assurance in this life. No matter what happens today we can always look to tomorrow. Then, again, so many people put off so many things till tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day that we today looked to yesterday. If sorrow bows you down today. Tomorrow the shadows may have flown, and the skies brighter. Hope is ever beckoning you on to better things, and reviving your spirits. The cares which seem so heavy today, tomorrow may

be silver-lined clouds of joy. They may, like Arabs, fold their tents and steal way. Think of a beautiful dawning. Take hope in the birth of a lovely morning. Bear, uncomplainingly, the cares and worries of today. They are the cares you have to bear in this life. The raindrops that adorn the trees and shrubs will gleam with the sun's brilliant rays. Tomorrow is a world full of precious promises. Indeed, it is challenge to fight life's battles with a stout heart. In the evening, fold up your cares, worries and regrets, as you would the spread on your bed and leave them back there in the night. The Psalmist, who had great and varied experience in living, hath told us: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Tomorrow is ever ahead of us, beckoning us on to better and more joyous living.

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5 And 10 Cent Stores

I like. occasionally, to stroll through five and ten cent stores. It is somewhat an educational journey to see the thousands and more things so well and temptingly displayed, and note the divers and sundry things folks buy A bevy of women looking and pulling at undies and running their hands into hose, up to the elbows. Looking at the texture. A boy rubbing his nose against a glass candy case. Men in overalls, overhauling hardware. Finely dressed man buys a bag of gum drops. A quizzical old lady, whos chief aim is to buy one handkerchief about as large as your hand. I do not see how these stores can be kept in such an "apple pie" condition with so many people pulling and grabbing at all the things on the counter, as if they were afraid someone would get what they wanted before they did. The clerks, always girls, are generally courteous, pretty neat. I recently went into one of these stores — not a hundred miles from Durham —and a female clerk approached me, chewing gum to beat several bands, with no sense of tact, and laboriously, with a labionasal sound accosted me thus: "And what do you want?" I replied as politely as my indignation would allow, "I want a great deal, but nothing for the present. here." With that I left her to approach another customer, and send him away empty-handed. The girls usually say, "Can I serve you?" and there are so many and each one repeats the refrain, that I have concluded that the next time I go through one of these stores I'll wear a pair of ear-muffs, and then I reckon I'll not forget what my wife sent me for.

If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

MEMORIAL DAY

(Selected)

Tradition has it that about the time the War Between the States broke out. a soldier of the German army came to this country, and, enlisting in our army, served through the war. About the time the war closed he casually remarked one day that it was the custom in Germany to scatter flowers on the graves of soldiers once a year. Nothing more was said at the time, but it is supposed that this was the origin of "Memorial Day".

Be this as it may, after a conference with Adj. Gen. N. P. Chipman early in May, 1868, the idea seemed to strike Gen John A. Logan, Nat'l Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic as being a most fitting thing to do. Gen. Logan immediately named the 30th day of May, 1868. "for the strewing with flowers, or otherwise adorning the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country in the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, or hamlet churchyard in the land."

As time went on the name of "Decoration" as it was originally known was changed to "Memorial', as the former word failed to express the feelings of the comrades, inasmuch as it has too much shallowness for such a grand service as has been inaugurated. The men whose graves shall be decorated on Memorial Day were men who offered their lives, and in multitudes of instances lost them for the sake of great ideas and principles, and for these they counted it an honor to deny themselves and endure all things, even death itself.

Now, seventy-two years later, we continue to pay the tribute of reverence and respect to the gallant men who sacrificed their lives to the perpetuation of the Unoin and who in may cases lie in graves marked 'Un-Known', with but a single star to mark the final resting place of a hero of the past. It is fitting too, at this season when nature is awakening in all its glory, to remember those who died for their country a short time ago; those who gave up their lives on foreign shores and who are even now, lying in graves in soil other than our own with but a signle cross of wood to mark their resting place.

Memorial Day is one of the most significant and beautiful occasions of the year. It shows the sentiment of the people toward those who gave lives for a good cause, and it teaches a lesson in patriotism which is without parallel. Memorial Day cannot be too tenderly revered by old and young, by the ones who took part in one of the Nation's great struggles, or by those who know of it simply from history. Each year our country is paying greater tribute to the soldiers, living and dead.

A number of the Southern States do not recognize May 30th as Memorial Day but with the exception of Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, it is observed in all our States and possessions. Many of the Southern States also designate other dates to com-

memorate the Southern Confederacy.

This is a busy world we live in; this is a busy age; and this, our land. is the busiest country of the age. In the intensity of the struggle for future achievement we are prone to lose sight of the past. We do not think often enough of the cost of our liberties.

A snake, an alligator and a gossip are harmless as long as they keep their mouths shut.—Exchange.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battled-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

DRAKE'S PLATE FOUND BEFORE

(The Christian Science Monitor)

The "plate of brasse" which Francis Drake fixed to a post on California's shore to claim it for Queen Elizabeth, and which was recently found after an interval of 358 years, came very near being discovered four years ago. In fact, it was picked up by a chauffeur and kept for serveral days, then thrown away.

If William Calderia, the chauffeur, had realized what a treasure he had in his hands at that time, he might have been the one to receive the $3500 reward given by the members of the California Historical Society to Bergle Shinn, Oakland department store clerk, who picked up the plate last summer near the spot where Mr. Calderia had thrown it away in 1933. But Mr. Shinn, after showing the plate to friends and noticing an inscription on it, consulted Prof. Herbert E. Bolton, eminent California historian, about his find. The result was that the plate, instead of remaining hidden from the world, is now being enshrined at the University of California in Berkley as ths state's most highly treasured historical relic.

This newest bit of information about the plate's history tends to confirm the plate's authenticty, but it appears to indicate that Sir Francis Drake did not discover San Francisco Bay, but careened his ship, the Golden Hynde, at Bodega Bay or Drake's Bay on the Pacific shore some miles north of the Golden Gate. This has been the belief of reputable historians in recent years, but the theory was shaken when Drake's plate was found in close proximity to the shore of San Francisco Bay by Mr. Shinn. Mr. Calreria, who found the plate in 1933, and did not learn its importance, picked it up about a mile east of Drake's Bay. Consequently, the mystery of Drake's failing to find the Golden Gate remains, and the honor of first sailing into San Francisco Bay still goes to the Spanish explorer Ayala who sailed his ship into these waters two centuries later, in 1775. The bay was first discovered from the land by Ortega, a member of the Portola expedition, in 1769.

I believe there is more satisfaction in patting a man on the back than in standing on his neck. I believe there is more fun in lifting a man up than in holding him down. I believe happiness is bound up with helpfulness. I believe our job is to reach out for bigger things rather than to curl up in our own little shells and snarl at the world.—Jerry Fleishman.

BOYS WHO ARE GOOD SCOUTS

By Rev. D. E. Fritts

Psalm 24:3, 4,: *"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."*

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The scout thinks and lives, studies and grows in terms of ideals and virtues, which soon depart from the category of duties, and become eagerly desired. The motto, "Be prepared," has characterized the opportunist of every age. The habit of being ready for any call to service or need or opportunity to achieve something worth while, becomes a part of the boy and makes the man. The triune oath of allegiance to God and others and the best in self is a sure formula for the high places in life. The daily "Good Turn" is none other than following the Master up and down the shores of Galilee doing good. The scout law is a priceless production of keen, understanding minds and the practice of many boys seeking the best. It is stated in the imperative, without question or compromise. The true scout just is what the law states.

1. 'A Scout is Trustworthy." "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life," says Holy Writ. And again, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." To be worthy of trust, calls for a firm determination and unfailing practice on the part of the boy and careful, consecrated, guidance of leaders. The results are, true gold, in character building.

2. "A Scout is Loyal." "He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due, his scout leader, his home, and parents and country."

3. "A Scout is Helpful." "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my breathren ye did it unto me." Our Lord's life and teaching made helpfulness always supreme. "Happiness is helpfulness."

4. "A Scout is Friendly." "I call you no more servants, but I have called you friends." Thus Jesus lifted His disciples to that higher plane of intimate understanding and venture. The scout makes friends by being friendly. An inspired poem concludes with this gem: "To live in a house by the side of the road and be a *friend* to man."

5. "A Scout is Courteous." One of the greatest forces in the world that costs the least. It does, however, cost a determined effort, which the very name scouting supplies.

6. "A Scout is Kind." "Be ye kindly affectioned one to another." At an age in boys, when cruelty and destructive barbarism claim so many, this ideal of scouting becomes most refreshing and glorious.

7. "A Scout is Obedient." The fourth commandment commends obedience and respect to parents and superiors. The first commandment mentions the blessings of obedience. "Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." Kindly discipline adds

much to the integrity of scouting. Lack of obedience in the world's childhood leads directly to the youth crime wave and delinquence.

8. "A Scout is Cheerful." "Serve the Lord with gladness," cries the Psalmist. Jesus voices His purpose, "That my joy may be in you and that your joy may be full." The scout has everything to be cheerful about. He is living in an atmosphere of high aims. He is bringing joy to others, and this of course reflects into and floods his own life. He is cheerful! Why not?

9. "A Scout is Thrifty." To earn honestly and save is taught and practiced. This homely virtue, which has its own peculiar thrill, also becomes the vital foundation of national and social stability. Social security is a deep quality of individual life, not a political scheme.

10. "A Scout is Brave." "Perfect love casteth out fear." Daniel feared God with holy respect but he had no fear of enemies or beasts. Scouting develops bravery, which leads not to war but to peace; not to overcoming others but to the undergirding bonds of world brotherhood. Brave in every danger and need because he has learned what to do; when and how to do it; and has formed the habit of doing it at once.

11. "A Scout is Clean." "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." The handbook of scouting leans heavily on the Book of Life, God's Word. Truly; "Who shall stand in his holy place?" He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Clean in mind, body, soul, habits and associates the scout becomes the strength of today's boyhood and tomorrow's manhood.

12. "A Scout is Reverent." Last and yet always first, the scout is faithful to his religious duties and respects the convictions of others. The scout verifies his spiritual interest by being everywhere present at church services, to begin the special Scout Week observance. The scout progress is upward, not only in the worship of reverence but in his program of achievement. Each new attainment leads to a greater one as he moves on in skill and living from rank to rank. The term "First Aid" is so much studied and practiced that it becomes a by-word in his daily life. How precious is all life! What a glorious privilege to be trained and help save this God-given possession! Then, "signaling" becomes part of the second-class venture. This is a part also of trained service, but more than this, every life is continually signaling to those round about. The code of ethics which governs each life is no secret to the world. What kind of messages are we sending? St. Paul says, "Ye are living epistles read of all men." To mention one more skill; the "compass" is learned and its use understood. To know the right direction to take and be able to hold that course is one of the greatest principles and powers of all life. The aim of scouting is to know the right and keep to the right!

OUR FRIEND THE CORK TREE

By Glenn Yerk Williamson

What would man do without the cork tree! Suppose that some horrible plague should sweep across Spain, Portugal, Italy and Southern France, leaving in its wake a stark desolation which was once a region of cork tree forests! But such a catastrophe isn't likely to happen. And it is reasonable to believe that many more centuries of usefulness will be added to the two thousand years of faithful service which man has received from what is possibly the greatest member of the oak family—the cork tree.

The cork oak is an evergreen tree which grows abundantly in Spain and Portugal, from which seventy per cent of the world's supply of the cork product is obtained. Tunis and Algeria are next in importance in production, followed by Southern France and Corsica, Italy, Sardinia and Sicily, in practically the order named. Attempts were once made to introduce this tree into Southern California and Mississippi, but American soil failed to produce a product of satisfactory quality. The tree reaches a height of from anywhere between twenty to sixty feet and measures sometimes as much as four feet in diameter. Its branches are wide-spreading and are covered with small evergreen leaves that are thick, glossy, and downy underneath. In April or May yellow-colored flowers appear which, in the course of a few months, are succeeded by acorns. These acorns ripen and fall to the ground, like the acorns of other oak trees, but they do not go to waste; they are fed to swine, to whose flesh they give a subtle flavor.

The work "cork" comes from the Latin *cortex*, meaning bark. That, in brief, explains the source of cork. The process known as "stripping" the bark is one of the most important and meticulous steps in converting cork from a piece of rough bark to the finished commerical product. When a cork tree is from twenty to twenty-five years old, the first stripping takes place, the first layer removed being a hard outer layer commonly called the "virgin" bark. This bark, owing to the fact that it is of relatively inferior quality, is utilized as a tanning substance and for making rustic work for conservatories and porches.

Within nine or ten years after the first stripping, the second layer is cut off, and successive strippings occur at approximately the same intervals as long as the tree continues to bear. Experts in this specialized work are unanimous in their declaration that the finest quality of cork is obtained when the cork tree has reached the age of about forty years. Thereafter the quality remains the same as long as the tree lives. Not infrequently these hardy trees reach ages of three hundred years!

How is the bark "stripped"? In answering that question, I ask permission to quote the description offered by a high authority, the Armstrong Cork Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Here is what they say "The stripping generally takes place during July and August, and is a process which demands skill and care if in-

jury to the tree is to be avoided. In Algeria, the French strippers sometimes use crescent-shaped saws, but under the usual Spanish method a hatchet with a long handle, wedge-shaped at the end, is the only implement employed. The bark is cut clear through around the base of the tree and a similar incision is made around the trunk just below the spring of the main branches; the two incisions are then connected by one or two longitudinal cuts, following so far as possible the deepest of the natural cracks in the bark, Inserting the wedge-shaped handle, the tree's covering is then pried off, care being taken not to injure the inner skin at any stage of the process. The larger branches are stripped in the same manner, yielding thinner but generally a finer grade of cork than that from the trunk. The thickness of the bark is anywhere from one half to two and a half inches, while the yield also varies greatly—from forty-five to five hundred pounds—depending on the size and age of the tree."

After the so-called stripping process has been taken care of, the next step is to prepare the bark for its bath in boiling water. When the bark has been removed from the trees it is gathered up in piles, where it is left a few days to dry. When it has dried out sufficiently it is carefully weighed and taken to the boiling stations, where it is left to "season" for a few weeks. Then comes the boiling. This boiling serves several purposes,, one of which is to facilitate matters in ridding the bark of its rough, woody covering. This covering, due to its exposure to the elements, is worthless; its removal causes the bark to lose almost twenty per cent of its weight. Then, too, boiling removes the tannic acid, increases the volume and elasticity of the bark, makes it soft and pliable, and flattens it out so that it can be packed on the backs of burros.

The arrival of these cork sheets at the factory ushers in the all-important process of manufacturing commercial commodities. It is a process that demands expert attention, a combination of keen eyesight and skilled hands. Each piece of cork is peculiarly adapted for some specific purpose, and to utilize the dozen or more different grades of quality and thickness without undue waste brings into play the element of stringent economy. As a matter of fact, it would be quite difficult to find a type of factory that is more careful than a cork factory in cutting down waste to an irreducible minimum. The reason for this is clearly understood, when we bear in mind the fact that a host of different articles comes from cork and its shavings.

Space will not permit a detailed account of how corks are made. Suffice it to say, however, this interesting operation calls for razor-sharp circular knives and rotating tubular punches, machines that rotate at incredible speeds. In spite of the fact that a factory can, and does, make several millions of corks in a day, careful supervision is maintained at all times.

To name the different things that come from cork would take almost as much time as listing all the trees that exist on the face of the earth. Insoles for shoes, life-preservers, ring buoys, yatch fenders, mooring and anchor-

ing buoys, carburetor floats, hat linings, friction clutches, cork strips in eye glasses, seine and gill corks and bobbers for fishing lines, cork gaskets for churn lids, cork tips for pen holders, and washers for use in metal caps for bottles and jars are a few well-known articles. A product commercially known as cork paper, made from the highest quality of cork, is so thin that five hundred sheets measure but one inch in thickness!

As I have pointed out, waste is a factor that receives more than ordinary attention. But scientific reseach has been instrumental in utilizing a great deal of this waste. For instance, "cork powder," waste that has been ground up by a method similar to that used in grinding wheat, is the chief constituent in high leoleum. This so-called "powder" is mixed with linseed oil and spread over canvas. Linoleum, as you know, is ideal for halls, offices, and houses because of its sound-deadening and mositure-excluding properties.

The cork industry, like anything else having to do with human progress, possesses a historical background. It is safe to believe that the fifteenth century gave the real start to this industry, because at that time glass bottles were introduced. Glass bottles called for serviceable stoppers, and cork, by virtue of its elasticity, keeping qualities, and imperviousness to air or water, was the most suitable substance obtainable.

Cork's lightness, strength and durability, qualities of cardinal value for use in water, were appreciated and employed by the ancients. In Plutarch's *Lives* is the story of a messager who swam across the Tiber on pieces of cork, a primitive life preserver, and safely reached the capitol, which was then besieged by the Gauls (400 B. C.).

Pliny tells us that Roman ladies used cork soles to keep their feet warm. He also recommended pulverized cork taken in warm water as a remedy for nose bleeding!

Advancing civilization has found new ideas, new processes, and new materials that, because of their cheapness and efficiency have taken the places of things that have been discarded. Substitutes are being found every day. But cork still rules supreme in its realm. The cork tree today is as much a friend to man as it was two thousands years ago.

It is easy to know what sort of god a man worships by his treatment of his fellow human beings. If he believes in a god of punishment he will act like a punitive god in all his dealings. Each man is an advertisement of the religion he professes. It isn't what he says he believes but how he acts that tells the truth about his belief.—Thomas Dreier.

WERE YOU EVER LONESOME?

(Selected)

It was the home of a minister in a downtown city church. The minister and his wife were both busy when the doorbell rang and a young woman was admitted. She apologized bashfully for coming so soon after the dinner hour, and asked to be excused for intruding. Her manner indicated that she had something on her mind. The minister engaged her in conversation for a little while, until she said: "I wish that you would go on with your work, and not bother about me. If you do not mind, I will read one or two magazines, and I won't disturb you."

Half an hour later she was romping on the floor with one of the children. After a stay of about an hour and a half, she rose to go. As the minister walked with her to the door, she said: "I have had a delightful time tonight. Thank you for letting me play in your parlor. I can go back to my room now with a lighter heart."

"What did that girl want?" the minister's wife inquired as he came back to the living room. "She has been alone in the palor for an hour and a half."

"I do not know; she didn't say a word," was the minister's reply, but he was as mystified as his wife.

"Do you remember that time I came to your house and played with the little boy for an hour and a half in the parlor?" the girl asked, two years later.

"Yes. I have often wondered what you wanted that night, and did not ask for," the minister replied.

"Well, that night was the blackest hour of my life. I had lost my position, and I was ashamed to ask anyone to recommend me to another employer. I would have given $1,000 to have been where I could cry it out on mother's shoulder. But she wasn't there, and I could think of only one thing. I came over to your house, you let me play with the little boy. Then, when I started away, you shook my hand and said: 'God bless you.' That hour and a half and that handshake gave me new heart. I went out the next day and got a position, and here I am. I just wanted you to know what you did for a lonesome girl."

Were you ever lonesome? Did you ever think of what it means to be a lonely boy or girl to get into a home once in awhile? Look around your church. Are there any lonely folk? Help them fight loneliness by inviting them to an hour or two of good cheer.

Do more than exist, live; do more than touch, feel; do more than look, observe; do more than read, absorb; do more than hear, listen; do more than listen, understand; do more than think, ponder; do more than talk, say something.

—John Harsen Rhoades.

JUST OYSTERS

By J. Will Blair

When the great Victorian novelist, William M. Thackeray, was in this country it was desired that he should appreciate what wonderful oysters we have; therefore, at a big dinner, he was given the largest oysters that could be found, and was assured, of course, that they were nothing out of the ordinary. He selected the smallest possible specimen, a very large one, and having been shown how to get it out of the shell, was told that best to eat it was to swallow it right down. He did so, and was at once asked how he felt.

"Profoundly grateful!" he gasped, "and as if I had swalled a small bably."

This is a good story, but the probability is that Thackeray had met oysters before, at least they are found on the shores of the British Isles, as well as in France, Holland, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Russia, and Italy. If I haven't named all the coasts on which oysters are found it is because there are so many of them. Canada has oysters, too. France is the great European producer, while the United States probably grows more oysters than any other country. They are found along the coast from Chesapeake Bay to Maine. Large beds of them exist in Long Island Sound, not far from New York City.

Oysters, without artificial help, have produced themselves in quantities, but their cultivation has been practiced since the seventh century, when the Romans made beds in Lake Avernus and Lake Fusaro. Piles of rocks were placed on muddy bottoms, and around these rows of stakes were driven in. Breeding oysters were brought in and the young ones attached themselves to the stakes.

Shallow salt water, with mud and gravel and shifting sands, are signs of a good oyster bed. The tide brings in the substances on which the oysters feed. The eggs are so minute that they seem like milky fluid in the sea water. In Long Island Sound the practice is to spread a great number of shells to which the young oysters attach themselves after they have moved about for while. An interesting fact about the young oyster is that it is only in the earlier stages of its growth that it changes its position, when once it has anchored itself to something solid, it remains there, usually with many more of its kind, forming a mat of oysters.

The oyster lives in a shell with two valves to it, hence the term bivalves. It has no mouth, but a fringed mantle extends entirely around its shell through which it takes nutriment. It has a heart and a nervous system, and an organ called the bojanus, which serves it ts a kidney.

Oysters are dredged out of the water with a big rake. As you doubtless know, they are packed in ice when they are to be sold fresh. Some of them are cooked and canned.

The star fish is the worst enemy of the oysters, for it pierces the shell and eats the nutriment therefrom. There are different sea growths that fasten themselves on the shell of the oyster and destroy it.

MEMORIAL DAY AT BARNES CITY

By Ninde Harris

Benjamn Barnes, the third, put the package of can lids in his pocket to leave at Mrs. Cale Gerth's as he came back from delivering Miss Lutie Curlin's regular morning order. He had heard Mrs. Gerth ask Uncle Jim about the can lids when she came in for brown sugar and starch the evening before. She had said that she and Myrtle would soon start sealing up their sunshine preserves.

A little uneasily he watched Uncle Jim rearrange the brooms so they were back of the wash boards and iron skillets. He repeated his directions to him, "You mustn't leave the store while I'm gone to take Miss Lutie's order to her."

When his mother and Bertha were at home, Ben didn't have to worry about leaving Uncle Jim in charge of the store. The bell above the door tinkled so loudly that the arrival of a customer was announced in the kitchen at the rear or the bedroom on the story above the store.

Uncle Jim, whose attack of tropical fever, following the battle of San Juan Hill, had left him a bit unsteady in his head as well as on his feet, often wandered away from the store even when there was trade, and Ben didn't want that to happen this morning.

With Miss Lutie's coal oil can in one hand and her basket of groceries in the other, he crossed the wooden sidewalk to where old Huldah was impatiently pawing at the foot of the the hitching post. Shut up in the little barnlot back of the Barnes' combination store and home. the old mare was always impatient to be off on a drive the minute Ben had hitched her to the delivery wagon.

Sometimes after he had delivered Miss Lutie's orders, he had to drive past the little depot and pick up boxes of canned goods and other commodities brought in by the morning train. Old Huldah liked that trip, even if she did pretend a skittishness, that didn't agree with her age, at sound of the machinery of the bone mill factory jost across the tracks from the station.

But Ben didn't have any reason for driving to the station that morning. Nor would there be any sounds coming from the factory. It had been closed down almost a month, and the half of Barnes City men who worked there were without money to buy at the Barnes' grocery. And the store shelves were too full of staples for Ben to order more from the city wholesale house.

As he drove down the street, Ben noticed several men wandering aimlessly down toward the river wharf, where they'd hope to catch a few fish for their family dinners and perhaps pick up a little work helping load chairs on the steamboat that would stop near noon.

He stopped old Huldah at the call of Uncle Perry White, who was "turkey trotting" down the street toward him, his Grand Army hat with the gold cord around it perched proudly on his head. In a week or so Uncle Perry would be wearing his faded blue uniform, for as Decoration Day neared the old man went in-

to full uniform as a token of respect to his soldier comrades who had died. On Decoration Day itself, he'd bring out his army cap with the hole in the top of it which the old man claimed was clipped by a bullet.

When Uncle Jim saw that hat, Ben knew he'd want his own Rough Rider hat for a walk with old Perry. He told the old man the big felt hat of his uncle was on the top shelf of the hall closet. He didn't want the order his mother had created the day before, when she had left on a few days' visit with her sister in the country, to be chaos by the time he was back from Lutie's.

Old Perry wanted to talk about the arrangements that should be made ftr Decoration Day in Barnes City, but Ben, knowing how eager Miss Lutie was for flour so colored Cynthia could make yeast rolls for her dinner, told him he must be on his way with the groceries. Then the old man's head went up and his hat tilted to a rakish angle. "And you might tell her for me that we won't put any of the comrades' wreaths on her pa's grave, and I won't read his name when I call the long roll."

As old Huldah trotted down the street, Ben shook his head in troubled fashion. He doubted his ability to make old Perry see to it that Captain Curlin's grave should hold a wreath like that of the other Civil War soldiers. For old Perry's son, John, was one of the men left without work when Miss Lutie Curlin had shut down the bone meal factory. And John, with several of the idle men in the town, was growing bitter with worry over ftod and clothing for the children.

The Barnes family too had to worry over finances. The wholesale companies in the city were sending second bills for their last shipment of commodities that were still standing on the store shelves. Mother had said yesterday that when she came back from a visit she and Bertha would get some chairs from the factory to cane and so earn a little money to help satisfy their creditors.

Ben was near Miss Lutie's home now but he could see only the top of the high red chimney over the spite fence Miss Lutie had had built between her domain and the ground on which the town's new schoolhouse was going up.

It was the new schoolhouse which had caused Miss Lutie to shut down the factory, left her by her father. She had told the selectmen, when they bought the site next her home instead of two squares away, that she'd close the factory, sell her home and leave the town forever.

Well, everyone knew her pride in her lawn with its great elephant, ears, cannas, and mounds covered with all kinds of flowers. But no one dreamed that she, who had always loved children, would erect a spite fence to keep them off her ground when school should open or that she'd really close the factory.

Even the children had been surprised at the spite fence. It was at Miss Lutie's order that the superintendents at the factory bought the bones they collected from alleys and the commons, so they would have money for candy and other treats. They couldn't believe that they were never going to be welcome again on her big front porch or that she'd

stop serving them lemonade and Cynthia's special brand of sugar cookies.

This morning as Ben took the cans of salmon, and other delicacies from the basket in Miss Lutie's kitchen, he smiled at the woman, who looked years younger than her dignified forty, and who was nattily dressed in one of the first shirt waists the town had known.

"Stop at the corner and cut yourself a moss rose bud," she told him. "I warrant you it's the only one blooming along the Ohio River."

She added a little later, "Your mother said you stood high in every grade at the normal school. I suppose you'll be going back next year."

Ben's "Yes ma'am" lacked the old joyous quality it always held when he talked to Miss Lutie, whose father marched with his grandfather through the Civil War. For a minute he forgot that it was Miss Lutie's father who had insisted that Grandfather Barnes lead the first Decoration Day parade the little town had and who had made the unbroken law that always a Barnes be grand marshal for parades, because Benjamin Barnes, the first, had attained the rank of colonel when he had been on the march.

Bitterness surged in Ben's heart as he remembered that Myrtle Gerth told him yesterday she couldn't go back to the normal school next year unless the factory opened, which her father had said never would happen. She'd have to stay at home and help her mother with caning chairs so there would be food for the younger children.

He was still bitter when he reached the Gerth home, though he managed a smile. He stumbled over the tub in which rolls of cane were soaking so they'd be pliable enough for Myrtle to weave bottoms in the chairs made at the factory down close to the river and for which she would receive a pitiably small amount of money.

He noticed, when Miss Gerth handed him the dime for the can lids, that there were just a few more coins in the pocketbook, and he knew that Sam Gerth, who had been in the engine room of the factory, had not been able to get work on one of the steamboats.

"Perry says the comrades will not put a wreath on Captain Curlin's grave this year," he said because he could think of nothing else about which to make conversation.

"But they mustn't do that," Myrtle exclaimed. "Why he's one of the town's biggest heroes. And he was the one who started the Decoration Day parades. You won't let him do that, Ben Please don't."

"And anyway he'd turn over in his grave if he knew the bone meal mill was closed." Mrs. Gerth sighed and her fingers worked faster than ever.

"He trained us to sing 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' for the flag raising, and then gave us red, white and blue caps for doing it," Myrtle added. "Remember, Ben?"

Ben remembered too that Miss Lutie had had old Hirman move her little organ out onto the big front veranda so she could play the notes of the song for the children. And she had gone with her father to the city to order the white caps with the red bands and blue bills.

Myrtle was thinking of Miss Lutie

too. "She made him get big caps so our heads could grow," she laughed. "Mine is so big I can still wear it."

On the way home Ben thought of his own cap, which he could still wear. He thought, too, of Miss Lutie's side of the quarrel. Squarely he told himself, "The selectmen should have had her to meet with them like they always did Captain Curlin. She owns the town's biggest factory and gives more money to the churches than he did and keeps the fire bell and hand pumper in order. Mother said they did it just because she was a woman and they wanted to show her her place." He thought, "When we older boys are running this town, we'll give Miss Lutie and the girls like Myrtle a chance to help out."

And then suddenly he thought of a plan that would let Miss Lutie know that the boys and girls just turning twenty and twenty-one honored her just as much as they had honored her father, the captain.

When he had closed the store that evening he walked down to the Gerth home to tell Myrtle about his plans. He was sure the old crowd would all get out their red, white and blue caps and wear them in the Decoration Day parade. And as for a wreath of red and white roses, like the comrades placed on soldier's graves, they'd make a bigger, prettier one than ever before in Captain Curlin's honor.

"Some of them may be mad about the factory but they'll march with me," he said proudly. "They like me that well, I know."

"But you can't march, Ben," Myrtle spoke up. "You've got to ride old Huldah and be grand marshal and direct that parade. A Ben Barnes has always done that."

Ben shook his head. Not even Myrtle knew what that cost him, or that Phil Lester had told him yesterday he could ride his prize bay mare in the parade that year.

"Uncle Perry can be grand marshal," he said. "He was next in rank to Captain Curlin and I'm not sure he shouldn' ride any way instead of me. I've got to march with the crowd."

They were walking along the board sidewalk now. Ben noticed that they were just across the street from the new school building, now about half completed. "And I'm betting right now that spite fence will be torn down when I'm principal of that school," he boasted a bit proudly. "And it's up to the rest of you to show Miss Lutie that this town is going to appreciate everything she does even if she is a woman."

"But I'm afraid they won't need to finish that school if the factory stays shut," Myrtle went on. "Folks won't have money to send their children to school."

Ben knew she couldn't help being sad because she couldn't go back to the normal school next year. Both of them had planned to be teachers in the high school section of the new school when the selectmen had first announced they were going to build it.

They had some difficult hours, Ben and Myrtle, whipping the old crowd into a proper mood to wear Captain Curlin's red, white and blue caps, as they marched together in the parade, and see that his grave would be as beautifully decorated as the graves of his comrades. But because Ben was

so persistent and Myrtle so sweetly in earnest, they had the old crowd all in line when the parade formed. And just before it was ready to march, they all took off the hats they wore and swung onto their heads the red, white and blue caps, brought for them seven years before by one of the town's beloved leaders.

Ben tried not to look enviously at Uncle Perry, who wore his faded blue uniform and rode up and down the line, seeing it was in perfect order. He couldn't help it once, and that was when he saw Miss Lutie standing back of the vines on her own porch, watching the parade from that vantage point.

"Why she's the same girl who marched at our head the first time we wore the caps and lead singing," he told Myrtle who was to march beside him. "I'm going up there and invite her to march with us again."

For one long minute the woman who wore the dignified shirt waist and the black skirt with the train hesitated at the young man's request. Then a beautiful smile came on her face, and with her hand on his arm swept down the steps, across the lawn, and to her place in the parade between Ben and Myrtle Gerth.

Uncle Perry from his vantage point on the prize mare saw her. Bitterness left his heart and he became again a nobleman. Quickly he rode down the line to where the veterans were marching, each carrying a wreath.

He told Len Twillies, who had had years ago chummed with his brother Peter, "Put Peater's wreath on the captain's grave, and pile enough bouquets in its place so no one will notice. I'll make a new wreath for my brother when I'm home again and carry it out to the cemetery tonight."

When they stopped at the flagpole to sing, Ben and Myrtle pushed Miss Lutie into the place of director, and to the pride of the entire town, every marcher sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" as never before.

It was Myrtle, however, who tore off the first plank of the spite fence that night while the others of the old crowd sat on the big front porch eating cup cakes and drinking lemonade as usual. But it was Ben who worked hardest tearing down some of the others.

He and Myrtle were still on Miss Lutie's front veranda when Jim Benton, the old engineer of the bone meal factory, went down the street wearing his factory cap and coat. Proudly he walked for he was going to blow the whistle that would announce work at the factory the next morning.

"Next year, Ben, you'll have to be grand marshal again," Myrtle said a bit wistfully. "Uncle Perry let the line be horribly ragged."

"Next year I'll walk with the gang," Ben was very happy. "Unless Miss Lutie says I'm to ride. You see someone has to keep the crowd together so they'll be interested in Decoration Day and other holidays in this town."

Miss Lutie was standing close to the old organ the crowd had had out on the porch all evening so she could play the songs they wanted to sing.

Now she spoke and her voice sounded like the old captain's did when he was planning big things for this town. "Myrtle is right, Ben. The line was ragged. Uncle Perry is too old to be a good marshal. You ride again and Myrtle and I'll march with the crowd."

TODAY AND TOMORROW

In the chalice of life we find pleasure
  Combined with sorrow and rue;
Prosperity sometimes a little,
  Which cheers like the morning dew;
Disappointments many are lurking
  As dregs of this cup we taste:
And bitterness oft takes possession,
  Fierce anger the spirit lays waste.

Opportunity comes with each morning,
  Each day we're beginning again;
New hope born; desire for improvement,
  Ne'er inspires to effort in vain.
Our yesterdays full of their failure
  Are memories only of blight.
What joy! Each day we start over
  A more perfect story to write.

Fret not over life's disappointments,
  There's healing for every woe,
In the desert a fountain is springing
  And the notes of the song bird flow.
Fair roses in beauty are blooming,
  Life's path is not desolate;
Take courage. Each day we're commencing
  To mend; it is never too late.

For our sorrows there's sweet restitution,
  When atonement for failure is made;
In the land where tears cannot enter,
  And love alone is displayed.
Eternity holds compensation
  For the brave who keep up the fight;
Without blot or blemish, tomorrow
  An immortal story we'll write.

—Pierson Mettler.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The mowers have started in our alfalfa and oats fields, and from our shop windows may be seen load after load of fine hay being hauled to the barns. As the supply of old hay was about exhausted, this new hay comes at an opportune time.

The School has made arrangements whereby five boys will be taken each week to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for tonsil operation. The first six were taken over last Wednesday morning. This arrangement was made because of the fact that no tonsil clinic will be held in Cabarrus County before the closing of the school year.

Miss Ethel Speas, of Raleigh, consultant on intake and discharge, division of institutions and correction, State Board of Charity and Public Welfare, spent a couple of days at the School this week. She is endeavoring to secure information that will lead to better co-operation between the county welfare organizations and the correctional institutions.

The peony beds on the campus, planted with bulbs donated by the late Mrs. Sallie Phifer Williamson, of Chicago, now present a most beautiful appearance, and are attracting quite a lot of favorable comment from lovers of flowers. These flowers silently inculcate into the boys a love of the beautiful, and most of them admire their beauty, especially those youngsters who were engaged in preparing the beds and caring for the flowers.

The grain crop at the School is unusually good this year. One field of more than one hundred acres is sown in oats, and is especially fine in appearance at this writing. Many visitors have inspected this field and have pronounced it as being as fine oats as they had ever seen. The estimates of the yield per acre have been so varied that we shall delay giving same until it is harvested and threshed. A drive through our farm will convince anyone of the fact that this is a very fine field of oats.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Campbell, of South Sudbury, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. Joslyn, of Lowell, Mass.; and Wiliam C. Rosenbury, of Tampa, Florida, spent about an hour at the School last Saturday. The Massachusetts people were returning to their homes after having spent the winter in Florida and Mr. Rosenbury was planning to accompany them as far as Washington N. J., his old home. The latter, familiarly know as "Uncle Bill," was no stranger to the Training School folks, having visited us on several occasions. In spite of his

advanced years, 86 in number, Uncle Bill's mind is as active as ever, and he thoroughly enjoyed renewing acquaintances at the School and his many friends here were delighted to see him.

Romie Thompson, of Greensboro, who left the School in September 1927, called on us last Tuesday afternoon. Upon leaving the School, School, graduating three years later. Romie entered the Bessemer High He then secured empoyment at the Mock-Judson Voehringer Hosiery Mill, where he is still working, being a knitting machine operator. He says he likes his work very much and is getting along well.

Romie is now twenty-six years old and is a very nice appearing young man, six feet three inches tall, and tips the scales at 190 pounds. He has been married a little more than five years and has a son four years old. He was accompanied by his wife on this visit to the School, and she seemed to be a very delightful little lady.

Clay Keith Hunt, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in 1924, called at The Uplift office last Saturday. Since leaving us Clay has done a lote of traveling, making several trips to Europe, South America and Africa. Part of the time he spent in printing offices on board ocean liners, the rest of his time was taken up by various duties as a seaman, he having aquired the rank of second mate. For the past two years he has been working in a printing establishment in West Palm Beach, Florida, but is now on his way to Smithfield, Va., to take a position in a large job printing shop. Now that he is married and has a daughter three years old, Keith says he is done with the sea and will stick to dry land. He expects his wife and daughter to join him in Virginia within the next two weeks.

He is the same lanky lad (six feet or more) and with the exception of being minus a few front teeth, due to an automobile wreck last winter, looks very much the same as when he was at the School.

The Training School lads suffered a shut-out last Saturday afternoon at the hands of the Cabarrus Mill team, of Concord, by the score of 5 to 0. They were competely at the mercy of Harvey Ragan, visiting hurler, who held them to one hit, a single by Mobley in the third inning, and did not allow a man to advance beyond second base. Lefty Williamson started on the mound for the local lads but was chased to the showers in the seventh frame after giving up eight hits. Andrews, who relieved him, did a nice bit of pitching for the last three innings, allowing one hit, fanning three, and did not issue a single pass.

The Training School boys showed considerable improvement in the field, but are still woefully weak with the stick, showing a marked tendency to go after bad balls rather than make the opposing hurler put 'em down the old alley.

For the visitors, Ayscue, second-baseman, banged out a pair of doubles and Fletcher, first-baseman and manager, poled a home run and a single.

Both teams fielded well, each turning in a fast double play. The one by the local lads was made by Myrick and Smith, the former making a circus catch of a looping fly over second, then relaying the ball to Smith at second to double the runner, who had started for third, thinking his mate had secured a safe hit. The secore:

		R	H	E
Cabarrus	1 0 0 0 0 3 1 0 0 —	5	9	2
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	0	1	2

Two-base hits: Ayscue 2, Kepley. Home run: Fletcher. Double plays: Myrick and Smith; O. Furr, Ayscue and Fletcher. Struck out: By Williamson 1; by Andrews 3; by H. Ragan 9. Base on balls: Off Williamson 3; off H. Ragan 2. Umpires—Godown and Mullett.

———

The service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and in his talk to the boys, he called special attention to the 8th verse, where Philip said. "Lord, show us the Father," and Jesus' reply as recorded in the 9th verse, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner said that no doubt there have been many people down through the ages who have been making the statement, "Show us the Father." In some form or other we find something growing in the hearts of men that often finds expression in a desire to see God. One class of people are those who do not believe in God and make this statement challenging the Christian to show them. They are seeking to tear down that faith that others have taken a life time to build up. Taking in every angle of life, these people are always seeking ways to destroy the works of God.

Then there are others, continued the speaker, who make that statement, "Show us the Father," because they really want to see God, but if on has the faith he should have, these questions will not arise in his mind.

The religious man, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, is one whose heart is filled with the beautiful thoughts of God the Father. Such a man makes this statement because he wants to know God better.

The speaker continued by saying that when we can be led to that place in life where we know the Father, we have attained life's greatest joy. There is no greater satisfaction than to be able to feel that one knows God and looks upon Him as man's truest friend.

Some people pray, said the speaker, and do not immediately receive that for which they have prayed. This leads them to say there is no God. They do not stop to think that their prayers were selfish and that God saw that it was not best for them to have those things. God knows all things and doeth all things well.

and when He sees that we really have need of what we are praying for, our desires will be granted.

In this day and time, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, people are shutting God out of their lives and are devoting all their time to things of the world. They are so overcome with worldly things that they cannot see the beautiful things of life. What such people need is a renewal of their faith in God, and, working in harmony with Him, they will regain their lost happiness, thereby making this world better for them and for all with whom they come in contact.

Every day we have many opportunities to do little things that will bring us in closer relationship with God, said the speaker. If it isn't anything more than speaking a kind word to some one, we should do so. Let us reach out and take hold of these opportunities. By so doing the talents God has given us will be developed and we will be led to do our part toward making the world a better place in which to live.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that in order to live as God would have us live we should forget self and think only of giving ourselves to help those less fortunate than we. By following the the teachings of Jesus, the Son of God, doing all in our power to bring about the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, we shall then see the Father.

AN EDUCATIONAL HALL OF FAME

North Carolina has as last an educational hall of fame. Last week at Durham R. H. Latham of Asheville announced the association's hall of fame.

Names prominently identified with the educational history of North Carolina were given places on the first list of "hall of fame" nominees in the report submitted by Latham. They were Anderson Alderman, Charles Brantley Aycock, David Caldwell, Braxton Craven, Edward Kidder Graham, Elizabeth Kelly, Charles Duncan McIver, Archibald D. Murphy, Walter Hines Page and Calvin Henderson Wiley.

In submitting the selections for the "hall of fame," Mr. Latham paid tribute to the "unknown teacher" and gave her first place on the list. "Although no sentinel watches in her honor and no coliseum is erected in her memory and no decorations or medals are awarded her for distinguished service, yet the ideals of the ever faithful unknown teacher will be a saving force in the hearts of future generations long after the bayonet of the soldier has rusted."

—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending May 16, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(7) Robert Allen 22
(21) J. C. Cox 21
(4) Edward Johnson 22
(18) James Johnson 18
(3) Mack Setzer 21
(24) Fred Wheeler 24
(18) James Wilhite 23

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 5
Robert Blevins 5
Henry Cowan 5
Carroll Dodd 4
William Haire 3
William Howard 13
Julian Myrick 8
(2) Arthur Martin 20
Jack McCrary 4
Howard Roberts 8
(2) Bunn Shoe 6
(2) Robert Watts 9

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) Henry Fredere 13
Kenneth Gibbs
(2) Floyd Lane 2
(3) Max Lindsay 9
(2) Clifton Mabry 4
Thomas McRary

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook 8
(3) Julian Gregory 15
(3) F. E. Mickle 8
William New 6
John Piner 5
(2) Frank Pickett 12
(2) Kenneth Raby 8
Burl Smathers

COTTAGE No. 4

(6) William Bell 14
Garrett Bishop 11
(10) Odell Bray 13
Edward Fisher 6
(5) James Hancock 17
John King 5
(2) Thomas Little 11
(7) Robert Mims 15
(4) Charles Mizzell 16
(2) Robert Orrell 11
Lloyd Pettus 15
Thomas Stephens 9
(2) William Surratt 7
Leo Ward 3
Odell Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Almond
Marshall Bryson 4
Ernest Beach 4
(10) A. L. Gaines 22
Robert Gordon
(2) Henry James 9
(2) David Odham 3
Jack Tate 10

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 6
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 15
Robert Dey on 15
Frank Glover 14
John Ham 3
(2) Columbus Hamilton 13
(4) Thomas Hamilton 18
Leonard Jacobs 9
(3) Ray Laramore 7
Charles McCoyle 6
Richard Patton 6
(6) Joseph Sanford 10
George Wilhite 10

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel
James Finley 11
(11) Caleb Hill 19
(10) Hugh Johnson 18
(2) J. C. Mobley 2

COTTAGE No. 8

Howard Bacheeler 3
(2) Duke Davis 6
Lonnie Holleman

Wilfred Land 9
(2) Rayvon Michael 7
(7) Ralph Rainey 17
Grover Revels
(3) Ray Reynolds 3
(3) Charles Taylor 11

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Thomas Braddock 14
J. T. Branch 12
(4) Wilson Rowman 15
(5) C. D. Grooms 19
(4) James Coleman 16
Heller Davis
George Duncan
(3) Charles Freeman 16
(2) James C. Hoyle 8
(3) Mark Jones 6
(3) Earl Stamey 7
Percival Shuler 10
Cleveland Suggs 8
(9) Homer Smith 20

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Clyde Adams 21
Earl Atwood 12
Albert Beaver 6
Emerson Barnhill 6
Ralph Carver 6
(4) Glenn Collins 16
Jeff Gouge 15
William Knight 13
(2) Walter Merritt 4
William Peedin 12

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 6
(6) Howard Clark 6
Edward Carpenter 10
Lawrence Guffey 8
(2) H. A. Holmes 15
David Hodge 15
Edgar Merritt 3
(5) William Martin 11
(4) Donald Newman 11
Theodore Rector 7
(3) Julius Stevens 18
(2) John Uptegrove 9
(3) Fred Williamson 3

COTTAGE No. 12

Charles Batten 3
Joseph Cox 15
(2) James Elders 12
(4) Marvin Edwards 20
(5) Frank Lewis 16
(2) Asbury Marsh 13
Clarence Mayton 10
(2) June Malone 13
(4) Glenn O'Quinn 16
(2) Ewin Odom 12
Andrew Powell 17
(2) Lonnie Sloan 12
Ross Young 11

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Fletcher Boggs 12
Clarence Douglas 10
(3) Harry Flowe 6
Willard Garrett 6
(3) Robert Hailey 15
Ney McNeely 5
(2) Eugene Patton 9
Claudius Pickett 17
(2) John Smith 6
(2) Morris Starnes 8
(2) Frank Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 10
John Brown 6
Hobart Gross
(2) Roy Cruse 16
(2) Joseph Hyde 11
(4) William Hawkins 5
Cleo King 3
Connie Michael 8
(2) Edward E. Martin 13
Alvin Powell 11
Wilson Rich 6
Hatless Triplett 17
Robert Teeter 20

One of the best things to do before criticizing others is to make an intelligent study of ourselves.—Exchange.

MAY 2 9 1937
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 29, 1937 No. 22

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IN LIFE'S GARDEN

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall—
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all—
Count your nights by stars—not shadows,
Count your life with smiles, not tears,
And with joy through all your lifetime,
Count your age by friends, not years.

—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GREATEST FRIEND

I have a friend, and when we are together
We reck not of the time nor place nor weather.
It may be morning, noon or midnight—still,
We let the careful clocks chime as they will.
In book-lined study we may snug abide,
Or on the street press through the human tide,
Scarce conscious of the boulevard or lane,
And welcoming the sunshine or the rain,
Contented, each, to know the other near,
And feel the peace of friendship, and the cheer.

I have another friend—we've been together
Through all my years and course, in ev'ry weather.
He warms my heart when steals the midnight's chill,
And purple morning finds Him with me still
When solitude seems more than I can bear,
I breathe His name, and turn to find Him there.
No poverty is very poor, no pain past bearing,
When I can feel the comfort of His caring.
And through the valley, when my call shall come,
This Friend beside me, I shall journey home!

—Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

THE OBSERVER FRESH AIR CAMP

The Sunday's Observer gives a lucid picture of all benefits of the Fresh-Air camp sponsored by this widely known paper. The set-up as depicted for the underprivileged, adolescent boys shows a humanly kind and charitable feeling towards the child without a chance, knowing that every penny invested will be returned by molding finer and better impulses.

The boys are taken in the formative period of life, given instruction under counselors of clean and high moral with the hope of showing them a new world of higher ideals, and in this manner start them out aright. The plans are to give the boys two weeks of the best recreation and during the time emphasize a health and character building program.

A well balanced diet will have to be approved by an expert dietition; the atheletics will be encouraged, but the boys will participate as camp physician advises, and last but not least—the sacredness of the Sabbath will be observed.

There never has been a finer gesture, upon the part of any individual or an assembly of people in the state, made in the interest of the boy—the only thing in God's round world that makes a man. The fine spirit is commendable and we trust it prove contagious. Such generous expressions come only when mankind forgets self.

This camp will be opened, on Catawba River, seventeen miles from Charlotte, to the joy of the underprivileged youth by the 15 of July. This little magazine, the mouthpiece of the Jackson Training School knows the boy's problems by long experience and close contact, therefore, rejoices in the splendid venture of the managers of the Charlotte Observer.

In this issue is the story as told in Sunday's Observer with the hope this project will be most generously supported and become a fixture.

* * * * * * *

MRS. W. N. REYNOLDS RESIGNS AS TRUSTEE

At the first meeting of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston, an appointee of Governor Glenn sat in with other charter trustees with an appreciation of honor, to foster the cause of the neglected and cast off remnants of youth—and with all of the interest of Christian womanhood she served until just lately ill health forced her to retire.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Reynolds is not officially connected with the institution we are confident there will always remain in the heart of this splendid woman that divine spark, love—for the Jackson Training School boys,—her first love.

It is with a feeling of regret we part with Mrs. Reynolds as a trustee, but at the same time, with great anticipation and genuine hospitality, we greet the newly appointed trustee, Mrs. W. Clay Williams, feeling that she will make a valuable acquisition to the cause of reformation.

Come to see us Mrs. Reynolds. The latch string hangs on the outside for you at all times. The memory of your splendid service for the wayward boy is a delight to all of us, and our best wish for you in the future is a hope.

* * * * * * *

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER SR. THE PHILANTHROPIST

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., founder of one of the world's colossal private fortunes and one of the greatest benefactors known, peacefully passed at his winter home, Ormand Beach, Florida, in the quiet of a Sabbath dawn. When thinking of the many accomlishments of this unique character, filled with good works, and who pyramided his savings from a $4.50 job per week into the Standard Oil Trust which once controlled three fourths of the country's output, it seems like fiction.

This venerable capitalist and philanthropist, would have been within a few weeks ninety-eight. He loved life and people, having at all times for his creed "that it was the religious duty of every man to accumulate all possible honestly, and give accordingly". He practiced what he preached, giving generously, up in the millions, to every interest—foundations, universities, churches and other institutions—that contributed to the advancement of science or other causes for the relief of humanity. His life was full and finished.

J. D. Rockefeller Sr., was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth so to speak, but by his steadiness and earnestness of life he amassed a fortune, too large to attempt to enumerate, but did not accept his phenomenal success as a gift, but as a loan, and he used it advisedly for the betterment of humanity.

His life is truly one worthy to hold up to young men who feel opportunities for them are far removed. The man or the team that wins in any game is the one that continues trying, knowing that success consists not in never falling but rising every time one falls.

We fell sure this was the game Rockefeller played, and success was his reward.

* * * * * * *

THE POWER OF RELIGION

The president of Mars Hill School, R. L. Moore, thinks lives without religion lead to warped, twisted and unhappy conditions. He thinks true religion a power for good, and when any man is Christlike there is a willingness to use his talents for the betterment of the people. The Mars Hill School head says:

Danger lurks in every school house, because there is power there. Education is power in the realm of the mind and spirit as dynamite is power in the material world. Dynamite in the hands of a skilled engineer may blast a highway of beauty and service through the hills, and the same dynamite in the hands of a madman or anarchist may blow up a city block with untold loss of life and property. It all depends upon who handles it. Knowledge is power; everything depends upon the man who has the power—is he selfish, self-seeking, corrupt, or is he generous, Christlike, willing to put his talents into the service of the race? Something must happen inside of a man who is educated, or there is danger. "Education without religion is veneering rotten wood" said Bishop Welch, and the rottennesss inside will come out sonner or later. When Christ touched men there was inside cleansing, the brute demons went out, and life became new and full and radiant and full of good works.

* * * * * * *

A PEACE SHRINE

May 18th, Good Will Day, is a good time to think about peace between nations, as well as between people. In Flanders is a monument, a constant reminder to the people of their love for their country and for their God, and their desire for peace. It was erected in 1930 and is 165 feet high. Thousands of the people of Flanders visit it every year. The large letters at the top stand for "All for Flanders and Flanders for Christ." On its base appear, in four languages, the words, "No More War." In a large room on the

first floor thousands of war medals have been arranged so as to spell "Vloek den oorlog," which mean "A Curse on War." In August when 150,000 visitors gather at this shrine, near Dixmude, they recite together a pledge against war.

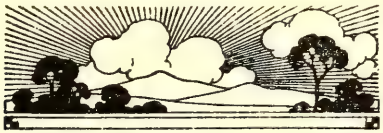
* * * * * * *

The many friends of Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove, are pleased to know that he has returned to his home, and is there recuperating after a long illness. In the midst of his own family and many admiring friends he is receiving appreciative messages that give him every assurance of the high esteem in which he is held.

Mr. Swink has proven a friend to humanity in his adopted home, China Grove, Rowan County, but in the midst of all his interests and activities he did not forget the wayward boy. For this cause he built the Swink-Benson Trades Building at the Jackson Training School, memorializing his sainted mother, that will return dividends from cast-off humanity.

Banks may fail, large corporations may slump, but W. J. Swink has invested in a project, making it possible to teach the underprivileged youth a vocation, that will give splendid returns in useful manhood to the end of time.

We are happy to know our good friend again is on the highway to recovery. Come to see us, Mr. Swink.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

LIFE'S SILVER LINING

"There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not."

A lot of people wear smiles. And a lot more take them liquidly.

People who are doing things haven't the time to talk about them.

The only difference I can see between poverty and riches is being dollars behind, and having dollars ahead.

The amount of money you earn does not make you independent. It is the amount you save that accomplishes that result.

It is told that a genius out west has patented a machine for making chestnuts out of sweet potatoes. He must be the son of the old man who put handles to prickly pears and sold them for curry-combs.

That was a rather laconic letter a Durham wife wrote to her husband, after this fashion: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; and I conclude because I have nothing to say."

A blushing damsel had a man and a dog before the police court, to answer the charge of assault and battery on the part of the dog. When asked what the dog did, she said the dog bit her. When asked, where, after considerable hesitation and blushing, she replied, "on the right drum stick."

A Texas observer reports having seen in the sky a rainbow upside down. It must have been the glamour of those Texas oil wells that have not yet gotten out of the depression.

My barber was pruning my graying locks. I asked him why was it that one lock, on the apex of my dome, persisted in standing up, when my hair began to grow out. He is a far-seeing guy for future business. He said: "It was a signal—a warning to have my hair cut again. So, that's that.

A music dealer has in his window a sentimental song marked thus: "Thou Hast Loved Me and Left Me, for 25 Cents." That is certainly the cheapest kind of a divorce, and leaves no necessity for going to Reno, or applying to any of our North Carolina courts.

CHRISTIAN GENIALITY

Life is full of vexations. Our tendency is to worry over them. By worrying we go through our troubles twice: once in anticipation; and second—if troubles really come—in realization. In the story of the Syro-Phoenician woman (St. Matthew 15: 21-28) we have our Lord's approval of geniality, even in trouble. She had a sick daughter, for whom she eagerly came to Christ asking relief. He was strange-

ly silent, and answered her not a word. We often feel that, when we have prayed earnestly for some thing. Again she asked, and met with the demurring: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." She was a heathen. Again she asked, and this time she was met with a seeming rebuke: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." It seemed a cruel answer, but it brought out a genial reply: "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." It was the patient good humor of the woman that made her for all time the symbol of geniality.

When Friends Are Tested

It is not when the sun of prosperity shines the brightest; and the cloudless skies are the bluest; when happiness is all prevailing, and troubles are the fewest, is the best time to know our friends—the true from the false. Then friends swarm around you like moths around a light.

The testing time is when the sky is overcast, threatening clouds appear on the horizon; thunder roars overhead, and lightning flashes in the face. Enemies press on and fill the heart with fear. 'Tis then the false friends flee from us like rats deserting a sinking ship 'Tis then when sadness clouds the brow, when all seems drear, our false friends will sneak away leaving us desolate. Amid the darkest storm, true friendship's love is tried, and will cling to us as the ivy around the oak. Neither storm or enemies can drive them away. When the storm is over and everything is again serene, it is with pride we can look around and find our foes so few. It was worth the storm to know our false friends from the true. No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friend he has until he is unhappy. It has been observed that a real friend is somewhat like a ghost or apparition; much talked of, but hardly seen. Though this may not be exactly true, it must however, be confessed, that a friend does not appear every day, and he who in reality has found one, ought to value the boon, and be thankful.

PLAGIARISM CHARGED

MacMillan Company, publishers of "Gone With the Wind" by Margaret Mitchell, has been sued in the United States District Court in New York, on a charge of palagiarism. The suit was brought by Susan Lawrence Davis of Washington, D. C., and Athens, Ala., who claims that Margaret Mitchell "unfairly used and appropriated material and substantial parts of her work—Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan, 1865-1877." The suit demands damage of not less than $500 for each infringement.—Selected.

OBSERVER FRESH AIR CAMP TO TAKE CARE OF AVERAGE OF 100 A DAY FOR SEASON

(Charlotte Observer)

The erection of the buildings for The Observer Fresh Air Camp is now under way. Blythe and Isenhour are the contractors and now promise completion of the four main buildings and the 17 cabins on July 15. it was hoped to complete this particular part of the building program by July 1 in order that the camp activities could start on that date. However, it now appears that it will not be possible to finish these buildings before the 15th of July. Lucian Dale and Warren Mobley, capable young firm of this city, are the architects. The contract was awarded to Blythe and Isenhour on the cost-plus basis on account of the fine reputation and integrity of this concern.

The formative or adolescent period of youth is generally recognized as the time when the most careful and intelligent guidance should be given the boy in order to start him on the right road and give him the proper early perspective.

It will probably be well to reiterate that the purpose of The Observer's Fresh Air Camp is to give several groups of not less than 100 boys each a vacation of two weeks. With this idea in mind, the camp site, just below the Buster Boyd bridge, which is considered ideal, was selected and its development planned. This property is located within 17 miles of Charlotte and can be reached by automobile very comfortably within 30 to 40 minutes. The site was chosen only after a large number of Camp sites in western North Carolina and elsewhere were inspected. The total average purchased outright from the Duke Power company includes approximately 125 acres. The negotiations for the property were handled between Curtis B Johnson, publisher of The Charlotte Observer, who is underwriting the finances for the camp, and Norman A Cocke, executive vice president of the Duke Power company. Mr. Cocke expressed himself enthusiastically over The Observer's plan when it was first presented to him. The property is being deeded at a price based on exactly the figure paid for it originally by the Duke Power company. Mr. Cocke frankly states that were the property to be used for any other purpose, his company would not have considered an outright sale.

The sponsors The Observer's Fresh Air Camp will make every effort to see that each boy has a health and character-building program—a program to inspire initiative, self-confidence, co-operation, and unselfishness; a genuine love for decent sports along with fair play and a love for the natural great outdoors and for things which will make for a rich and full life throughout all the years ahead.

The Observer's Fresh Air Camp promises to be, in fact, a seat of

learning, a practical school of experience. As such it will strive to maintain and inculcate respect for law and establish a lasting challenge for the best that youth can give to the present and to the future. The good food, the pure water, the health-building sporting activitives, shared with all the happy campers under the careful and efficient supervision of experienced counselors, will send each boy home at the end of the two weeks' vacation greatly refreshed in health and spirits. All boys will be required to keep regular hours.

Nothing perhaps does as much for boys in developing self-reliance, fair play, and self-control as properly supervised athletic contests. For this reason, athletics will be given the larger part in The Observer's camp life. The boys will be encouraged to participate in as many different forms of athletics as may seem desirable for them, but only those athletics will be permitted each boy which the camp physician advises will be healthful. In line with the above policy, each group of six boys will be placed under the supervision of an individual counselor. Care will be taken to see that every competition in athletics shall be fair, and the boys will be divided into classes based upon their ages and fitness.

As time goes along, it is probable that arrangements will be made with some of the Charlotte moving picture theaters for an entertainment for the boys at least once each week Water sports will be carefully supervised and the greatest caution will be taken to insure the safety of the boys, none of whom will be permitted to participate in the water sports excepting during the particular periods when the necessary precautions are in effect.

An abundance of wholesome food will be selected with utmost care, looking to a well-balanced diet approved by expert dietitians. The dining hall will be in charge of capable and experienced people.

Sunday will be kept as a day apart from all others days at the Camp. An effort to keep the boys occupied and happy on Sundays will be made and to have them feel the sacredness of the day. Sunday school will be held at 9:30 and vespers at 5:30 in the afternoon. On Sundays swimming periods will be observed, but no organized games or boisterous conduct will be allowed. Hiking over large tracts and nature study will be the principal Sunday diversions. The Camp will be strictly non-sectarian in its religious aspect.

Before entering the camp, all boys will be required to furnish a physician's certificate. No boys with infectious or contagious disease will be eligible for camp enrollment. Obviously this precaution is necessary in order to protect the health of those boys who enter the camp.

The boys will be drawn from the various charitable organizations, churches and other agencies. There will be no charge of any kind made against the individual boys or their parents.

The funds to carry the expense of the camp will be contributed by persons who are charitably inclined. These contributions will be supplemented by amounts which are expected to be derived by the The Charlotte Observer from time to time in

the promotion of such sports activities as the Golden Gloves contest, baseballs games, football games, etc. Due to the long shore line available to The Observer camp site, it is expected that great interest will be centered in water sports. As above stated, every possible precaution will be taken to insure the boys' absolute safety. An especially designed swimming crib will be provided for beginners. Special instructions will also be given in boating. Red Cross water front methods will be enforced. Any boy violating rules of water safety will be expelled from the camp. The counselors and guides will always accompany the hikers on their trips through the woods and canyons.

The health of the camper will at all times be paramount. Boys on entering the camp will be first required to take a shower bath upon arrival and then they will be furnished a shirt and pair of shorts which character of clothes they will wear during the entire two weeks' stay at the camp. This outfit will be the official camp uniform.

MUSIC AS A CRIME DETERRENT

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," wrote the poet, and a New York educator told the National Federation of Music Clubs meeting in Indianapolis recently practically the same thing, when he suggested music as a cure for crime. He stated that six per cent of the people in our jails have never known a note of music, and he thinks that if music should be made a part of the education of every youth it would take their mind off gangsters.

This is a thought for North Carolina to consider. With all the so-called frills including music both public school and instrumental cut out of our schools because of lack of funds, North Carolina is, according to the New York educator, neglecting a very important subject which not only lifts one culturally but is actually a deterrent of crime.

The National Federation evidently thinks that the sort of music children are exposed to might affect their instincts, so the organization has set out to reform the jazz music of the merry-go-rounds. Who knows but the crusade may find the canned jazz music of our amusement parks ultimately changed to selections of Wagner, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn

—Smithfield-Herald.

THE BEGINNING OF OUR NATION

By Joseph Albrecht Thalheimer

On May 25, 1787, 150 years ago, the Costitutional Convention met for the first time, and from its months of debate and planning came the Constitution by which our nation has been governed ever since.

Realizing that the loose Articles of Confederation by which they had been governed since the Revolution were inadequate and unsatisfactory, the thirteen states which then composed the Union decided that it was time that a more satisfactory plan of government be arrived at, and accordingly called the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia. Delegates from twelve states (Rhode Island sending none) met at the call, and, sitting in secret session in Independence Chamber, worked for three months framing the Constitution.

It was difficult for all the states to agree, for each feared that it would be giving up its priceless liberty. We, today, can be thankful that they did agree, for, had they not, our nation would be made up of a number of petty republics—if it existed at all.

Three major compromises had to be made before general agreement could be arrived at. From one of these we have our present-day system of representation—two senators from each state, represenatives according to population. By this arrangement both the large and small states were given equal representation.

Two other compromises dealt with a question now long since settled, but at the cost of slavery. One of the compromises agreed that three-fifths of all slaves should be counted as population in choosing representatives. Such a clause seems queer now, but it was necessary then in order to have the Constitution. The third compromise provideed that the importation of slaves could not be forbidden before 1808, thus satisfying the slave states, and that Congress might pass navigation acts, and that exports should never be taxed, a clause desired by the free states, which suffered from the unequal laws regarding navigation made by the various states.

On September 17 the Constitution was completed and signed, going to the various states for ratfication. The Constitution provided that, when nine states had ratified it, it should go into effect "between the states so ratifying." It took a long time, in those days of slow communication and transportation, to submit the question to the people, but by September 1788, eleven states had signed, Rhode Island and North Carolina refusing at the time, and New Hanpshire, the ninth state, ratifying on June 21, 1788, and the Constitution went into force.

Outstanding success is the result of willingness to do a little better than "good enough."—Exchange.

VIRGINIA WILL JOIN IN BIG CELEBRATION

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Virginia will join nearby North Carolnians this summer in celebrating the 350 annivessary of the landing of the first English settlers on Roanoke Island.

Gov. Geroge C. Peery, of Virginia, has already notified the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association here that he will serve as honorary chairman of Virginia's committee on cooperation toward making the anniversary celebration at historic Fort Raleigh successful and plans to attend Virginia Dare Day exercises when President Roosevelt will speak to many thousands of Americans expected to gather on the north end of Roanoke Is'and August 18 where the "Lost Colony" of Sir Walter Raleigh settled in 1587.

Beginning on July 4 Fort Raleigh, a 16-acre thicket of fragrant long leaf pine on the northestern shore of the island, will be the scene of an impressive series of celebrations culminating on August 18, birthday of Virginia Dare, first-born of the English in America, when President Roosevelt will deliver his address.

No little feature of the 350th anniversary celebration, which will continue through Labor Day, September 6, will be the presentation of a new dramatic pageant by Paul Green, North Carolina's most distinguished playwright and Pulitzer prize winner in 1927.

In a huge, natural, out-of-doors amphitheatre carved from the same sands the first colonists trod over three centuries ago a company of abut 130 players, many of them professional actors and actresses, will reenact the stirring drama of the landing of Sir Water Raleigh's first settlers and the attempt to plant a permanent English-speaking civilization on the shores of America in 1587—21 years before the English under Capt. John Smith landed at Jamestown, Virginia, and set up the first permanent settlement.

Also active in this year's 350th anniversary observances of the first settlers in America is Prof. Fred Koch, who will be assisted by Prof. Samuel Selden, associate director at the University of North Carolina and one-time producer of the Provincetown Players at Provincetown, Rhode Island.

History tells how Capt. John White's valiant little band of 118 English men, women and children so mysteriously vanished into the wilderness of the New World between 1587 and 1590 leaving but one cryptic word: "CROATAN" carved on a tree trunk as a clew to their fate.

Historians also generally agree that but for the three expeditions sent out from England by Sir Walter Ra'eigh between 1584 and 1587 there possibly might not have been a permanent settlement of English speaking people at Jamestown 21 years later and the Pilgrim fathers might not have lander at Plymouth Rock, on the Massachusetts coast until many years after 1620.

Sixteenth century England was so fired with enthusiasm about the "new found lands over the seas" by the accounts brought back from Roanoke Island by Raleigh's captains, Amadas and Barlowe, as well as some of the colonists themselves, that other expeditions were hastily fitted out to adventure in the newly-discovered territory known as "Virginia" which culminated in Capt. John Smith's first permanent settlement at Jamestown in 1607.

Spaniards, already settling rapidly to the south, were in grave danger of becoming the predominate European power on the American continent historians say, and but for the perseverance of the English beginning with Sir Walter Raleigh's expeditions, America might have first become a Spanish possession.

The 350th anniversary celebration at Fort Raleigh, four miles north of Manteo, will get under way on Sunday, July 4, with special religious services in the little cypress and juniper log chapel erected on the fort area by Federal funds. The Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Darst, Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Eastern Carolina, will deliver the dedicatory sermon near where Manteo, the friendly Indian chief, was baptized "Lord of Roanoke" August 11, 1587 according to the rites of the Church of England and where a week later Virginia Dare, first white child of English parents born in America, was christened.

Thousands of tourists from all parts of the United States are visiting Fort Raleigh this year for the first time and seeing where Federal relief funds and labor have restored the stockade of logs and log houses with thatched reed roofs similar to those built by the first colonists over three hundred years ago.

TO MY BRETHREN

Say, brothers life is not all song—let's lift! There's much of good and much of wrong—let's lift!

One toils beneath a heavy load, another tramps a dreary road. And griefs and sorrows sting and goad—say, brothers, lift!

Say, brothers, when a man is down, why not lift! Don't pass him with a gloomy frown, but lift! You, too, have troubles, but you know in face of sun the fog must go; So give a smile and not a blow, and, brothers, lift!

Say, brothers, lend a helping hand, and lift! Upon the side of weakness stand, and lift! Another's burden shared by you, will give him hope and courage new; The world has need of friendship true, so brothers, lift!—Selected.

GOAL FOR STATE SUPERINTENDENT

(Selected)

The objective of State Sunperintendent Clyde Erwin is the care of the individual child and adult education.

More attention should be given to the individual child. To a considerable degree, our educational practice recognizes children en masse. On an average each teacher in the State has charge of 36 pupils. I not only advocate that this number be reduced, but more attention be given to the individual differences of children to the end that the entire school organization, the classroom techniques, the training and fitness of teachers, and the curricular materials offered shall all be given proper recognition in their relation to the individual child as a member of a homogeneous group.

I am particularly interested in those children who, in our present scheme of classification, do not seem to fit. They are the exceptional pupils —some are very bright, whereas others are slow in their apperceptive capabilities. I believe special provision should be made for any maladjustments of this kind, and as rapidly as possible the State should take cognizance of this situation. To my mind, any effort made to adjust such conditions with respect to these exceptional children will go a long way toward solving many of the crimes which occur among young people of later teen age. Many a problem child of school age becomes a criminal because of the fact that the public education provided him did not meet his needs and capabilities.

I might say that in many of our schools a beginning in this respect has been made. I refer to the preschool clinics which are held annually throughout the State. The clinics reveal physical, mental and emotional traits and abilities which characterize the child upon his entering school. These clinics should be followed up by not only remedying the physical defects found, but also by close observation of the mental and emotoinal traits and abilities as the child progresses from grade to grade. And the child not properly adjusted to this group should be given special attention in curricular offerings and in accomplishments expected.

The adult education program should be made a permanent part of the educational system. The General Assembly which met this year passed a law making an annual appropriation of $25,000 for beginning such a program. This beginning is in line with the plans of leaders throughout the nation. The department of superintendence of the National Education association has adopted resolutions encouraging such action. There is a need to develop a type of educational leadership in North Carolina which sees education as a whole and as a continuous process. This appropriation plus the Federal aid anticipated will enable the State to broaden its educational prespective, and to unite all in the common purpose of making this State a better place in which to live.

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH OBSERVES 150TH ANNIVERSARY

By Maurice Merryfield

Founded in 1787, the University of Pittsburg this June celebrates its 150th anniversary, at the same time dedicating the imposing Cathedral of Learning and the Stephen Foster Memorial building.

Extending from June 1 to June 8, coincident with commencement, the observance will be attended by many dignitaries and noted educators.

Few schools in the United States have enjoyed steadier growth or more phenomenal expansion in recent years than the University of Pittsburgh. Today one of the 12 largest universities in the country, it has an enrollment of nearly 14,000 in the various schools and extension branches.

It was under Judge Henry Brackenridge, a Princeton alumnus, that the present university got its start. Born in Scotland, Brackenridge came to the United States when a youth studied for the ministry and later took up law, and settled in Pittsburgh in 1780. He obtained the charter for the Pittsburgh academy which changed its name to Western University of Pennsylvania in 1819 when the school was re-chartered.

Not until after the Civil war, however, did the institution begin its period of real expansion. In the years which followed until the turn of the century, several schools were added to the university and a steady increase in enrollment ensued.

Another and final change in the name of the school came in 1908, under the administration of Chancellor Samuel B. McCormick, when the institution became the University of Pittsburgh and moved to its present site.

Most phenomenal growth in the history of the school came during the 10 years following World war when the enrollment tripled. This expansion created an acute housing problem for Chancellor John G. Bowman when he took office in 1920.

Rather than launch a program which would require construction of eight or ten buildings, he conceived the idea of erecting a tower which would be sufficiently large to house all branches of the university. From this inspiration grew the Cathedral of Learning, a 42-story skyscraper centered in a city block at the foot of university hill.

Work on the foundation was started in 1926 and much remains yet to be done and on the enterior. Construction already completed has cost about $9,000,000, most of which was raised by private grants. There are aproximately 90 classrooms and more than 100 laboratories in the giant building.

While Chancellor Bowman is credited with carrying through this ambitious project, his critics allege that it has been at the cost of the university's progress along academic and cultural lines. They claim that financial and endowment problems have been given major consideration, and that the liberal views of the faculty

have been curbed and the progressive independent spirit of the university checked.

An architectural gem, adjoining and almost dwarfed by the Cathedral of Learning, is the Stephen C. Foster Memorial, where will be stored the original manuscripts of the Pittsburgh song writer who composed such favorites as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Suwannee River".

YOU SAY THERE'S NO CHANCE?

With doubt and dismay you are smitten;
  You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why, the best books haven't been written,
  The best race hasn't been run.
The best score hasn't been made yet,
  The best song hasn't been sung:
The best tune hasn't been played yet:
  Cheer up, for the world is young.

No chance? Why the world is eager
  For things that you ought to create;
Its store of true wealth is still meager.
  Its needs are incessant and great.
It yearns for more power and beauty,
  More laugthe and love and romance.
More laughter and love and romance.
  No chance—why, there's nothing but chance.

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
  The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
  The mightiest rivers aren't spanned,
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
  The chances have just begun,
For the best jobs haven't been started,
  The best work hasn't been done.

—Berton Braley.

CUBA'S UNIQUE FIREFLY

By Ruth M. Herberg

With the first day of the rainy season on the Island of Cuba comes to the great delight of small Cuban boys and girls, the Cuban firefly, or cucujo. It is one of the strangest and most fascinating of all the thousands of interesting birds and insects throughout the world. Very similar to the American firefly, it is, however, nearly four times as large, and the surprising thing about it is its strong phosphorescence, which is so bright that when great numbers of cucujos appear at one time, as they do at the first indication of rain, they appear like a shower of stars hovering over the fields.

The native children are particularly delighted with them, for it is not only great sport to capture the cucujos, but they are also frequently the means of providing small Juan and Maria with extra pennies. When the season is at hand, the children equip themselves with small wicker cages, in which they catch the fireflies, and bring them to Havana or other cities to sell to the tourists as curiosities. The cucujos adapt themselves quite readily to life in a cage, ever through their captive existence lasts rarely more than a few months. They must be given very good care and treatment, moreover, if they are to live at all. They are fed and bathed regularly, in fact treated much as we treat our caged canaries. When well treated, the cucujos make very interesting pets, happily receiving their food direct from the fingers of their owners. Their principal article of diet is sugar cane broken into minute particles.

In the antique and jewelry shops in Havana one may still purchase small silver cages of very fine workmanship, in which it was formerly the custom to keep the small pets. These cages were attached to bracelets, watch chains or necklaces, and carried about by the wearer. The cages were so tiny however, that humanitarian ideals gradually discourtged their use. It was also the custom, a generation or so ago, for the Cuban ladies to use cucujos as articles of adonment. There is a natural hook which grows near the head of the insect, by which it can be attached to anything without injury to the insect itself. By means of this hook the cucujos were fastened to the flounces and belts of the fashionable dresses, and in the evening they sparkled and shone like diamonds.

Nowdays, however, the insects are considered only as extremely interesting phenomena, except by the poorer natives, who still frequently confine three or four of them in a wicker cage and use it for all practical purposes as a lantern.

Discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—Bovee.

GOUNOD AND THE ROMAN PRIZE

(Selected)

Shortly before his death Gounod wrote a brief account of how he became a musician.

It was before the boy was thirteen years old that the spirit of music stirred in his nature. He was a pupil at the Harcourt school, and had the hard discipline of seeing his mother trudge through winter snow and beneath summer sun to obtain the means to pay for the education of her children. The boy longed for the day when he could help her. But her veiws of how that day was to dawn differed from his own. She wanted him to go to a unversity, while he felt that only through music could he live his real life.

His mother was determined. She would do anything rather than see her son a "vagabond musician." It seemed inevitable that he must become a soldier. At last he appealed to her again.

"I will stay at school if you wish it," he said, but one thing I am determined on. I will never become a soldier."

"Do you mean that you will not obey the law which calls for military service?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "but I mean that the law shall be a dead letter, so far as I am concerned. I will win the Roman prize, which will free me from the nesessity of becoming a soldier."

His mother saw that he was in earnest, and went to the school principle, Father Pierson, to lay the matter before him. This pleasant old gentleman sent for the lad.

"So. my little fellow," he said, "we are going to spend our life among musicians."

"Yes, Mr. Pierson," was the answer.

"But music—is that a profession?" asked the instructor.

"What about Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Weber?" replied Gounod.

The good principal was somewhat taken aback.

"Oh, Mozart That is a different matter altogether," he said. "He gave proof of genius when he was only your age. But you, what can you do? Let us see."

With these words he scribbled on a piece of paper Joseph's ballad beginning, "When my childhood was past." He handed Gounod the sheet.

"Come, let me have some music for these words," he said.

The boy ran off, and two hours later came back with his first musical composition.

"Good gracious " said the old gentleman. "You are a terrible fellow. Go ahead and sing your little song now."

"Sing without a piano?" remonstrated the boy.

"What do you want a piano for?"

"To play an accompaniment. It is impossible in any way to set forth the true harmony of the work without a piano," pleaded the lad.

"Nonsense, I don't care a fig for your harmony," said the old gentleman. "What I want to know is whether you have any musical ideas. any true musical temperament. Go ahead."

The boy began to sing, and when

he had finished he glanced timorously at his critic. Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and more rolled down his cheeks. He was so strangely moved that the boy composer was not surprised to find himself the next moment in his arms.

"It is beautiful, beautiful, my boy," he said. "We will make something of you. You shall become a musician, for the real fire is in you."

And so the first step was taken and the lad secured a champion. His mother allowed him to study music, and three years later he took the "Prix de Rome," and accomplished his heart's desire.

YOUTH OF TODAY

Some writers would have you believe that the youth of today are not as good as the boys and girls of yesteryears. If I may express an opinion, I believe that the young people of today are as fine, as kind, as willing, as earnest, and as spiritually minded as those of any other time. The youth of today are faced with more that tends to keep them from the spiritual things of life. Temptations face them on every side but I feel that they are coming out on top, stronger than before. We cannot keep our children from these evils, but we can help and guide them so that they may be able to resist their temptations. The strongest characters are those formed in spite of the influences which tend to destroy. You cannot swim unless you enter the water; you cannot form those strong characters so necessary for the accomplishment of the greater things in life unless you have successfully resisted the evils and temptations which tend to destroy. Let us try to see ourselves as youth sees us. Do not feel that you are always right and that they are wrong. Remember the boys of today are the men of tomorrow. Working conditions, new ideals, radio, fast methods of travel, have very radically changed the lives of all people from what they were even ten years ago. Let us have faith in our young people. Let us encourage them and try to see life from their veiwpoint. Show them the things we have learned due to our increased years. Keeq ever before them that which never changes—Jesus Christ and His teachings. Help them to accept Him as their personal Saviour. Give them some worth-while work to do and you will have done much to keep them in the church.—The Lutheran.

CHRISTOPHER—A ROBIN

By Edith E. Feigel

I became a foster-mother on short notice. On going out of my back door one day, early in the summer, I heard queer sounds coming from the chicken yard, and turning to investigate I saw a circle of white leghorns, each one craning its neck toward something lying on the ground. I went over and found a funny looking little thing, a young bird, with a head much too large for its body, and a mouth—well, it seemed to be all mouth! The tiny body was sparsely covered with black and white down and a few long blue quills.

A farm in the middle of June is too busy a place on which to bother with bringing up a small bird, so we tried to get him back into the nest, but we found that so full of his brothers that it left no place for the little waif. So it became apparent that I must take care of it somehow. Accepting the situation as gracefully as possible, though with some misgivings,, I put hm into a box containing a nest made of bits of newspaper and tissue paper and lined with absorbent cotton. What to feed him presented a problem. I knew that mother birds always feed their babies worms, so we finally evolved a diet which consisted of angle worms, cabbage worms, cut worms, bread and milk and hard boiled egg-yolk. To avoid overfeeding I gave him food not oftener than once an hour and apparently that was sufficient, for he never seemed to be very hungry, except early in the morning. He soon learned to take water from a teaspoon—two drops in the spoon, one at a time. To supply the necessary grit each day I moistened a piece of bread with milk and rolled it in bird gravel. That worked out fine. He'd eat it all without coaxing.

By the third day his eyes opened, but they were flat and dull black. He didn't seemed to see with them, but when he heard my hands touch the paper of his nest he would open his mouth, ready for the food. Gradually the eyes developed and became brighter and brighter and by the second week he was alert to every motion, and how he would watch us with those beady eyes. He seemed to note our every move. He feathered out very rapidly, except the tail feathers. These started early enough, but were not fully developed until he was almost ready to fly away. He tried to preen his feathers even before they were fully developed, just as a child likes to dress up and primp, before it is grown. He slept most of the time between feedings, and his first attempts to perch on the edge of the nest were so funny! He'd stand on one foot, then on the other, and he couldn't seem to balance himself. He ended up by standing on both feet and tucking his beak under his feathers. It was time for him to have a real perch, so I went down cellar and made one for him. That seemed to be just what he wanted, and it didn't take long for him to become accustomed to it.

We named him Christopher because of his exploring tendencies. He was never confined. At first he stayed in the nest, then when he learned to

perch on the two sticks placed inside the box he watched us about our work in the kitchen. Many times we were obliged to leave him alone in the house, but after he was placed in the box he apparently remained there until we returned. However, we tried always to be back within an hour. I would pick him out of the nest, and very early he loved to ride in my hand, and I could feel his little claws prick my hand as he settled down for his ride. He never showed any fear and, of course, we took every precaution against frightening him. He followed us all over the house. I wrote letters with him in one hand, set the table, ate my meals, and did numerous other tasks with one hand. I confess that some of my work was somewhat neglected because I played with Christopher when I should have been doing more important things. When he began to walk it was laughable to see him try to walk across the waxed linoleum in the kitchen. His little legs would spread sideways, then he would make a wild scramble to right himself. It wasn't very long before he had learned to walk quite well and to fly up to his box on a chair.

One evening we had some cherries to pit. We put the light on in the kitchen, which was Christopher's bedroom. It was much past his bedtime, and the kitchen had been dark quite a long time, but when the cherries were brought forth he was right on the job and wide awake. As I sat pitting the cherries he flew down from his box and skidded across the floor toward me. I sat with my legs crossed, holding a bowl in my lap, with one foot three or four inches from the floor. That little rascal hopped up on my shoe, and by digging his claws into my stocking climbed up to my lap and found a corner in front of the bowl where he settled himself and watched, while I pitted the cherries! Of course, you know he got his share of the cherries, which I broke into tiny pieces. He would swallow the meat and apparently drink and drink the juice. I had some misgivings about letting him have them, but he survived the feast. How robins do love cherries! I've watched them eat cherries until they were so fill up they'd drop to the grass and lie there as if dead. Many times I've gone over to see if it was a dead robin, and when I got close enough I'd see him lift his head, open beady eyes, and fly back into the cherry tree for more cherries!

One day I took him out with me to the cold frames, where I had to do I took him out of his box and let him I took him uot of his box and let him run around inside the cold frame. While he was there he got hungry, and instead of chirping up at me where I was working, he came over and sort of spoke to my hands. That was where he knew the food came from. He would shake himself and say, "cheep, cheep." While he was still very small, too tiny even to stand up, in order to be sure he had his food on time, I took his box out with me while I planted corn, and kept an alarm clock nearby! When it rained I had a cardboard cover for the box so he'd be warm and dry. In the box, alongside his nest were two or three little old-fashioned butter dishes, filled with an assortment of food. As the season proved very dry

it became something of a problem to get a meal of worms for him. For awhile I dug up the squash bed, but as it got drier and drier there were no more worms to be found in the squash bed. I must find some worms for my charge—so I finally thought of the woodpile, where you can usually be sure of finding worms. So I shifted that whole woodpile, which meant lifting and shifting about two cords of wood, piece by piece. However, there was a blessing in it all, because the wood was piled up better than it had been, and the squash bed had been full of quack grass, and digging for worms eliminated the quack! That was one way of cultivating.

Christopher's first attempt to get his own food started with picking up small ants. Then when we left newspapers on the floor in the kitchen on which he could hop about, he'd make the wildest attempts to pick off the type, and he couldn't seem to understand why it wouldn't come off! Then he discovered the cabbage worms, and proceed to fill himself up on that delicacy. He wasn't much of a vegetarian; he loved his meat, any and all kinds of worms.

One evening, while we were at dinner in the dinning room, his box was placed nearby. Apparently Christopher wanted some dinner too, so he flew from his box to the back of my chair, then on my shoulder, and before we could blink our eyes he had jumped to the table, where he ran across so fast that I wondered how he missed the butter. His little feet just flew.

Another evening, after dinner, I was digging beans down in the garden, some distance from the house. It was nearly dark, when I was surprised to find Christopher at hand. He had flown down from the house by short stages, evidenty knowing me even from that distance. I had some difficulty getting him back to the house because he seemed inclined to spend the night in the trees nearby, but I thought him much too young to attempt that just then.

The first night he spent in a tree, out in front of the house, he got away from me at dusk and refused to come down. I used every means I could think of to get him down from the tree, but it was of no avail. Evidently he did not choose a good perch, for when he returned the next morning he appeared to be a very tired little bird It was apparent that he hadn't slept well. The next night he slept out again, and at half past four the following morning I was wandering around the house with a small dish of bread and milk in my hand calling, "Christopher," "Chritopher." I found him on the roof at the back of the house, it required considerable coaxing and probably the pangs of hunger to make him understand that he'd have to come down, since I couldn't come up to him. Finally he flew down to the porch and was rewarded with his bread and milk. This happened repeatedly. He would stand on the eaves trough, stamp one foot and say "treet-chup" and I'd say "Well Christopher, I can't come up there, so you'll just have to come down to me," and finally down he'd come. Another early attempt to sleep out-of-doors was when he decided to slip into the eaves at the front of the house.

This was all right so long as a summer thunderstorm didn't come up and drown him out. So, after he got nicely settled for the night I went up to the attic, took out a window screen and reached out and gently took the little sleeper into the house and put him into his box.

On a hot summer day his habit was usually to spend most of his time in the shrubbery around the kitchen door, especialy under the plantain lilies. With little short flights he would jump about, from one twig to another. He soon discovered some birds using the bird bath in the front yard, and it didn't take him long to try it for himself, and how he loved it! He would bathe and preen his feathers, watching the sparrows and other birds for instructions in that gentle art. He would go into the shallow water and splash and splash, several times a day.

Then one day some robins in the neighborhood discovered him. Among them, no doubt were his parents They coaxed him to go for a flight with them, so he left us and flew away. He was gone from about the middle of the morning until later afternoon. It worried us considerably. He was not old enough to go off on a long trip, even with older birds. He couldn't fly very far, and he would be tired out. When I went to the kitchen door just before dinner I heard his little call out in the maples, so I went into the yard. He flew down at my feet, such a weary little wanderer. I took him to the house, and he seemed glad to stay on his perch in the box and preen his feathers. He accepted some substantial food, better than the wild cheeries and berries on which he probably had fed during his trip. After resting he proceeded to tell us, with queer chirps and trills all about his flight to the woods with the gang, He must have had a wonderful time!

From this time on he went away for frequent visits, until finally one night about six o'clock, he appeared with the rest of the boys, and it took considerable coaxing to get him down to the grape arbor, where he had his last feeding of bread and milk. When the flock of robins left for the woods, Christopher left with them. That wts about the first week in August. We did not see him again until about the middle of September when a robin came came to the yard and did some unusual things that attracted our attention. We were convinced it was Christopher. He came and perched in a tree near the kitchen door and sang a lovely song, very long and loud, for thirty minutes at a stretch. This occurred on two different occasions. We coaxed him half way down the tall tree, but every time he seemed inclined to come closer the other birds would fly around him, apparently warning him to keep away. They won him over at last, and we lost our pet. However, the following spring a robin came again, very close to the house, and sang his spring song. It might have been Christopher—who knows?

"Folly is the most incurable of diseases."

THE CHAINED EAGLE

(The Lutheran Herald)

Dr. Biederwolf tells the story: "Some years ago in a little town out West a crowd of men was gathered about a store window. On the inside was a large American eagle. It was fastened by one of its feet to a chain which was secured at the other end by a ring in the floor. It had been held in capitivity this way for some months and had become seemingly indifferent to its condition. While the men were looking at the huge bird a tall, young mountaineer pushed his way through the crowd and entered the store. He asked the proprietor what he would take for the eagle, and the man said, "Two dollars." The young man took some money from his pocket and paid the price and the keeper of the store unfastened the chain and handed the eagle to him. Followed by the crowd he carried the great bird down the street until he came to a sign board and on top of this he placed the once captive child of the skies. But the great bird remained motionless and the crowd was disapointed. It had been so long bound down to this earth that it didn't care any longer to fly.

"But just then it raised its head and the sun, high up in the mountain struck its eye, and it seemed to remember that it was an eagle and that its home was up yonder among the crags and the cliffs. It lifted first one foot and then the other as if to make sure of its freedom, and then, as if to make sure of its power it lfited first one wing and then the other, and with a shriek and a bound if flew away, and as the crowd cheered it flew higher and higher until it was lost in the face of the sun.

" 'I used to see that bird high up in the mountains while I was tending sheep,' said the young mountaineer, 'and when I saw it chained down in that store window I couldn't stand it. It belongs up above, and was never meant for a place like that.' "

Thus it is with man who is held as a captive by the devil. He finally becomes so utterly earthbound that he forgets that he is the offspring of God created in His image. By God's revelation through Christ who lived, died and rose from the dead, we have a new vision of man's divine possibilities and that he was made to live for higher things.

The desire for fellowship is natural. God made us that way. We seek one another because we want company. The thing which should greatly concern us is to get the right kind of company.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm forces have started harvesting the oats crop, which will probably be the largest ever produced at the School.

Another group of boys, seven in number, were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, this week for tonsil operations. They have returned to the School and are well on the way to recovery.

A twenty-acre corn field at the School has been planted over for the third time. This was made necessary because of failure to secure a proper stand, due to cold weather and heavy rains.

Mr. J. M. Scarboro, our shoe shop overseer, has been busy this week re-building one of our old kitchen ranges that was practically worn out. The stove is being re-built throughout. A new stove would cost more than $140.00, but this repair job will cost $80.00, and when completed will be as good as new.

Mr. J. L. Carriker and a group of boys have been spraying our vineyards during the past few days. This will be repeated every two weeks until the grapes ripen. The School has never has much luck in the production of grapes, but a complete following of rules and regulations as to how grapes should be treated is being carried out this season, with the hope that a larger and better yield may be had.

We are indebted to the Beech-Nut Packing Company for a delightful entertainment of an hour or more last Saturday afternoon. The company's traveling mechanical circus was displayed at the School at that time. It showed the various products which go in the make-up of each stick of Beech-Nut chewing gun, and from what country it comes. This display was arranged in the form of a moving puppet show, and is one of twelve such shows being exhibited in all parts of the United States this year.

We think it fine that our boys were given an opportunity to see this entertainment and enjoy samples of chewing gum handed out by two young ladies.

Those accompanying the exhibit were: W. B. Isham, of Greensboro, division manager; Fred Smith, territorial salesman; O. T. Betancourt and Howard Whaling, drivers and operators; E. F. Baldwin, assistant salesman; Misses Lucile Jennings and Edith Turner, samplers.

The Robeson Mill team, all dress-

ed up in new uniforms, visited the local ball yard last Saturday afternoon, winding up on the short end of a 7 to 3 score.

While Lawrence, who did the hurling for the Training School lads, was touched for nine hits, he kept them pretty well scattered, and would have fared much better but for some costly misplays by his mates.

Bill Mason, veteran Roberta pitcher, who began pitching baseballs when the members of the present School team were babies, was on the firing line for the visitors. He held the local lads to eight hits, but four of them were triples. Errors also played an important part in the runs scored off him, four of the local counters being unearned.

Bennett, with a triple and single Luke and Bill Mason, with two singles each, lead the visiting batters. Jim Whittington, who did the catching for the School lads, was the big gun with the willow, pounding two triples and a single. Smith, the only other local batter to get more than one hit, punched out a pair of singles. The score:

		R	H	E
Roberta	2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 —	3	9	4
J. T. S.	0 1 1 0 0 3 0 2 x —	7	8	5

Two-base hit: L. Mason. Three-base hits: Whittington 2, Hunt, Holmes, Bennett. Stolen base: Whittington. Double plays: Lawrence, Hunt and Younger; Lawrence, Myrick and Younger. Struck out: By Lawrence 5; by Mason 8. Base on balls: Off Lawrence 2; off Mason 2. Umpires —Liske and Hill.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Scripture recitation and prayer led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Meyers Park Moravian Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Abraham and Lot as found in the 13th chapter of Genesis.

In his talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Spaugh told them several brief but interesting stories. The first was the Tale of the Three Wishes, in which an old man, given three wishes, carelessly wished for a plate of sausages for supper. Immediately they were before him. His wife scolded him for wasting a wish in such a way. The old man then said in disgust, "I wish they were hung from your nose," and at once they became fastened to his wife's nose. After they had both tried to remove the sausages and failed, they had to use the remaining wish to get it off.

After telling this story, the speaker called called attiontion to a part of the Scripture Lesson which gives an account of how the young man, Lot when given the choice of land and country, he chose to live in the rich but wicked land of the Jordan. By so doing Lot gained wealth and prestige, but it wasn't long before Abraham had to come down from the hills and help him out of trouble. Like the old man with the three wishes. Lot had everthing, but he didn't know how to use it. Lot had lost touch with the finer things in

life; he had lost his better sense of values. He was out of touch with the hand of God.

Rev. Mr. Spaugh then stated that the life of a man or boy could be compared to a huge pipe organ, intricately made. If the beauty, worth and power of the instrument is to be known, there must be the master hand. The master knows the instrument—he knows what to expect from it, and he wants it to make the most beautiful music possible.

So it is the life of a boy, said the speaker. The Master Hand of God knows that every boy is capable of a really worthwhile life; He knows what to expect from him; and He wants the opportunity to play on the life of every boy. In conclusion he read a beautiful poem entitled "The Touch of the Master's Hand."

We were very glad to have Rev. Mr. Spaugh with us on this occasion, and wish to take this opportunity to thank him for bringing a most helpful and inspiring message to the boys, also to express our appreciation of his commendatory remarks about The Uplift, the little weekly publication, product of our printing department.

THE TIME TO BE GLAD

A young man lives in the future;
  An old man lives in the past;
For Youth, time is moving too slowly,
  For Age, it is moving to fast.

A young man dreams of the gladness
  The years just before him will bring;
An old man dreams of his pleasures
  When life held the magic of Spring.

But Youth and Age are in error!
  The present alone can convey
The joy and cheer and contentment
  We seek as we journey life's way.

Today is the time to be happy!
  No matter how young or how old,
It's always Today that must bring us
  The blessings our fortunes unfold!

By Lawrence Hawthorne.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Week Ending May 23, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(8) Robert Allen 23
(22) J. C. Cox 22
(25) Fred Wheeler 25
(19) James Wilhite 24

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William Haire 4
(3) Arthur Martin 21
Eugene Stallings 4
Frank Walker 2
(3) Robert Watts 10

COTTAGE No. 2

Julius Green 2
Douglas Hinson 8
(4) Max Lindsay 10
Oscar Roland 2
Myron Whitman 5
Brooks Young 4

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 7
M. C. Cranford 16
Frank Crawford 10
Norwood Glosgow 6
Jesse Holleman 9
James McCune 5
James Mast 3
(2) Burl Smathers 2
F. M. Younger 11

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 9
(11) Odell Bray 14
Hurley Davis 10
(6) James Hancock 18
Ralph Johnson 14
(2) John King 6
(3) Thomas Little 12
Thomas Maness 4
Hubert McCoy
(3) Robert Orrell 12
Frank Raby 17
(3) William Surratt 8
(2) Leo Ward 4
(2) Odell Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 5

Jack Clinard
(11) A. L. Gaines 23
(2) Robert Gordon 2
Herman Hunt 13
James Seawell 5

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Columbus Hamilton 14
(5) Thomas Hamilton 19
(2) Leonard Jacobs 10
(4) Ray Laramore 8
(2) Charles McCoyle 7
(2) Richard Patton 7
Ray Pitman
James Rackley
Henry Smith 4
Canipe Shoe 5
(7) Joseph Sanford 11
Jack West
(2) George Wilhite 11

COTTAGE No. 7

Lacy Green 4
(12) Caleb Hill 20
(11) Hugh Johnson 19

COTTAGE No. 8

Sam Belk 19
(2) Howard Baheeler 4
(3) Duke Davis 7
Junius Holleman 3
Haynes Hewitt 9
Wilfred Land 10
Rayvon Michael 8
Norman Parker
(8) Ralph Rainey 18
(2) Grover Revels 2
(4) Charles Taylor 12
John Tolbert 10

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Thomas Braddock 15
(2) J. T. Branch 13
Edgar Burnette 10
Randolph Davis 21

Reuben Duggins 11
Woodfin Fowler 16
(6) C. D. Grooms 20
Glenn Richardson 6
(4) Earl Stamey 8
(2) Percival Shuler 11
(10) Homer Smith 21

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 11

Walter Blevins 11
Harold Bryson 5
(7) Howard Clark 7
(2) Edward Carpenter 11
John Drum 12
(2) David Hodge 16
(2) Lawrence Guffey 9
William Kirk 12
(5) Donald Newman 12
(4) Fred Williamson 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Charles Batten 4
Fred Carter 5
Ben Cooper 3
Frank Dickens 20
(5) Marvin Edwards 21
Charlton Henry 6
Franklin Hensley 5
Hubert Holloway 8
(6) Frank Lewis 17
(2) Clarence Mayton 11
(3) June Malone 14
Jerome Medlin 18
(3) Ewin Odom 13
(2) Andrew Powell 18
James Reavis 10
(3) Lonnie Sloan 13
William Stevens 15
Horace Simmons 6
(2) Ross Young 12

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Fletcher Boggs 13
(2) Clarence Douglas 11
(4) Harry Flowe 7
(2) Willard Garrett 7
(4) Robert Hailey 16
(2) Ney McNeely 6
(3) Eugene Patton 10
(3) John Smith 7
(3) Morris Starnes 9
(3) Frank Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell 3
Spurgeon Dowless 11
Henry Hallman 9
Doyle Holder 11
James Kirk 9
Wilburn Suite 8
James Stepp 8
Paul Shipes 10

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Julian Andrews 11
(2) John Brown 7
(3) Roy Cruse 17
George Gibson 19
(3) Hobart Gross 2
L. M. Hardison 2
(5) William Hawkins 6
John Mathis 2
Raymond Mabe 7
(3) Edward E. Martin 14
Edward Murray 17
(2) Alvin Powell 12
(2) Wilson Rich 7
James H. Riley 11
(2) Harless Triplett 18
Robert Wilson 8
(2) Robert Teeter 21

THE LARGEST BELL

The largest bell in the world is not in use. It was cast by Tsarina Anna in Russia in 1735. The foundry burned around it in 1737 and the quantities of water used to put out the fire cracked it so badly that a large piece fell out of the botton at one side. The flawed bell now stands on a huge pedestal in Moscow and has been there for nearly a hundred years. It weighs 200 tons, is sixty-six feet in circumference and twenty-six feet high.—C. O. Olsen.

JUN 7 1937
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 5, 1937 No. 23

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RESTITUTION

He treads on sacred ground who breaks a tie
That binds two friends, Oh, who could ever feel
Revenge is sweet, to see a friendship die,
Or wounded so that it can never heal?

If I should ever cause two friends to hate,
Or drift apart, this, Lord, I ask of Thee,
For just a little while, to extricate
Me from Thy sight, and make me friendless be.

—Christine Grant Curless.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Strange is our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet seeming to divine a purpose. There is one thing we do know: man is here for the sake of other men—above all, for those upon whose well-being our own happiness depends—and for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day do I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow-men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received. My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavily from the work of other men.—Albert Einstein.

REUNION OF THE GRAY AND THE BLUE—GETTYSBURG

The most memorable battle in American history is the Battle of Gettysburg between the "Blue and the Gray" seventy-five years ago this coming July. The Confederate troops under the bravest of the brave, General Robert E. Lee, were repulsed by the Federals under General Meade. It was at this memorable battle that General Edward Pickett made his gallant charge, breaking the lines of the Union army, but fell back with a heavy loss due to receiving no support.

For three days the forces engaged numbered between 70,000 and 80,000 on each side. The Federal loss was 2,834, killed, 13,709 wounded, 6,643 missing, making a total of 23,186. The total Confederate loss was 31,621.

Two years later Grant and the noble Lee came to terms, at Appomatox Court House that ended the war. The soldiers in

gray returned to their devastated homes, not whipped but by numbers overpowered and banded themselves into the organization known as the United Confederate Veterans, and the soldiers in "Blue" did likewise. They formed the Grand Army of the Republic so that each side could keep fresh the true stories of the War-Between-the States.

These gallant comrades have kept up the traditions and maintained the vigil for their departed comrades until nearly all have been touched with the finger of immortality and have answered the last call.

There will be this year a final reunion when the blue and the gray will gather at Gettysburg to visualize the battle at "Little Round Top", Longstreet's charge, Pickett's courageous ride and other exploits that killed and maimed men fighting for a cause that will never be forgotten. The sabre this time will give way to the friendly handshake and instead of the musket, the walking stick will be in evidence to steady the tottering forms of the "old boys of the sixties."

* * * * * * *

A MEMORIAL FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS

Born June 3, 1808; Died December 30, 1865

It is pleasing to note that time has wiped out all repugnant feeling towards Jefferson Davis, the President of the United Confederate States,—a brilliant scholar with all of the elements in the making of superb leadership, and that congress is considering erecting a memorial to him at Washington.

Not many years back the mere mentioning of honoring the southern chieftian revived that old feeling of bitterness and sectional hatred, but the soothing effects of time throws a different glow upon the works and life of that man who dared to do in defence of a cause he knew to be right.

In commenting on this subject, the Northern Virginia Daily says:

"So it comes about that the government which once branded Davis with perfidy and placed a price on his head, which shackled him in prison at Fortress Monroe and would have hanged him as a traitor had not the Supreme Court intervened, is now about to give

its assent to a proposal to pay him high honor in its own capital. Thus easily are human judgments swept aside as Time laughs at the passions and follies of men. A southerner can stand in reverential awe today before the bronze likeness of Lincoln in his memorial by the Potomac. And a few generations from now, all our present prejudices and hates may seem to have been but petty and foolish things."

Some author has written "justice is the idea of God, the ideal of man, the rule of conduct writ in the nature of mankind." Right always prevails in the course of time despite petty jealousies and prejudices.

* * * * * * *

ORDER THE FIRST LAW

Of the many institutional periodicals coming to this office in exchange for The Uplift, "The Sentinel", published by the printing class of the Whittier State School, Whittier California, proves the most interesting because it gives briefly and clearly the activities and accomplishments of the school. The Whittier State School does a work similar to that of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and each unit of work emphasizes ideals of the highest standard.

In the May issue of The Sentinel, Superintendent E. J. Milne writes the foreword, the subject of which is "Order, the First Law Of Heaven," emphasizing that order is the source of happiness:

Order being the first law of Heaven, should appeal to us as being the first law of earth and especially of government, and government of institutions. It is therefore with somewhat humble pride that the officers and staff of the Whittier State School and the boys themselves have been somewhat successful in maintaining order in our institution.

Just what is order? There may be various definitions and explanations as to just the exact meaning of this word order, but to us it seems to be the fundamental principle of maintaining peace and good will with your neighbor, of maintaining decorum and dignity in conduct and to so fashion our lives as to create an atmosphere of mutual helpfulness.

Another special feature of maintaining order is to be neat, tidy

in appearance, to maintain buildings and grounds in an attractive and creditable manner, to refrain from boisterous, loud, profane or obscene language, to take special interest in seeing that the grounds are not littered up with papers or refuse, and to put forth a special effort to see that rocks are not thrown about the institution and on the lawns. In order to maintain beautiful and pleasant surrounds we must have good equipment and good cooperation, and to this end we are making a special appeal to each and every member of the personnel to be alert and on the watch for the elimination of anything that tends to mar or destroy the beauty of the grounds or buildings. We particularly ask the boys to put forth an individual effort to refrain from littering up the buildings, grounds or lawns, so that the many visitors we have will continue to be deeply impressed with the beauty and cleanliness of the Whittier State School's buildings and grounds.

This is our conception of order and in the final analysis order is happiness. Let us be happy!

* * * * * * *

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

The formal opening and dedication of the Golden Gate Bridge, May 28th marks the accomplishment of the greatest engineering feat accomplished by man. The dream of the bridge to span the Golden Gate goes back fifty years or more, but did not crystalize into a reality until 1929 when the political and civic life of San Francisco nd adjacent counties assembled sepecifically to discuss the problem.

The famous bridge builder, Engineer Joseph B. Strauss, is accepted as a wizard in engineering, having completed to the last detail of towers, span and approaches the world's longest and highest single span in the world. Millions of people did assemble to witness the spectacular and most complete feature of its kind costing $35,000,000. It is the first of the super-spans, according to Engineer Strauss and he states doubtless it will open the way to greater structures that have heretofore seemed impossible.

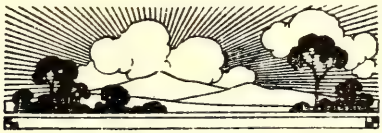
This feat was accomplished in the face of skepticism and criticism and added to these were the weather and varying sea condi-

tions to overcome. In this instance the courage and faith of man has proven that the man who wins is the one who never becomes discouraged. In fact the genius, Engineer Strauss, gives one the assurance that there is nothing impossible. The Golden Gate Bridge is one of the wonders of America.

* * * * * * *

YELLOW FEVER

That one-time scourge of our land, threatens us again—this time from the air. The warning comes from Dr. Parran of the United States Public Health Service. The danger rises from two sources. First, the airports of Brazil, in which land yellow fever is chronic, are now only four days away from Miami, and the time is soon to be reduced to two days. That means that an infected person can arrive in our land before suspicious symptoms have a chance to develop, as would have been the case in the former longer ship journeys. Second, the yellow fever-carrying mosquito, "Aedes Aegypti," flourishes in many areas of our southern states and would furnish a quick and dangerous means to spread the disease. This situation is just another example of the way in which modern inventions and modern speed have upset the painfully acquired balances and adjustments for health and security of earlier and quieter days.—Selected.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

"God bless the little country church
Along the country road,
Where many faithful people go
To ease life's heavy load;
We see them kneel down reverently
Beside their bench to pray,
Lord, let them joyfully arise
To meet the glad new day."

Many a man has tried to show his wife who is boss, anl it was "love's labor lost." She knew who all the time.

With the Hollywood makeup men on a strike, the Hollywood actresses just didn't have the face to join the strikers.

There has been much complaint about "judicial silence." But several women on the supreme court bench, and the cause for that complaint will be banished.

It is said that man is born with certain inalienable rights. But they are not worth a picayune when you get behind a big truck, driven by a big guy.

A Durham man said that Lot's wife, who looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, had nothing on his wife. She looked back and turned into a telegraph pole.

A great many people have spent years and fortunes in trying to perpetuate perpetual motion. A great many more are more interested in perpetual rest.

It takes a woman to accomplish things; no doubt about that. There is no self-made man so complete that a good woman can come along and put the finishing touches to him.

There are a lot of persons who wish they were somebody else. If they were they would not be any more content than they are as they are.

I see it published in the papers that a grapefruit that feels heavy for its size is apt to be rich in juice. And it is ready to pop you in the eye when you dig into it.

The razorback hog is getting his just dues. Tennessee proposes to ban bacon slices thinner than 1-32nd of an inch. Sure, it's meet to cut the slice according to the thickness of the hog.

A man who found great difficulty in walking, consulted a doctor. The doctor told him he (the doctor) would have him walking all right in three weeks. He did. The man had to sell his automobile to pay the doctor's bill.

They say the average life of a dollar bill is about nine months, but it passes through thousands of hands during that time. I don't know the age of any greenback bills, of any denomination. I've never had any one of them to die on my hands.

Only three patents were issued in

the first year of the U. S. patent office. The total yearly now is more than 2.150,000. Believe it or not more than 100,000 of that number are for automobiles. It is patent that automobiles are covered with something more than mortgages.

At Red Springs, North Carolina, a little girl named Virginia, went to visit her Aunt Mary. For breakfast her aunt had toasted rye bread containing caraway seeds. When Aunt Mary changed to plain bread, little Virginia asked in a disappointed voice: "Haven't you got any toast with fleas in it?"

Furriers, I am told, sometimes have to go through as many as 300 rabbit furs to find 30 of similar appearance. Hunting rare bits, as it were.

The United States has approximately six million more telephones than all of Europe. Just think of the "wrong numbers" we are ahead of that country.

A man's reputation may be false. Good reputation is highly profitable. Temptations are strong, and hypocrites still play evil parts in the world. Your reputation is what "other people think of you." How often a good reputation is wrecked by an unexpected discovery—of a shortage, or some other lapse in morals. Men are shrewd in hiding their evil deeds. But the only safe reputation is the one built on the devotion to principle. The man who plays double usually is found out, sooner or later. There is good and evil in all of us, perhaps. None is perfect. We slip a little, now and then. Sometimes I think the man who makes a fair average does very well. What one of us but is conscious of lapses? Who is willing to be stripped to the world, and expose every fact in his life that was discreditable to him? Not I. We want to bury and forget the evil things we have done. It is too much to say that all of us have been disloyal to high standards at one time or another. The temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil are many. All are subject to them. By resisting temptations we gain strength. By so doing many live honorable lives that bring them success and happiness with it, is to the everlasting credit of society.

THE KIND OF MAN

Think of the good, forget the bad, accept the pleasant thought;
The cheerful side will linger. then; the gloomy side cannot.
A spirit is a living thing that's nourished by your mind;
The sort of food you furnished will determine just the kind
Of spirit that shall live within the house of clay—
The kind of man that you shall be upon the judgement day.

—Lorin H. Gingles.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY

By Dr. J. J. Schindel, in The Lutheran

Westminster strictly speaking is a city in the administative country of London. It contains a large number of public buildings, including the Law Courts, Buckingham and St James' palaces and the National Gallery. In its narrower use "Westminster" includes, beside the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the government and other buildings in Whitehall, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral. It is a mistake to speak of the Abbey as Westminster Cathedral. for an abbey is a place of worship that has been or is connected with a monastic establishment and a cathedral is a bishop"s church, containing his cathedral or official chair. For the period of only ten years, 1540-1550, was Westminster Abbey, or the Abbey Church of St. Peter, its original name, the church of a resident bishop. St. Paul"s Church is the cathedral of the Bishop of London of the Anglican Church and Canterbury is the cathedral of the Anglican Primate,, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Thames was bordered in early times by a great expanse of fen land, while near the point where the Abbey stands was a low island, perhaps three-quarters of a mile in circumference, known as Thorney Islet. King Sebert is reputed to have founded a church of St. Peter there and St. Peter himself, legend relates, came to hallow it. There is a record of a conveyance of land to the monastery of St. Peter as early as 785, and it is probable that it was in existence some time before that. In 1050 Edward the Confessor took up the erection of a new church, cruciform, with a central and two western towers and in 1245 Henry III set about the rebuilding of the church east of the nave. The magnificent Lady Chapel, built by Henry VII, who reigned 1485-1509, forms the extreme eastern portion of the church. Restorations have continually been made, but as late as the middle of the seventeenth century the parapets of the chapels and pinnacles of the buttresses which would have been carefully restored today, were ruthlessly destroyed and replaced by new work. Gladstone's efforts, in 1866, secured the complete restoration of the chapter house. In 1901-2, considerable repairs were made on the west front. The present Abbey, therefore, is a cruciform structure consisting of a nave with aisles, transepts with aisles, and a choir with six chapels opening north and south of it, and the eastern Lady Chapel, known as Henry VII's Chapel. There are two western towers with a low square tower in the center. The entrance in common use is in the north transept. The chapter house, cloisters and what remains of the buildings of the monastery lie to the south. The Abbey is in the pointed style of perpendicular Gothic architecture and is 531 feet in length and 203 feet in width inclusive of transepts. The nave without the aisles is 38 feet and 7 inches wide and 102 feet high. Sir Christopher Wren designed the western towers, which were completed in 1740 after his death.

The Beneditine monastery was dissolved in 1539, but there are still many evidences of former monastic life there. As one walks down the cloister the ancient lockers which once contained the towels of the monks may be seen. Under a large flagstone lie the bodies of twenty-six monks, who with their abbot were swept away by the plague of 1348. Under a stone bench lie the effigies of three of the abbots. In the garth or garden are the graves of many monks. "The Dark Cloister," a relic of the oldest part of the Abbey buildings, led to the Infirmary and garden, where the sick monks had to be removed. In the Abbey itself with its chapels and bays are tombs and memorials of famous British subjects. The grave of "The Unknown Warrior" in the center of the nave well symbolizes the great sacrifices of the nation in the World War. Since the burial of the elder Pitt in the north transept, it has been known as Statesmen's Aisle. Here rest Chatham, Fox, Pitt, the three Cannings, Lord Palmerston and Gladstone. No part of the Abbey is so interesting to visitors as the south transept or Poet's Corner. Here rest Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Macaulay, Handel and Sheridan, Beaumont and Johnson, Dryden, Prior, Gay and Campbell. Addison and Ben Johson, buried elsewhere in the Abbey, are here commemorated. Here, too, are honored many who sleep elsewhere: Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Burns, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Thackery, Southey, Grey and Ruskin. A white marble bust of the poet Longfellow stands against a pillar at the end of a bay. It was erected in 1884 and bears the inscription. "This bust was placed among the memoria's of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet." Beginning with the South Walk of the Ambulatory the first monument on the north wall is marked as the tomb of Sebert, the first Christian king of the East Saxons. He was converted by the preachings of St. Augustine and came to his throne in 600. Tradition says that he founded a church of St. Peter, the original of Westminster Abbey on Thorney Isle. In the various chapels are the tombs of kings and queens, princes and princesses of all periods of the nation's history until the time of George II. One of the most interesting is that of King Edward the Confessor in the chapel named for him. He was not able to attend the dedication of the Abbey he was instrumental in rebuilding and died in 1066, a few days after the dedication of the church.

Another interesting tomb is that of Queen Elizabeth, whose body rests in the same sepulchre with that of her half-sister Mary. Of this Dean Stanley says. "The sisters are at one: the daughter of Catherine of Aragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn repose in peace at last." In the nave of the church are the graves of Isaac Newton, David Livingstone, Ben Johnson, Lyell, Stephenson and Darwin. Part of the inscription on Livingstone's tomb reads, "For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa, where with his last words, he wrote, 'All I can add to my solitude is may heaven's richest blessing come down

on every one, American, English or Turk, who wil' help to heal this open sore of the world.' " The body of George Peabody, who died in 1869 in London, rested in the third bay of the nave until its removal to America in a ship especially granted by the Queen. He had 'ived for twenty-six years in London and had given two and a half million dollars to establish model homes for the London poor. In the nave, too, is a marble tablet to Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester of Columbia College, New York, who died in 1882 in London, which had been his home for many years. He was the editor of "The Westminster Abbey Register." The inscription reads: "In grateful memory of the disinterested labour of an American master of English genea-logical learning, this tablet was erected by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

In the charter of privilege which King Edward the Confessor granted the Abbey there was included the request that the new church "as a place appropriate for the inauguration of our kings as well as to render it perpetua' for the monks of the order of St. Benedict should be subject to no jurisdiction but that of the king." For this the Confessor obtained the confirmation of Pope Nicholas II. The Abbey is still exempt from all episcopal jurisdiction and is still the scene of the hallowing of kings, as the coronation ceremonies were original'y called. From William the Conqueror onward every sovereign has been crowned in the Abbey excepting Edward V. The coronation chairs stand in the Confessor's Chapel. That in use for the king dates from the time of Edward I and contains beneath its seat the Stone of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned. Tradition identifies it with Jacob's pillow at Bethel.

Here also are kept the sword and shield of Edward III, still used in the coronation ceremony. They are said to be those that were borne before the king in France. The sword is seven feet long and weighs eighteen pounds The coronation platform usually occupies the crossing of the transepts under the lantern. Just beyond, eastward, in the space before the Communion Table, is visible the rugged back of the Coronation Chair. To the right, in the sounth transept, are seats for peers and members of the House of Commons. In the north transept are seats for peeresses and for members of Commons. Two thrones stand near the altar to the south. The Archbishop of Canterbury in front of the altar facing St. Edward's chair presents the king. The people respond with "God save King George!"

After the Communion Service the Archbishop administers the oath and the King kisses the Bible. Then follows the anointing, the Archbishop with his fingers putting some of the oil on the King's head, his breast, and his hands. The King now recieves the Kingly Sword, the bracelet, robe and ring, the glove and the sceptre with the cross. Finally, the Archbishop places the crown on the King's head. The crowning of the Queen by the Archbishop of York then follows. Her Majesty had been seated on the south side of the altar. She removes to the faldstool before the altar and the Archbishop anoints her Majesty's

head, puts on her hand the ruby ring, and taking from the Holy Table the crown known as Queen Edith's, places it on her head. The Queen now moves to the throne near that of the King on the platform, making a deep curtsey to his majesty as she passes.

It should be remembered that the original palace of the Kings of England stood on the site now occupied by the Houses of Parliament and that the most convenient as well as most appropriate place for the ceremony of coronation was the Abbey. The coronation of English sovereigns is said to occur in "our palace of Westminster."

Wordsworth in his famous sonnet wrote:

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build! Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold, where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops."

Deep gloom was in the heart and on the countenance of a young man as he lay upon his bed, while contemplating a life which was now near its close. The popular pastor of the church had been sent for, and as he came in he recognized the young man as one of his congregation, and very kindly inquired if there was anything he do might for his parishioner.

"I have asked for you," said the young man, "not that anything can be done for me now, but because I wished to tell you something. Five years ago I came here from a Christian home, thinking myself almost a Christian. I went to your church, and I liked to hear you discourses about Nature, and Art, and Philosophy, and Social Education, and Progress, etc. I began to think my old minister and my father had been too stern, and I was glad to be let off easier. Then I began to read Matthew Arnold and kindred writers who preach the same was more eloquently. Afterwards I began to stay at home reading Shakespeare, and got down to Pope and Byron and the Sunday papers. Now I've been wanting to tell you that you started me down this way. Oh, don't do so to other people—but preach of a holy God, and lost men, and of Christ Who died to save them; and that if not save they are forever lost. Oh, preach that!—and you will deliver your own soul an those that hear you even if it should seem to empty your pews."—Selected.

ENERGETIC PLEA OF MR. HOOVER IN BEHALF OF BOYHOOD OF THE NATION

(Selected)

The address of former President Hoover to the Boys Clubs of America as their national chairman was as follows:

Together with his sister, the boy is our most precious possession. But he presents not only joys and hopes, but also paradoxes. He strains our nerves, yet he is a complex of cells teeming with affection. He is a periodic nusiance, yet he is a joy forever. He is a part-time incarnation of destruction, yet he radiates sunlight to all the world. He gives evidence of being the child of iniquity, yet he makes a great nation. He is filled with curiosity as to every mortal thing. he is an illuminated interrogation point, yet he is the most entertaining animal that is.

The whole world is new to him. Therefore his should be a life of adventure, of discovery, of great undertakings. He must spend much time, if he is to expand, in the land of make-believe. One of the sad things in the world is that he must grow up into the land of realities.

He is endowed with a dynamic energy and an impelling desire to take exercise on all occasions. His primary instinct is to hunt in a pack and that multiplies his devices. He is a complete self-starter, and therefore wisdom in dealing with him consists mostly in what to do with him next.

The Constitution provides him, or at least at one time did, with the inalienable right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We are not so much concerned at the moment with his liberties as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights as we are with his processes for the pursuit of happiness. He will find the tragedies of both liberty and happiness when he becomes a taxpayer. He and his pack can go on this hunt for happiness either constructively or destructively. Our first problem is to find him constructive joy, instead of destructive glee.

To complicate this problem, this civilization has gone and built up great cities. We have increased the number of boys per acre. We have paved all this part of the land with cement and cobblestones. There are about twenty million of these human organisms in the country.

Of these, perhaps three million are crowded into the poorer sections and slums of our cities. They have to spend their spare time on these pavements, surrounded by brick walls. The boy has a life of stairs, light switches, alleys, fire-escapes, bells and cobblestones and a chance to get run over by a truck. Thus these boys are today separated from Mother Earth and all her works, except the weather. The outlet of curiosity in exploring the streams and the fields are closed to him. The mysteries of the birds and bees and fish are denied him.

The normal boy is a primitive animal and takes to competition and battle. In the days before our civilization became so perfect he matched his wits with the birds, the bees and the fish. At least he found battle in the open countryside. There is no battle with animal or plant life in zoos or parks. If he doesn't contend with nature, he is likely to take on contention with a policeman. And yet we cannot restore many of these constructive joys in a land of cement and bricks.

This is a marginal problem. It concerns only a minority of boys. And may state generally that if the American people would only realize that our national problems are all marginal problems of eliminating evil, correcting abuse and building up the weak, rather than the legerdemain of utopia, we would make more progress. And I dislike to refer to these boys as "under-privileged." This is only a half-truth.

The government provides even the marginal city boys with better facilities for education and better protection of health than any other government in the world. And we are today doing a better job of these things than ever before in our history. Far less than his grandfather does he suffer from mumps and measles; more quickly do we heal his fractures. Far less does he have to endure stench and filth.

The electric light has banished the former curse of all boys—of cleaning lamps and everlastingly carrying them about. The light switch has driven away the goblins that lived in dark corners and under the bed. It clothes drab streets with gayety and cheer by night. And it is the attraction of these bright lights that increases our problem.

There are other privileges that the most lowly of them have. It is a privilege to have been born in America. They live under a democracy where they have more opportunity of becoming a mayor or a policeman or an editor or even a banker than in any other country. So they have some privileges.

But we are concerned with the privileges which this civilization has taken away, and the particular ones with which we are concerned bear on his character and moral stature. Now this brick and cement foundation of of life is a hard soil for these growths.

Somebody will say morals are the jobs of parents. The better the parents are, the better the morals; the worse they are, the greater aur problem. But the best of parents cannot keep him indoors all the time And the world in the streets is a distorted and dangerous world, which the parents cannot make or unmake. So it becomes a job of public relations.

But there is more than that. The fine qualities of loyalty to the pack, competition with violent zeal yet without bitterness, the restraints that cover the rights of others—these are the spirit of sportsmanship. They are not so good on the pavements. For here the pack turns to the gang, where his superabundant vitality leads him to depredation. And here we make gangsters and feed jails.

And let no one tell you that crime is decreasing in the United States. Nor is that due to lack of vigilance on the part of public authorities. I recollect that during my administra-

tion we doubled the population of Federal jails. Crime increases despite all this repression. And with all the wave of beneficent prison reforms of the past ten years, and all the expensive attempt to make good men out of criminals, we have not decreased crime. The way to stop crime is to stop the manufacture of criminals.

And there is far more to our purpose than stopping crime at its source or to let off his physical violence without getting into the police court. If there is such a thing as rights in the world, there are also rights that belong to pavement boys. There are, of course, the rights to proper homes, there are rights to education and health.

But there are still other rights and these other rights are where we come in. That is, the right to play games —the right to glimpse into the constructive joys—the right to develop an occupation fitted to his inclinations and talents—and the right to develop his personality.

There is more to this than even exercise and morals. There is the job of stretching his vision of life. The priceless treasure of boyhood is his endless enthusiasm, his high store of idealism, his affections and his hopes. When we preserve these, we have made men. We have made citizens, and we have made Americans. But the hard pavements do not reek with these things.

Many years ago, devoted souls, apprehending these problems and difficulties, established boys' clubs in some of the most crowded areas of our cities. Today there are over 290 clubs embracing 255,000 boys spread in 153 cities. They represent $30,000,000 worth of property. Over these years, the clubs and the parent organization have trained a staff of skill and devotion. Some of these clubs have as many as 7,000 boys causing the premises to throb with their devices. Their annual cost is near $2,000,000, to supplement the boys' own payments that is about $10 per boy. And that $10 saves many hundred times as much to society.

In these clubs the pavement boy had opportunity for organization of the pack for its proper constructive joys, instead of the gang. Here they could find outlet for their superlative energy in play and the land of make-believe. These opportunities stretch all the way from checkers to sandlot baseball. There are gymnasiums and swimming pools. And here also they are given glimpses of the opportunities of a greater America.

They are encouraged to music, to manufacture, to make and to construct. Their faculties and qualities are tested to find their occupational direction. They are given preliminary training in the arts and in the trades. And, above all, they are taught the spirit of sportsmanship, which is the second highest moral code in the world.

They are taught the rules of health, they are each examined and each repaired for his physical weakness. And the repair of boys to keep them physically fit is of the largest importance in their moral and spiritual development.

The police cases and juvenile delinquencies in the areas where these

clubs works regularly show striking decreases. They have produced men of leadership in their communities. There are great editors, sculptors, and actors who came from this boys' mill. And they have produced two players in major league baseball. The feet of thousands have been set on the road of American opportunity.

That is an experiment, but it is an experiment that has gone so far as to become an answer.

This movement is in no sense a competitor with the magnificent work of the Boy Scouts. There are in fact many troops in the clubs. They provide an entirely different set of influences.

I could not stop at length to pay tribute to the men who have builded all this effort. They are legion. To none of them do we owe more than to Mr. W. E. Hall, for twenty-one years the president of this association. I have but recenty become officially attached, and I have had the good fortune to bring to the organization Mr. Sanford Bates.

Now, as to the proposition of which I warned you. There are in fact two propositions. The first is, establish buildings and equipment for two or three million more boys. That means we must expand by ten times. That takes money, that takes devotion, and that takes service. It can be done, although we cannot do it all at once. Our second proposition is to find their skilled direction and to find their annual support That is difficult, but between good folks and community chests and the energies of the managers, that is kept up pretty well by the local communities where they are started. And upon this side, I want to mention the Union League club of Chicago, This great men's club has adopted two boys' clubs. Every great social club in the United States would be a better place if it also had such adopted children.

The most difficult job is to find land and pay for buildings and equipment. As somebody said some 400 years ago, "There's the rub." Over a term of years we need $15,000,000 for that job. We ought to start 100 new clubs in fifty cities during the next three years.

And what do I say for a peroration? But little. You Picture that pavement boy entering the door of that house of constructive joy. The light of his face—the gleam of honest devilment in his eye—the feeling of trust and security in his heart.

And there is the sense of safety and gratitude which warms his mother's heart also.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed what we say.—Confucius.

UNITED STATES FULFILLS PLEDGE MADE TO INDIAN WARRIOR

(The Reflector)

One hundred years ago an Indian warrior gave up his life and the lives of his two sons in return for a pledge that a remnant of his tribe—the Cherokee would be permitted to continue living in the Great Smoky Mountains where their fathers had lived centuries before them.

Today the Great Smoky Mountains, rising in their majestic height between Tennessee and North Carolina, form the heart of a new half-million acre national park. But in laying out this park Uncle Sam, true to the century-old pledge, set aside 63,000 acres as a reservation for the descendants of the Cherokees for whom the warrior made his sacrifice.

When the thousands of visitors come to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park each year (last year more of them visited the "baby" park than any other national park in the United States) they are surprised to find some 3000 Indians living in this reservation, tilling their farms, sending their children to school and wearing white man's clothing, except on ceremonial occasions.

The average traveler expects to find Indians only in the West. And that's where most of the Cherokees are today, in Oklahoma. That's where they were driven 100 years ago by the Government troops, followng the behest of the white soldiers who coveted the Cherokee land. Only one small band of Cherokees was permitted to remain and this permission was granted only because Tsali, one of the tribesmen, was willing to die to obtain it.

Even white men applauded Tsali's heroism in his day, but Tsali has been forgotten these past hundred years. He is still a lingering tradition with his people—"Old Tchali," they call him. But to the Smokies visitors, to Tennesseans and Carolinians he isn't even a name. That is, he wasn't until recently. Now the descendants of the settlers who conquered and exiled most of his people are marveling at Tsali's story and planning to erect a monument in his honor. Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, visited the Smokies recently, and paid her tribute to the old warrior in her daily newspaper column.

The tale of the Indian martyr was brought to light by Herbert Ravenal Sass, Southern writer. In his story, written for Collier's Magazine he told how the Smoky Mountain Cherokees, during the Administration of President Andrew Jackson, were practically forced to agree to the surrender of their entire homeland for the sum of $5,000,000 and to submit to wholesale deportation to the West.

Federal troops came into the Smokies and the roundup of the Cherokees began. They were captured by families and kept in stockades to prepare for the westward march. Tsali, a lowly farmer, and members of his family were herded together for removal to the nearest pen. On the way, a fight started. One soldier

was killed, the others fled and the Indians escaped. Hundreds of others evaded deportation in the same manner, but 13,000 men, women and children did not escape. Early one October day the tragic march—a march of suffering and death—started. Six months afterward the miserable army reached its destination, fewer by 4000 who died on the way. And so a nation went into exile.

Now the Federal Army turned its attention towards the fugitives who had found refuge in the protecting wilderness and the most inaccessable caves. The officers, sick of slaughter sought a way of ending their task in peace. They called in a friendly white trader and presented this alternative to the Cherokees. Every fugitive would be hunted down and captured or killed unles Tsali and his family, who had shed blood, would give up and pay the penalty. If the Tsali family surrendered, the rest of the Cherokees still in the Smokies would be permitted to live there unmolested. The trader presented this ultimatum to Tsali and his sons. It did not take long for them to make up their minds. They marched to Army headquarters and there they faced a firing squad —a firing squad of Cherokee prisoners. They died, but because they died, some Cherokees today continue to live in the land of their fathers.

Sass' story of Tsali was reprinted in The News-Sentinel, Knoxville newspaper. It was news to most residents of Knoxville, the Gateway to the Great Smokies. Knoxville school children studying the history of their country, found nothing in their textbooks about Tsali; they had learned only of the heroism of their own pioneer ancestors. They combed through musty old books at the city library and verified the story. The children of one Knoxville school started a movement to organize Penny Clubs, to collect a penny from each pupil toward a fund for a monument of some kind to old Tsali. Their parents became interested and organized the Cherokee Tsali Foundation to raise a fund for erection of a Tsali memorial and to improve the economic life of his tribesmen in the Smokies. Mrs. Roosevelt, taking a trip through the Smokies, learned about Tsali and expressed keen interest in the movement. Letters began coming from all parts of the United States, some of them enclosing contributions for the memorial.

And so it is that after 100 years Tsali is beginning to come into his own. His people, now wards of the Government that took Tsali's life, are glad to see their white neighbors changing the record—Tsali is listed now as a hero and martyr, rather than as a killer and outlaw.

"Those who sit around and wait for prosperity will always work for those who don't."

WHEN THE SIOUX CAME

By E. G. Wood

Most people, I think, are interested in Indians, and I was no exception. Part of my earlier years were spent on the plains of Dakota in a very hilly and thinly peopled section of the country. Father, more for the novelty of it than anything else, had filed on a homestead; but as his business was located some twenty miles away, in a small town, it became the lot of mother and us boys to hold down the claim. Father usually managed to spend the week-ends with us, and great was our joy when he would arrive with a buggy-load of fresh groceries and other necessary provisions.

At the time this incident occurred, I was about thirteen, and my brother Ted was only five. Those were happy, care-free days for us. Many a sunny summer day we spent in wandering about in the nearby pastures snaring gophers, or adding to our collection of Indian arrow-heads, agates, flints and pieces of petrified rock. For variety, after we had grown tired on our rambles, we would seat ourselves on one of the many huge boulders of glacial origin scattered about this section, and, here snugly perched, I used to read to Ted blood-curdling tales of Indian warfare from a book called "Indian War Stories."

At this time there were practically no hostile tribes of Indians at large in our country. They were all at home on the Government reservations. But occasionally a little band of red men would cross the country from one reserve to another to pay a friendly visit to some other tribe. Now, it happened that our home lay about midway between two reservations. Mother knew this, and, being of a nervous temperament, she was constantly on the lookout for Indians. As for me, I had a sort of craving to set eyes on a real red man. Because mother had never fancied the idea of staying alone out on the prairies and continually imagining that something dreadful might happen, father had provided the door of the shack with a special lock and key. This, he thought, would give her a greater sent of safety, and in a measure it did help to allay her fears.

One pleasant afternoon, as Ted and I were larking in the back yard, we were startled by mother's shrill voice calling us to hurry into the house. Pell-mell we ran, and were no sooner there than she said in an excited, tremulous voice: "There is a band of Indians right down the road back of the big hill. They are watching our house." Mother was desperately frightened. I rushed to the window, and, sure enough, about a quarter of a mile away, just over the brow of the hill, I could see several strange heads bob into sight and then disappear; in a short time they would reappear again. Evidently, the Indians were deliberating; probably as to whether it would say them to make us a call. Soon they came into full view, a dozen of them marching along in single file directly for our home. We could see that they had guns over their shoulders, and right then the thought struck me that, considering the weather, I would just as soon

postpone meeting a band of savage Sioux for a few days at least. Poor mother's hands were shaking nervously. She pulled the window-shades down as far as she could; but pulled too hard on one, tearing it off the roller. It took her several minutes before she had it thrown over the roller in a way to shade the window. She had me get our twenty-two caliber rifle. But I remembered that I had used the very last cartridge on my last gopher hunt. All I had left were two cartridges that had some way gotten water-soaked, and had consequently failed to fire. I didn't tell mother this, though; but, instead, slipped one of them into the chamber of the weapon. Next, mother and I had an argument as to who should handle it. She allowed me to have it, and we took our station near the door. She told us to remain perfectly quiet. At this advice, Ted at once began to whimper until I told him to keep still and be a man like me. My own heart was up in my mouth at the time. The suspense of waiting for the savages, without being able to take a glance out of the window at them as they approached, was almost unendurable. We waited for what seemed to me weeks until we could hear several guttural voices just outside the door; but just then I was attracted by a smell of burnt bread. I remembered that mother had kindled a big fire in the range, and had a batch of bread in the oven. I realized that the smoke in the chimmey would surely give us away. They would surely know that we were at home.

Unexpectedly, we could hear the creak of the pump handle. After this, more guttural voices, as if in deliberation; then, suddenly, a heavy thump on the front door, followed by other bumps louder than the first, and more insistent. Right then I did something that I can never explain. "Get away! Go 'way!" I shouted with all my voice, and right then, to my utter surprise, mother quickly unlocked the door and flung it wide open. "What do you want?" she flung at them almost hysterically.

The spokesman, who was their chief, spoke in poor English, with gestures, "Smell'm bread. Lookey here," and he opened a canvos sack and threw a dozen prairie-hens on the ground. I lost my fear of the red men almost immediately; but I am sure my mouth must have been stretched an inch beyond normal diameter as I curiously looked them over. I decided that they were not nearly as savage-looking a lot as I had always imagined Indians must be. Meanwhile, the chief was continuing his gesticulations to mother. He sniffed the air, and said, "Give me'm bread; I give you—" and he pointed to the pile of birds he had dumped on the ground.

You may be sure that mother was only too glad to comply with his request. She brought the whole batch of hot bread to him. The band sniffed with satisfaction. Then, with a few nods of satisfaction and gesticulations, the chief led his band of warriors away.

After they had gone, my mother sank to her knees weakly, and thanked the All-Father for His protection. As for Ted and me, we shall never forget our first real experience with the Sioux.

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

How often we have seen sheep quietly grazing in the fields as our train or automobile raced madly by. We were impressed with the peace of the scene, but behind the apparently idyllic setting Big Business is at work. The sheep are not there merely to satisfy their hunger, nor are they there to make the perfect pastoral scene, but their presence, as indeed with that of everything else in this day and age, is an indication of their usefulness to us. That use, fortunately for the sheep raisers, is dual in that their flesh is edible and their covering makes the most perfectly healthful garment known to the science of correct clothing.

'Way back in the dim past when Primitive Man roamed wild, he found he had a need of covering. Whether or not some intensely cold weather brought that fact to his notice will never be known. Whatever it was which gave his intelligence the urge to cover his body, he must have sought around for something suitable. Naturally he lived on wild game and it cannot be doubted that he found its hairy skin unpalatable and early devised a method of skinning his prey. The hides or skins he found quite pliable, and then, one fortuitous day, he discovered that the hairiness of animals had a definite purpose in the scheme of things for the hides had warmth in them. From then on the problem of Primitive Man in wondering how to keep warm during exceptionally cold weather was solved.

Probably for hundreds of years, animal skins were the only body covering in existence. Then Primitive Man began to have glimmerings of other comforts. He found a way to fashion twig fibers into ropes by twisting and spinning them together, then he devised a way to build houses from trees, shrubs and the like, and in roofing them he applied the principle of weaving the reeds with which to make a cover or roof for his rude habitation. Over a long period of time, our early ancestors achieved several things: the comfort of crude clothing, the arts of spinning and weaving, and these, together with other improvements, formed the nucleus for man's advance toward civilization through the centuries.

Sheep are mentioned in the Bible, and Abel, son of Adam, is the first keeper of sheep of whom we have any definite knowledge. That there should be a keeper of sheep in those early times is a definite indication that the value of these animals was fully realized; and the Bible records many instances in which these creatures were used for the payment of taxes and tithes. In 2200 B. C. the laws of Hamarabis regarding shepherds and land owners, and the training of apprentices in the art of weaving and dyeing, were carved in stone.

The Persians, Egyptians, Romans and Greeks were the first large-scale users of sheep and woolen cloths for they greatly developed and improved on the weaving done by the ancients, and established manufacturies devoted to the making of woolen garments, drapes, etc.

Antedating their endeavors though,

excavations of the villages and dwellings of the Swiss Lake country have brought to light woolen fabrics which were obviously made in the Neolithic Age.

Strange as it may seem to those who are unversed in the properties of wool, and consequently believe that woo is a material for winter garments only, the Arabs have for thousands of years worn woolen burnooses made from the wool of their camels. Day in and day out under the blistering noonday desert sun, and the intense cold of desert nights they are protected from cold and heat alike. Why? Because wool has a thermostatic action which protects the body it covers from all extremes of temperature, even though they be practically instantaneous as is the case of the athlete's over-heated body which is subjected to drafts and a consequent change of temperature the moment he stops playing. For that same reason we wear woolen sweaters today; they are light in weight, absorb perspiration quick'y and are porous. Therefore the moisture they absorb evaporates slowly thus allowing our body to adjust itself without shock or ill-effect to a too violent change in temperature. No less an authority than the United States Department of Agriculture, which is daily occupied in scientific research, states that "wool absorbs moisture readily without feeling wet, and slow evaporation avoids chilling the body."

Every state in these United States raises sheep, some more intensively than others. There are two genera' methods employed in sheepherding in our country today. In Texas, the Rocky Mountains regions and in the West Coast states, which are real sheep-raising centers, the animals are herded on the open range. If you have ever driven through this country you will, perhaps, have noticed the presence of an occasional black sheep. If you have an inquiring turn of mind, you may have wondered why there were so few black sheep in the herd and you may have asked someone. Unless the person you questioned was familiar with sheep-herding, your question would merely provoke like wonderment. The answer is a very simple one: they are used to facilitate counting the herd, there usually being one black sheep to every fifty white ones.

In most of the other states, owing probab'y to the 'ack of long ranges of land, sheep are pastured on farms and are housed in barns for protection at night.

The early discoverers of this continent found no domestic sheep, and although a few were introduced by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage to the island of Hispaniola, none were actually land on this continent until Cortes, in 1530, introduced them into Mexico. These were the forerunners of large flocks which eventually stocked New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. In 1565, some sheep were landed in Florida, but the first sheep which came into the United States, according to historical records, were landed in Jamestown in 1609.

So important an item in the development of commerce and woo'ens were sheep considered that the colonial governments forbade that the importation of wool from England in

1654, and thus helped firmly to establish domestic sheep raising and the manufacture of wool. The early part of the 19th century though witnessed a tremedous depression in raising, brought about by the importation of a breed from Spain of which some 20,000 were imported. Fortunately, they were found to be a breed not well adapted to this country, but before that was discovered havoc had been wrought in the industry. With the close of the first quarter of the 19th century, though sheep breeding was again on a better footing, but a large percentage of the wool, particularly with the small flocks, was being clipped and woven in the home to the detriment of the establishment of woolen mills. Transportation difficulties had to be overcome before much advance could be made in large scale milling. Another change came about in sheep breeding in 1850 when there was started a decided trend to raise sheep both for wool as well as for mutton, and an added impetus was given to sheep raising.

In this country we now have upwards of fifty million head of sheep and some 472,000 sheep raisers so that there can be no doubt but that we use a tremedous quantity of wool and consume a great deal of mutton each year in order to support these two industries on such a large scale.

New England has for many years maintained its place at the head of the wool manufacturing industry in this country. It is manufactured into three distinct classes of product: woolens, worsteds and felts. In the first, the wool fibers are carder which results in a fuzzy, wooly fabric from which such items as blankets, heavy overcoats, tweed suits and tropical woolens are made. Worsteds though entail the manufacture of a fine. smooth fabric, and for this purpose the wool is combed,, and the short fibers are removed while the long ones are all laid straight and paralled to each other. These are then doubled over and over, and are drawn out into smaller and smaller diameter by special machinery until they are finally spun into yarn. Felts are made by the wool being pounded white hot and moist so that the serrations in the wool became so closely interlocked that a solid mass of pressed felt results.

Of course, in order o obtain wool the sheep have to be clipped and this is usually done twice a year. With large herds the clipping is naturally all done by powered machinery, but on the small farm, hand clippers, resembling those of the barber but somewhat larger, are used. Wool when clipped is termed "grease wool", but when recovered from slaughtered sheep it is known in the trade as "pulled wool."

The coarse grease wool is thoroughly coured so that the grease and foreign matter are removed. One of the first operations is that of sorting the fibers into grades of similar lengths and diameters. This is done on tables by experts who can tell, by experience, with touch and sight in just which class the fibers belond.

Next comes the operation of disentangling and separating the matted mass of fibers so that the wool is evenly fed at the first carding machine. In it, the fibers are more or less separted from each other, and

are then condensed so that the opened wool is delivered in a continuous strand or sliver as it is termed in the mill. Actually the raw wool passes through there cards. Woolen carding varies from worsted carding in the stripping and delivery of the slivers from the last roll on the machine.

The next stage, that of gilling, not only reduces but draws out several card slivers into one by a process of equalizing the differences in the slivers and in making the fibers more parallel to each other.

In worsted manufacture the fibers are straightened and the short, weak or tangled fibers, termed noils, are separated from the continuous strand of long, paralled fibers, called top. The noils, which are a secondary product of the comb, are used in the manufacture of woolen yarns either alone or in combination with other wool fibers, and the top is further processed for worsted yarn spinning. Evenness is necessary in worsted yarn so it is repeatedly doubled and constantly drawn in the next operation; the multiple ends of slivers are combined and condensed to make one of lesser thickness, at which operation the fibers are further strengthened and paralleled.

Frame spinning is then accomplished by one of two procedures, *i. e.*' the ring or cap method or by mule spinning. In the former method, the actions are continuous and involve the spindles revolving on stationary frames which finally whips the yarn aroud the cap of the machine, producing the required twist. Mule spinning, on the other hand, is done a series of intermittent actions, but either method may be employed in the manufacture of woolen and worsted yarns.

The warp is the system of threads or yarns that run the entire length of the manufactured cloth. Delivered from spinning spindles the yarn is inspected at the same time it is rewound on cones preparatory to the final warp winding which is known as the process of beaming or warping.

During weaving operations, harness frames are used to raise and lower predetermined portions of the warp at set intervals during the weaving of the fabric so that the required design may be worked into the material.

THINGS DIVINE

We make gardens; but few of us know
What wonderful things in a garden grow.
The gardens we make are things divine—
We plant for profit and seldom see
Our gardens are part of eternity.
Few of us know that God all day
Lovingly listens as gardens pray.

—Selected.

THE HUSBAND WHO MINDED THE HOUSE

By Ruth M. Herberg

Many a small Norwegin boy and girl has been delighted by the story of the husband who thought his wife never did anything right, and the difficulties he encountered one day when she persuaded him to remain in the house and take over her work while she went out into the fields.

It was haymaking time, and the evening before Peter had come in fretting and fuming about how hard he had to work and how little his wife did. Marthe was a dear patient soul, but she had put up with Peter's difficult disposition for a long time, and this was a bit too much, so she said sweetly,

"Dear love, don't be so angry, tomorrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house!"

Conpletely disarmed Peter agreed, thinking what an easy and restful day he would have.

So early next morning Marthe took the scythe over her shoulder, and warning Peter to take good care of their small son, Peterkin, went out into the hay-field with the mowers. Peter watched her go, standing in the doorway of their little cottage.

It was a beautiful day and Peter decided the first thnig to be done was to churn butter. The dasher made a lovely sound in the thick golden cream. But when he had churned a little while, he got thirsty and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. It was cool and a bit dark down in the cellar and he had some difficulty in tapping the barrel. Just then he heard quick pattering steps on the kitchen floor overhead, and then a sudden thump!

What on earth could that be? Peter dashed up the stone steps, with the tap in his had, just as fast as he could, and beheld a sad sight! The pig had come in through the open doorway, knocked the churn over, and now stood there, routing and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor!

Peter got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that poor piggy ran off squealing and never came back again! Peter stamped into the house and surveyed the havoc on the kitchen floor, and then all at once remembered that he still carried the barrel tap in his hand, but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the cask!

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, for butter they must have for dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that the milking cow was still shut in the barn, and hadn't had a bite to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, although the sun was high. Then Peter had the brightest idea of all. It was far down to the meadow, and a warm walk also, so he'd just get old Molly up on the housetop—for the house,

you know, was thatched with sods, and fine crop grass was growing there. Also, the house lay close up against a steep hillside, and Peter thought that if he laid a plank across from the hillside to the thatched roof at the back of the house he'd get the cow up easily. But still he couldn't leave the churn, for Peterkin had awakened and for that small boy the churn had an irresistible charm.

"If I leave the churn," thought Peter, "the child is certain to upset it and get himself all smeared with the cream." So he took the churn on his arm and went out with it to attend to the cow.

But he thought he'd betted first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch, so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well, and as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders and down into the well!

Poor Peter! This was indeed a sad state of affairs. It was near dinner time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet, so he thought he'd best boil the porridge. In preparation for that he filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought of the cow up on the roof. He better go out and see how she was getting along. She might perhaps fall off and break her legs or her neck. She was all right when he got there, but he thought he better be safe than sorry, so he made one end of the rope fast to the cow's neck and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied around his own thigh. That way the cow could certainly not fall off the roof, at least without Peter knowing it. By this time he had to make haste with the dinner, for the water was boiling in the pot, and he still had to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away, but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the housetop after all, and as she fell, she dragged Peter up the chimney by the rope! There he stuck fast, and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, for she could get neither up nor down.

In the meantime, Marthe had waited and waited for Peter to come and call her to dinner, but never a call had she heard. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and started home across the fields. But when she got there she saw the cow hanging from the roof of the house, and no indication at all of dinner being ready.

Startled by she knew not what, she hurriedly cut the rope in two with her scythe and let poor Molly down to the ground. But when she did this, down came Peter out of the chimney, and when Marthe came inside the kitchen, there she found him, standing on his head in the porridge pot.

It is not by a man's purse, but by his character, that he is rich or poor.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The peony beds near the Cannon Memorial Building that attracted so much attention, have ceased blooming, only the green stalks remaining to mark a once unusually beautiful spot.

A busy week has been put over by our agricultural forces. This included mowing and hauling hay made from oats and wheat; harvesting oats; plowing early corn and preparing land for summer gardening. The oats crop is very good and will probably yield from four to six thousand bushels, aside from what has been cut for hay. Our spacious barns are now filled with alfalfa and oats and wheat hay.

On Thursday of next week, June 10th, there will be held a demonstration of the working of a modern combine in the reaping and threshing of oats and crimson clover on the School's farm. This demonstration, beginning in the morning, will be staged by the All-Crop Company, of Salisbury, demonstrating Allis-Chalmers farm machinery. Anyone interested in seeing this farm machine in action is cordially invited to attend the demonstration.

Judge K. W. Davis, of the Winston-Salem Juvenile Court, and Mr Ralph S. Church, a member of the Board of Aldermen, visited the School last Tuesday. In addition to renewing friendships and acquaintances here, the purpose of their visit was to look over the various departments with the hope of securing ideas which might be incorporated in the detention home for colored boys which the Forsyth County officials are contemplating building.

Last Wednesday was certainly a busy day at the School with so many things happening that time could hardly be found to attend to each in order. Ten boys were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte for tonsil operations; Mr. Rothgeb, engineer from the State Budget Bureau, dropped in to inspect the work done and go over future plans for the renovation of our milk house; taking advantage of the regular visiting day, visitors were here in droves; the arrival of new boys from several counties; a visit from Miss Speas, of the State Board of Charity and Public Welfare; and a special called meeting of the Board of Trustees. All of this in addition to visits from various salesmen and the performance of the usual routine duties, made this a full day for everyone connected with the School.

Rev. W. H. Goodman, pastor of the

First Presbyterian Church. Kannapolis, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to the plea made by the father who brought his son to Jesus to be healed, saying, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us," and Jesus' reply, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Goodman stated that the only real happiness in life is in following Jesus. We must learn to do things by doing, not simply by being told. He also told how the disciples, when sent out by Jesus and instructed to do the many things he had shown them, did so, and upon their return got much joy from telling the Master what they had done—the many miracles they had performed in his name.

When this man whose son was possessed with evil spirits, brought the lad to the disciples, they could do nothing. The distracted father then appealed to Jesus, making the statement quoted above. He had done all that he could, and now wanted someone else to try to save his boy. When the man declared his belief in Jesus, the spirits left the lad and he was saved. There is not any question as to Jesus' power but there is the great question as to whether we, like the boy's father, can have faith which makes all things possible. The only way Jesus will ever be able to do anything for us will be that we must have faith and believe that he is able to save.

We will become more like Jesus, said the speaker, when we believe that he is the kind of person we want to become like. If we learn much of Jesus we must spend much time with him—talking to him and reading the great lessons he taught. This will strengthen our belief, and if we become believers we shall never be lead astray.

We do just about what we want to do, continued Rev. Mr. Goodman, and if we really want to do the right thing, if won't be long before we find ourselves doing just that. We must work with what we have, rather than wait for great things to happen to us. The little things in life are what count most, and we must train ourselves by doing those little things well.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Goodman, told the boys that a little bit of faith in Jesus will lead them on to great things for them and for all who come in contact with them.

The people who are getting things done are the ones who have a lot to do.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 6, 1936.

Weeking Ending May 30, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(9) Robert Allen 24
Edward Chapman
(23) J. C. Cox 23
James Johnson 19
Mack Setzer 22
Joseph Tucker
(26) Fred Wheeler 26
(20) James Wilhite 25

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 6
Glatley Branch 7
Robert Blevins 6
Howard Cox
Robert Coleman 6
Henry Cowan 6
Carrol Dodd 5
(3) William Haire 5
William Howard 14
(4) Arthur Martin 22
Horace Journigan 6
Roy McAbee 4
Jack Norris 10
Howard Roberts 9
Jerry Smith 4
Albert Silas 13
(2) Eugene Stallings 5
Bunn Shoe 7
John Wilson 8
James West 16
(4) Robert Watts 11
R. L. Young 13
Preston Yarborough 17

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 4
Melvin Jarrell 4
(2) Brooks Young 5

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Bass 4
(2) Frank Crawford 11
Neely Dixon 12
Charles Furchess 11
Edgar Hatley 10
William McRary 6
F. E. Mickle 9
(2) James Mast 4
(2) James McCune 6
John Piner 6
Frank Pickett 13
Kenneth Raby 9

COTTAGE No. 4

(12) Odell Bray 15
(2) Hurley Davis 11
Lewis Donaldson
(7) James Hancock 19
(2) Ralph Johnson 15
(3) John King 7
(2) Thomas Maness 5
Robert Mims 16
Joseph McPherson 5
(2) Hubert McCoy 2
Thomas Stephens 10
(4) William Surratt 9
Melvin Walters 16
(3) Leo Ward 5

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Jack Clinard 2
(12) A. L. Gaines 24
John Grider 14
Jack Gunter 10
(2) Herman Hunt 14
Henry James 10
Ralph Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson
Robert Bryson 7
William Burnette 16
Theodore Bowles 16
(4) Columbus Hamilton 15
(6) Thomas Hamilton 20
Roscoe Honeycutt 5
(3) Leonard Jacobs 11
Clinton Keen 2
(5) Ray Laramore 9
(3) Richard Patton 8
(8) Joseph Sanford 12
(3) George Wilhite 12

COTTAGE No. 7

Archie Castlebury 8
William Estes 6
James Finley 12
(2) Lacy Green 5
(13) Caleb Hill 21
(12) Hugh Johnson 20
Robert Lawrnece 3
Kenneth Messick 5
Elmer Maples 6
J. C. Mobley 3
Milton Pickett 14
J. D. Powell 7
William Tester 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Sam Belk 20
Lloyd Banks 8
(3) Howard Baheeler 5
(2) Haynes Hewitt 10
(2) Rayvon Michael 9
(9) Ralph Rainey 19
(3) Grover Revels 3
(5) Charles Taylor 13
(2) John Tolbert 11
Edward Whitaker 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 4
James Coleman 17
(2) Randolph Davis 21
(2) Reuben Duggins 12
(2) Woofin Fowler 17
Charles Freeman 17
Elbert Kersey 7
Luther Landrum 4
Thomas Sands 3
(3) Percival Shuler 12
(11) Homer Smith 22

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 22
Earl Atwood 13
Glenn Collins 17
Fred Davidson 7
Walter Merritt 5
William Peedin 13

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Walter Blevins 12
(3) Edward Carpenter 12
Earl Duncan 6
(2) John Drum 12
H. A. Holmes 16
(3) David Hodge 17
(2) William Kirk 13
Edgar Merritt 4
William Martin 12
(6) Donald Newman 13

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 8
(3) Charles Batten 5
(2) Fred Carter 6
Talmage Dautrey 16
(2) Frank Dickens 21
(6) Marvin Edwards 22
(2) Franklin Hensley 6
(2) Hubert Holloway 9
S. E. Jones 4
Lester Jordan 6
(7) Frank Lewis 18
Asbury Marsh 14
(3) Clarence Mayton 12
(4) June Malone 15
(2) Jerome Medlin 19
Glenn O'Quinn 17
(4) Ewin Odom 14
(2) James Reavis 11
(4) Lonnie Sloan 14
(2) William Stevens 16
(2) Horace Simmons 7
Charles Williams 8
(3) Ross Young 13

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) Fletcher Boggs 14
(3) Clarence Douglas 12
Claudius Pickett 18
(4) John Smith 8
(4) Frank Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Clyde Barnwell 4
Marvin King 11
Troy Powell 8
John Robbins 6
(2) James Stepp 9
(2) Paul Shines 11
William Warf 7
Garfield Walker

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Julian Andrews 12
Granville Cheek 5
(3) Hobart Gross 3
Walter Hill 15
Joseph Hyde 12
(4) Edward Martin 15
(2) Raymond Mabe 8
(3) Alvin Powell 13
(3) Wilson Rich 8
(2) James H. Riley 12
(2) Harless Triplett 19

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 12, 1937 No. 24

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"OUR FLAG"

In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American Flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism.

Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heart-strings, and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes—By Henry Ward Beecher

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE UNSUNG HERO

Memories of other days cause us to admire as well as repent when we think of dad. Burdens he bore without a complaint, without recognition and with no thought of sympathy, immortalize him in our eyes now that we are growing older and see what he contended with. All fathers are looked upon as bread-winners and no thought given to the personal sacrifices made and in fact the personal slavery endured to care for his loved ones. Millions of dads right now are overburdened with worry; they are at a crisis. May it be suggested that a word of encouragement be given to dads by their dependents? A few kind words will lighten the load; the yoke will be a little easier to bear. His knowing that you understand will be a bracer. Dads have always had many burdens and they have always come through all right. They will come through this spasm all right, but a little encouragement and co-operation will be appreciated more than you will ever know. If you still have a dad, lose no time expressing your feelings. Step right up and say. "Dad, we're with you and we will come through this mess on top."—Selected.

THIS FLAG OF OURS

The American people have been so long passing through varied and oftimes mystifying emotions that they have in a measure lost all sense of proportions. We have so many meaningless days and events to engage our attention that the more momentous affairs fail to impress.

On June 14, the nation will pause in its mad career to observe the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the Stars and Stripes, the proud emblem of a nation of freemen. Throughout the nation patriotic organizations and individuals will pay reverent tribute to the banner our fathers have made holy with their life's blood.

The American people prefer to think of their national flag when

they look upon it as symbolic of peace and goodwill, justice and equity between man and man and nation and nation, and the harbinger of the kingdom of the brotherhood of man.

Once nations boasted that others stood in fear of their banner; we should be shamed if ours failed to inspire the highest and noblest sentiments of love and respect instead of fear.

Long may it wave to hearten and cheer mankind through the long journey forward, the sheen of its silken folds softening the rugged way with heaven's holy light.

When freedom was by vice assailed,
Your glorious mark of right prevailed;
And shed forth luster clear and bright,
That filled the air with radiant light;
And seemed to pierce the sky of blue,
With azures of the richest hue;
And brought the stars on high to earth,
To celebrate a freeman's birth.

* * * * * * *

GOVERNOR CLYDE R. HOEY

The truest measure of the mettle of man especially in public life is the manner in which he receives his fellowman. And there is a certainty that the spot light is always turned upon the high officials with the hope of not finding a virtue, but a flaw. Therefore, it is note-worthy to say here that fine reports through the press, and through general public, give every assurance that Governor Clyde R. Hoey is deporting himself in a most democratic manner by mingling in a friendly and kindly way with the masses in Raleigh and elsewhere without discrimination.

This is no surprise to Governor Hoey's friends in this part of the state. He has never had a speaking acquaintance with the spirit of aloofness. He knows the problems of life having risen by leaps and bounds to the highest position the state offers—the 87th Governor of North Carolina. He accepts the honor bestowed by the people in a most gracious and humble spirit and not alone to safe guard the trust but to serve without prejudice or partisanship.

A short resume of Governor Hoey's life as a young man, with a few of the high spots taken from the press is given elsewhere in

this issue for the specific purpose of having our boys of the Jackson Training School understand that men who attain the peak of success work without ceasing.

* * * * * * *

"I HAVE A BOY"

The Sunshine Magazine, true to its name, for it radiates sunshine and hope, is always chock-full of good thoughts—too good not to copy, so, we are glad to pass on to our readers the following article:

There is an intriguing poem written by Hugh M. Pierce, which gives the picture of the hope that lies in the heart of every father who has a son. And, too, there is a thought behind this poem that every true dad would like to convey to his son. It is especially appropriate to present the poem this month when thoughts of father and son become even more kin:

I've a wonderful boy, and I say to him, "Son,
Be fair and be square in the race you must run.
Be brave if you lose and be meek if you win,
Be better and nobler than I've ever been,
Be honest and noble in all that you do,
And honor the name I have given to you.

I have a boy and I want him to know
We reap in life just about as we sow,
And we get what we earn, be it little or great,
Regardless of luck and regardless of fate.
I will teach him and show the best that I can,
That it pays to be honest and upright, a man.

I will make him a pal and a partner of mine,
And show him the things in this world that are fine.
I will show him the things that are wicked and bad,
For I figure this knowledge should come from his dad.
I will walk with him, talk with him, play with him, too;
And to all of my promises strive to be true.

We will grow up together, I'll too be a boy,
And share in his trouble and share in his joy.
We'll work out our problems together and then
We will lay out our plans when we both will be men.
And oh, what a wonderful joy this will be,
No pleasure in life could be greater to me.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES

Instead of the regular quarterly meeting of the trustees of the Jackson Training School on first Thursday in July, the meeting was called earlier for the specific purpose of discussing the new building program that will begin in July. The new additions to this institution will be a gymnasium and infirmary, as advised by the last Legislature, for the development and care of the delinquent youths of the state.

These two units will prove most valuable in keeping the boys physically fit to measure up to the demands of the school's program of activities. The trustees present at this meeting were Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Chairman, Messrs L. D. Coltrane, and A. R. Howard, Concord, and Mesdames Cameron Morrison, Charlotte, W. C. Hammer, Asheboro and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

Due to changes in personnel of the board members,—the death of the venerable and beloved member D. B. Coltrane, the resignation of the most esteemed member Mrs. W. N. Reynolds and retirement of Hon. J. F. Spruill, Lexington, who rendered valuable service while a trustee,—it was necessary to reorganize. The Hon. L. T. Hartsell was retained as chairman and Mr. Herman Cone was named secretary in the place of Mrs. R. O. Everett.

Those named as members of the Executive Committee,to transact all business during interim of trustee meetings, are Hon. L. T. Hartsell and Mr. A. R. Howard, Concord with Superintendent C. E. Boger by virtue of his office as superintendent.

The personnel of the Board of Directors with official duties and appointed by the Governor are as follows: Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Concord, Messrs L. D. Coltrane, Concord, A. R. Howard, Concord, O. C. Bruton, Mt. Gilead, Paul Whitlock, Charlotte, Herman Cone, Greensboro, Mesdames Cameron Morrison, Charlotte, Clay Williams, Winston-Salem, W. C. Hammer, Asheboro, R. O. Everett, Durham and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

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NATIONAL COTTON WEEK

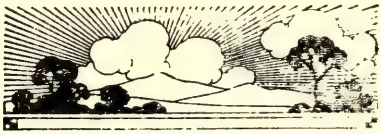
Why is it this year such little has been said about the observance of National Cotton Week. It seems a little out of keeping with

the spirit of this immediate community,—a wide-awake people in the midst of some the largest textile plants in the country and also in the land of cotton. However, it is safe to say National Cotton Week has been observed by merchants, 30,000 or more throughout the United States, with the hope of making people more cotton conscious. National Cotton Week should not pass into oblivion for 27 per cent of the total agricultural population in the United States is composed of cotton farmers, and one-tenth of the country's population is dependant on growing and manufacturing cotton.

The slogan of National Cotton Week is "Cotton, Use More Of It". The idea of Cotton Week was fostered in a Cotton Textile institute so is not a sectional affair. We all know as "cotton goes, so goes national prosperity".

* * * * * * *

The telephone is recovering from the depression. On Jauary 1, 1936, it was within one per cent of the peak five years before, with a record of 35,028,682 telephones in use in the world. Of this number the United States had 17,423,871; Germany was second with 3,269,954; England third with 2,551,117; France next with 1,441,-273, then Canada with 1,208,815; Japan with 1,131,748. Altogether these countries possessed 77.65 per cent of the phones. Taken together, China, British India and Russia, containing one-half of the earth's population, had only three fourths the total of New York City's 1,503,712 phones. With 1937, the peak of 1931 is estimated to be passed. The world loves to talk more and ever more, but its present situation does not indicate that its talking has been wisely done.—Selected.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Roads

"There are roads that are small,
There are roads that are long,
There are roads where we wander at will;
But the best road of all
For the bold and the strong,
Is the road to the top of the hill."

All little girls like dolls in their youth. And dollars in their maturity.

A sure way to become unpopular—just keep asserting that you are absolutely right in everything.

Some girls say they do not like the new styles of bathing suits. There's not enough of the suits—and not enough girl to go in them.

It is reported that in Japan you can tell whether a girl is married by looking at her hair. Shucks! Here in America you can't even tell if some of them are girls.

It is said that New York has imported a few straw hats for men, to sell at $1,000 each. Forming a brigade of "high-hatters," eh? Think I'd go crazy if I struck my head in $1,000 chapeau.

What this country needs just now more than anything else, is relief from relief. Too many people are looking to the government to support them instead of their supporting the government.

Like many others of my age, I can remember soon after bicycles came into vogue, they were blamed for the decline in church attendance. My! my! What would the old fellows say now, since automobiles are so numerous?

Automatic toasters eliminate burned toast; percolators make foolproof coffee, and egg-boilers have learned self-control, but breakfast isn't safe yet because there's no device to stop a wife from saying, "Write me a check before you go."

Would you believe it? A lot of people have got the idea that social security is a form of insurance against having to work. There's where they are making the biggest mistakes of their lives. They'll find this out, if they live long enough.

Gratitude

To receive favors from any one without expressing our thanks is to be ungrateful. This is true, even when those favors are from God. In the parable of the ten lepers we read that although the one leper was a Samaritan (that is a heretic,) when he fell down on his face giving Jesus thanks, this act combined with Christ's to make him whole. The other nine went their way heedless to express thanks for the benefit they had received. We ought to remember, as disciples of the Master, that His first command is that we worship the Lord our God. Unless in gratitude we love the Lord our God with all our hearts (the first and great command-

ment), we do great harm to our souls, and end by loving no one but ourselves. Surely we ought to put first things first in our Christian life. And God is first.

Old Mouth—New Teeth

At my age, to avoid the risk of being called, "Old Snaggled tooth Jim," I decided to replenish my mouth with a new set of eating furniture. It was largely a tooth-plate matter. When I tell you that, it is a mouth full. When a person chooses to do that he does not know the chewing difficulties he will have to contend with. I have just got to learn all over again how to eat. In the first place my new teeth seem to be all mouth, and my mouth all teeth. It mingles your feelings in such tidal waves of confusion that you cannot tell a thing about the tidology of what you do feel. They do not not present a joy, yet there is a jawy present. Before I get thoroughly acquainted with my teeth, they make my mouth feel as if it were an archway, and one of those little Austin automobiles was driving through, regardless of the food trafic. It makes one feel as if he didn't have a friend in the whole wide world. A Durham friend, who has new teeth, learning of my ordeal, consoled me thus. "The first week you will feel like taking them out and throwing them away; the second week you'll take $1 for them; the third week, you'll take $5 for them; and the fourth week you wouldn't take a $1,000 for them if you could not get any more like them." I hope mine is like his. Just now I feel he's right on the first point. I feel that way myself. I'm hoping his predictions will come true. But I have one consolation, when Mrs. Hurrygraph said to me, "Honey, I want to tel' you to your teeth, with all your 'false,' I love you still." I've been still even since.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go sliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral-insect takes from the running tide, the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer. To think rightly is to create.—Elbert Hubbard.

GOV. HOEY HAS HAD VARIED EXPERIENCES

(Selected)

Printer's devil, reporter, editor, lawyer, legis`ator, orator, Sunday school teacher—60-year-old Clyde Roark Hoey, 87th governor of North Caro'ina, brings a wealth of experience and a refreshing democracy of person to the foremost job in the state.

Tall, dignified in swallow tails with the inevitable red carnation in coat lapel and tie to match, silver-haired Governor Hoey slouched comfortably in his massive executive chair, `ong, bony hands crossed calmly in his lap, and chuckled over the jobs which preceded the governorship.

"Yes sir, we had hot campaigns back in those days," the governor remarked, touching on the days when he stumped the state for Wil'iam Jennings Bryan and others, before his innate political acumen won him the right to canvass for himself.

"Many a time I've carried two pistols in my hip pockets when making a speech back in the hills. On several occasions feeling ran so high I laid the pistols on the table in front of me before beginning to speak."

"It's a good thing for me some of the audience didn't know what a sorry shot I was," Governor Hoey laughed. "But the worst I ever received was a rock on the side of the head about the size of an egg."

"Yes, I am often amused when I hear the newspapers today ca'ling our campaigns 'hot'."

Although the governor finds today's campaigns "not so hot," he takes time out from his manifold duties twice daily to coo' off with a "coke" at one of several Fayetteville street drug stores.

Governor Hoey's tall figure affable smi'e and ready handshake have become as familiar to Raleigh's main street as the state capitol at one end and the municipal auditorium at the other.

Morning and afternoon he invari-ab`y strolls down Fayettevile street like any ordinary citizen, usua'ly accompanied by one or two friends, for his "dope."

And that is Clyde R. Hoey's most strenuous indulgence to his appetites. An abstainer himself, he was voiced strong opposition to county-option liquor, authorized by the last general assembly. Besides, the governor does not touch tobacco, although, in the words of Mrs. Hoey, "he cares less about what he eats than any man I ever saw."

As for other dissipations, Governor Hoey's most serious is perhaps an cccasinoal movie. The governor is partial to comedies because "there is enough seriousness and tragedy in life."

Head of his fami'y since he was 13, Governor Hoey has remained both a devoted family man and an incessant and conscientious worker.

He arises at 8, breakfasts and dictates until 10 or 10:30 at the old red brick mansion on North Blount street. The state limousine then car-

ries him to the capital offices, where he is usually besieged by a host of callers seeking anything from a job to a personal donation.

In addition, there are council of state meetings, university trustee meetings, conferences and because Governor Hoey is noted as an extemporaneous orator, innumerable speeches, commencements, religious gatherings and barbecues throughout the state.

The governor seldom leaves his office before 6 p. m., and can often be found there at night poring over state matters. Again, on Saturday afternoons, when all other state employes and state officials have left for week-end jaunts, Governor Hoey remains secluded in his office transacting pressing matters.

Outstanding among the chief executive's traits is perhaps an exuberant democracy of person, a symapthetic kinship with his fellow beings.

At a recent barbecue given by one of the state departments, Governor Hoey stood in line a half hour with several hundred others waiting to be fed because "I just wanted to hear what everyone was talking about."

Walking down Fayetteville street alone one night after addressing a convention at the Sir Walter hotel, the governor stopped to speak to a group of young people of his acquaintance sitting in a parked car.

"I felt like walking a bit tonight, so told Robert not to wait with the car," Governor Hoey explained.

And when one of the youths returned from a nearby drug store he was astonished to find the governor sprawled over the back seat like any other mortal.

Born at Shelby, during reconstruction days, Clyde Hoey was forced to go to work at 13 as a printer's devil. Soon he was a full-fledged printer.

When he was 16 the little Shelby paper went bankrupt and gave Hoey the chance to demonstrate his ability.

"Let me take over the paper and its debts," argued young Hoey to the creditors. "You have nothing to lose, and if I succeed you'll get your money back."

In two years the young editor had succeeded and likewise become a prominent citizen. Despite his 18 years, he was also a leader of the local Democratic organization.

While still 18 he canvassed Cleveland county for William Jennings Bryan—and has had a part in every Democratic compaign from that day to this.

When Hoey was 20, the Cleveland county Democrats, then the minority party, nominated him to run for the state legislature. And after a "hot" fight Hoey won—although he was too young to vote!

The young leader was re-elected to the house in 1901 and the state senate in 1903.

While editor, he had taken up the study of law, attending the University of North Carolina law school in the summer of 1899. That August, Hoey passed the state bar examination and received a license to practice.

The governor married Miss Bessie Gardner, sister of former Gov. O. Max Gardner, in 1900—it was during his courtship he began wearing the boutonniere that was to become a life-long habit.

The Hoeys have three children Miss Isabel Y. Hoey, Clyde, Jr., an engineer at Canton, and Charles A. Hoey, Shelby businessman.

By 1908 Hoey's law practice had grown to such proportions he relinquished his editorship. Then, in 1913, he was appointed assistant United States district attorney, serving until 1919.

Hoey represented the state in the United States house of representatives in 1919.

And, despite all this, Governor Hoey has taught a Sunday school class the past 16 years—even in Raleigh he breaks away from executive duties to teach the class at the Edenton Street Methodist church.

THE FAITH OF A CHILD

Just yesterday I passed through the "children's ward" of a great hospital. My attention was called to a beautiful little girl, who was near the sunset moment of life. She had suffered intense pain, but was very calm and quiet now. Her white face, nestling among clusters of golden curls, gave her the appearance of a dainty doll.

"You are not afraid, are you, little one?" someone asked with sobbing voice.

"Oh, no!" came the brave response, "I am not afraid now, for I am sure Jesus will like me!"

Not again did she speak. There was a faint sigh, as of glad and serene surrender. Then a smile of indescribable glory illumined the marble face—and the tiny bit of clay was lifeless. Oh, little girl of the golden locks and the wonderful faith! Oh, little child of the blue, blue eyes! I owe thee much more than any word can measure? Quite by accident did my footsteps cross your pathway. But the beauty of your smile and the music of your voice—these are my chosen and abiding treasures. When the flame of faith burns low, when the lamp of hope is dimmed, when doubt knocks at the door of my heart, when the wisdom of this world seeks to bewilder, then will I think of thee and thank God.

'I am sure Jesus will LIKE me!"

Who can doubt that the faith which inspired these words is very precious in the sight of Him Who took little children in His arms and blessed them, and Who said in love: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me?"—Selected.

FIAG DAY

(Rutherford County News)

June 14, Flag Day, will this year direct the thoughts of every good American to the future as well as to the past. The patrioitc citizen wi'l be reminded that June 14, 1937, marks the 160th annivesary of the day when the Coninental Congress passed the resolution officially establishing, as the emblem of the United States, a flag "of thirteen stripes alternate red and white," and "that the union be 13 stars white in a blue field representing a new constel ation."

It is well to recall some of the great dates in the flag's history. Its first display by the Continental Army was on August 3, 1777, at Fort Stanwix, the present city of Rome, N. Y., during an attack by the British. It was first carried into battle by George Washington's troops at Brandywine on September 11, 1777. It was first saluted by the British at the surrender of Burgoyne at Sartaoga on October 17, 1777.

For the Navy, John Paul Jones took the first salute to the Stars and Stripes on February 14, 1778, when he sailed his ship "Ranger," into the harbor of Quiberon, France. In the same ship he forced the first striking of colors to our Flag by the British ship "Drake," on April 24, 1778 The ship "Bedford," of Masschusetts carried the first American Flag into a British port on February 3, 1783. It was first carried around the wor'd by the ship "Columbia," sailing from Boston in September, 1787. Captain John Greene, in the "Empress of China," had previously taken it to China in 1784.

It was first flown in battle in the Pacific by the U. S. Frigate "Essex," in 1813. The next year Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner." In 1818 Congress decreed that henceforth a new star should be added on the admission of each new State to the Union; but, before that, on January 13, 1794, after Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to the Union, the stars and stripes were increased to fifteen. The 1818 Act reduced the stripes to thirteen and decreed a new star for each new State, which made a jump at once of twenty stars.

On April 6, 1909, Admiral Peary planted the first American flag at the North Pole. Within the last decade, Admira' Byrd has carried it to both the Poles.

A cheerful temper spreads like the dawn, and all the vapors disperse before it. Even the tear dries on the cheek, and the sigh sinks away half-breathed when the cheerful eye and the kindly word beams upon the unhappy.—Jane Porter.

THE WONDERFUL WALL OF CHINA

By Selma Grether

As a boundary line, the great wall of China has no longer any meaning. Perhaps it was never intended to mark, map-like, the limits of the Chinese nation to the north—a great chalk line over which enemies from beyond dared not walk, yet there it stands there is the symbol of the old. Governments of many kinds have sprung up around it, flourished and died again; centuries have passed over the wide land it guards. It may be that, after all, the wall as it stands there is the symbol of the seemingly changeless race which built it, and that it has a meaning still.

To see the great wall is one of the aims of every world traveler. From Peiping it is but a short distance by train—a train of jerky motion; a train—a train of jerky motion; a train which in summer is all but melted down in the heat of the North China sun. The little stations along the way seem lonely and deserted, though there is excitement aplenty stored in or near most of them. Irregular Chinese troops, mostly boys of amazing youth, their uniforms a few garments seldom alike in color, may be camping as they can in those box cars on the siding. Japanese patrols may not be very far off. Bandits, of course, may be anywhere these days.

The train stops near Nankow Pass, the most convenient place from which to reach the wall. Though it is not far to walk, a few talkative natives dressed in remnants of felt hats and blue cotton trousers lead up balky, little grey donkeys as fast as they can. Gesticulating, arguing, bowing, they plead for riders silent only when at last the donkeys are mounted.

The loneliness, the quiet of the land round about are startling! In this teeming country of China, here are bare mountains scarcely covered with grass, rocks, yellow dust, all baking in the fierce heat of the sun, and not a living soul in sight! The mountains are steep, awe-inspiring, as they zig-zag away over the horizon. To an American, the land looks rather like his own far West, except that he feels that this is old, old, old, while his America is new.

Riding the donkeys is difficult business. Even though the animals are led by frayed bits of rope in their owner's hands, and are prodded now and then with sticks, the going is uncertain. When stumbling down hill over the rocks, one may cling tightly to the metal handle on the slipping saddle to keep from flying over the donkey's head, but when the paths lead steeply upward it is on luck alone that one's trust is stayed. Even so, the end of the climb, the clambering up onto the actual wall, is done afoot. It would be a poor traveler who would not wish to scale it unaided.

Few thrills in traveling can equal that of actually standing on this ancient wall of China! It is like treading on history itself! Much higher and much broader than old school book illustrations ever made it appear, it is more unbelievable in real-

ity than in legend. Huge grey blocks of stone—hewn by hand, carried by hand, set up by hand,—laid one against the other, with no hesitation, over crag and valley and plain for over a thousand miles! And though so stonily solid, it winds and twists and coils across the landscape in the shimmering heat like some living guardian snake.

Surprisingly, there is a wide grassy space atop between the bulwarks of sturdy stones, a road for troops to tread four or six abreast or for wandering tourists to tramp alone. To jump below, or to be hurled from this height, would be to invite death. Here and there the protecting rail has crumbled away. The wall itself in spots has fallen to a mass of earth and broken stones, but beyond are unbroken ramparts, even arched towers and guardposts standing across the high-road as sturdily as ever. Long grass and fast-growing weeds sprout from between the rocks in places, while in others the stones are smooth and flat and clean. One gets nowhere, apparently, trudging along on this historic pile, for the wall seems endless.

Already trinket-sellers, having sighted trade afar off, are appearing out of the blue. Ragged and fifthy, they come from the seemingly lifeless land. In their hands they bring clanging brass—cheap rings and bracelets, "camel-bells," old bronze coins on strings. Persistently they jangle their wares under one's nose. They charge what seems a mere pittance for their sourvenirs, their trash, yet it is a 'first price' which only tourists would consider seriously. In fact, it is an outrageous price in Chinese coin. Expectantly they dog one's footsteps; they begin to lower prices; finally they beg and plead with one to buy.

Behind them come still more ragged men, Mongolians, also apparently from nowhere. Hanging around the base of the wall, following a distance behind the strollers on top, they wait their chance—a scrap of bread thrown away, a sandwich cast out of the travelers' lunch packets. Lean, brown, dusty, hungry, their eyes dart over the group. Buzzards circling slowly in the skies could not be more keen and alert and ready to pounce upon a bit of food. But these hungry Mongols are often disappointed. The cast-off sandwiches which they tear apart may contain meat forbidden them by their religion.

The sun beats down mercilessly. The heat is past believing, yet the air is clear, almost bracing. The eyes can peer out over endless distance through the brightness, watching the wonderful wall wind away over the green-ribbed, treeless mountains into the blue beyond. The vast vault of the sky seems very far away. The mind is filled with thoughts of the thousands of yellow men who toiled and died to build this thing, of the ruler whose vision it was, of him whose fierce will caused it to rise upon the face of this lonely land. It is one of the very few man-made things in the world which seem too great to have been wrought by human hands.

To climb down off the wall is to descend into the world of ordinary things once more, into the confusion, the helplessness of modern China. How sad these latter-day Chinese must feel when they look upon that

ancient symbol of strength—how sad, and yet how proud! The nation, like the wall, may be crumbling in places, yet the ancient strength is there; there are millions of Chinese, countless as these stones, in China; it is still China, the wall still stands.

DAD'S NIGHT

By Ruth Epperson Kennell

Christopher Hammond read the letter again. His consternation gave way to anger.

"What can a teacher do when a boy has a father like that?" he asked himself in disgust. "They can wipe out overnight what we build up!"

He examined the letter more carefully.

"Raymond wrote it, and his father merely signed it—probably can't even write English."

The letter read:

"Mr. Hammond. Dear Sir, As my son, Raymond, is sixteen years old today (May 8), and is no longer required by law to go to school, this is to inform you that I will not let him go any more because I do not think it will do him any good. I wanted him to be a lawyer but he failed to pass the college-prep course the first year. You then put him in the trade-school course, which did not please me. Since he cannot be a lawyer, I think he would be better off to learn a trade the way I did, right on the job, than waste any more time at high school. Yours respectfully, (Signed) Raymond P. Galinsky, Sr."

He crumpled the letter and hurled it into the wastebasket. "So that's that."

He sat for a moment staring before him with tightly compressed lips. The incident was not closed for him. He could not so easily reconcile himself to the loss of one of his home-room boys. His investment in each of them was already too great. He had managed to keep the same group together for almost two years. He thought of the tremendous pains he had taken to pull Raymond Galinsky through his sophomore year; how he had given him special coaching in biology and had enlisted Miss Myers's co-operation to improve his English. He held the theory that poor English, probably the result of speaking another language at home, had been largely responsible for the boy's failure to make passing grades during his freshman year. The letter, apparently dictated in Polish by the father, was ample proof that Miss Myers's efforts had borne fruit. Raymond not only had improved his English during the past two years; he had also shown that he possessed more than average ability, in shop as well as the academic courses. If the world had lost a lawyer, it was well on the way toward gaining an intelligent, trained workman.

Would it be of any use to talk to the father? He shook his head glumly. Mr. Galinsky no doubt knew very

little English, and he himself knew less Polish, so how could he hope to reach the man at all? He groaned, and taking up his pen, resumed his task which the arrival of the letter had so rudely interrupted—the writing of personal invitatoins to each of the fathers of his thirteen home-room boys to attend the annual Dad's Night on Friday evening of this week. It was not the general practice to send out invitations, but he was so keen on having the fathers come that he was willing to take the extra trouble.

He had come to Raymond's name. He frowned thoughtfully. Should he send Mr. Galinsky an invitation, in spite of his disconcerting communication which abruptly put an end to the boy's high school career? At that moment he remembered something. Raymond was a member of the Glee Club—and the Glee Club was on the program for Dad's Night.

Swiftly he began writing on a fresh sheet of his personal letter head:

"My Dear Mr. Galinsky, It was with deep regret that I learned through your letter received today that you intend to take your son out of high school. I hope, however, that your decision will not interfere with Raymond's participation in the program arranged for Dad's Night on Friday evening. As a valued member of the Glee Club, which will give several numbers on our program, your son will be greatly missed. We should appreciate your permitting him to come. And I should be most happy to see you there, too.

"I don't want you to feel, because you have found it advisable to cut short Raymond's high-school course almost at the end of his junior year, that this means the end of my deep, personal interest in him and my regard for his father. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you—you have not been present on these occasions in the past—will you not honor us with your presence at this time?

"Cordially yours,
Christopher Hammond."

The corridors of Central High School presented an unusual appearance on the night on May 11. They were full of men and boys—men for the most part in their late thirties, and boys in their early teens—and not a woman or a girl was in sight! But the adsence of feminine company did not seem to dampen their spirits; in fact, they seemed unusually gay.

Youths in their best suits and clean shirts, with their hair brushed smoothly back from their shining faces, walked self-consciously and with obvious pride beside their taller fathers, who were also enjoying their roles for the evening. Inside the large auditorium, which was decorated with spring blossoms, the men teachers formed a reception committee. Each teacher stood watching the door, and when he glimpsed one of his home-room boys, he hurried over to meet the father and exchange pleasantries about the son, who grinned sheepishly. The fathers saw themselves and their sons in a new light. They felt flattered at the attentions heaped upon them, and at the compliments the tactful teachers paid their offspring—their parent-

hood assumed a new dignity and meaning in their eyes.

Christopher Hammond was among those who stood close to the door, eagerly scanning the arriving guests. It amused him to see the old resemblance each father bore to the boy he knew so well.

Almost the first to appear was Mr. Develin. Hammond recognized the wiry, red-faced, little man before he caught sight of Patrick, who, bursting with pride and eager to show his father the wonders of the school, followed after him.

"That's Mr. Hammond, Pa!" he said "Isn't he just like I told you?"

The teacher, in turn, extending his hand with a broad smile of welcome, exclaimed, "I'd have known you anywhere, Mr. Develin, Patrick's a chip of the old block!"

"Hello, Robert. Is this Mr. Smith?" A large, portly man with a naturally genial expression, held out his hand. "I'm delighted that you can be with us, Mr. Smith . . . Oh, there you are, Edward. Is Mr. Smith taking care of you tonight?" Edward, looking a bit wistful, stood beside Mr. Smith. It was the custom for boys who had no fathers to choose one of the teachers or some other responsible man to act in that capacity on this occasion, so Edward had quite naturally come with his chum and Robert's father.

Mr. Gross, universally known as "Uncle Bill," shouldered his way in with a cheery salute for everyone, followed by several youths. No less than five boys had chosen the popular head of the science department to act as their father tonight.

"Key, there, Uncle Bill," called Dr. Bailey, the principal, "I see you brought all the family!"

Freddie Gibbons entered beside a dignified, gray-haired man. Hammond greeted Mr. Crandall, who was head of the city's free legal service, and Mrs. Gibbons' attorney in her successful battle to obtain compensation from the munitions plant for her husband's death.

"Well, Hammond, Freddie fixed it so that I could get in on the fun tonight," the lawyer said, putting his arm about the shoulders of the big, young fellow.

During all the time that he was greeting fathers and sons, Hammond kept wondering—would Raymond and his father come? The cheerful buzz of conversation was gradually subsiding in the big hall. The guests found seats and their hosts began preparing the stage for the entertainment. The program was to begin with a section from the Glee Club. Would Ryamond take part? As the time passed, his home-room teacher began to doubt that his hopes would be realized. It seemed that his little scheme would fail.

The Glee Club boys were mounting the platform; the pianist and violinist were tuning up. Grouped informally, they burst into a spirited refrain:

"What's the matter with mother?
She's all right.
What's the matter with sister?
She's all right
"There's nothing wrong with the
other sex,
But dad's the feller that signs
the checks.

What's the matter with fahd?
He's all right!"

During the general laughter and applause, there was a whispered conference with the leader. Then he announced that, as all the members were not yet on hand, their popular soloist, Tom Bradford, would sing a Negro lullaby.

"Daddy's in de canebrake
Wid his little dog an' gun,
Sweet Kentucky babe!"

Tom sang in his soft tenor voice, and a hushed silence fell on the crowded hall. His home-room teacher knew by the far-away, tender look on his dark face that he was thinking of the baby brother at home. On the front row, he discerned slim, sad-eyed Mr. Branford with face upturned to hear his son. They would have demanded an encore, but the missing member had arrived.

Raymond Galinsky hurriedly mounted the platform. He was carefully dressed in a blue serge suit Hammond had never seen; his straight, fair hair was sleek, his broad face shone with excitement.

"We had to wait for Galinsky," the leader explained, "because our first number is a Polish song, and he's the soloist."

Raymond's rich bass voice sang the verses alone and the others came in on the chorus. During the enthusiastic applause, Hammond's attention was drawn to a man who had sat down next to him. He was, it seemed, the only person in the audience who was not clapping. The teacher looked at him curiously, and saw, to his amazement, in this large, blond man with the face of a scholar such a striking resemblance to Raymond Galinsky that he concluded he must be the boy's father. He had somehow pictured him so different—an uncouth type of laboring man, whose mentality as well as his ignorance of the English language would make conversation with him difficult.

Evidently it was not lack of appreciation of the performance which made him refrain from joining in the applause. His blue eyes were shining, and an involuntary smile trembled on his lips.

"That boy has a nice voice."

"You think so? I am not so sure," the man replied deprecatingly. Even the few words betrayed a decided accent.

"Yes, too bad he has to leave school. We'll miss him."

The man frowned and looked away, then almost involuntarily turned back to ask sharply, "You are one of the teachers?"

"Yes, my name is Hammond."

The man started to reply, but at that moment the Glee Club began its second selection and silence fell on the crowd.

When the musical program was over, and a magician had pulled robbits from his hat and coins out of the air, and Dr. Bailey had spoken a few gracious words of welcome to Central's fathers, they adjourned to the gymnasium for games and sports. The teachers and a few less valiant parents became the amused spectators of a tug of war between fathers and sons—age and weight battling against youth and brawn. Big, fat Mr. Corvello, exuding the self-im-

portance of a petty racketeer—Angelo had introduced him as proudly as though he were the most respected of citizens—was the anchor man for the fathers. Equally tall, but not so rounded, Freddie Gilbons served in the same capacity for the sons. Sheer weight came to an ignominous defeat when Mr. Corvello slipped and went sprawling and several others fell on top of him. The whistle blew and the sons were declared the victors.

"Youth buries old age," lamented Dr. Bailey, as the warriors examined their bruises and put on their coats.

It was while the cups of steaming coffee and hot chocolate and the platters of doughnuts were being passed around that Christopher Hammond found himself, not by accident, beside the blond, scholarl-looking man again.

"I hope you are enjoying the evening."

The man with the brow of a thinker and the hands of a worker replaced his cup in the saucer and looked somewhat at a loss.

"Yes, of course, thank you. And I wish to thank you for your kind letter, Mr. Hammond. I am the father of Raymond."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, feigning surprise. But there was no pretense in the firmness of his handshake. "It was very good of you to let Raymond come, and to come yourself."

The father looked down into his cup a moment before he answered. When he lifted his eyes and spoke there was a note of appeal in his voice. "Could we maybe talk together about my son?"

"Of course. Let's go over there by the windows and sit in those easy chairs."

"Mr. Hammond, I hope you do not misunderstand my reasons for taking my son out of high school," Mr. Galinsky began earnestly, when they were seated in a secluded corner of the gymnasium.

"No, you made yourself quite clear," the young man replied with equal gravity.

"Maybe you think I do not appreciate learning, that I do not wish my son to be an educated man. Ah, sir, you little know the dreams I have had for him! I have hoped for him to do what I was unable to do in my own youth in the old country. We were very poor; I began to work when so very young, without schooling. I served as the apprentice in machine shops of Warsaw and in this way I learn my trade. But there it was very bad for the workers, so I came to America when still quite a young man, and I worked very hard until I could join the Machinists' Union and get for myself a good job. Things went fine with us before this present trouble, Mr. Hammond—we have the automobile and radio and even piano in our home—then everything seem to go to pieces even in this country." He leaned forward with folded hands and stared gloomily into space. "Now, sometimes I work, but not enough to give my family the things I wish them to have. So I think, Mr Hammond, when my son learns only a trade in the high school and not to be a beeg man at the top, why should we give up things to keep him in school? When I was sixteen already I worked and supported my parents. Let him do the same. My hopes for

him are anyhow destroyed. . ."

Hammond did not speak until they had both finished their coffee and set their cups on the broad still. He stood up and leaned against the window frame. Through the panes, here in the dimly lighter corner of the gymnasium, he could see the lights of the factory district, a city within a city —another world.

"I don't know—" he said slowly, and thoughtfully rubbed his chin, as though he were quite as perplexed as Mr. Galinsky, although he inwardly rejoiced that the way had become so clear. "There's one point I can't agree with you on, Mr. Galinsky, and it affects the whole issue. You are a machinist, and I presume a good one, for I imagine the old guild system still prevailed in Europe when you began your apprenticeship. I don't understand why your pride in your trade would not make you want your son to follow in your footsteps.

"No, no, I do not wish my son to be a workingman! I wish him to be among the business men and the engineers, among such people who are doing beeg things and making much money. I think lawyers are such men as this."

"It is true that from the point of view of money-making, such people as you speak of usually make more money than the skilled workers do. But from the point of view of doing big things, as you say, you do not seem to realize that workers are the really indispensable people, while lawyers, for example, would for the most part be out of a job tomorrow if we had the right social conditions."

"I had not thought of it in that way," the older man admitted, "but it does not make life easier for the workingmen, that we are—that is, I understand you to mean the world could not get along without those who labor with their hands?"

"Exactly."

"It seems, then, that the more useful a man is, the less he is honored, Mr. Hammond."

The teacher smiled grimly. "It is sometimes as bad as that Mr. Galinsky. At any rate, it often appears that financial rewards are distributed in such a way that it is not even the greatest minds which command the greatest incomes. Too often the most cunning and ruthless gain extravagant wealth while the great scientists and scholars are relatively badly paid. Nevertheless, there are more people than you might suppose who do not consider money the most important thing—there are plenty of boys today who are eager to train themselves to do the useful work of the world rather than to make the big fortunes. Useful work brings its own peculiar compensations, and big fortunes carry inevitable penalties."

He paused, as though pondering deeply, conscious that the father was waiting impatiently for his next words.

"Now in your own field—skilled manual labor—I believe that much of the lack of recognition of your useful services is your own fault."

"My fault?"

"I mean the workers in general. It is their attitude toward their calling, toward their place in society, and toward their own rights, which is largely responsible for their situation. Take the American workingmen —especially the immigrant like your-

self. What is his real ambition? Is it to excel in his trade, to raise himself and his fellow workers to a position of honor in the community as experts in their line, to demand just compensabtion for their labor? No!"

For the moment, carried away by his feelings Hammond forgot that his sole purpose in speaking to this man was to change, if possible, his decision regarding his son. He was speaking the truth as he saw it, raising his voice against what he believed to be one of the evil tendencies of his time.

"No—they want to climb out of the ranks of labor, to become bosses, office men, employers, politicians. They despise their own calling, and then wonder why the rest of the community also does!" He added more softly, "Jesus was a workingman, and He chose His disciples from among workingmen. He was not ashamed of His calling. He dignified it by the spiritual grandeur of His life."

The other man appeared deeply impressed. He bent forward and spoke with great fervor.

"But, sir, what would you have us do for ourselves and our children, when we are so poorly paid, so little respected?"

"Honor your calling. Don't show your contempt for it by asking your sons of desert it in order to gain for themselves an easy life!" he replied almost sternly. "Be loyal to your trade and to your fellow workers; strengthen your unions to demand justice for all of you, as the essential *producers* of the nation."

"I did not expect to hear such words from *you*, sir," Raymond's father said in bewilderment. "I did not think teachers looked at workers in such a way."

"Why not? Most of the boys and girls we teach are the children of wage workers, and we ourselves are wage workers. You and I belong to the same labor organization—"

"Do teachers belong to labor unions?" Mr. Galinsky asked in astonishment.

"We most certainly do—I am a member of the American Federation of Teachers."

The other man solemnly offered his hand.

"I am proud to know you, Brother Hammond," he said. The American Federation of Labor is a great power in America today, is it not so?"

"Yes, but I often think how much more we could do if the members themselves were more loyal."

"I understand—You are thinking of me in relation to my son," the father murmured.

"No, I wasn't, as a matter of fact. I was speaking in general. For example, you are a man who believes in education; and want your son to be an educated man, and so think at once of taking him out of the working class and making a lawyer or a businessman of him. Yet what organization is most active in the fight to keep our most precious American heritage—our public school system?"

"I—I do not know, Brother."

"It is our own organization of wage workers of the United States, the A. F. of L., which is most active in the fight to maintain and improve our system of universal compulsory education. That organization is for us and our children. We should be for

it, and implant that loyalty in our children."

The father bent his head and silence fell between them. The voices and laughter of boys and men sounded far away. The two had forgotten the jolly party, as they stood at the windows looking out at the lights of the factory district The school orchestra struck up a spirited tune. Hammond felt suddenly very sorry for the man.

"I am sorry that you were disappointed when Raymond was transferred to the co-operative trade-school course," the teacher continued gently. "You felt that he had failed to make good, but I assure you it was nothing of the kind. Raymond was handicapped in his college-prep course by his poor English, and that was the chief reason for his failure to make passing grades in his freshman year. But I believe it was the best thing that could have happened to the boy. I know that he has been happier during the past two years. He has been getting on excellently in his academic courses, as well as in shop—"

"I must tell you—he didn't want to quit. I made him. He cried like a little child, but he said he did not wish to be a burden on me—"

The teacher went on, as though he had not heard. "I felt that he was on the way toward becoming a fine, all-round mechanic, a man educator to use his brain as well as his hands. I imagined it would be a great satisfaction to his father when he would be ready to join the union—"

"But I did not think learning a trade was considered part of an education," the father interrupted, still somewhat bewildered.

"That is a snobbish idea which organized labor should fine its members for expressing!" Hammond exclaimed, smiling. "The idea that there is anything strange about a mechanic being a man of culture!"

The other man stood looking at him, open-mouthed, as though a great truth had at last dawned upon him. Then they became conscious of the hush which had fallen upon the room. The Glee Club were on the platform.

"For dad's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us!"

Raymond's eyes seemed to be searching the crowd for someone, while he sang. Mr. Galinsky whispered as he pressed his companion's hand:

"My boy is looking for me. I must go where he will see me. Good-by, and thank you, Brother!"

On Monday morning, the home room teacher in 219 was not altogether surprised to see Raymond Galinsky in his place at roll call. On his face was the look of one who has been restored to life after having been very close to death.

By happiness I mean not a slight trifling pleasure, that probably begins and ends in the same hour, but such a state of well-being as contents the soul and gives it a steady lasting satisfaction.—John Wesley.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In compiling records of our boys for the past six months, in order that the parole list may be made up, we find the quite a number of them will be eligible.

On Friday of last week the final "shots" of typhoid vaccine were administered to 236 of our boys, by Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Health Officer, assisted by Mrs. Karl Cline, of that office. This was the number of boys admitted to the School since the vaccinations were given at about the same time last year.

About three weeks ago two cases of measles broke out in Cottage No. 6, the home of our smaller boys ten years of age and under. They were placed under strict quarantine but several other cases developed. This seems to be a mild form of the disease and we are happy to report that the boys are getting along very well at present.

We are deeply grateful to the publishers of "The Reader's Digest" for a gift subscription to the School library. Many of the boys have already taken advantage of the opportunity to read this splendid publication, and there is no doubt that it will soon be a favorite with a great majority of them. This is a fine gesture on the part of the publishers of the Digest, and both the boys and the officials of the School join in expressing appreciation for this valuable addition to our supply of reading material.

Messrs. Hunter Marshall, secretary of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association and Alex R. Davis, of the Saco-Lowell Shops, visited the School last Wednesday, where they, together with Mr. L. C. Campayner, superintendent of Brown Mill, discussed plans for the operation of a unit of textile machinery in the rooms formerly occupied by the printing department.

John Callahan, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School in 1931, called on friends here the other day. He is working as a miller for the Yelton Milling Company, located at Rutherfordton, where he has been employed for about six years. He is now twenty-two years old and weighs 165 pounds, and has developed into quite a fine looking young man. John also informed us that he has been married for quite some time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Glenn Miller, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., visited the School last Friday afternoon, en route to their home after spending

some time with relatives in North Carolina. Glenn, who attained the degree of electrical engineer at the University of North Carolina, after leaving the Training School, has been employed by the Westinghouse Electrical Company, near Pittsburgh for a little more than three years, where he is getting along very nicely.

Jack Page, formerly of Cottage No. 7, called at The Uplift office the other day. Graduating from Duke University in 1936, Jack then entered the Duke School of Religion, where he has just completed the first of a three years' course, in his preparation for the ministry. The young men in the School of Religion are required to spend the vacation months supplying various Methodist pulpits. Jack related his experience last Sunday, that of preaching his first sermon in his home town, saying while he was somewhat nervous at first, he got along very well.

We recently received a letter from Clyde Bristow, a former member of the printing class, who is now a truck driver for a motor transfer company with headquarters at Stanleytown, Va. After leaving the School several years ago, Clyde worked for a year or so as linotype operator. He then enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, most of his four-year enlistment period being spent in Nicaragua. Following his return from service with Uncle Sam, he spent about a year in a C. C. C. camp in the mountains of Western North Carolina. For the past few months he has been employed by the above mentioned transfer company. Clyde writes that he is now driving a new truck and trailer and has made several trips through the Northern states. He says he has crossed the George Washington Bridge and gone through the the Holland Tunnel into New York so many times that is has long ceased to be a novelty.

Rev. Walter L. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The subject of his most interesting talk to the boys was "Playing the Game of Life," calling special attention to the Apostle Paul's message to the Corinthians—"Quit you like men, be strong."

There is much uncertainty in the game of life, said the speaker, just as may be found in a game of baseball. One team may make three runs in the first inning and the other none, but that doesn't determine the score at the end of the game. No one knows the outcome until the game is over. So it is in life. We never know what even one day will bring, but the Bible tells us that "he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

We also find opposition in the game of life, continued Rev. Mr. Miller. It would not be worth our efforts if there were no cause for a fight, because anything worth having is worth fighting or working for. Some people wonder why God allows sin in

the world. He did it to make men of us and not weaklings.

It takes courage in the great game of life. Things do not always go as they should. Sometimes we find the going mighty hard and everything seems to go against us. It often looks like the game is going to the opposing side, and it is hard not to give up and say "What's the use." That's when it takes real courage to stick in there and fight.

Another thing that is required in the game of life is team work. We must learn to live and work with the rest of mankind. It is sometimes necessary for us to make a great sacrifice for the sake of the rest of our family, community or country. In a baseball game a player is sometimes called on to forget self-glory and make a "sacrifice hit" in order to allow a fellow player score the winning run. On just such a play teams have been known to win championships. So it is in the game of life. The greatest men in history have not been those who did things to attract the plaudits of the crowd, but honor goes to those who sacrificed all thoughts of personal gain or glory, and gave their all for the betterment of mankind.

Mr. Miller then stated that we shall never win the game of life unless we possess that sterling quality known as sportsmanship. We must learn to win and learn to lose. but most important of all, we must all learn to play fair. It is far better to play honestly and lose the game than to win by taking an unfair advantage of our opponents.

Another thing necessary in the game of life is that we must learn to play the game with all our might, putting our whole heart, soul and body into our efforts to win. It is true that if we give the very best we have to life, we are most certain to get the best from life.

Rev. Mr. Miller concluded by telling the following story: There was a boy and his father who were the best of companions. They attended all kinds of athletic contests, and it would have been hard to tell which enjoyed them the most. The father, in time, became blind, but still they went to the games, the boy telling his father of the various plays.

The boy later went to college, where he became a very skillful baseball player. He helped his team win many a hard game. It was during the baseball season that the father died. A few days later the team was scheduled to play an important game. No one expected the boy to take part in the game, but when the teams assembled on the field, the lad was in his usual position. In explaining his presence in spite of the sadness that had come into his life, he said that would be the first time his father would be able to see him play, and proceeded to play the very best game of his entire career.

In this game of life, we should always keep in mind that our Heavenly Father is ever watching over us, and we should always conduct ourselves in a manner that will be pleasing to Him.

In summarizing the Cottage Honor Roll from the week ending December 6, 1936 to the week ending May 30,

1937, we find the total number of times a boy's name has appeared on this list out of a possible twenty-six times, to be as follows:

26—Fred Wheeler.

25—James Wilhite.

24—Robert Allen, A. L. Gaines.

23—J. C. Cox.

22—Edward Johnson, Mack Setzer, Arthur Martin, Homer Smith, Clyde Adams, Marvin Edwards.

21—Caleb Hill, Randolph Davis, Frank Dickens, Robert Teeter.

20—Thomas Hamilton, Hugh Johnson, Sam Belk, C. D. Grooms.

19—James Johnson, James Hancock, Ralph Rainey, Jerome Medlin, George Gibson, Harless Triplett.

18—Julius Stevens, Frank Lewis, Andrew Powell, Claudius Pickett, Walter Mitchell.

17—Preston Yarborough, Frank Raby, James Coleman, Woodfin Fowler, Charles Freeman, Glenn Collins, David Hodge, Glenn O'Quinn, Roy Cruse, Edward E. Murray, George McManus.

16—James West, M. C. Cranford, Robert Mims, Charles Mizzell, Melvin Walters, Theodore Bowles, William Burnette, H. A. Holmes, Talmage Dautrey, William Stevens, Robert Hailey.

15—Julian Gregory. Odell Bray, Ralph Johnson, Lloyd Pettus, Fletcher Castlebury, Robert Deyton, Columbus Hamilton, Wilson Bowman, Thomas Braddock, Jeff Gouge, Joseph Cox, June Malone, Walter Hill, Edward Martin.

14—William Howard, William Bell, William Cassell, John Grider, Herman Hunt, Frank Glover, Milton Pickett, Frank Ramsey, Asbury Marsh, Ewin Odom, Lonnie Sloan, Fletcher Boggs.

13—Albert Silas, R. L. Young, Henry Fredere, Frank Pickett, Eugene Green, Richard Mills, James Corn, Charles Taylor, J. T. Branch, Earl Atwood, William Knight, William Kirk, Donald Newman, Ross Young, Alvin Powell.

12—Robert Worthington, Neely Dixon, Thomas Little, Robert Orrell, Joseph Sanford, George Wilhite, James Finley, Houston Howard, William Young, Reuben Duggins, Percival Shuler, Walter Blevins, Edward Carpenter, John Drum, William Martin, James Elders, Clarence Mayton, Clarence Douglas, Julian Andrews, Joseph Hyde, Harley Pennell, James H. Riley.

11—Ray Norman, William Goodson, Claude Maines, Robert Watts, Fred Seibert, Frank Crawford, Charles Furchess, F. M. Younger, Garrett Bishop, Hurley Davis, Monroe Keith, Leonard Jacobs, William Beach, John Penninger, John Tolbert, Bernard Griffin, James Reavis, Spurgeon Dowless, Doyle Holder, Marvin King, Paul Shipes.

10—John Kellam, Jach Norris, William Pitts, John Capps, Max Lindsay, Kenneth Conklin, Edgar Hatley, Thomas Stephens, Jack Gunter, Henry James. Jack Tate, John Elliott, Haynes Hewitt, Wilfred Land, Edgar Burnette, Dewey Freeman, Berchell Young, Eugene Patton, Frank Wilson, Lee Dowless, Stacy Long, Caleb Jolly.

9—Howard Roberts, Coolidge Green, Max Hedrick, Jesse Holleman, F. E. Mickle, Kenneth Raby, Shelton An-

derson. Lyle Hooper, William Surratt, Ray Laramore, Wayland Morgan, Lester Warren, Rayvon Michael, Jack Springer, Lawrence Guffey, John Uptegrove, Hubert Holloway, Morris Starnes, Henry Hallman, James Kirk, James Stepp, Glenn Williams, Henry Abernathy, Carl Toney.

8—Julian Myrick, John Wilson, Douglas Hinson, John Whitaker, Howard Cook, John Hampton, Hoyette Rogers, Glenn Haymore, Archie Castlebury, Percy Sanford, Lloyd Banks, James C. Hoyle, Thomas McCarter, Earl Stamey, Cleveland Suggs, John Smith, Troy Powell, Wilburn Suite, Clarence King, Raymond Mabe, Connie Michael, Wilson Rich, Marshall Scoggins, Robert Wilson, Paul York.

7—Glatley Branch, Bunn Shoe, George Goodman, Richard Wrenn, Earl Barnes, Ellis White, Mathis Garrett, John King, Odell Wilson, Robert Bryson, Noah Ennis, Charles McCoyle, Fred Dysen, J. D. Powell William Tester, Joseph Wheeler, Duke Davis, Edward McCain, Elbert Kersey, Emerson Barnhill, Fred Davidson, Mack Joines, Rufus Linville, James Penland, Howard Clark, Theodore Rector, Horace Simmons, Harry Flowe, Willard Garrett, William Warf, John Brown.

6—William Anders, Robert Blevins, Robert Coleman, Henry Cowan, Horace Journigan, Norwood Glasgow, James McCune, William McRary, William New, John Piner, Edward Fisher, Wade Melton, William Estes, Elmer Maples, Hubert Carter, Mark Jones, Glenn Richardson, Samuel J. Watkins, Albert Beaver, Ralph Carver, Floyd Combs, Earl Duncan, Fred Carter, Charlton Henry, Franklin Hensley, Lester Jordan, Charles Bryant, Ney McNeely, Jack Daubenmeyer, John Robbins, William Hawkins.

5—James Causey, Carrol Dodd, William Haire, Eugene Stallings, Myron Whitman, Brooks Young, James Burns, Thomas Maness, Joseph McPherson, Leo Ward, James Seawell, Thomas Doby, Roscoe Honeycutt, Canipe Shoe, Lacy Green Kenneth, Messick, Percy Strickland, Howard Baheeler, Edward Whitaker, Theodore Hodgson, Lurren Kinney, Jack Carter, Matthew Duffy, James Martin, Walter Merritt, Jehu Wright, Harold Bryson, Andrew Lambeth, Charles Batten, Bernice Baker, Warren Bright, Granville Cheek, Marvin Martin, Charles Pennel, Richard Tysinger, Winfred Whitlock.

4—Bruce Link, Roy McAbee, Jack McRary, Jerry Smith, Norton Barnes, Melvin Jarrell, Clifton Mabry, Lemuel Murphy, Boyd Strickland, Earl Bass, James Mast, Ernest Beach, William Brothers, Marshall Bryson, Ralph Webb, Jesse Cleveland, Henry Smith, Perry Harvel, James Jordan, Boyce Watts, James Ferrell, Fred May, Ernest Owens, Hollie Atwood, William Brackett, Craig Chappell, Luther Landrum, Luther Wilson, William R. Williams, James Hicks, Edgar Merritt, Calvin McCoyle, Fred Williamson, Richard Honeycutt, S. E. Jones, Warren Latham, Edward Seamon, Clyde Barnwell, Fred Clark, Glenn Jenkins, James McGinnis, James McCracken, Marvin Malcom, Hansel Pate, Edward Patrum, James Watson, George Worley.

3—Craig Mundy, J. D. Ashe, Reece Reynolds, Paul Cochran, Harley Matthews, Robert Maultsby, Henry

Harris, Grover Lett, Richard Sprinkle,, David Odham, John Ham, Giles Green, Robert Lawrence, J. C. Mobley, Albert Andrew, Junius Holleman, Ray Reynolds, Grover Revels, Perry Robinson, Odie Hichs, Thomas Sands, James Bell, Sidi Threatt, Burl Allen, Ben Cooper, William Powell, Wilmer Shoaf, Eugene Tollie, James Andrews, Claude Ashe, Robert Coffer, Curtis Coleman, John Crawford, Nelson Daubenmeyer, Henry McGraw, Desmond Truitt, Hobart Gross, Cleo King, Clarence Lingerfelt.

2—Charles Cole, Percy Newsome, James Sims, Frank Walker, Latha Warren, James Boyce, Grover Duncan, Julius Green, Lindsay Jones, Floyd Lane, Oscar Roland, Robert Batson, James Eury, George Shaver, Burl Smathers, Fred Vereen, Carlton Calloway, Hubert McCoy, Jack Clinard, Samuel Everett, Robert Gordon, Thomas, Sullivan, Walter Taylor, Martin Crump, Clinton Keen, Jack Pyatt, Paul Saunders, Letcher Castlebury, Warner Peach, Harvey Smith, Gladston Carter, Hubert Short, Junius Brewer, Lake Cooper, James M. Hare, Weaver Penland, Troy Reynolds, Maurice Staley, James Chapman, Baxter Foster, Paul Mullis, James Rector, Charles Womble, Harry Connell, Robert McKee, William Thore, L. M. Hardison, John Mathis, Ira Settle.

1—Edward Chapman, Joseph Tucker, Howard Cox, Hugh Huffstetler, Arthur Craft, William Downes, Samuel Ennis, Leo Forester, Kenneth Gibbs, Thomas McRary, Carl D. Shoffner, Jewell Barker, Grady Pennington, James Bartlett, Horace Bates, Wesley Beaver, Lewis Donaldson, Ernest Hudspeth, Richard Wiggins, Harold Almond, J. C. Branton, Ogburn Cason, J. C. Ennis, Robert Jordan, McCree Mabe, Randolph Miller, Lacy Burleson, William Corn, Jack Harward, Albert Newton, Ray Pitman, James Rackley, Jack West, Paul Angel, James Davis, Blaine Griffin, Floyd Watkins, Richard Freeman, Lonnie Holleman, Howard Key, Guy Lewis, George May, Norman Parker, Walker Warr, Heller Davis, George Duncan, Robert Gaines, Walter Cooper, Herbert Gray, James Howard, Felix Littlejohn, James L. Singleton, Carl Speer, Ira Grogan, Julius Lee, Adolph Watson, N. C. Webb, Harvey J. Smith, Leonard Watson, Arthur Ashley, Charles Banks, William Goins, James V. Harvel, Jesse Owens, Joseph White, Marshall White, John Church, William Mickey, Luther Nunnery, Garfield Walker, Wallace Sommers.

Character education is a process through which the child learns to make wholesome social adjustments to his many perplexing life situations. Perplexing life situations are all those occasions in daily life which vex, disturb and annoy because there is conflict between what one impulsively wishes to do and what one is obligated to do. Wholesome social adjustments are those happy and successful ways and habits of responding which are beneficial both to one's self and to others.—Germane.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 6 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

Robert Allen
Edward Chapman
J. C. Cox
Edward Johnson
James Johnson
Carl Kepley
Edward Lucas
Mack Setzer
Harold Thomas
Richard Thomas
Joseph Tucker
Fred Wheeler
James Wilhite

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Ro'l)

COTTAGE No. 2

Samuel Ennis
Henry Fredere
Warren Godfrey
George Goodman
Douglas Hinson
Clifton Mabry

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes
Earl Bass
M. C. Cranford
Frank Crawford
Neely Dixon
Charles Furchess
Julian Gregory
Goolidge Green
John Hampton
Jesse Holleman
F. E. Mickle
James McCune
Frank Pickett
John Piner

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson
Garrett Bishop
Odell Bray
James Hancock
Henry Harris
Ralph Johnson
Thomas Litt'e
Charles Mizzell
Hubert McCoy
Robert Orrell
Lloyd Pettus
Thomas Stephens
Melvin Walters

COTTAGE No. 5

Marshall Bryson
Jack Clinard
A. L. Gaines
Robert Gordon
Henry James

COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson
Robert Bryson
William Burnette
Fletcher Castlebury
Robert Deyton
Thomas Doby
Noah Ennis
Frank G'over
Columbus Hamilton
Thomas Hamilton
Roscoe Honeycutt
Leonard Jacobs
Charles McCoyle
Richard Patton
Joseph Sanford
Canipe Shoe
George Wilhite

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach
Archie Castlebury
Fred Dysen
John Elliott
James Finley
Giles Green
Caleb Hil'
Lloyd Hite
Hugh Johnson
Kenneth Messick
Elmer Maples
J. C. Mobley
William Tester
William Young

COTTAGE No. 8

William Jerrell
Wilfred Land
Fred May
Ralph Rainey
Grover Revels
John Tolbert
Char es Taylor
Edward Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 9

Thomas Braddock
J. T. Branch
William Brackett
Randolph Davis
Heller Davis
Reuben Duggins
Woodfin Fowler
C. D. Grooms
Percival Shuler
Homer Smith

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No 11

Walter Blevins
Howard Clark
Edward Carpenter
John Drum
David Hodge
Paul Mullis
Edgar Merritt
Wil iam Martin
Donald Newman
Filmore Oliver
Theodore Rector
Julius Stephens
Fred Williamson

COTTAGE No. 12

Fred Carter
Talmage Dautrey
Frank Dickens
James Elders
Charlton Henry
Richard Honeycutt
Hubert Holloway
Lester Jordan
Frank Lewis
Clarence Mayton
June Malone
James Reavis
Horace Simmons
Charles Williams
Ross Young

COTTAGE No. 13

Fletcher Boggs
Clarence Douglas
Harry Flowe
Robert Hailey
Isaac Hendren
Ney McNeely
Eugene Patton
Claudius Pickett
John Smith
Morris Starnes
Frank Wilson

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell
Fred Clark
Harry Connell
Curtis Coleman
Lee Dowless
Marvin King
Robert McKee
Troy Powell
John Robbins
Wilburn Suite
James Stepp
Pau. Shipes
Glenn Williams
William Warf
Garfield Walker

COTTAGE No. 15

Warren Bright
Roy Cruse
George Gibson
Hobart Gross
Willliam Hawkins
Walter Hill
Joseph Hyde
L. M. Hardison
Caleb Jolly
Cleo King
Edward Martin
John Mathis
Connie Michael
James McGinnis
Alvin Powell
James H. Riley
Wilson Rich
Harless Triplett
Robert Teeter
Robert Wilson
George Worley

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 19, 1937 No. 25

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ECHOES

Echoes are the speech of mountains,
  Framed in words that mountains know;
Songs of birds and marmots' whistling
  In dim canyons far below
Reach the highest peak that towers,
  Hidden half in drifting cloud.
And, at night, when things are eerie,
  Comes a cry—long-drawn and loud—
One lone cougar in the forest
  Rends the still night with his cry,
And the echoes tell the mountains
  One by one, until they die.

—Cristel Hastings.

— Published By —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WATCH THE EXAMPLE YOU ARE GIVING

Exempla docent, says a Latin proverb. Examples are great teachers. Yes, the example that the parents are giving their children, exerts a much mightier, a much greater influence upon the make-up, the conduct, the development of the character of the child than all the sermons that the pastor delivers, than all rules and admonitions that the teacher may give.

When a certain boy received lessons about the second commandment from his mother he said to her: "Well, Mother, this lesson is holding good for me only as long as I am a boy, when I am a man like father, I may swear and curse as he does, may I not?" What a pernicious lesson was he learning from the wrong example of his father!

And, finally, if you want to be something like a real, good father, or an educator, or a leader, try, by all means, to shape and to modify your own life after the very example of Jesus Christ, our only Christian Ideal and Regulator. Use all the time you can possibly take to lead the children to Christ! Invent ways and means to instruct them in the right way! Never tire of applying the one thing needful to the immortal soul of the child!—Lutheran Herald.

AN OLD BOY MAKING GOOD

W. M. Crooks, teacher and librarian, of the Jackson Training School had a most pleasing and satfactory meeting a short time ago with one of the old boys of the institution. The story is one of human interest and will be appreciated by all welfare minded people, and especially so since it reveals the fact that the work of the Jackson Training School brings about fine results.

Teacher Crooks, was window shopping on the busy block in the city of Charlotte. While standing intently at one of the windows of a big department store, his interest was drawn elsewhere by a slap on the shoulder. Turning quickly the Jackson Training School man saw a man in officered uniform. This for a moment made

him think, but the shock was finally a delightful surprise. The young man in uniform was one of the old boys, Brevard McLendon, a nephew of Cyclone Mack, a well known evangelist to many in this community. It was not long till Brevard McLendon told his old teacher his past and present activities.

To make a long story short it will interest all well wishers in the reclamation of delinquents to know that Brevard McLendon lives in Charlotte, and is an armed guard for the bank trucks,—a most responsible job and one that requires courage to safeguard the trust and also to maintain the confidence the bank officials had in selecting their man.

This institution is nothing but pleasure in the past, and in the future is a hope for the possibilities, with consecrated and trained workers, are as great as that of the missionary in the foreign field. In fact it is an inner-mission work. Save the boy and you make a man.

* * * * * * *

THE GLASS AGE

The forecast is that 1940 will mark the era known as the "Glass Age", that glass textiles will become commonplace and a much cheaper fabric for wearing apparel and other economic purposes will be manufactured of the compound for making glass. If this proves true as predicted by several professors in the colleges of the state, the cotton of the land of the south, the wool from the sheep fold and the raising of the silk worm will no longer be so profitable.

But the future of such a venture depends entirely upon how the women take to the new fabric. If popular, like the silk hose, the whole affair will go over in a fine way, and there will be visions of a colorful, shimmering world of crystals.

Knowing that science has revolutionized the world as to the many ways wood pulp can be used it is natural to conjecture the same could happen by the use of other products of nature.

However, the "steam-age" has not entirely eliminated the horse. "Old Dobbin" continues to hold a unique place in the affairs of life, and the same will hold true as to the essentials of every phase of interest—cotton and wool.

THE SCOUT JAMBOREE

Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, is continuing the work in making the Jamboree City, on both sides of the Mt. Vernon highway D. C., an independent municipality consisting of 10,000 tents to house 30,000 scouts from every section of the United States. This event will open on June 29th, and continue for eleven days, for the delight and glory of boyhood,—the future citizens of the country.

Constructive work of practically every kind to accommodate a city of 30,000 inhabitants has moved smoothly and swiftly under the guidance of skilled engineers, and is termed "the greatest event in the history of American boyhood and the greatest gathering of boys in the Western hemisphere". An elaborate program is scheduled to not only make this occasion colorful, but profitable to the boyhood of the nation.

* * * * * * *

THE HOPE OF THE UNIVERSE

This season of the year turns loose many thousands of hopeful graduates from the institutions of learning all over the nation, with diplomas giving assurance of finding some place in which they fit and make for themselves a name as well as a livelihood.

For some the goal will be reached, but for the majority disappointments will stare them in the face and for a long time they will flounder around till something turns up by chance that they want to do.

These conditions will exist as long as the schools run the young people through the same machine and they pass out from their Alma Mater with the same ideas and a similar ambitions. There must be an apprenticeship, or a diversified training according to aptitude, if the jobless host of young people get work, because experience and training count.

Occasionally a political contact, or a social position will place young hopefuls, but these conditions produce unrest making the less fortunate feel there is no use trying, creating a social problem that can be cleared only by turning out girls and boys trained according to general fitness.

The teachers are not to blame for conditions for they have no mental thermometer to aid so there is loss of time for the pupil, exhaustion for the teacher. They have their certificates for certain work and there the responsibility ends for the teacher, but the results are myriads of young people are misfits in life after going through the grinding of school life.

When vocational training is placed in all schools under skilled craftsmen dignity will be added to all kinds of work, such as carpentry, masonry or any thing that to the average high-minded student is classed as menial. It is quite impossibile for every one to be in the professional class. In fact to be a first class farmer is a greater privilege than being a second class professional man, let the profession be what it may. The land today is full of graduates, we respect them knowing that the whole world is marching forward on the feet of youth.

* * * * * * *

THE WALDENSIANS

Since the State Department of Conservation and Development has honored the Waldensians by the erection of a monument there is a comment to the effect that other Protestnant groups—the Huguenots, Lutherans, Moravians and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, all exiles of their faith, settled in this country before the American Revolution and fought its battles.

It is timely to state that a group of Waldensians came from a place in the Cottian Alps, near Turin, Italy and founded the town of Valdese, N. C. in 1893. The Waldensians deserve all the recognition they have received for their faith, courage and thrift, but by way of suggestion there are other Protestnant denominations thaat feel the State Department of Conservation and Development will have many more historic spots to mark if other early pioneer Protestants are recognized.

* * * * * * *

BUDDHIST TEMPLES

Few of us realize that there are in the United States one hundred Buddhist temples. In the Commerical Museum, Philadelphia,

there is a complete set-up of Buddhist worship, thoroughly equipped at any time for the Buddhist ritual. This sect claim 50,000 Japanese members, also 2,000 white Americans with fifty priests.

Plans are on foot to erect at once two Buddhist temples, one in New York and the other in Philadelphia. Their largest temple is in San Francisco where the fortieth annual Buddhist convention was held just lately. From this report as gathered from the press the missionaries might lower their sight and come closer home and cast about. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

A MOTHER'S ADVICE

A little bird with feathers brown sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low, but sweet as it could be.
And all the people passing by looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody that they had ever heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain, for birdie was so small,
And with a modest, dark-brown coat, he made no show at all.
"Why, Mother!" little Gracie said, "Where can the birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that, I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn a lesson from the bird,
And try to do what good she can, not to be seen or heard.
This birdie is content to sit unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise from dawn till close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your life, that, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks, they'll not forget your song."

—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

How Great Things Are Done

"Great things are only done by men
Who, having failed, will try again;
Who risk their all to venture out,
And having ventured, never doubt;
Whose confidence in self is strong,
And dares defy the doubting throng."

This country is full of would-be leaders, and many of them do not even know how to follow a real leader.

They are still preaching economy in Washington, but up to the present time no one seems to be doing anything about it, beyond the preaching.

It is said that the Chinese girls like their rice with chopsticks. Over here, if the chap sticks, the American girls llike to have the rice thrown at them.

The public has been informed by statisticians that the federal government spends $726.50 every time a normal person draws a breath. What puzzles me is which will we run out of first—money or breath.

Credulity is a menace to correct living. Besides being a mental, it is a moral weakness. Believe it or not, but there are people who believe everything they hear. They accept statements without the elements of truth, and repeat them as truths. The best way to get along is to weigh well what you hear, and not be a party to disseminating things that are not true. Keep your eyes and ears open at all times, and your mouth closed as much as possible. Your ears and eyes bring you the wisdom of others; your mouth often betrays that which does you small credit.

It is hinted that Congress is likely to remain in session all summer. If that is true, we are likely to have a sudoriferous summer this year. Instead of the session expiring the "pore" Congressmen will perspire.

The Lawrence Kans., Tribune says, "Breathing through the mouth is said to be harmful." Maybe so. Talking through the mouth is a very dangerous matter, at times, it has also been discovered.

Only One Remains

The once long line of the veterans in gray is fast fading into the ethereal blue of the skies. They live on in memory. They have not sunk beneath the waters of Lethe, for "when all the blanishments of life are gone, the coward sneaks to death, the brave live on." The annual reunion of Confederate Veterans was held last week in Jackson, Miss. For the first time since the war between the States, 72 years ago, not a Vet went this year from Durham county. There was none to go. Only one remains of the large R. F. Webb camp a few years ago—Maj. J. W. Hamilton, and he is

in the Old Soldier's Home in Raleigh, too feeble to travel. I hope all who have passed on, to "rest under the shade of the trees," with "Marse" Robert E. Lee, will have many stars in their crowns. "How sleep the brave, who sunk to rest, by all their country's wishes blest."

COLORFUL STREAMS OF HUMANITY

Standing on the street of any good-size town or city, when the populace is out in large numbers, and viewing from an advantageous point, it is exceedingly interesting to note the panoramic scenery of passing people, and the varigated coloring and styles wherewith they are clothed. There is the plain overalls of the working man; the usual costume of the business man, to all the colors of the rainbow, and then some, of the dresses worn by women, in figures and patterns that startle the imgination of the most fantastic. The expression on the wearers faces are as numerous and as varigated as the costumes they wear. The sidewalks are a human stream of colors, weaving in and out, like looking into a kaleidoscope. From these scenes one is lead to believe that God has taken special care to gratify the varying taste of His creatures. Moreover, we can but feel that God is a lover of dress. He has put robes of beauty and glory upon all His works. Every flower is dressed in richness; every field blushes beneath a mantle of beauty; every bird is clothed in the hadiliments of exquisite taste. The cattle upon the thousands of hills are dressed by the hand divine. Who, studying God and His works, can doubt He will smile upon the evidences of correct taste manifested by His children in clothing the forms He has made them.

WHAT IS THE USE?

He had degrees on the end of his name
  And knew several languages well;
He was listed in "Who's Who's" pages of fame,
  And he never was known to misspell;
But very few cried, they say, when he died,
  And most folks were perfectly satisfied.

He played the piano with unusual skill,
  And ranked as a genius in college;
Very difficult places he knew how to fill,
  And his head was a storehouse of knowledge;
But he never smiled when he met a child,
  And love never spoke when his will was filed.

—Charles M. Sheldon.

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Auto tires pick up more nails on rainy days.

Strawberry ice cream is the hardest to keep frozen.

You can't garnishee the sa ary of a civil service man.

There is no authenticated portrait or bust of Cleopatra.

Arkansas has the only diamond mine in North America.

Only half the people throughout the world wear shoes.

In France the sale of tobacco is a government monopoly.

China was the first land to adopt paper money, 807 A. D.

Sixty-eight adjustments are made on a torpedo before firing.

The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones

Besides Manhattan Island, New York City is built on 44 other is ands.

The average man reaches the peak of his physical strength at the age of 30.

The weight of the heart is from 8 to 12 ounces. It beats 100,000 times in 24 hours.

The last known case of yellow fever in the United States was recorded in 1905.

The fastest trains now make the trip between Chicago and New York City in 16 1-2 hours.

Diabetes develops far more often in persons who are over-weight than those of normal weight.

If you put a match to the cellophane of your wrapper, the smoke will go inside the wrapper.

When it is Saturday on the Alaskan side of Bering Strait it is Sunday on the Asian side—fifty miles away.

In a village near Covington, Kentucky, there is the smallest church in the world—seating only three.

The American turkey crop of 1936 was the largest on record, an estimated 20,000,000 birds being raised.

Logan spent may years perfecting the Loganberry, which is a cross between the blackberry and raspberry.

If you commit suicide in a public place, or a hote' room, they can sue your estate for damages and collect.

The skin contains more than 2,000,000 openings, which are the out ets of an equal number of sweat glands.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute.

There are more than 500 separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood-vessels.

The International Committee for Bird Preservation has extended its study of migratory birds to 26 countries.

The average stomach daily produces 9 pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about 5 pints.

By aid of an electric stethoscope, heartbeats of people before and after exercising were broadcast recently on the radio.

About 300 A. D., Antioch in Syria had a system of public street lighting, consisting of 'anterns suspended on ropes.

The old Roman version of "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" was that eating cabbage wou'd help ward off sickness.

The first labor paper "The Man," began publication at Ithaca, N. Y.,

about 1822. Its editor, George H. Evans, advocated free homesteads equal rights for women and abolition of imprisonment for debt.

More than 70,000 auto accidents reported yearly in the United States, America, are attributed to drivers falling asheep at the wheel.

The first ice boat was bui't by Oliver Booth at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. in 1790. It was a box on iron covered runners with a sail and rudder.

The first breech-loading cannon, invented by Benjamin Chambers in 1849, is now on exhibition by the Virginia Historial Society in Richmond.

The fu'l capacity of the lungs is about 320 cubic inches. About two thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

The first ambassador sent to England by the United States was John Adams whose duties began on June 1, 1785, with his introduction to King George III.

Trat Florence Nightingale, the English nurse is considered the founder of modern hospital service. The soldiers were so devoted to her during the Crimean war that they kissed her shadow.

THE FOUR PLANTS

An old teacher was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, and the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-size tree. The tutor said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

They boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

"But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, hardly shook it leaves.

'This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits. Whem they are young we can cast them out readily, but only divine power can uproot them when they are old."—Selected.

COTTON SEED IS VALUABLE

By Earle W. Gage

Huge heaps of cotton seeds that decayed on the ground or found their way into the rivers and creeks to clog them formed a problem that worried farmers and ginners in the South a generation ago. Cotton seed was an apparently useless by-product of the South's greatest industry. No one had discovered that it possessed the slightest economic value. Some of it, a very small proportion, was fed to cattle.

Today the value of products obtained from cotton seed in the United States exceeds $150,000,000 annually. The one-time nuisance has become a veritable gold mine of enormous importance in the prosperity of the cotton-growing states and of wide diversity in its use.

The magnitude of the loss suffered by the South in the failure to discover earlier the possibilities of cotton seed can scarcely be computed. It can be understood in a degree when it is considered that the seed represents two-thirds of the cotton crop and the cotton itself anly one-third.

The utilization of cotton seed is only one of hundreds of contributions made by chemicals and chemists to the wealth of the world—contributions that increase continually as the direct result of laboratory research and experiments.

The manufactured articles that trace their source back to cotton seed include many of the necessities and comforts of modern life. Mattresses are stuffed with cotton seed linters. Eggs are fried in hydrogenated cotton seed oil or other substitutes derived from the seed. Dishes and soiled napkins are cleansed with soap probably containing cotton seed oil as an ingredient, and the kitchen sink and floor are brightened and rubbed to a glossy polish with washing compound, a cotton seed derivative. The noonday luncheon may include canned tunafish or sardines which have been packed in cotton seed oil.

The lady of the house uses a celluloid comb made of a combination of nitrated cotton linters and camphor. She may garb herself completely in garments of artificial silk made from nitrated cotton linters. It is house-painting time; she may write a note to the painter on paper made from cotton seed linters. The chances are the the roof will be painted with a tar residue derived, after many intermediate steps, from cotton seed.

Motor cars are cushioned with artifical leather made by coating cotton fabric with a mixture of castor oil and nitrated cotton linters. A detour in the road may mean that the highway is being repaired through the aid of dynamite, made through nitrating glycerine, which in turn is a by-product obtained when soap is made from such vegetable oils as cotton seed oil.

The roast beef or the juicy steak of the evening meal may come from an animal fattened on cotton seed hulls and meal. The French-fried potatoes may have been fried in cotton seed cooking oil, and the salad may be garnished with a dressing made from cotton seed salad oil; in fact, thanks to modern chemistry,

the entire day may be linked with activities in which cotton or cotton seed derivatives play a conspicous part.

Cotton seed, formerly thrown away, has become so profitable a part of the American cotton crop that cotton growers may now raise cotton for the seed alone, and secure an attractive profit. One ton of cotton seed will produce twenty-seven pounds of linters (cotton which is too fine for the gin saws to remove from the seed, 841 pounds of hulls used for feeding farm livestock, 732 pounds of meal and 280 pounds of crude oil.

Cotton seed meal is used for fertilizing and feed purposes, and being rich in protein is a very popular feed for beef and dairy cattle. The crude cotton seed oil when pressed from the seed is then refined and is used for a variety of purposes. It is said that a large percentage of the so-called olive oil used in this country is composed of cotton seed oil. In the industrial field cotton plays a prominent part in the manufacture of hose and belting. The foundation of nearly all rubber hose, rubber belting and canvas stitched belting, as well as motor car tires, is the fabric and this is made of cotton duck.

Cotton picking usually starts in September and continues until February. After a sufficient quantity is picked, it is hauled to the cotton gin much in the same manner as apples or oranges are taken to the packing house, or a quantity of corn taken to the mill to be ground. It takes about fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds of seed cotton to produce a bale of cotton weighing five hundred pounds. The thousand or fifteen hundred pounds left over is cotton seed.

The seed cotton, as hauled to the gin, is sucked out of the wagon through long finger-like affairs while the seed is virtually sawed from the lint. The lint continues through the suction pipe to the compress, and after being compressed into a bale is delivered to a trough below the gin and carried to a large suction pipe which conveys it to the seed storehouse.

The cotton seed is sold to an oil mill, of which there are hundreds, both large and small, scattered over the southland. Sometimes the grower takes his seed and sells direct to the mill.

At the oil mill the seed passes through an interesting process. First it is sucked out of the car, or wagon, and passes through a cleansing drum which removes a large part of the dirt and thoroughly aerates it, also removing moisture. It is then conveyed overhead in a large warehouse, which has a high and water-tight roof and a cement floor and dropped in great heaps, where it remains until it passes through the mill.

It is sucked up again by great pipes and carried to the mill. Here it is again put through a gin to remove such cotton as may cling to the seed. Before the seed strikes the gin saws, it is put through another cleaning process, which eliminates stones and sticks. Just before the saws are reached, the seed passes over magnets which eliminate nails and other pieces of metal. All this is necessary to protect the saws and incidentally assure a clean product in oil and meal.

Next the cotton seed is carried to the huller and then the seed, minus the hull, is put through a large boiler where it is softened by cooking. It is then placed in canvas forms, two feet long, one foot wide, and three inches thick, and taken to the press, which holds a dozen or more of these forms. Here it is subjected to a pressure of several thousand tons per square inch to press out the oil.

The resulting oil cake is now only one inch thick and almost brick hard. It is put through a breaker which breaks it into pieces about an inch square. Pieces larger or smaller than this size are passed on to the grinder where they are ground into the meal the farmer feeds to his cattle.

The inch-square pieces are sold to cattle feeders in the West. They feed this product to the cattle on range, usually putting it in hoppers for the cattle to feed themselves as they wish. It is one of the best of fattening feeds.

It is a pleasure to be in the neighborhood of a cotton seed oil mill—the odor is most appetizing. It makes one think of mother making fried cakes for a hungry family. It brings to mind the number of uses cotton oil is put to in the average American home, and to the appetite—something good to eat.

IT'S YOU

You say the world looks gloomy,
The skies are grim and gray;
The night has lost its quiet—
You fear the coming day.
The world is what you make it,
The sky is gray or blue
Just as your soul may paint it;
It ain't the world—it's you.
Clear up the clouded vision,
Clean out the foggy mind;
The clouds are always passing,
And each is silver lined.
The world is what we make it—
Then make it bright and true,
And when you say its gloomy,
It ain't the world . . . it's you.

—Selected.

BRUTON PARISH CHURCH

By Maude Gardner

To the 60,000 visitors who are annually making pilgrimages to Williamsburg, Virginia, to see the old Colonial Capital in its restored beauty and glory, there is no one building, perhaps, among the town's many historic shrines that holds greater interest and charm for the majority of these many visitors than lovely old Bruton Church, with its ivy-covered walls and quiet surrounding graveyard.

When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., started the gigantic task of restoring the old village to its original condition as a perpetual colonial shrine, Bruton Parish Church was among the very few historic structures that needed no restoration, for it was perfect as it was. And this stately and beautiful brick edifice, with its graceful steeple, lovely interior and interesting history is alone worth a visit to the little town, which once played an important part in the life of the American Colonies and today presents an accurate picture of those days of long ago.

There was a little church in Williamsburg when the seat of government was removed from Jamestown and established there in 1699, but before long the tiny village became an important center as the Capital of the Colony, that a new church was necessary. And in 1710, while Alexander Spottswood was the Colonial governor and living in the "Palace," a stone's throw away, the old church was torn down and the present Bruton's began to rise. It was Governor Spottswood himself who furnished the plans for the new building and saw to it that the House of Burgesses appropriated considerable means toward its building. Each inhabitant was also taxed with a certain number of pounds of tobacco, the proceeds of which were to go into the erection of this now famous church.

There was a certain amount of prestige pertaining to Bruton Church from the very beginning of its existence, bearing as it did the proud distinction of being the church of the Colony's Capital. There was official dignity, too, for a pew lifted from the floor and overhung with a rich red canopy was built especially for the Governor and his Council of State The first name to be emblazoned in letters of gold around this canopy was Alexander Spottswood, the lettering being changed as other governors succeeded him in office. The members of the House of Burgesses occupied the square pews in the transept, while other men of wealth and distinction sat in their private pews along the side walls of the church.

How interesting are some of the records of the church in the early days of its history. One of the vestry orders was "That ye men sit on the north side of the church and ye women on the left." And later it was ordered that "Ye gallery be assigned for the use of the college youth, to which gallery there is to put a door with a lock and key, and the sexton to keep the key." This latter refers, of course, to the students of William and Mary, only a few years old at the time. The wood rail of this little

gallery is covered with carved initals, among them those of Thomas Jefferson.

No other house of worship in all America, perhaps, can boast of so many great men having worshiped within its walls as does old Bruton Church. It was to this sacred sanctuary that five Americans destined to become presidents of the United States came for divine worship; seven who were to sign that immortal document which declared the American Colonies free and independent were constantly in attendance, as well as John Marshall, Edmund Randolph and many others who made large contributions to the life of the nation.

At the close of the long struggle for independence, many of the English churches fell into disuse and dilapidation, but not so with old Bruton's, for this worthy shrine has never ceased to be in constant use save for the few times when the building was being repaired or remodeled, for in 1840 the members of Bruton Parish Church decided that in order to keep up with the march of progress, the interior of their church must be modernized so the high pulpit was taken down, the Colonial pews were removed as were the flagstone chancel and aisles, and at length famous old Bruton took on the appearance of a modern style church.

But somehow. it was never quite the same! The new up-to-date pews and the pulpit without its sounding-board did not seem in keeping with the beautiful old building that had played such an active part in the life of the old days, and some sixty years later, when another generation had come to worship beneath its ancient roof, this feeling of unrest still existed and again it was decided to change the interior of the hallowed shrine.

But this time it was not to be modernized to keep pace with the fast-moving times. No, indeed! For the quaint old pulpit, with its sounding-board above, was brought back to its original place in the southeast corner, the old-time chancel occupied again its first position, and the high-backed pews restored as in the olden days and made memorial to the great characters who once used them, each pew having upon its door a bronze tablet engraved with the name of the person thus memorialized.

The work of restoration covered a period of several months and thousands of dollars were spent in converting Old Bruton into its original appearance of the past. This reproduction was faithfully carried out and on the 300th anniversary of the founding of the first church at Jamestown, Bruton Parish Church was reconsecrated. Two noted gifts were made to the church at this anniversary service—the beautiful lectern which Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, sent as an offering to the noted sanctuary, and a handsome Bible, the gift of King Edward VII of England.

Among the furnishings of Bruton Church are the silver communion service and the baptismal font that were once the property of the little church at Jamestown. The church also has in its possession a set of communion silver made in 1686, and another one bearing the royal arms of King

George III. When not in use, these prized memorials of the past are kept in a fire-proof crypt beneath the church chancel.

The exterior of Bruton Church has undergone practically no changes since it was built over two hundred years ago except that the tower was added some wears after the church building was completed. The soft-colored Colonial bricks, brought from England for its construction, are relieved by white painted woodwork, and with its beautiful setting of green lawn and century-old trees, it makes altogether a very beautiful picture.

Bruton's churchyard, with its high brick wall, the tulip poplars, festooned with ivy and the old stones with their quaint inscriptions, is also of great interest to the many visitors who make a pilgrimage to this ancient church. Royal governors lie buried in this churchyard, heroes of the Revolution and many whose names and deeds are outstanding memories of the times. Col. John Dandridge, the father of Martha Washington, is buried in one corner of the yard.

There is no more interesting church to be found in all America than this historic old landmark, which has weathered the ravages of time for so many, many years, and still stands, sturdy and strong, as a worthy monument to its illustrious builders as well as to those men of 1607, who, at Jamestown nailed an awning to some trees and commenced the church which was to be continued in famous old Bruton at Williamsburg.

SOME GOOD THINGS

A good heart is God's tabernacle on earth.
A good conscience is the foundation of great joy.
A good beginning goes a long way toward a good ending.
A good tongue is a source of great blessing to many people.
A good Christian is one who does right in his daily living.
A good child is a great delight to both father and mother.
A good mother is one of the best gifts God ever gave to man.
A good purpose in life constantly adhered to has much to do with one's happiness and success.
A good life is the finest product of Divine grace and human energy, and one of the richest blessings of this world.

—Selected.

THE SILVERSMITH'S DAUGHTER

By Mirian E. Mason, in Young Folks

Rainbird, daughter of the Navajo silversmith, felt instantly happy when she awakened that morning. For a moment, as she lay drowsily in her neat white bed in the dormitory of the mission school, she wondered at this sense of thrilled anticipation which was so much stronger and more exciting than the quiet content of most mornings.

Then she remembered. Tonight she would go from the dormitory where she lived while at school to the five-roomed adobe cottage which was called the "Practice House." There she would stay for two weeks with six other girls from the training school. For the two weeks that they lived there, the girls would feel that the dainty practice cottage was really their own home, for they would manage it themselves according to the way they learned in school. They would do the cooking, the washing and ironing, even the sewing.

Rainbird had spent several two-week terms in the practice cottage, but this one would be the most interesting one yet. Always two of the most advanced girls were in charge; the "mothers" of the house. This year, for the first time, Rainbird would be one of the "mothers."

The girl felt the same delighted anticipation that she used to have when she was going to the trading post with her father, and knew he would buy her a bottle of pop or a can of peaches.

"Monday! Monday!" chanted Rainbird with silent happiness. She climbed out of her cot and went into the bathroom to wash her face and hands; remembering, with a smile, how she had cried with fright the first time she had been forced to take a bath in the white tub. How dirty she had been! How tangled and matted her long black hair! How she had disliked the comfortable white cot, so strangely different from the pile of skins in her parental hogan that first homesick night!

But that was a long time ago. This was Rainbird's fifth year at the school Rainbird was one of the "big girls" now. It would not be long now until she would be ready to start training in the little mission hospital. For Rainbird intended to be a nurse.

Across the school dining room, crowded with hungry, happy boys and girls, Rainbird smiled expectantly at Yorabah and Manuela, who would be her roommates in the Practice Cottage next week. Their glowing faces, too, said, "Monday! Monday." Yorabah and Manuela were twin daughters of a sheep raiser whose hogan was in the same camp as that of Rainbird's father, the silversmith. They were younger than Rainbird; this would be only their second time in the Practice Cottage, and Rainbird would be as a strict but loving big sister to them. She would be stern in the matter of keeping their hair brushed and their beds made.

This morning, however, the twins were neat and clean beyond criticism. They knew that it was a mark of merit to go to the Practice Cottage. They did not wish to delay their

time by getting demerits for untidiness.

Rainbird was in the kitchen of the dormitory that morning helping with the baking of the bread and cookies when Redonda, who worked at the table over by the window suddenly exclaimed:

"Here comes a visitor; it must be somebody from your hogan, Rainbird He is riding the red and white spotted pony which your father bought from Thin Man's Son last spring."

Startled, Rainbird went to look out the window across the sand and sagebrush.

"Why, it's Hermosa!" she recognized her own little sister on the tired pinto "I wonder—"

Miss Ellis came over to the window; "What is it, Rainbird?" she inquired kindly, and at once gave permission for the girl to go meet her sister. "She must be tired. Have one of the boys put her pony up and feed him, and bring Hermosa out here for some breakfast. She has had a long ride this morning." The teacher knew it was thirty miles back behind the messas to the camp where the silversmith lived.

Rainbird, hurrying out to obey these hospitable orders, found her heart beating faster with a curious dread. She feared it was no good news which brought her younger sister to the mission school. Hermosa had never wanted to come to the school, and her parents had never urged her to come. Of the silversmith's five daughters, only Rainbird, the third one, had ever been signed up for the mission school.

In a few minutes the two sisters were sitting together on a long bench in the yard outside the dormitory. Rainbird had begged Hermosa to come into the building, but the shy Indian girl, who had never been inside a white man's house, hung back reluctantly. "I have news for you—bad news," she murmured in swift Athapascan language. "You must come home, Rainbird. You must come back at once to our father's hogan!"

"But why, Hermosa? What has happened? Father is not angry with the mission, is he? He has always been willing for me to learn the English language, and the white man's ways."

"Our mother is sick. She is very sick For a long time she has not been able to stand. For a long time now she has lain on a sheepskin in a dark corner of the hogan."

Rainbird thought of the dark woman, patient and silent, whose fingers were skilled in the making of silver jewelry and the weaving of rugs and blankets. She remembered summers when she had been home how often she had seen swift flashes of pain pass over her mother's face. But when questioned, the mother would nod her head, resuming that look of stoical patience; "It is nothing, my child; nothing!"

Hermosa continued:

"The medicine man comes and stays. He shakes the rattle over our mother night and day. Our father has paid him, and paid him until we are poor. He has paid him with baskets full of rings and pins and necklaces; with silver bracelets and bridle ornaments until we will have no silver jewelry to sell at the trading post this winter."

Rainbird flushed darkly, but for-

bear to express her opinion of the greedy medicine man. She knew his custom. He would come when he was called for illness, but only with the assurance that he would be well paid for his services. Nor would he hesitate to take the last bit of silver, the finest blanket, or the only sheep from a hogan. Rainbird knew the receiving Shaman for what he was; she despised him and feared his influence over her people.

"I see now why you did not wear your bracelets and your rings and the carved silver necklace which was your birthday gift," she commented, with an understanding glance at the thin, grimy arms, denuded of their usual ornaments.

Hermosa nodded. Two great tears rolled down her dusty cheeks, and she wiped them away with the wide calico shirt which hung to her ankles.

"Yesterday the Shaman took the rug with the sacred snake woven into it. Today he asks for the rainbird blanket which was to be your wedding dower. . . . Next week he begins on the sheep. Already the wool crop was short. We will have nothing to trade the storekeeper at the post for our supplies . . . we shall starve."

In the small girl's eyes was a look of tragedy and worry far beyond the rightful heritage of her eleven years. And Rainbird laid a comforting hand across her shoulders as she said gently. "Perhaps not, little sister. We will try. I shall pray for us and for our mother. And—and—"

Rainbird's voice, steady and brave, broke a little. Her dark eyes gazed across at the pretty little Practice Cottage where she would have started in Monday as one of the big girls, in charge. She thought of how long and eagerly she had looked forward to that two weeks. Then she scolded herself with silent fierceness for selfishness.

"And I, of course, will go home with you, to help care for our mother. Come. You shall have some breakfast out in the kitchen of the dormitory, and see how we cook there. And as soon as your pony is rested we will start for home."

Reluctantly Hermosa accompanied her older sister into the big dormitory kitchen, and stood with downcast eyes while Rainbird introduced her to Miss Ellis and the girls who were doing kitchen duty. Hermosa looked strange and out of place in the big, convenient kitchen. She had on a dirty red velveteen jacket, and her wide calico skirt reached to her bare ankles. It, too, was dirty, and so was Hermosa, poor child. She looked as if she had not known the touch of water in a long time, and Rainbird could well guess this to be the truth. Often, through the sheer lack of water, the Indians had to let their bodies, their clothing and their dishes go unwashed. Water holes were few and far between out by the Painted Desert.

Rainbird's heart glowed at the kindness with which Miss Ellis greeted the young visitor. "She serves the little one as graciously as I would serve a visiting chief in my father's hogan." thought the girl, noting how Hermosa's half-hostile shyness melted before the young white teacher's friendliness. "Ah, how I wish Hermosa and little Altazeba could come to the school. Perhaps when I go home, if I am very good and help

a great deal, our parents will sign up Hermosa and Altazeba for next year."

Alas, ever Hermosa's mournful words had not prepared Rainbird to find her mother so very ill as she was.

It was only a little after noon that Saturday that Rainbird and Hermosa arrived home. They had not waited for the pinto pony to rest enough to carry double for thirty miles. The doctor who was in charge of the mission hospital had taken them himself in his car.

"If your mother is very ill, Rainbird, you must not lose time in seeing her. . . . And perhaps I can help her. If she is better, perhaps I can bring you back with me."

Hermosa, who had been terrified at the idea of riding in the doctor's automobile, was even more terrified when Rainbird told her that he was coming to see their mother.

"The medicine man will be very angry," she whispered. "He will bring evil on all in our hogan. Do not let the white doctor come, please, Rainbird. We have had enough trouble."

"The medicine man's mock incantations have done no good," answered Rainbird firmly. "He could not cure our mother's pain by shaking his rattle over her. Nor can he bring us any evil luck, either, if we refuse to hire him!"

Hermosa sat in agonized silence and made no response to this. She might have told her sister how she herself had dared to wonder timidly if a white doctor could help the mother, and how the medicine man, furious, had redoubled his rattlings, his incantation, and his fees. But this Rainbird would find out soon enough for herself.

The silvermith's hogan was crowded with people who had gathered about to hear the chant of the medicine man. There were murmurs of dissent as the white doctor, with his kit, approached the hogan. "The people will be angry," whispered Hermosa, but Rainbird answered, "What if they are? It is our mother's life we are thinking of."

But after all it was too late, even for the most skilled of doctors, to restore health to the sick woman.

"Her sufferings will soon be over," the doctor told Rainbird. "Be brave, my child; do for her all you can to relieve her pain in the next few days, but be glad that God will not let her suffer any longer."

He was very stern as he spoke to the silversmith. "It is too late now. If you had only called me long ago. It was a little sickness then, which could have been cured by an operation at the hospital."

The doctor left medicines for Rainbird to administer, and again comforted her, for her eyes were dark with sorrow,

"Perhaps I should have stayed here in my father's hogan all these years helping with the work. Perhaps if I had not left home and gone away to school—"

"You must not have such thoughts, Rainbird," said the doctor. " Your could tell you to keep going to school. mother wanted to see you so she Remember it will not be long until you are ready to be a real help to your people—"

But when his car had disappeared

in the distance, the medicine man came back.

"The white doctor is a liar," he said "I can cure her if you pay me enough. If you follow his teachings, I warn you, the woman will die."

And he went among the hogans of the camp, furious because a young girl like the silversmith's daughter would dare defy him and cheat him out of his fees. "That woman will die, and it is the white doctor's medicine that has done it. You watch and see if I am not right!"

Four days after Rainbird came home, her mother died, and loud were the lamentations about the hogan, now quickly deserted because it was believed to be inhabited by evil spirits.

Among these voices none was louder than that of the mtdicine man. "You see; you see what the white medicine has done. You see what happens when you turn aside from good Shaman!"

A bitter, fierce resentment akin to hatred stole in beside the grief of Rainbird's heart. "Had it not been for you and your mockeries, my mother might have been restored. Surely she would have been saved great pain," she thought.

And when she began to speak of going back to school, she saw that she had even greater reason to feel hostile. Her father, who had been quite willing for her to go to the mission school, now look grim and doubtful at the mention of her return, and he flatly refused to allow Hermosa and Atazeba to go.

"I need the girls to herd sheep," said the father. "And you, too, Rainbird, should stay at home to look after the hogan now. . . .And, too, it is soon time for you to think of marrying. Thin Man's Son has spoken to me—"

Rainbird said, "No. No, Father, I shall not marry Thin Man's Son. I want to go back to the school. They are expecting me. You promised I could go—"

Back at the mission where the children had studied the teachings of the Bible every morning, Rainbird had heard that it was wrong to hate; it was wrong to seek vengeance. Yet now she felt that she could not keep hating the medicine man who had grown rich off of the griefs of the people, and who was using his evil influence to shut out good.

Sometimes the girl felt almost frightened at the surging thoughts which rushed to her mind. "I must be forgetting how to be a Christian," she thought dully. "They told us to return good for evil—I do not think I could do good for the medicine man; no, though I saw him suffering, I am afraid I should not desire to help him."

And thus, with these thoughts forever growing stronger in her mind, it seemed strange, one day, to come back to the camp form a long walk in the desert and find that calamity had struck in the hogan of her enemy.

Not the medicine man himself. It was the medicine man's son and only child, little Dinem, who was sick. He was very sick. He seemed, indeed, to be dying. He was lying on the ground outside his father's hogan, and he was choking terribly. Already his face was a bluish purple.

Rainbird walked up to the crowd of

people who stood about the sick child. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Can you not see?" they answered. "The evil spirit has dared strike the Shaman's child! It has him by the throat. It is strangling him!"

"Is the Shaman going to let his own child die?" asked Rainbird sternly. For the medicine man, so agile with the dance and rattlebox, so fluent with songs for those who could pay him, now sat dejected and heartbroken, his head bent on his knees. He was no longer the all-powerful and pompous Shaman, but just a father, like any other father who must watch his child die.

Now the medicine man looked up and saw Rainbird had come close to his child. He spoke, almost humbly, "I can not save him. Did you learn anything at that white man's place that could help?"

"Dinem has the croup," answered Rainbird quickly. "Yes, I learned what to do. Maybe we can save him yet. Get cold water, medicine man, and a skin to make a little tent over his head, and then hot water—"

It is strange how croup, which is so quick, and so merciless to destroy, can be routed by treatment so simple. Simple as the magic of a password, fatal if you do not know it!

In an hour Dinem was sleeping quietly, his breathing restful, his face a natural brown. Rainbird whispered a silent prayer of thankfulness.

She felt lighter hearted than she had felt since that morning that Hermosa had come after her. It was not altogether because Dinem had been saved and she was glad. Something in her had been saved, too; something had happened as she knelt over her enemy's child. That tight, sore feeling of anger and bitterness had disappeared strangely. As strangely and quickly as the croup which was choking the little boy.

She was sitting with her little sisters at the doorway of the hogan that evening, and her father was smoking nearby, when the medicine man approached.

For the first time in all the many times he had come to the silversmith's hogan, he came bearing gifts. He laid them at the feet of the astonished Rainbird; baskets of silverwork blankets, rugs, a long leather pouch filled with the turquoise and garments of Navajoland.

He said with a curiously humble dignity,

"I pay my debt. These are for you, Rainbird, the medicine woman!"

He added presently,

"I have on my land a patch of fine pine timber. I have heard that they are making a new building at the mission where you go. I will haul a load of that pine tember to the mission next week. I want you to know that I am now a friend to the mission."

The silversmith took his pipe from his mouth,

"I am glad to hear you speak those words Shaman," he said. "With my silver and rugs restored to me, I can now afford to allow all three of my daughters to go to the mission school. I am glad to have them go with your blessing."

CONSERVATION IS A DUTY—

(Smithfield Herald)

In an editorial in the current issue of The Woman's Home Companion, J. N. Darling, president of of the Wild Life Conference which represents more than three million American citizens, is quoted as saying that "unless we check the loss of our soil, our standard of living will begin to go down in less than twenty-five years —that is, within the lifetime of the present generation." We are too prone to think of conservation as a thing that will affect, not us in our lifetime, but generations far in the future and that there will be time enough to check the waste. Too many American citizens have not yet realized that our resources are not inexhaustible. Such persons put their approval upon governmental departments of consrvation but feel no personal responsibility for saving the forests or the soil.

We think, too, in terms of conserving beauty rather than in conserving for economy.. We talk a lot about preserving the dogwood and hollies because they add to the beauty of the landscape, but we think little of replanting pines and oaks for fuel and building purposes. And no one in these parts would hardly consider planting a crop of trees as an investment. Yet a couple in New Jersey has done this very thing to provide an educational fund for their baby daughter. These parents have planted with the aid of CCC boys fifty thousands little trees which twenty years from now are scheduled to pay the college bill of their daughter. They turned down dozens of insurance and investment plans in favor of reforesting fifty acres of marginal lands which were badly eroded and should not have been planted to ordinary seed crops. This couple is not only investing for cash returns twenty years hence but is building up a worn-out soil, a thing that must be done in many instances if agriculture is to maintain a profitable basis.

One does not have to leave Johnston county to discover the need for conservation. The forests have been depleted until many farmers are already seeking other fuel than wood with which to cure their tobacco crops. Soil erosion is apparent on many farms; and the need for conserving fish and game is recognized. Our forseeing county officials have provided agencies to assist in preventing further waste and to encourage the rehabilitation of deteriorating resources. They realize that without conservation measures the standard of living will inevitably fall, if not in the twenty-five years predicted by President Darling, certainly in the course of time. Each farmer owes it to posterity to cooperate in perserving our national resources.

"Noah didn't wait for his ship to come in—he built one."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger and Mr. C. B. Barber, bookkeeper, made a trip to Raleigh last Saturday for the purpose of meeting the Budget Commission on business concerning the School maintenance for the next biennium.

Mr. J. B. Lee and his group of youthful tonsorial artists have spent a very busy week, giving the boys a much-needed hair-cut. Due to the rush of work on the farm and in the gardens, this task had been delayed for quite some time. Mr. Lee and his he'pers have done a good job, adding considerably to the appearance of all the boys.

Mr. A. L. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys and Mr. Joe Scarboro and his group of young plumbers are now very busily engaged assisting in the rebuilding of the milk house, which was damaged by fire last winter. When comp'eted, the structure will be considerably larger than before, and will have many more modern conveniences.

Paul Ange!, of Cottage No. 7, was stricken with an attack of acute appendicitis on Tuesday night of last week and was rushed to the Mercy Hospital, Cahrlotte, where Dr. James Gibbons performed the operation the following morning. The latest report from that institution was to the effect that Paul was getting along very nicely and would probably return to the Schoo' in a few days.

The Gibson Mil' tean visited the local ball orchard last Wednesday afternoon and was defeated by the Training Schoo! ball tossers by the score of 5 to 2.

Leigh started on the mound for the visitors but was chased in the third inning after the School lads had colllected five hits and two runs off his delivery. He was succeeded by Tucker who allowed four hits and two runs during the remainder of the game.

Lefty Fowler did the pitching for the loca! lads and kept the Gibson boys' five hits well scattered, fanning five batters in the eight innings that he worked.

N. Beaver, with a double and single, led the vistors with the stick, while Smith, Williamson and Mobley, with two hits each, were the School's best willow-wielders. The score:

		R	H	E
Gibson	0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 —	2	5	2
J. T. S.	0 2 0 0 1 0 2 x —	5	9	2

Two-base hits: Mobley, N. Beaver. Struck out: By Fowler 5; by Leigh 4; by Tucker 4. Base on balls: Off Fowler 4; off Tucker 2. Umpires—Liske and Lawrence.

The Harrisburg team was scheduled to play the Training School boys last Saturday afternoon but failed to appear. After waiting quite a while for them, it was decided to make up a team of School officers and a few substitutes and give the regulars a five-inning game, the former winning by the score of 4 to 1.

Andrews was selected for mound duty for the "old timers" and he twirled a good game, allowing the boys just three hits. Had it not been for an error by Clark, the catcher who relieved Hobby after the latter received an injured thumb, the boys would have been shut out. Charlie Furchess was on the firing line for the regulars, and while he allowed five hits, his own wildness, together with a couple of errors were responble for two of the counters marked up against him.

The boys scored their only run in the second when Williamson singled past third, stole second, and scored on seuccessive infield outs.

The old timers marked up three runs in the third as Williams walked, stole second and third; Green was hit by a pitched ball, took second, Williams scoring on Gaines' poor throw to second; Clark then walked; Andrews hit safely, scoring Green; Liske then singled, advancing Andrews to third, who scored later as Godown's hopper took a bad bound over the third-baseman's head.

In the next frame the "irregulars" scored their last run when Goodman, first man up, smacked out a double, scoring later on an error.

The line-up for the old timers was: Williams cf, Green lf, Hobby, Clark c, Andrews p, Liske 1b, Godown 3b, Boger ss, Presson 2b, Goodman rf.

The regular J. T. S. line-up was: Smith ss, Johnson 3b, Mobley cf, Gaines c, Younger 1b, Williamson rf, Myrick 2b, Seawell lf, Furchess p.

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	0 1 0 0 0 —	1	3	4
Officers	0 0 3 1 0 —	4	5	0

Two-base hit: Goodman. Stolen bases: Williams 2, Green 2, Boger2. Struck out: By Andrews 2; By Fudchess 4. Base on balls: Off Andrews 1; off Furchess 3. Hit by pitcher: By Furchess (Green 2). Umpire—Lawrence.

Kenneth Scott, of Tsinan, China, a recent graduate of Davidson College, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, and the subject of his most interesting talk to the boys was, "Opportunity."

At the beginning of his remarks Mr. Scott stated that sometimes we forget that we have opportunities and pass them by without taking advantage of them, while at other times it just seems natural for us to accept them. Wherever we are, we have many wonderful opportunities, but our greatest trouble is that it is hard for us to see them and recognize them as such.

Many of the opportunities that we have, continued the speaker, is due to the fact that we live in a Christian

country and enjoy many advantages that the inhabitants of countries which have not adopted Christianity know nothing of. The three principle reasons for this are: (1) The Christian is an optimist; (2) Christians live for others; (3) Christians are those people who have Christ as their head.

Christianity, said Mr. Scott, has given us all the privileges we enjoy in modern civilization. All the inventions that make life easier are directly due to Christianity. In Christian countries we find science making great strides. Here are the automobile, radio, airplanes, and many other wonderful things, which cannot be found in heathen countries.

Mr. Scott then called attention to the many wonders of medical science. In Christian lands we recognize that all known diseases are caused by germs, and our scientists have made great progress in producing ways and means to either completely wipe out or keep these diseases under control. On the other hand, in China, where heathenism abounds, the people think various diseases are brought about by evil spirits. He then told of a scene he once witnessed in China. He heard a terrific noise in front of a little mud house, and upon investigation, learned that it was caused by three witch doctors who were hitting drums, cymbals, bells, etc. The reason for this was that inside the hut a man was dying of appendicitis. The Chinese thought his illness was caused by evil spirits and were making the noise to drive them away. Of course, it is needless to say that their efforts failed and the man died.

The speaker told of many similar instances which show that the Chinese are far behind people of the civilized nations because of their heathenism. They live in constant fear of evil spirits. How fortunate we are that such beliefs do not prevail in our country. This is just one thing Christianity has given us.

Mr. Scott then asked the boys to compare Christianity with some other religions. In China, the people worship evil spirits because they are afraid of them, while we serve God because we love Him. We have a great deal to love Him for if we realize all that He has done for us. If we would only wake up and take stock of what is around us, we would see shining examples of God's goodness on every hand.

The speaker then stated that the greatest example we have to follow is Jesus Christ. He is saying to us, "Come, I have work for you to do. Take this responibility and make a success." This is the challenge that comes to each of us, and if we intend to be true Christians, we will give our very best to the work of the Master.

In conclusion Mr. Scott told an interesting story of a dishonest builder who put shoddy materials into a house, only to have the owner present it to him when completed. So it is with our lives. If we do not put the best into our lives, we shall be like this builder—we will harm no one but ourselves. We should all take our opportunities and turn them into something worthwhile

Mr. Scott, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Scott, missionaries to China, was born in that country. He came to the United States and entered Davidson College where he graduated last week. In the fall he expects to enter a medical school and after receiving his degree, will in all probability become a medical missionary, following in the footsteps of his father. He is a splendid type of young Christian manhood and we do not hesitate to predict that his will be a successful career.

We were delighted to have Mr. Scott with us on this occasion and wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks for the inspiring message he brought to the boys, and assure him at the same time that he will receive a most hearty welcome whenever he finds it convenient to visit us again.

WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
    When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days:
I'll lead his feet in pleasant paths always;
And cheer his heart with words of sweetest praise,
    When I have time.

When you have time—the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill his life with sweet content—
    When you had time!

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving seeds and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear.
They may not meet you in the coming year—
    Now is the time!

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 13, 1937

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(2) Robert Allen 2
(2) J. C. Cox 2
(2) Edward Johnson 2
(2) James Johnson 2
(2) Carl Kepley 2
(2) Mack Setzer 2
(2) Joseph Tucker 2
(2) Fred Wheeler 2
(2) James Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox
William Haire
Horace Journigan
Roy McAbee
Arthur Martin
Jack Norris
Howard Roberts
Bunn Shoe
Albert Silas
Jerry Smith
James West

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes
John Capps
(2) Douglas Hinson 2
Carl D. Shoffner
Fred Seibert
Myron Whitman

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook
(2) M. C. Cranford 2
(2) Neely Dixon 2
James Eury
(2) Charles Furchess 2
(2) Coolidge Green 2
(2) Julian Gregory 2
Edgar Hatley
James Mast
(2) John Piner 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Garrett Bishop 2
Hurley Davis
Lewis Donaldson
Edward Fisher
(2) Henry Harris 2
Ernest Hudspeth
(2) Thomas Little 2
(2) Hubert McCoy 2
Joseph McPherson
(2) Robert Orrell 2
(2) Lloyd Pettus 2
(2) Melvin Walters 2
Leo Ward

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers
(2) Marshall Bryson 2
Ernest Beach
(2) A. L. Gaines 2
(2) Robert Jordan 2
(2) Henry James 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Lacy Burleson 2
(2) Robert Bryson 2
(2) William Burnette 2
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 2
(2) Thomas Doby 2
(2) Frank Glover 2
Albert Newton
(2) Richard Patton 2
James Rackley
(2) Joseph Sanford 2
(2) George Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn
(2) Fred Dysen 2
William Estes
Blaine Griffin
(2) Giles Green 2
Lacy Green

(2) Caleb Hill 2
(2) Hugh Johnson 2
James Jordan
Robert Lawrence
(2) Elmer Maples 2
J. D. Powell
(2) William Tester 2
(2) William Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

Duke Davis
Haynes Hewitt
(2) Fred May 2
Rayvon Michael
Norman Parker
(2) Ralph Rainey 2
(2) Grover Revels 2
(2) John Tolbert 2
(2) Charles Taylor 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood
(2) Thomas Braddock 2
(2) J. T. Branch 2
Edgar Burnette
(2) Randolph Davis 2
(2) Reuben Duggins 2
(2) Woodfin Fowler 2
Charles Freeman
Robert Gaines
Odie Hicks
Thomas Sands
Earl Stamey
(2) Percival Shuler 2
Cleveland Suggs
(2) Homer Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 10

Earl Atwood
Floyd Combs
Glenn Collins
Mack Joines
William Knight
Rufus Linville
William Peedin
Carl Speer

COTTAGE No 11

Charles Bryant
(2) Walter Blevins 2
(2) Howard Clark 2
(2) Edward Carpenter 2
(2) John Drum 2
Lawrence Guffey
(2) William Martin 2
(2) Donald Newman 2
(2) Filmore Oliver 2
(2) Theodore Rector 2
(2) Julius Stevens 2
William Tobar
N. C. Webb
(2) Fred Williamson 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman
(2) Fred Carter 2
(2) Frank Dickens 2
Marvin Edwards
(2) Charlton Henry 2
Asbury Marsh
(2) June Malone 2
Jerome Medlin
Glenn O'Quinn
(2) James Reavis 2
Harvey J. Smith
(2) Horace Simmons 2
(2) Charles Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Fletcher Boggs 2
(2) Harry Flowe 2
Willard Garrett
(2) Robert Hailey 2
(2) Isaac Hendren 2
Bruce Kersey
Harry Leagon
(2) Eugene Patton 2
(2) Claudius Pickett 2
(2) John Smith 2
(2) Morris Starnes 2
(2) Frank Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Clyde Barnwell 2
John Crawford
Robert Coffer
(2) Fred Clark 2
(2) Harry Connell 2
(2) Curtis Coleman 2
(2) Lee Dowless 2
Henry Hallman
Doyle Holder
James Kirk
(2) Marvin King 2
Henry McGraw
(2) Troy Powell 2
(2) John Robbins 2
(2) Wilburn Suite 2
(2) James Stepp 2
(2) Paul Shipes 2

William Thore
(2) Garfield Walker 2

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews
Granville Cheek
(2) Joseph Hyde 2
(2) Walter Hill 2
(2) Caleb Jolly 2
(2) Connie Michael 2
(2) John Mathis 2
(2) Alvin Powell 2
Edward Patrum
(2) Wilson Rich 2
(2) James H. Riley 2
Wallace Sommers
Ira Settle
(2) Harless Triplett 2
(2) Robert Wilson
Jones Watson

GOSSIPY EARS

A gossipy tongue is a dangerous thing
If its owner is evil at heart;
He can give whom he chooses full many a sting
That will woefully linger and smart.
But the gossipy tongue would be balked in its plan
For causing heart burnings and tears
If it were not helped out by the misguided man
Who possesses two gossipy ears.

Oh, the gossipy ears are the ones that believe
The evil reports they are told;
The sly, subtle tales which they gladly receive
Would tarnish the purest of gold.
The cruel, "They say" which goes floating about
Like a hidden foe, fostering fears,
Would lose all its force, were it firmly shut out
By the man with the gossipy ears.

When the man with the gossipy tongue happens by
With his stories of evil and strife,
We surely should look him right square in the eye
And ask him his mission in life.
We ought to refuse him a chance to retail
The false idle rumor he hears;
He ought to be locked up somewhere in a jail
With the man with the gossipy ears.

—Selected.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 26, 1937 No. 26

GROWTH

O, patient one! Do the leaves say nothing to you as they murmur today? They are not fashioned this Spring, but months ago; and the Summer just begun will fashion others for another year. At the bottom of every leafstem is a cradle, and in it is an infant germ; and the winds will rock it, and the birds will sing to it all Summer long, and next season it will unfold. So the Creator is carrying forward to the perfect development all the processes of our lives.

—Henry Ward Beecher

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SAVE OUR YOUTH

These days are hard days in which to live. We have never known harder days. Temptations have been multiplied many times, but the power of resistance,—the soul power,—has been lessened. The grip of the world has become greater in our generation. Old spiritual standards are being weakened and discarded and we are in grave danger of throwing them over for the standards of the world.

For instance, we who love our Master, Jesus Christ, and would never think of denying Him—are losing our keen insight in the matter of justice and consideration for the best interests of others. We have become as worldly and grasping for the things of the world as any worldling. We Christians participate in all kinds of gambling devices and do not even blush. No, we do not enter into the dens of vice! We merely play bingo; we only play the games of chance at carnivals; we only buy tickets and sponsor raffles. In every one of these things value is not received for value given by every one participating. Innocent things? No! as insidious as sin itself. Our countenancing of any participation in these things is undermining the power of resistance in our youth today. So far have we gone that governing bodies have considered such measures on large scales as a method of raising finances. And the skirts of the Christian Church are in no wise clean in this matter.

We face no lions, no burnings for our faith in Christ today, but we face a more destructive force in the widespread desertion of Christian standards for world standards. The step is so short and so many are taking it. But ere we step let us note the insidiousness of sin in the world's standards.

—Rev. Albert E. Speck.

A FINE MOVE ON PART OF CONCORD ALDERMEN

All children irrespective of age when school closes have a let-down feeling due to the fact they miss the contact of the student body, and the program of activities regardless of the hardships encountered. As a most natural consequence the majority of the

youngsters float about the streets and elsewhere until they become accostumed to the change, from the systematic school life to a whirl of confusion in their homes.

No one, collectively or otherwise, has made a gesture for supervised playgrounds until the city fathers approved plans lately for recreation grounds in different sections of the city during the summer months. We unhesitatingly say the city aldermen have shown wisdom in the attempt to set the precedent for playgrounds. Play or recreation is a child's birthright and to suppress the mirth of youth is unfair, but on the other hand it is equally as cruel to have children turned loose like stock to roam the streets, the back lots and other places and become a perfect nuisance to people who wish the quiet of their homes.

The city of Concord has surely thrown off its swaddling clothes, it is no longer a small town with large homes and big lots commensurate to meet the demands of children, there are more people to each home, with smaller lots, therefore, conditions are congested and children are crowded out.

The city fathers have sensed the greatest need of the times,—a way to take the youngsters off the streets, and we trust that the the good work will continue till every child in the city regardless of race will have access to a supervised playground.

The aldermen have surely risen to the emergency, and we salute them and trust that these men may continue to direct the affairs of the city.

The man who thinks of the child is the man who has a humanitarian feeling and an understanding heart. When we neglect the child we are surely oblivious as to the future citizenship of our country. Long live the present Mayor and his Concord co-workers with the hope their work may continue to the betterment of humanity.

One might think that the Concord City Fathers wished to emphasize the 50th anniversary of the first play ground for children, municipally operated, in this country. It is timely to state that New York city government voted in 1887, to set aside certain land for children of the slums to play on. First the project was criticised, a waste of tax money and such like, but finally the mutter-

ings died out, and today society knows the finest investment in all the world is for the salvaging of the youth of the country.

* * * * * * *

THE POOR MAN'S PARSON

Just as we expected, Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, who violated the laws of the Church of England when he performed the marriage ceremony that united the Duke of Windsor and Wallie Simpson into the holy bonds of matrimony, is coming to America. He has resigned, of his own accord, or he knew he would have to because of his offense to orthodox people of the Church of England, as vicar of a small parish.

The Holy Writ writes "judge not that ye be not judged", but Parson Jardine knows full well that the Americans are hero worshippers, and that he can get a full house wherever he wishes to give one of his lectures. That is all right, he "dared to do" what others would not, so if the poor Parson can cash in on his notoriety that is his personal affair. Any way we bespeak for Rev. Jardine a cordial reception by the American people, especially so by those who have no conception of the power of the Church of England and how seriously orthodox members accept their church.

* * * * * * *

JAMES DAVIS—THE STATE'S FIRST PRINTER

The first printer in the province of North Carolina was James Davis, claimed to be a Virginian by some historians but the descendants of Davis think he was born in London. It was in 1749 that the General Assembly encouraged the establishment of a press, and soon thereafter Davis arrived in New Bern, a city of about 600 people, the capital of the province, and started the first newspaper in the State.

Therefore, June 24th, will mark, according to data assembled by press members of North Carolina, the 188th birthday anniversary of the the press in the State, The Tarhelia's press members are now on a cruise to Bermuda and expect to return to the state on that date, recognizing the anniversary of one of the greatest institu-

tions, the newspaper, that can rebound for the good of any community.

In connection with this brief of early local history it is timely to note that Boston, the center of literary culture and recognized as the Hub-of-the-Universe in a cultural way, claims that the first newspaper printed in America was the "Boston-News-Letter" published in 1704.

Elsewhere in this issue is a brief article, Gertrude Carraway the author, and taken from the Charlotte Observer, telling of the first newspaper and other incidents worth knowing. To know one's state, the past and the present, is essential and most interesting.

* * * * * * *

A SIMPLE RULE

The following, taken from Sunshine Magazine, stresses the value of system either for personal or business affairs:

Here is the declaration of a man who made a study of life, and the means of enjoying it to the full and economically. It is worthy of anyone's serious consideration:

"I have owned and driven two automobiles for more than five years, and each car has done more than 50,000 miles. I have been able to get this long service by observing a simple rule.

"Many years ago I noticed that whenever I bought a new car I gaave it meticulous care. It was oiled, greased, washed, polished, watered, inflated, checked and re-checked, according to a fixed schedule. Every squeak was investigated and corrected, no scratch neglected, every spot carefully removed.

"I determined that I would follow this precedure throughout the life of the cars I now own. I have never begrudged repair, paint or cleaning bills. I have told myself that upkeep is cheaper than replacement.

"The same rule has been followed in the care of other things I own, including not only manufacturing machinery, but also house appliances, carpets, shoes and clothing. Repairs are never postponed. Whatever is reported "beyond repair" is promptly junked. Until it reaches the junking stage it is given the same care as a new article.

"I cannot prove that this rule is invariably profitable. But it seems to be a good rule anway. For example, some people have three fountain pens on their desk. One writes, another occasionally, and a third is useless. Under my system I need only one pen."

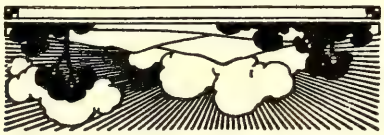
* * * * * * *

EDENTON TEA HOUSE RESTORED

At last the history-making place, the "Tea-Party-House" at Edenton which dates back to 1774, gets attention, and the new mayor Jack McMullan heads the campaign, starting the restoration at once.

The movement is well under way and a number of wealthy residents are backing Mayor McMullan up in the restoration plans. From a picture of the shack, the prized ruins, there will have to be much restoring to whip the place back to its primitive form of one hundred and sixty-three years ago.

Edenton's famed tea party house where the indignant matrons wrote large history is one of the quartet of historical high spots that has kept that section of North Carolina to the forefront—the other three being Governor Charles Eden, for whom the town was named, and who marked the dividing line between this State and Virginia, then Blackbeard, a character notorious for his crimes on the waters, and Joseph Hews who signed the Declaration of Independence. Of the four the tea drinking protest in the old Barker house perhaps ranks top high.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A Fine Business Quartet

"A little bit of Quality wi'l always make 'em smile,
A little bit of Courtesy will bring 'em a mile;
A little bit of Friendliness will tickle 'em, 'tis plain—
And a little bit of Service wi'l bring 'em back again."

What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog. You can't hear the bark of a tree.

There are many things in America that do not pay. But they are not to be compared to the debtor nations of Europe.

We have for years heard a great deal about reform, and have real'y gotten very little of it, governmentally. What this country needs is more perform.

We are told that long ago, Greek maidens were supposed to sit and listen to a lyre all evening. A good many American girls do the same thing now.

Senator Bobinson is not alone in his idea that the government is finding it hard to find money for new legislation. A lot of folks are as bad off as the government.

The number of hogs on the farm have been reduced, we are told. Now it is time for the government to reduce the number that have their feet in the treasury trough.

An Indiana farmer preched his own funeral while he is is still living. One thing about it. He set an example that will save a great many preachers considerable embarrassment at funeral orations.

The horse is not intel'igent as he is supposed to be the scientists tell us. I don't know about that, but he seems to be intelligent enough to keep from running off the road, or smashing his brains out by getting tangled with the telegraph or telephone poles along the way.

Some people are never satisfied. They think they can do better some where else, and they rove around—never contented in one place.—and they never succeed. They remind me of the boy who ran away to look for a house with golden windows. He came back one sunset, weary and disappointed, to see the sun shining on the windows of his own home and turning them all to gold.

All's Well That Ends Well

All is now cheery in the State Democratic ranks. Governor Hoey has appointed R. Gregg Cherry, of Gastonia, State chairman of the Democratic party. He has also settled the bone of contention over State Supreme Court Judges by appointing J. Wallace Winborne, of Marion, and Judge M. V. Barnhil', of Rocky Mount, to those positions. There's something in a name, after all. Winborne, away went the hopes of the

other aspirants to these places; while the barn hill was a pathway to judicial elevation, and the cherry got one of the coveted plums. These gentlemen can now sit down and strike for a strict observance of the laws of the land. Congratulations all round!

VACATION TIME

Talking about your vacation? It is well to take one—take two, if you can. It is conducive to good health, although it may somewhat deplete your pocket-book. It is not a complete vacation unless it does. As far as I am concerned, pick me a bit of blue sky, in a retreat with the wine of the woods in the air; glimpses of meadows green, and acres of ripening grain, with their golden yields, and the waving of wheat and rye like billows on the ocean. Let me hear the song of the "Bob Whites" calling to their mates. I want to get out into the quietude of nature, and hear the trees and flowers whispering their secrets to each other—into the outdoor temples of Jehovah. Away from the tooting of automobile horns, day and night; the lumbering of heavy trucks, the roar and screeching of wheels; and the everlasting precaution to keep from being run over. Just give me a quiet nook, where the sky tips the mountains' crests, with silver in the mornings and gold at eventide. Pack me up and let me hie away where a fellow can dream and rest from the noises of a bustling, hustling city!

THE TEST OF A MAN

There is little satisfaction to be gained from doing things that hold no difficulties: it's the tough old task that brings a keen sense of worth and power to the man who wins the fight; his failures test his courage and his problems prove his might. Until a man has conquered loss and overcome defeat he can not fully understand just why success is sweet.

I'm thankful for my disappointments, for the battles lost, and for the mistakes that seem to charge an overwhelming cost; I'm thankful for the days of doubt, when it was hard to see that all things work together for the good that is to be; I'm glad for all that life has brought, because today I know that men must brave adversities if they would greater grow.

—Lawrence Hawthorne.

TARHEELIA'S PRESS TO HAVE BIRTHDAY!

By Gertrude S. Carraway, in Charlotte Observer

With the North Carolina Press association co-operating with the North Carolina bar in convention cruise this week from Norfolk to Bermuda, it is timely to recall that Thursday, June 24, scheduled for the return of the travelers, will mark the 188th birthday anniversary of the press in this State.

For, on June 24, 1749, James Davis came to New Bern from Virginia, as the first State printer, through invitation and subsidy of the General Assembly. During the first week of July, 1751, he started the first newspaper in North Carolina. In the same year, he printed the first books ever published in this province, Swann's Revisal of the Laws of the Province.

Previous to the coming of Davis, citizens of the colony read little. Cape Fear planters saw at times the South Carolina Gazette; and other North Carolinians often read the Virginia Gazette, still published as the oldest southern paper.

After long discussions, the General Assembly in 1749 had passed an act encouraging the establishment of a press. Davis accepted the bid to leave Virginia and come to North Carolina. New Bern was selected for his headquarters. It was then the capital of the province and the largest of the three chief towns, having about 500 or 600 inhabitants, a larger number than the population recorded for Wilmington or Edenton.

Davis was born October 21, 1721, in Virginia, according to most historians, although some of his descendants believe he was born in England. During his youth, he was associated with Benjamin Franklin, and became a printer of much ability.

Upon his arrival in North Carolina, he first printed money and the journals of the Assembly meetings of 1749 and 1750. A second edition of his first book, Swann's revisal of the laws, came out in 1752 and because of its tannish leather binding was called, "The Yellow Jacket."

The earliest issue of his first weekly newspaper now extant is dated November 15, 1751, and is number 15 of the publication. On its first page is the following announcement:

"With the Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic. All person may be supplied with this paper, at Four Shillings, Proclamation Money, per Quarter, by James Davis at the Printing Office at Newbern; where all Manner of Printing Work and Book Binding is done reasonable. Advertisements of a moderate length are inserted for Three Shillings the first week, and for two shillings for every week after."

Very likely failing to make expenses, the paper was suspended in 1761. On June 1, 1764, it was revived by Davis under a longer name, "The North Carolina Magazine, or Universal Intelligencer." For an unknown time it appeared on a demi-sheet in quarto pages. Judge Francis Xavier

Martin wrote of the "jejune and vapid papers, filled with long extracts from the works of theological writers or selections from the British magazines."

Significantly, during that same year was established the New Berne academy, which two years later was incorporated by the Legislature as the first incorporated school in the province. The school probably encouraged news reading, but the paper nevertheless was short-lived.

In 1768, Davis revived his Gazette for a decade, suspending it when his son was drafted in the Continental army. The first book or pamphlet known to have been compiled by a native North Carolinian was published on his press in 1755—"Collections of Christian Experiences." by Clement Hall.

Davis was appointed by Franklin as postmaster at New Bern in 1775. The next October, the Assembly authorized the first post, to be run every 15 days between Suffolk and Wilmington. For 100 pounds, six shillings and eight pence. proclamation money, yearly, Davis was engaged for this work.

For 33 years he served as public printer, though his career was no means smooth. Only little support came from his fellow citizens. Scant news of local interest was printed in his sheets. In 1769 his house was destroyed by a severe strom, his printing office was demolished, his type was buried in sand, and all his money and papers were lost.

Charges of neglct of duty were brought against him, too, by Governor Arthur Dobbs and others. Andrew Steuart, a Scot, of Philadelphia, was brought to North Carolina and appointed by this Governor as "His Majesty's Printer."

A dispute arose, however, between the Governor and the Assembly. The House denounced the act of the Governor, voted 100 pounds to Steuart for his trouble in coming unnecessarily to the section, and then reappointed Davis as public printer.

From 1778 ot 1783, during the Revolutionary period, there was no newspaper in North Carolina. At different times there are thought to have been four presses in operation; one at New Bern, one in Halifax, another with the army of Cornwallis, and a fourth with the army of General Nathaniel Greene.

On August 28, 1783, Davis began his third Gazette, his fourth newspeper venture, "The North Carolina Gazette, or Impartial Intelligencer and Weekly General Advertiser." No headlines or column rules were used. He was assisted by Robert Keith, an immigrant from Pennsylvania.

Leaving large holdings of slaves and real estate, Davis died in 1785. after a long life of usefulness. He had served in many important positions, in addition to his journalistic duties, including the posts of sheriff, judge, general assemblyman, justice of the peace, postmaster, post runner, member of the Council of State, member of the committee of public safety, and member of provincial congress.

Stephen B. Weeks ranked Davis as second only to William R. Davie, "The Father of the University," among the men "who did the greatest

work for the State in the 18th century."

Publication of the New Bern paper was taken over in 1793 by Francis X. Martin, a French refugee, who had served as an apprentice printer and law student. It was published irregularly and peddled around the country. Later this editor became well known for his history of North Carolina. He became chief justice of Louisiana, and died a millionaire.

The second town in North Carolina to have a newspaper was Wilmington. From the early fall of 1764 to 1767, Andrew Steuart published the North Carolina Gazette and Weekly Post Boy. Cape Fear patriots forced him to issue the paper without British tax stamps, a skull and crossbones appearing in the margin, with the caption, "This is the place to affix the stamp."

Steuart was drowned in 1769 in the Cape Fear river. Afterwards a son of James Davis, captured by the British, was beaten to death near Wilmington for refusing to obey English orders. Tragedy thus came to the families of the two earliest State newspapermen.

Adam Boyd purchased Steuart's printing outfit, and on October 13, 1769, he issued the first number of the Cape Fear Mercury, which lasted until 1775. Boyd was more of a publisher than a printer. He was a patriotic citizen and a member of the Wilmington committee of safety.

On copies of the paper appear the following notice;

"Boyd's Printing Office in Wilmington, Cape Fear, where this paper may be had every Friday at the rate of 16s a year, one-half to be paid at the time of subscribing or at 8s every six months. Subscriptions for this paper are taken by gentlemen in most of the adjacent counties, and by A. Boyd, who has for sale sundry pamphlets and blanks; also Epsom and Glauber Salts by the pound or larger quantity. N. B. Advertisements of a moderate length will be inserted at 4s Entrance and 1s a week continuance; Those of an immoderate length to pay in proportion."

A newspaper was started at Halifax in 1784 by Thomas Davis, another son of James Davis, who had inherited his father's printing outfits; in 1786 a North Carolina Gazette was published at Hillsboro by Robert Ferguson for Thomas Davis.

The North Carolina Chronicle, or Fayetteville Gazette, was published in 1789 at Fayetteville by George Roulatone for John Sibley & Co. Wilmington had three other papers before 1800; The Wilmington Chronicle and North Carolina weekly Advertiser; Hall's Wilmington Gazette; and one other. At Salisbury there was a North Carolina Mercury and Salisbury Advertiser begun in 1798 by Francis Cowpee.

For 15 years, Abraham Hodge served as State printer. Previously he had followed Washington's army for press accounts. In 1785 he came to North Carolina from New York. During his career he was a strong Federalist and a personal friend to Washington. He managed the first chain of newspapers in this State.

In 1786, Hodge and a man named Blanchard established a press at

Fayetteville and started the State Gazette of North Carolina. Henry Wills succeeded Blanchard in 1788 and the paper was moved to Edenton. In 1793 Hodge and Wills began The North Carolina Journal at Halifax. Hodge and his nephew William Boylan, managed The North Carolina Minerva at Fayetteville, The True Republican at New Bern, The Edenton Gazette, The Raleigh Star and The North Carolina Journal at Hailifax.

"Davis, Martin and Hodge will rank in the hereafter with William R. Davie. Joseph Caldwell and Archibald D. Murphy, that other trio, who in the closing years of the eighteenth century did so much to broden and strengthen the intellectual advancement of North Carolina," later wrote Stephen Weeks.

A PARSON BREAKS THE LAW

Over here in America where most people are not so conventional, the populace is inclined to applaud the British parson who defied the canons of his church to marry the of Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Warfield. The Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, vicar of a small English parish, known locally as the "poor man's parson," must be given credit for courage as well as independence.

It is said high authorities of the Church of England are much displeased and thoroughly disapprove of the course of the Rev. Mr. Jardine. Of course, the former king, who has been kicked about mercilessly by the clergy of the established church, will come in for a larger part of the criticism. But who can blame the duke? With him it was a case of any port in a storm.

None would be surprised to see either another abdication in England or an excommunication. The law of the English church forbidding its clergy to re-marry a divorced person, has been openly and flagrantly flouted. Yet under the circumstances, he might be forgiven.

The vicar was moved by compassion and pity for "my king"; perhaps his superiors will be moved by the some noble impulse. It is to be hoped he will not be a parson without a parish. But we have a hunch that a man who has courage to defy a church law to follow the dictates of conscience will not be the loser either on earth or hereafter. This may sound heretical; if so, we're sorry.—Suffolk-News Herald.

PROGRAM FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF CLASS ROOM INSTRUCTION

By S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent Cabarrus County Schools

About ten years ago there was inaugurated in Cabarrus County a school program through which it was hoped that the quality of instruction could be lifted to a much higher level of efficiency than had been reached before. The ultimate goal of this awakening movement was the training of boys and girls so that their lives would be vitally influenced for richer and fuller living, and also that they might realize a genuine joy and satisfaction both in school and outside.

This program of improvement in class room instruction involved many different and related factors. Quite naturally it has had to do with problems of organization, such as consolidation of small schools, the employment of well trained teachers, the building and equipment of new, modern type school buildings, providing for laboratories, libraries and work shops. In it was involved the reorganization and expansion of the curriculum, the selection of well trained teachers, and numerous other phases of school work. However, the chief concern in the entire educative process has been to actually improve the quality of class room instruction. This has had to do with methods and techniques in teaching with the objectives and philosophies of education; such things as are intangible and subjective in nature.

Adventurous experimentation: The ituation at the outset was on the dead level of textbook work, limited to the very minimum requirements; class rooms were woefully barren and unattractive; there was apparently no attempt to provide a living situation through an enriched, purposeful and stimulating environment; the children were seldom if ever, introduced to real experiences such as would thrill their lives.

In order to remedy this colorless, purposeless situation practically every class room became an experimental station. There was a sincere purpose on the part of most of the teachers to find out in their own class rooms just what are the best in methods and procedures. All of this represented a wholesome curiosity, and each teacher was to get the benefit of the experiences of others. It was urged that no teacher should permit herself to be an imitator, but rather that she be a creative person herself.

A workable and satisfying philosophy of education: In order to establish a satisfactory point of departure for all of the teachers it became necessary to work out a good philosophy of education. It was at once evident that one's philosophy of education determines very definitely the methods of teaching to be employed.

In our schools it is generally regarded as a worthy goal for the schools to aid the children to master the information which is represented in textbooks as the accumulated wisdom and culture of all the ages. It is

believed however, as a far nobler thing to help these same children to understand how to live happily together, and to know how their knowledge is to be used. It is our conviction that knowledge for knowledge's sake is a very poor motive for teaching. It is our objective to so train the pupils in our schools that they may be able not only to make such adaptations within our democratic society as they may from time to time find expedient and wise, but also to so train them and to build such ideals into their lives that they will be able to build in the future a better social order than we now have, to the end that there may be a minimum of social injustice, crime, prejudice, econmic stress and vocational mal-adjustments.

In our schools today we hold to the principle that the pupils learn only as a result of participating in worthwhile and appropriate learning activities. We believe that pupils under sympathetic guidance and encouragement realize their own purposes and satisfy their own needs. Together the teachers and the pupils plan the learning situations, and the teacher becomes a leader and guide rather than a taskmaster as in the traditional school. The pupils are led to see the relationship and continuity of the instruction, while in former days the pupils followed more or less blindly the tasks assigned by the teacher, seldom asking why it was being done.

The work is so planned, and organized that pupils meet problems as they arise. They attempt the solution of these problems under the intelligent guidence of an understanding teacher. They hold to the completion of the work undertaken because it is upon their level. In the end they arrive at some conclusion which is satisfying to them as well as to the teacher. The teacher's function in this type of school demands a far greater insight into teaching techniques than is the case where the teacher is merely a hearer of lessons and an assigner of tasks to be performed. School work at its best is a cooperative enterprise.

A definite program: In order to facilitate the work and promote unity of understanding it has been found desirable to establish at the beginning of each year a definite program of work for the year. This involves not merely a schedule for the various meetings to be held, the names of county officials and the holidays to be observed; it rather involves the selection of a problem or a subject in the curriculum to be given special study and consideration during the year. This attention of the teachers has been focused annually upon some subject such as Fine Arts, Social Sciences, Natural Sciences, Industrial Arts or Language Arts. For each succeeding year the study of the year prior becomes a guide and a stepping stone.

In the program of work there is stated what has been found to be suitable aims and objectives in education. For some teachers the predominant factor is to have the pupils master the tools of learning or to master subject matter. To be sure this is worthy aim but it constitutes a very small part of the educative process. In the schools of Cabarrus

Couty we have thought of the aims of educaton in much broader terms. For instance we have been concerned with the development of such skills and attitudes as will promote:

(a) Wise use of leisure time

(b) Vocational efficiency

(c) Worthy home membership

(d) Well rounded personalities

(e) Se'f discovery of interests and aptitude

(f) Emotional stability

(g) Cultural trainiing in good manners, etc.

(h) The creative attitude

(i) Open minded attitude

(j) Strong ethical character.

At they very heart of the program of work there is given a concise statement of the fundamental principles of good teaching. These principles represent the judgement of all of the teachers after a long period of testing and retesting, The following represent some of the principles commonly accepted by the teachers:

1. Interest is the key to every type of learning

2. Schoo' rooms should be both attractive and homelike in appearance

3. Pupils are most interested in situations and experiences that are most nearly true to life

4. The large unit method of teaching offers the greatest opportunity for effective instruction.

5. The tools of learning are most speedily and effectively learned when taught in connection with their use to accomplish desired purposes.

6. Pupils learn to do by doing

7. The teacher at best is a leader and guide who possesses a vast store of information, many skills and wide cu'tural training.

8. It is possib'e to maintain an atmosphere of freedom in class rooms conducive of creative expression.

9. Vital living experiences stir the currents of the spirits of children to the end that they have convictions and ideas of their own.

10. It is highly desirable to provide as fully and carefully as possible for the individual differences of pupils.

These are some of the major items entering into the program of work. It is not the purpose of this procedure to limit any teacher who honestly wants to experiment. Any worthy program of work will possess in it an e'ement of flexibi'ity which will permit the highly trained and experienced teacher to go as far in any direction as her abilities will enable. However, they should be certain that what they do makes a fine contribution to good teaching, one that is understood and acceptable to the members of the group. It has seemed wise to issue at the end of each year a bulletin setting forth the accomplishments professionally and this can be done only where there is a commonly understood unit of work.

Large unit teaching: We be'ieve that the most outstanding achievement of the schools of Cabarrus County is in the efficient use of large unit teaching. During the last nine years we have emphaisized the importance of activity work, and the use of real life experiences in the schools. When the activity program was first launched in the County, many of the activities were unrelated, they did not make definite contribu-

tions to the remainder of the day's work, they did not serve to strengthen the work in the fundamental or the tool subjects. The activities were largely for the purpose of entertainment and amusement. Too much emphasis was placed upon the finished product rather than upon the process of learning and upon child growth and development. Likewise too much time was spent upon doing things and making things that were impractical imitations of the real things. In other words there was too much activity for activity's sake.

The schools of the County passed through the "project method" period. Typical activities of this period were such things as arranging sand table scenes, or making single articles which often did not bear any vital relationship to the remainder of the no regard either for enriching the proregard either for enriching the program by providing training in music, art, rhythmic dancing, or for integrating the experiences of the children.

In the last four or five years we have been doing a type of large unit teaching which we recognize as being much more comprehensive, much sounder in theory, and much more satisfying to the teachers. The large units thus developed include many worthwhile activities, several centers of interest, and many projects, and the teachers have learned to group all of these under one large unit. In this manner they and the pupils have learned things in their proper relationships.

The units selected grow out of the needs, the interests or the purposes of the children. Special emphasis is placed upon choosing the unit that offers practice in those skills needed most by the pupils or that is closest to their life experiences. In the primary grades we have used such units as: Pets, Toys, Fram Life, Community Life, Flowers, Animals, Aeroplanes, Babies—Their Food and Care, Family Life and Work, How Children of Other Lands Live Together Happily, Children of Other Lands, The Circus, Our Book Friends, The Clothes we Wear.

In the grammar grades we have developed such units as: Adventures in Bookland, The Little Theatre, Journeys in Foreign Lands, The Development of the United States, Some Ways in Which People Make a Living in the United States, Communication and How Man Has Conquered Distance, Transportation, Early Pioneers and Colonial Life, A Study of Clothing, A Trip to Far Away Lands, Homes, Customs and How Records Have Been Kept by Man.

Outcomes: It is easily apparent that the pupils are much happier in school now than they have ever been. School has become to them a place of activity, a place of joy and fascination. Much of the drive and drudgery of the former is erased. The pupils not only possess good manners but display of high degree of poise, initiative and self control. It is obvious that wholesome personalities are being developed instead of restrained. Along with their fine socializing experiences they are mastering the traditionally reverenced subject matter just as thoroughly as any other group of children.

The teachers themselves are fully aware of the fact that they are doing

a superior type of teaching. They follow the development and unfolding of the pupils and know full well that the approach is being made towards maximum teaching efficiency. It requires from the teacher much of her time and strength in planning, getting things for the children to do, books to read, experiences to encounter, etc. But it is not an uncommon statement when the teachers declare that they would not under any circumstances revert back to the old traditional type of school.

"It is never a good policy to be too positive. The other fellow may be right."

TIME HAS ADDED TO FAME OF VIRGINIA DARE

(The Kansas City Star)

The United States government is preparing to honor the memory of Virginia Dare, the first child of English lineage born in America, by issuing a special postage stamp that will bear her name. (It will be a 5-cent stamp, to go on sale August 18 at Roanoke Island, N. C.) Virginia was born 350 years ago next August 18; she was yellow-haired and blue-eyed, and she came into this world on Roanoke Island, now a part of North Carolina. She is the original mystery child of North America. At the age of nine days she drops from recorded history, and becomes a subject for speculation only.

Never has the name of a small person of whom so little is known endured so long as that of Virginia Dare. Quite possibly she died in early infancy; yet it is equally possible that she lived to a gray old age, became an Indian princess and one of the founders of a race of fair-haired, gray-eyed Indians of whom there is authentic record. You can take your choice. History will not say you nay.

In the spring of 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh sent out his second group of colonists to the New World. Raleigh was seeking to gain favor with Queen Elizabeth, add luster to the name of England and acquire a fortune for himself with a colony in North America. He played in hard luck from start to finish, and eventually lost his head.

Raleigh's first colonists were not the stuff of which pioneers were made. They were bitterly disappointed when they found that gold was not lying on top of the ground on Roanoke Island, that crops had to be cultivated there by hard work, just as in England or anywhere else in the world and that the Indians were not prepared to sweat to enrich Englishmen. In October, 1587. Sir

Francis Drake, with a fleet of 23 small vessels, put in at Roanoke Island, homeward bound from exploration, a bit of unofficial piracy against the Spaniards and the various other gainful enterprises that the New World of those days offered. Raleigh's colonists persuaded Drake to take them home to England. They were sick of this harsh New World, where they had fought with the Indians, lost a few lives and taken a few more. They carried with them to Sir Walter two live Indians, samples of potatoes, then unknown in England, Indian corn and tobacco.

A year and a half later Raleigh sent out another group of settlers, 100 men and 17 women, whom he hoped were of tougher fiber, with orders to land anywhere except at Roanoke Island. The captain of the vessel ignored orders and landed them at Roanoke. There the Englishmen built a fort and set up housekeeping in this bewildering and very large New World. The governor of the colony was Henry White. He had twelve assistants to help him govern, one of whom was his son-in-law, Ananias Dare. The settlers landed in July. August 18 Virginia Dare was born and duly christened. Her mother, Eleanor Dare, was Governor White's daughter.

Nine days after his granddaughter was born, White returned to England to seek additional supplies and equipment for his colony. And here history takes leave of small Virginia Dare, still in her swaddling clothes.

When Governor White landed in England he found the nation greatly preoccupied with expected arrival of the Spanish Armada bound on the conquest of England. Although he tried to return to America in 1588, it was 1591 before he again saw the shores of Roanoke Island There was no colony left. There were no Englishmen to be found. The fort was in ruins. A few chests of belongings had been buried, then dug up again and emptied. White found moldering books and maps that had belonged to him and a suit of rusty armor he had left behind.

Carved on the trunk of a tree was the word "Croatan." White concluded from the word that his colonists had moved to the nearby island of Croatan, where the Croatan Indians had been friendly to them. He asked the ship's captain to land him on Croatan to investigate, but the captain refused. The crew was mutinous, demanding that he set sail at once for England and the seamen had their way. White never was given the opportunity to ask the Indians what had become of his companions. But, since he found no human bones on Roanoke island, he did not believe the colonists were slain. Probably he reasoned, they had gone native.

For more than a century history draws an impenetrable veil across the picture. Then, in the early years of the eighteenth century, strange stories began to drift back from North Carolina. In 1704 a German explorer named John Leder found a pale-skinned, fair-haired tribe of Indians, the Crotans. Some of them were blue-eyed, some gray-eyed; they spoke English and they told him they had English ancestors, one of whom was named Virginia Dare. In 1715

English settlers in middle North Carolina found the Croatans much lighter skinned than any Indians they had ever seen, calling each other by English Christian names. They were the same names that had belonged to members of the vanished colony. The Indians said those English men and women were their ancestors. They spoke a curious, archaic sort of English, using many words that had been common at the end of the 16th century.

There are Croatan Indians, about 5,000 of them, still living in North Carolina. They cling to their story that Virginia Dare and her people were their ancestors. In 1891, Prof. Stephen B. Weeks, writing in the Journal of the American Historical association of a visit to the Croatans, said:

"They showed traces of savage and civilized ancestry. Their language was that of England 300 years ago and many of their names are those of the original colonists."

The evidence seems fairly good that at least some of those English colonists did join the Croatans, taught them something of European civilization and the English language, and finally died without ever seeing their native land again. North Carolina was a long way from England in those days.

But whether the little Virginia Dare grew up among the Indians, became a squaw and the mother of half-Indian children, nobody knows, and it seems highly improbable that anyone will ever know.

In 1924 a leaden plate was dug up in North Carolina bearing the inscription, "Virginia Dare died here. Captif Powhatan. 1590. Charles R." It was turned over to the Smithsonian Institution which thereafter maintained a discreet silence as to whether it was likely to be authentic. If that brief story was true, it would have made the first English child born in America three years old when she died.

There is a curious legend, long told in southern lumber camps, that gives Virginia as poetical a finish as a heroine of Greek mythology. The story has to do with a snow-white doe, seen sometimes by the lumbermen, but apparently bearing a charmed life. Bullets never bother her. And the lumbermen have it from their ancestors, who had it from the Indians, that the white doe is Virginia Dare, who grew up to young womanhood, was loved by a young Indian and refused to marry him. So the Indian, who was a medicine man, turned her into a white doe in spite. But the Great Spirit intervened for the luckless girl, decreeing that the white doe could never be killed unless she was shot with a silver arrow, and the silver arrow never was fashioned. So the gentle spirit of Virginia Dare roams the woodlands to this day, the lumbermen say.

Good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society.—Thackeray.

THE GLOW OF THE RAINBOW

By Laura Reid Montgomery

Rose put down her book and stared thoughtfully at the waving treetops. The last weeks in May had brought a summer warmth to the beautiful village near the Fox River, and the girl could see hundreds of roses bursting into bloom. Between the quaint white cottage and the church there was a hedge of faint green, and below it a row of gorgeous peonies, splashes of vivid red and deep rose.

"How lovely it is to be alive in spring," sighed Rose, her eyes shining with pleasure. "I wish I'd taken an older story as I wished, instead of this. I didn't like to refuse when Miss Tibbs urged me to take this, but who needs to read about the responsibilities of life?"

Clara laughed. "What prosy, long words you use. What on earth are you reading?"

"It's an essay on character-building. It is very fine, but"—Rose spoke with a trace of embarrassment—"you know I don't see why a girl should be expected to be an example all the time. I'll look out for myself, and that's enough."

"That sounds all right," returned Clara, doubtfully, "but you are so popular that what you do seems right, especially to the younger ones. I think that bit about precept upon precept is lovely; somehow, it is fine to think that even girls like us are able to influence others and help."

Rose pushed back her yellow hair impatiently and drew in a long breath; spring beckoned her with impelling fingers, the sweet-scented breeze was laden with mysterious whispers of the spicy forest, and she longed to fling herself down beneath the trees and dream of great deeds to be accomplished, once the tiresome business of school was finished.

"I'm going out," she declared.

Clara looked a bit wistful, but said nothing.

"Come on."

"I promised to take a turn at the library today; Miss Betty had to go to town."

"Clara, I ought to go with you and help you, but, honestly, I cannot settle down in weather like this. Let someone else substitute. Miss Betty needn't have chosen a glorious day like this to be absent. Some other time I'll help out," and Rose disappeared down the stairway as Clara smoothed her dark hair, preparatory to going down to the village library that had been started by the book-lovers of the town.

As Rose stepped upon the veranda of her own house, two girls met her.

"We're going to the woods to explore the Pirate's Den, Rose; come with us. I have candles and matches, and Em has brought a box of sandwiches."

"The Pirate's Den!" exclaimed Rose, joyfully. "Without any older people? They say it's dangerous in there; dark and slimy, with green mosses clinging to the top."

"Who wants any older people? I like adventure. Boys do things like that every day, but a girl is expected to sit down and stitch; why; why"

—there was a drift of laughter as the speaker recollected something amusing—"I was actually told I should read something improving every day."

Rose was instantly conscious of the slim volume of essays she held. She had been reading an essay every day after school in response to that same suggestion, and, while she did not at all regret her effort, she knew that Polly would tease her and mention the subject before the rest of the girls with her keen, caustic comments.

The three girls turned as Bobbie's voice came agitatedly from the hallway.

"Rose, I'll go walking with you."

"Yes, he would," smiled Polly, "if he could."

"Run back, dear, and finish your nap. Rose is going a long way, too far for you."

"Mummie said—"

Rose hurried on beyond earshot. Bobbie was difficult to manage, and would probably make audible objections to being left behind.

"Got a story book there?" queried Em, who spent her leisure in reading strange tales of disguised princesses who were incredibly lovely and whose nobleness invariably brought them astonishing rewards. "I was reading of a girl who gave up her life for her little sister, and—"

Polly interrupted: "Rose, your home is nearest; run back and get a ball of stout cord. We must be tied to each other as we explore."

Rose thrilled at the idea of probable danger, and rushed back.

Dropping her book of essays on the hall table, she went to the pantry for the string box, and helped herself to a supply of cakes. They would go nicely with Em's sandwiches.

"Say, Miss Rose, those cakes are for supper; don't—"

Rose ran past the grumbling maid. "You'll never miss these, Sarah, and I might not be back to supper. It's past three o'clock now."

For some reason her glance at the moon-faced clock in the big, clear kitchen reminded her of something. Although she had never definitely promised not to explore the Priate's Den, she knew her mother considered the lonely place in the woods dangerous, and Mrs. Dalton had frequently said that none of the girls ought to go near there unless one of the fathers or older brothers accompanied the young girls.

Sarah shot her a shrewd glance as the girl stood thinking, her eyes upon the clock. "Where are you going to be gone so long?"

"That will do, Sarah," remarked Rose, haughtily; "you know you are not responsible for me."

"Perhaps not," answered the old servant, unimpressed by the ruffled manner of her former nurseling," "but we're all responsible for each other in a way. I notice even your little brother is beginning to listen to what you say and copy you when you lift your shoulders."

Rose shrugged them in close imitation of one of the older girls. Sarah's brusque comment had decided her; she was no baby to have the servant ask where she was going. A senior in high school demands recognition of her status. That a stately senior might lose some of her dignity in ex-

ploring a reputed pirate's cave did not occur to her.

"Thanks for the cakes," she called sweetly; "by-by," and giggled as Sarah's mutter followed her.

Many of the neighbors looked smilingly at the bright-faced trio going up the tree-lined street. Spring and youth were a radiant combination with the soft wind from the river rustling the trees above their bare heads.

When the girls had climbed the hill the road grew lonely, and they practiced their class song. As they passed the miniature waterfall near the cement works, Rose paused.

"Did you hear anything?" she demanded.

"Nothing but the water talking to the fall," replied Polly.

A faint frown appeared on Rose's face. Polly's flippancy was not always well timed. Quite suddenly the buoyancy that had been hers disappeared, and the blue and gold of the day was dimmed. After all, she had been silly to start so late. The forest looked gloomy, the brown and green depths sinister. A chance remark that she had overheard returned to her mind.

"I am glad that Bobbie is the youngest, for I feel that Rose's influence will be good for him," her mother had said, not knowing her daughter was in earshot.

"I believe I'll turn back," said Rose;"the air feels as though we'd have rain, and—it's late."

"And you've been told not to go to the den," finished Polly, pertly; "dear Rose is always so sweet." Aggravatingly she caugth the exact tone of an old lady who adored Rose. "Run back, dear."

Rose grew scarlet.

"I knew you'd be afraid," said Polly; "give me the cord, then."

Instantly the thrilling picture of the three girls creeping through the mysterious darkness, bound to each other, following the tiny flare of the candle, tormented Rose. She had come so far now. Plainly Polly believed her a coward; oh, well, she'd go on with it.

Polly produced the roll from her sweater pocket and proceeded to crumble it along their way; "Now, when the searchers come at dawn, they will find these bits of bread and rescue us."

"Yes," murmured Em, dreamily, "like the three enchanted queens who wandered out from the isolated kingdom. Let's pretend that bridge there is enchanted, and that if we cross it we will be in the power of the opposing king."

The girls laughed, but Em was in no way abashed. She preferred the world of make-believe to the humdrum routine of practicing and studying, and she had been permitted to feed her mind upon the sugar-coated diet of pretty phrases, for she lived alone with an aged uncle who paid her scant attention. Em was in first-year high; Polly and Rose, fourth year.

So, while Em dreamed fairy tales and Polly scattered crumbs, Rose accompanied them sedately, wishing she had gone to the library to help her chum, as Clara would have done for her. Then, as they neared the cave, she began to think of the future

and how she would help Bobbie with his lessons and make fudge for the boys so Bobbie would not want to stay away from home. Yes, although she would be a young lady through college, then she would be so charming to the youngsters that they would always insist upon visiting Bobbie's house. Her mother would have reason to be glad that Rose was so trustworthy—an example for the boisterous brother, for Bess, the ten-year-old, was most heedless.

It seemed very dark at the entrance to the cave, and rather silently they fastened the stout cord about the waist of each.

Polly went first, holding the candle, then Rose, then Em, and the cord was tied to a tree at the entrance with the ball in Em's pocket.

The way was winding and the stones very damp. Rose wrenched her ankle slipping on some slimy moss, and Polly got something in her eye. It seemed to Rose that they had crept along half a mile, when she stopped so abruptly as to make the others stumble.

"Did you hear that?" she demanded.

"I heard someone call," said Em, hazily; "think there is someone in the cave?"

"No," Rose spoke impatiently, for her heart was beating unpleasantly, "it sounded to me as though someone called 'Rose,' almost like Bobbie."

"Bobbie! He is home."

"I know, but—" Rose missed her footing then and fell, covering her blue frock with slime, and Polly only saved herself by catching at the low roof, and dropped the candle.

It was three thoroughly frightened girls who, after a long interval, finally emerged from the low entrance They had bruised themselves painfully because of the dark, for they had been unable to find the candle again, and the matches were wet from the drippings above and would not light.

There was a terrific crash of thunder, and a sheet of rain beat smartly in Em's face as she, her hands tightly clutching the cord, staggered out.

"No wonder it seemed dark in there," quavered Em; it's almost black out here."

They could not see the clouds because of the dense foliage above, but there was a thickness in the atmosphere that was terrifying.

As a sharp streak of fire cut across the sheets of rain, the three girls were silhouetted against the grim rock cave.

"Rose! Rose!"

There arose above the swift rush of the rain the sound of running feet, and Bess, clinging to her mother's hand, ran towards them.

"Is Bobbie with you?"

Rose, staring into her mother's tragic face, grew paper white. She tried to speak, but her tongue seemed swollen, too thick, useless! She shook her head dumbly.

"Then he's in that cave." The whisper seemed to be caught up by the wind and echoed by giant voices.

"He couldn't be," began Polly, her veneer of glib pertness falling from her, her face sodden with terror, "he —oh, he might be, for there were other passages. "We"—her voice rose shrilly—"were tied together."

No one stopped for the cord this trip. In frantic, stumbling haste they went back beneath the grim, stone ceilings, hunting, calling, weeping.

Rose had not said a word. She could only fight back the sobs and push doggedly on, on through the dampness.

"If I had only looked when I fancied I heard his voice. If I had only turned back at the waterfall. If only I had not come," ran the accusing thoughts beneath the wet, yellow hair. "I known Bobbie is dead. He's so afraid of storms." She shuddered as a roll of thunder crashed through, terrific even in the remote cavern with the rocks to dull the sound.

It was Em who found him.

A few feet up from the main passage crouched Bobbie, mute from his terror of the storm.

"I'll carry him." Rose at last found herself capable of speech, and her husky whisper echoed eerily through the cave: "Give him to me."

Holding the wet little form closely against her heart, Rose tore out, her head bent down against the boy's curls.

As the party reached the edge of the woods the rain ceased, and across the river appeared a rainbow.

"If it hadn't been for Bess, he would have died," wept Bobbie's mother, breaking down now that the tension had snapped.

Rose grew crimson. "How did he happen to come?"

"He heard you girls talking about the Pirate's Den, and he rushed in to get a knife to take," said Bess. "I told him you wouldn't go there; that mother had said repeatedly that none of us was to go alone. I thought you'd just gone down to the library, and I went in to get a little cake from Sarah. When I came out he was gone, and I called mother—"

"I do what Rose do," murmured Bobbie, affectionately; "Rose good girl, mummie says," and, worn out by his long walk and terrors, he dozed off again.

Rose walked on in a desolate silence. Her influence had nearly caused her brother's death. She had thought she could look out for herself and take no responsibility about other lives that touched her own. Her mother had said no word of reproach, had looked none, but, as Rose stared above the boy's head at the purple shadows that lay above her mother's white cheeks, she realized just what she had done, and a silent prayer for guidance issued from her heart.

Em's subdued exclamation at the beauty of the rainbow caused Rose to look upwards, and it seemed to her that the radiance deepened into a richer glow, and she felt conscious of a strength other than her own.

Envy another and show your ignorance. Look for the good in your own situation and reveal your knowledge that blessings grow when watered with appreciation.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Part of our farm force has been busy for the past week threshing oats. It is estimated that this crop will yield about 4,000 bushels. This is the largest oats crop ever produced at the School.

Paul Angel, of Cottage No. 7, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Mercy Hospital, Charlotte, returned to the School last Saturday. He is now recuperating in the "little white house" and will soon be able to return to his cottage.

On a recent trip to our vineyard we were glad to see it in such excellent condition. Mr. J. L. Carriker has supervised the care of the vineyard for the past two years and has done a very good piece of work. According to the prospects at present, it should yield a bumper crop this season.

This week eight boys, from our "baby cottage," were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for tonsil operations. They have returned to the School and are getting along nicely. The total number of boys having tonsils removed was fifty-two, this being done in the last few weeks.

In a game between the Gibson Mill team and the Training School last Wednesday afternoon, the latter won by the score of 7 to 6. Lawrence, who did the pitching for the local boys was touched for nine hits, while Sloop and Leigh, visiting hurlers, allowed eigth.

Goodman, the School's right fielder, collected double and two singles out of three times at bat. Leigh headed the Gibson batters with a pair of triples; Sloop, Beaver and Brown connected for two singles each. The score:

		R	H	E
Gibson	3 0 0 0 2 1 —	6	9	7
J. T. S.	0 3 3 0 1 x —	7	8	4

Two-base hit: Goodman. Three-base hits: Leigh 2. Struck out: By Lawrence 6; by Leigh 4; by Sloop 2. Base on balls: Off Lawrence 1; off Sloop 1. Umpires—Liske and Bratton.

The Harrisburg team visited the School last Saturday afternoon and took a lop-sided game from the local lads by the score of 15 to 7. It was a comedy of errors, wild pitches, and everything else except baseball. The led in this respect, making no less School boys led in this respect, making no less than thirteen errors, while their pitchers issued four passes and hit two batters. The visitors made only four errors, but their pitchers were as wild as the proverbial March hare, walking eight and hitting five batters.

The Harrisburg boys collected thirteen hits, including four triples

and a double, off the combined efforts of the School's four hurlers. R. Lambert led his mates with a pair of triples and a single. The School boys knocked out nine hits, Williamson and Whittington, with two each, being the only ones to get more than one safety. The score:

		R	H	E
Harrisburg	1 1 0 0 3 4 2 2 —	15	13	4
J. T. S.	0 0 2 1 4 0 0 0 0 —	7	9	13

Two-base hit: London. Three-base hits: R. Lambert 2, H. Clark, L. Clark, Whittington. Stolen base: B. Lambert. Struck out: By Furchess 1; by Whittington 2; by Lawrence 1; by Lasby 6; by R. Lambert 2. Umpires—Liske and Lawrence.

The Training School lads took a game from the Locke Mill "Tigers" last Monday afternoon by the score of 8 to 4. Liske did the pitching for the local lads, and while hit quite freely, he tightened up in the clinches and didn't allow much scoring. He was only in danger once, the fourth frame, when the tigers were really tigers and scored all their runs. The rest of the time they were just Maltese kittens and were unable to advance beyond second base.

Sloop was on the mound for the visitors and pitched a better game than the score indicates, most of the runs scored off him being due to misplays by his mates.

In addition to hurling a nice game, Liske showed the Schools lads the way with the willow, poking out three hits in four trips to the plate. Smith, the half-pint size shortstop, was the only other local player to get more than one hit. He cracked out a triple and a single.

For the Tigers R. Cleaver and Sloop headed the batters, getting two singles each. The score:

		R	H	E
Locke Mill	0 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 —	4	10	4
J. T. S.	0 5 0 2 0 0 0 x —	8	10	5

Three-base hit: Smith. Struck out: By Liske 6; by Sloop 4. Base on balls: Off Liske 1; off Sloop 1. Umpire—Larwence.

On Tuesday afternoon the Locke Mill Tigers again visited the local ball yard and came out on the short end of a 12 to 1 score, in a game marked by some very heaving bombing by the School artillery. They crashed out a total of twelve hits, including a double, triple and three circuit clouts off three Tiger pitchers.

While all this bombardment was going on, Charlie Furchess, working on the firing line for the School lads, was attending strictly to the business of turning in the best pitching performance exhibited by any of our boy pitchers this season. He was master of the situation throughout, holding the boys from Locke to three scattered hits, and would have registered a shut-out had it not been for two errors in the second frame, allowing them to mark up their lone tally.

Mobley, local custodian of the center garden, had a big day with the stick, pounding out a home run, double and a brace of singles in four trips to the plate. Furchess was a close second with a home run triple and a single, while Williamson connected for a single and a four-ply swat. The score:

		R	H	E
Locke Mill	0 1 0 0 0 0 —	1	3	1
J. T. S.	4 2 0 4 0 2 —	12	12	4

Two-base hit: Mobley. Three-base hit: Furchess.. Home runs: Mobley, Furchess, Williamson. Struck out: By Furchess 5; by Sloop 3; by R. Cleaver 4. Base on balls: Off Furchess 1; off Sloop 1; off R. Cleaver 2. Hit by pitcher: By Furchess (Sloop). Umpire—Lawrence.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer. pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the Prodigal Son, as found in Luke 15:11-24. He was accompanied by Mr. Boyd Delph, one of his young Sunday School teachers, who took part in a service appropriate to the occasion—Fathers' Day.

Mr. Delph first addressed the boys, calling attention to the many things we owe our fathers, some of them being as follows: (1) Life; (2) Home; (3) Companionship; (4) Raiment. All of these. said the speaker, are material benefits for which it would be impossible for us to pay in a financial way, but we can repay them by living our lives according to the teaching and example of our fathers. It is not necessary for us to ask what we can do. There are avenues of service open everywhere and every day.

It is a challenge to the youth of today and we should consider it a great privilege to follow in the footsteps of Christ—and Christian fathers. continued Mr. Delph, and in conclusion he urged the boys to let their light so shine before men that they might be an example of righteousness in the world.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then spoke to the boys concerning the right attitude of boys toward their fathers. He told of a father and his son whom he knew, and how they were almost always seen together. They walked and talked together and were the very best of companions. It was the kind of relationship that should exist between father and son. The father reveled in the fellowship of the boy, and the lad honored and respected his father. It is a privilege to respect our fathers, no matter how high or how low a station they occupy in the world.

The speaker then read the following quotation from "The Why and What Is Man": "Youth needs fatherhood as much as motherhood. The most serious need in the world today is fathers in sufficient numbers of the type to symbolize the idea of fatherhood in such a manner as we already idealize motherhood."

He then told how the late President Coolidge, in speaking to the National Y. M. C. A. Conference, said, "Class me as a father, one of the most important of privileges and re-

sponsibilities," and "The home is the cornerstone of the nation, therefore youth must be trained in normal homes for future homes."

Our homes, said the speaker, are intended to be places where we grow. Every boy wants a father who will work with him, play with him—one whom he can trust at all times and in all places.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that our parents know what is best for us. They stay with us; they persist in the right ways; they are faithful; and if we try to make our lives conform to their wishes, we will then know how to appreciate what they have done for us when we reach manhood.

JUNE

The sun is bright, the sky is clear,
  The year is at its noon,
In fairest robes doth earth appear
  To greet the glorious June.

The rose she throws her petals round
  And sweetens all the air,
The birds they bid the woods resound
  With carols glad and rare.

A carpet has been laid by May
  For June's fair, jeweled feet,
  'Tis wrought with flowers and leaf and spray
  To make it all complete.

The circling months of all the year
  Have beauties of their own.
We love them each, they are all dear,
  But June, she wears the crown.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 20, 1937

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(3) Robert Allen 3
(3) J. C. Cox 3
(3) Edward Johnson 3
(3) James Johnson 3
(3) Mack Setzer 3
(3) Joseph Tucker 3
(3) Fred Wheeler 3
(3) James Wilhite 3

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Coleman
Henry Cowan
Carroll Dodd
(2) Arthur Martin 2
Blanchard Moore
(2) Jack Norris 2
(2) Howard Roberts 2
(2) Bunn Shoe 2
Eugene Stallings
(2) James West 2

COTTAGE No. 2

Floyd Lane

COTTAGE No. 3

Jewell Barker
(3) M. C. Cranford 3
(3) Neely Dixon 3
(2) James Eury 2
(3) Charles Furchess 3
(3) Coolidge Green 3
Eugene Green
Jesse Holleman 2
James McCune 2
Frank Pickett 2
F. M. Younger

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Garrett Bishop 3
Odell Bray 2
(2) Hurley Davis 2
James Hancock 2
(3) Henry Harris 3
(2) Ernest Hudspeth 2
Ralph Johnson 2
(3) Thomas Little 3
(3) Hubert McCoy 3
(2) Joseph McPherson 2
(3) Robert Orrell 3
(3) Lloyd Pettus 3
(3) Melvin Walters 3
Odell Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Brothers 2
(3) A. L. Gaines 3
John Grider
(3) Robert Jordan 3
(3) Henry James 3
David Odham
Jack Turner

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Lacy Burleson 3
(3) Robert Bryson 3
(3) Fletcher Castlebury 3
(3) Thomas Doby 3
(3) Frank Glover 3
John Ham
Thomas Hamilton 2
Leonard Jacobs 2
James Lane
Charles McCoyle 2
(2) James Rackley 2
Canipe Shoe 2
(3) George Wilhite 3

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 2
(2) James Corn 2
Archie Costlebury 2
(2) William Estes 2
(3) Giles Green 3
(2) Lacy Green 2
(3) Caleb Hill 3

N. B. Johnson
Kenneth Messick 2
(3) Elmer Maples 3
J. C. Mobley 2
Milton Pickett
Jack Pyatt
Wallace Smith
(3) William Tester 3
(3) William Young 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Ralph Rainey 3
(3) Charles Taylor 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Hollie Atwood 2
(3) J. T. Branch 3
(2) Edgar Burnette 2
James Coleman
Heller Davis
(3) Randolph Davis 3
(3) Reuben Duggins 3
(3) Woodfin Fowler 3
(2) Charles Freeman 2
(3) Percival Shuler 3
(2) Cleveland Suggs 2
Hubert Short
(3) Homer Smith 3
Samuel J. Watkins

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Earl Atwood 2
Matthew Duffy
(2) Rufus Linville 2
Wesley Merritt

COTTAGE No 11

Harold Bryson
(3) Walter Blevins 3
(3) Howard Clark 3
(3) Edward Carpenter 3
Earl Duncan
(2) Lawrence Guffey 2
Coy Green
David Hodge 2
William Kirk
Edgar Merritt 2
(3) William Martin 3
(3) Theodore Rector 3
(2) N. C. Webb 2
(3) Fred Williamson 3
Burchell Young

COTTAGE No. 12

Ben Cooper
(3) Frank Dickens 3
(2) Marvin Edwards 2
Joseph Hall
(3) Charlton Henry 3
Franklin Hensley
Lester Jordan 2
Frank Lewis 2
Ewin Odom
William Powell
Lonnie Sloan
(2) Harvey J. Smith 2
(3) Horace Simmons 3
(3) Charles Williams 3
Ross Young 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Fletcher Boggs 3
(3) Harry Flowe 3
(3) Robert Hailey 3
John McIntyre
(3) Claudius Pickett 3
(3) John Smith 3
(3) Morris Starnes 3

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe
(3) Fred Clark 3
(3) Harry Connell 3
Spurgeon Dowless
(2) Doyle Holder 2
(2) James Kirk 2
(2) Henry McGraw 2
(3) Troy Powell 3
(3) Wilburn Suite 3
William Warf 2
(3) Garfield Walker 3
(2) William Thore 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 2
John Brown
George Gibson 2
Roy Cruse 2
Hobart Gross 2
Dallas Holder
(3) Joseph Hyde 3
William Hawkins 2
(3) Walter Hill 3
(3) Caleb Jolly 3
(3) John Mathis 3
Edward Martin 2
(3) Connie Michael 3
(3) Harless Triplett 3
Carl Toney
Robert Teeter 2

JUL 5 1937 CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 3, 1937 No. 27

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PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is not belonging to a political party, and voting for its candidates—that is partisanship. It is not paying taxes to support the government—that is discharging obligation for the privilege of security, freedom, liberty. It is not boasting of institutions that make for the education and enlightenment, institutions which must be preserved after we are gone. Patriotism is love of one's own country with a respect more tender, more holy and profound, than one's own life.—Sunshine Magazine.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SAVE OUR YOUTH

MY AMERICA

In thoughts, as wise as is her prairie sea;
In deeds, as splendid as her mountain piles;
As noble as her mighty river tides.
Let her be true, a land where right abides;
Let her be clean, as sweet as summer isles;
And let her sound the note of liberty
For all the earth, till every man and child be free.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

THE FOURTH OF JULY—A BLESSED MEMORY

The "Glorious Fourth" is America's Natal Day,—a day of appreciative remembrance and an occasion for the deepest gratitude. It was on July 4th, 1776 that Continental Congress, Philadelphia, by a public act, declared American Colonies free of Great Britian. The writing of this document stands only in importance to the ancient, immortal Magna Charta, an expression of the liberties of England, giving to every freeman a chance according to the laws of the land.

One hundred and sixty one years ago marks the birth of a "New Nation," the land of the free and brave, with a government of the people. The material growth of the new country has been far be-

yond the dreams of those who risked every thing, but the immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, continues to measure up to all changes or requirements, standing the test of time, and defeating the purposes of those who advocate radical changes in laws and methods of government.

In scientific achievements America stands the peer of any nation, but in spiritual growth there is some doubt about measuring up to the ideals of our forebears who came here to establish a church without a pope, and a nation without a king. Quite true they worked and fought for liberty—a priceless boon—that liberties be not misconstrued by using such regardless of the rights of others, but instead to give strength to the weak, the needy or lend a kindly hand at all times. A practical demonstration of the Christian religion.

The one outstanding ideal of our forebears was service, because service makes a nation truly great. God grant that on the glorious 4th, when celebrating the birthday anniversary of our country that we forget not the fundamental principles due to reverence and love for the power that gives life,—the ideal that has made us the greatest nation of the world.

When we wave Old Glory in commemoration of all we have inherited as a nation, let us at the same time carry within our souls the banner wherein the bars have merged into the cross and all of the stars into one.

* * * * * * *

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

The editor of the Sunshine Magazine selects this beautiful hymn as his favorite poem for the month of July, and has this to say about it:

"Here is a stately hymn and a majestic prayer, which has stirred thousands with a virtuous love of our country, and a compelling resolve to keep her principles supreme and her traditions untarnished. It was written by Katherine Lee Bates, Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College. The poem was first published in 1911, and later set to beautiful music by S. A. Ward. It has been adopted

as the official hymn of the American Federation of Women's Clubs, and is rapidly becoming America's national hymn."

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw;
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold confine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities g'eam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crowd thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

* * * * * * *

ATTENTION

In the state of Rhode Island a considerable stir has been created because the State Director of Education is urging that religion be taught in Public schools. To have to urge, by precept and example, the importance of recognizing some superhuman power, the source of power, fear and love, is a sad commentary to hold a place in the history of a Christian nation.

However, J. F. Rockett, State Director of Education, Rhode Island, has appointed a tri-sectarian commission, representing Pro-

testants, Catholics and Jews, to formulate a program for this specific purpose, making all things acceptable to all divisions of faith.

Realizing the crime wave that is sweeping over the country it is high time that the heads of all educational institutions, public and private, stress the power of the Maker of the universe, and the need of more love. It seems that the WPA project, Adult Education, is confronted with a fine opportunity to place Christian workers in the prisons, camps and any place where criminals of all types are confined. Instead of eliminating workers, since Adult Education is recognized with state aid, the superintendents of public schools have a fine opportunity to broadcast the Christian faith, and give expression to brotherly love.

Moreover to reclaim our prisoners after confinement is imperative. A hint to the wise is, or should be sufficient. The surest and safest reformation comes from the sowing the germs of faith found in the Holy Writ, and not be severe chistisement.

The following remarks from Dr. Rockett, superintendent of schools of Rhode Island is a precedent worthy of recognition:

"For many years the emphasis in our education was on mental training purely. Then, with the turn of the century came a shift to the physical, with the building of gymnasia, training of football teams, health classes. Now the time has come for the teaching of spiritual things. The crime wave that has been sweeping this country makes the lack of religious education evident.

"We have had classes in character education, but you can't teach the virtues without bringing in religion. Teachers may talk about goodness, but their time is wasted unless their teaching is based on religious fundamentals."

* * * * * * *

HON. JOE A. BROWN, CHADBOURNE

Joe A. Brown, Chadbourne, N. C., passed to his reward on the morning of June 26th, after a long illness that necessitated discontinuing his physical activities for the advancement of all interests, church, school and civic, for the progress of his native county, Columbus.

He contributed an immense portion of his superb leadership to his state and immediate community; his life was a long and useful one and to the very last he showed that scintillating spark of interest in the affairs of the state that reflected a strong personality.

He was a fine friend, a good citizen, a devoted husband and father; his life was full and complete, but like a shock of wheat garnered in due season he passed peacefully over the bar, having left a rich heritage of delightful memories to his family.

We will miss him for he read constantly the little Uplift, as he termed it, and always declared he gathered from it inspiration because it carried clean and delightful reading. Our sympathies are extended to his distinguished wife, Minnie McIver Brown, and his daughter, Gladys B. Proctor who are left to continue in the good work he loved—the building of his state.

* * * * * * *

HOUSE CLEANING IN ASSAY OFFICES

Spring house cleaning is an annual event with all good house keepers, but not as profitable from a monetary standpoint as the cleaning that takes place in large Assay Offices.

There is a device known as the "precipitator equipment" used at a time when there is house cleaning in the Mints throughout the country. This equipment separates the gold and silver dust from the escaping air. This "precipitator equipment" costs about $64,700 and frequently the gold and silver dust salvaged from the smokestacks and ventilators amounts to more than the cost of the machine.

How this precipitator equipment works we will not attempt to state, but enough to know the mind of man continues to work and give to the world devices that startle mankind. There are times when some of us think we are smart, but we simply pale into insignificance when dwelling upon the impossibilities that have become possibilities.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

MORE THAN ALL

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubble rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all."

Some people are like trailers. They just follow along after some one else.

This country is full of promising men. But the paying ones are most sought after.

With the liquor stores open the drinkersj ought to learn their ABC's with lively loquacity.

That song, whose air goes round and round, must have been suggested by an automobile tire.

Dad always looks tie-dy on "Day's Day." He gets it in the neck every time. He gets enough neckties to last him until the next "Dad's Day" comes around.

There is no doubt about what Mrs. Roosevelt says "that the depression has made us better acquainted with each other." Especially the poor and the unemployed.

The scientists are now saying that it has taken a million years to make man what he is today. Just think of it; and a good, sweet woman can make him over in less than a year.

Under the new Neutrality Act the President has issued a proclamation declaring Spain at war and forbidding export of ammunition to either loyalists or rebels. A good incentive to the encouragement of the world peace idea.

The United States government holds that the Irish sweepstakes lottery is illegal in this country. I notice that when an American citizen wins $150,000 the Washington government loses no time in pounching down and grabbing about $72,000 of that amount for taxes. What about the right and wrong of it?

The upholding of the Wagner Labor Relations Act by the Supreme Court has been hailed by labor leaders as a real victory for labor. Others see in the Act an opening wedge to the outlawing of strikes. If it outlaws the strike leaders it will be accomplishing something for the laborers who desire to work and are prevented by these leaders.

President Roosevelt has advised the C C C camps be made a permanent institution with an enrollment of 350,000 boys. There are now over 2,000 camps. Altogether, 2,000,000 were employed during the first four years of C C C's existence. The peak was 500,000 in August, 1935. It is a good thing. At any rate, it helps a boy to see his way way to regular employment.

The perrson, or persons, who sit down and say, "the world owes me a living," are reasoning from a false premise. The world isn't going to do any such thing. Life isn"t going to hand you anything on a silver platter. You owe the world something. That's why you were placed in the world—to make the world better and help your fellows. You must first give for what you expect to get, and the more you give, the more you get. In making your full contribution to the world, as a loyal husbandman of the Great Creator, you will find the world ready to reward you an hundred fold. You must improve your talent.

It makes a great difference in the way we start the day, as we swing to our work, Ever think of it? There's a lot in the spirit of cheer you put in to your thoughts and your task. Start it with anger and temper, and a frown, and everything will seem to go wrong. You will be out of patience even with yourself, and you'll be blaming some one else for your not getting along smoothly and happily. Start the day with tenderness and thanksgiving, and with praises that you are living to carry on your pursuits and duties. Start it with love, and a forgiving spirit for all wrongs, then shall the work, the trials, the task give you all you could hope for, and all you could ask.

The awe-mantled summer thunder storm cloud is an imposing sight. From it's deep lunged boson comes the thunderings of it's wrath, and from whose portentious sides there flash quivering streams of fire, whose dazzling corscations seem to be the glittering handwriting of Jehovah, as He writes out in silvery splendor the grandeur and glory of His power. Yet despite all the awe, the beauty and the sublimity which accompany this magnificent panoply of the sky, it is filled with missles of destruction, ruin and death. And then we are often forced to turn away from the grandeur and sublimity of a thunder storm to contemplate in sadness the ruin that has been wrought. So it is in all things. All pleasures have their pains. In every cup of sweetness there is a drop of bitterness. The honey has its stinging bee. The fragrant flower its piercing thorn. And the best things in life have their pain.

The only way in which one human being can properly attempt to influence another is by encouraging him to think for himself, instead of endeavoring to instill ready-made opinions into his head.—Sir Leslie Stephen.

THEY HAPPENED IN JULY

(Selected)

In glancing over July's historical account, and in balancing the light against the dark side of the record, it would appear there is some peculiarly vicious virus that infects men at this season and incites them to deeds of violence. For we find twenty-four battles, wars, riots, duels, and assassinations occurring either wholly or partly in this summer month, as against eleven acts of approximate peace.

The first incident of any great import to the Nation was the convening of the first representative assembly at Jamestown, Virginia, on July 30, 1619; while the second was that one —that only one—which we remember today: the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. Yet other vital incidents have fallen on the fourth day of July, and should not be forgotten: the beginning of the Baltimore & Ohio, in 1828; the signing of the treaty with Mexico, in 1848; and Grant's capture of Vicksburg, in 1863—the day after the Battle of Gettysburg.

Charlotte Corday started off the redder portion of the ledger very effectively when, on July 13, 1789, she stabbed France's minister Marat; and the very next the day the French Revolution opened with the storming of the Bastile. So the July story runs, with the famous Hamilton-Burr duel, on the Palisades, New Jersey, on July 11, 1804; the Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861; Sherman's arrival in Atlanta, in July, 1864; the beginning of the Franco-Prussian Waar on July 19, 1870; the assassination of President James A. Garfield on July 2, 1881; the sending of Federal troops into Chicago, on July 2, 1894, to quell strike troubles; the starting of the Chinese-Japanese War on July 25 of the same year; the Philippine battles of San Juan and El Caney, July 3, 1898; the destruction of Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet in the Battle of Santiago de Cuba, July 3, 1898; Austria's declaration of war on Serbia, July 28, 1914; the first Battle of the Somme, July 1-10, and the beginning of the second Somme engagement on July 14, 1916; the assassination by Bolshevik orders of Czar Nickolas, the empress, their four daughters, their son, a lady-in-waiting, and a nurse, at Ekaterinburg, July 16, 1918; the assassination of three grand dukes at Alpaievsky, on July 10, and of the Czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael, at Perm, on July 12, 1918; the assassination of the erstwhile rebel, Pancho Villa, at Parral, Mexico, on July 20, 1923; and the prison riots at Dannemora and Auburn, New York, in July, 1928—between which President Hoover proclaimed the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Treaty in effect on July 24.

A fitting climax, that peace pact, not only to the record we have detailed here but also to the twelve other political assassinations that have fallen in July since 1865.

But not all of July's events have been so sanguinary. For one, the Dominion of Canada was established on July 1, 1867, and the second At-

lantic cable was completed on July 27 of that year; Steve Brodie jumped from Brooklyn Bridge on July 23, 1886; and the Klondike gold rush started on July 1, 1897, thirty years precisely after Canada's official birth. President Wilson gave the Versailles Treaty to the Senate on July 10, 1919; and it was ratified by the German National Assembly on the same day, by the British Parliament on July 25, and by King George on July 31. On July 1, 1921, the Senate passed the joint resolution of Congress declaring peace with Germany and Austria, and President Harding signed it the next day.

Judge for yourself as to whether we should be proud of July.

THE ADULERANT IS "GOOD"

Possibly we all know that chicory is something used to "adulterate" coffee, and since adulterants are usually inferior in ouality, we have rather looked down on chicory.

And so I was interested to learn that chicory contains nothing detrimental to health, unlike coffee which contains caffein, and that in Europe many folk like to make a hot drink of it, without any mixture of coffee. And many Americans prefer part chicory to pure coffee, for it is rich in flavor. Indeed it seems that chicory may stand on its own merit, after all.

If you should be curious enough to look it up in the dictionary, you would find that it is "a perennial plant with bright blue flowers and a tapering root which, when roasted and ground, is used to mix with coffee."

But that isn't all, for we find it is used in confectionery, in chutney, and also in medicines.

It is chiefly grown in Belgium, but also in Holland, England and Germany. In England the output is consumed at home. Formerly we imported much of what we used, but in late years it has become quite an important crop in many states in the northern Mississippi Valley.

But this is interesting—in Europe it is used as salad greens, and the root is used much as we eat carrots! The young leaves are a great deal like our well-known spinach.

There are a great many interesting bits of history about some simple things, and often when we read up on them, we find the truth is not what we had imagined at all!

—Mabel Worth.

CARTOON INSPIRED PAINTING

(The Pathfinder)

The most famous painting in American history is "The Spirit of '76." It is even more familiar than "Washington Crossing the Delaware." However, facts about the former are not as well known. The original of "The Spirit of '76" hangs in Abbott Hall Library at Marblehead, Mass.; that of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Not many persons are aware that "The Spirit of '76" was born of a political cartoon. The artist was Archibald M. Willard (1836-1918) of chromo fame, creator of the "Pluck" series of dog, cart and children comics after the Civil war. Mr. Willard developed an artistic ability while striping wagons in a paint shop at Wellington, Ohio. Removing to Cleveland, the advent of the American centennial of 1876 turned his attention to patriotic subjects. The art dealer who placed his pictures suggested that he undertake a "Yankee Doodle" picture.

"Naturally our first idea," explained Mr. Williard, "was of the serio-comic order, in line with the work he had recently capitalized. The mention of Yankee Doodle photographed upon my mind three things—the flag, the fife and the drum, and a background naturally presented itself."

With memories of his own uniformless training days in 1875 he undertook an "exaggerated or burlesque idea" but after making it in outline "the real idea of what Yankee Doodle and the men who fifed it and drummed it stood for" so imbued him that he put the unfinished cartoon to one side and undertook the serious canvas.

For the center figure Mr. Willard used his own father, the Rev. Daniel Willard, as a model. At that time, despite his age of 74 years, the parent was six feet and one inch tall. "By nature he was genial," declared the painter-son, but when aroused looked as though ready to charge the enemy across the ramparts. The fifer was Hugh Mosier, resident of a Cleveland suburb, who was denied enlistment in the Civil war in which the painter himself served. Harry Devereaux, Cleveland youngster, posed for the drummer. It was the latter's father, General J. H. Devereaux, railroad magnate, who bought the picture after it had been exhibited at the Philadelphia centennial exposition and presented it to his native town of Marblehead, in 1880. At that time the picture was still known as "Yankee Doodle." In his letter of presentation to the Marblehead board of selectmen, General Devereaux wrote:

It seems most fitting that this particular picture of Willard's should become permanently identified with the town of Marblehead, whose history is so inter woven with Colonial and Revolutionary times, and whose patriotism shows forth in every epoch of the nation's history. The artist has struck with a master's hand the chord of patroitic devotion, grand and ennobling in its effect, and breathing through his creation the

loftiest spirit of self-consecration in the fulfillment of "simple duty which hath no place for fear." Well and proper it is therefore that the picture should stand as a witness and teacher, upon rock-ribbed Marblehead, that those coming after us, who look upon it, may be strengthened by its inspiration.

I may be pardoned for saying that for myself the painting has an extraordinary interest. Unknown to me, Mr. Willard selected my youngest son as a model for the drummer boy, and the likeness proved to be striking. Possibly the artist discovered a spirit in the boy whose great-great-grandfather, John Devereaux, was an officer in Glover's Marblehead Brigade of the Revolution, and whose great-great-grandfather was born in the camp of the Continental army at Winter Hill in 1776.

Mr. Richard Tutt, town clerk of Marblehead who furnished us with General Devereaux's letter and other facts relating to the picture, points out that "it was Glover's amphibious Marblehead regiment that ferried Washington's army across the Delaware that fateful Christmas night." "Glover selected Captain William Blackler for the high duty of taking Washington and his staff across. John Roads Russell was the man in the bow of the boat—his statue is on the Trenton monument, representing the type of men that composed this regiment."

The "Spirit of '76" canvas, as it is now known, measures eight by ten feet. Reproductions are scarce because some twenty-odd years ago a so-called art concern took the painting out of the hall without proper authority to photograph it. Marblehead's citizens were so wrought up over this action that the ensuing annual town meeting passed an ordinance prohibiting the taking of pictures or making copies of the paintting. The restriction still stands.

A FEW HOLDS

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.

Hold on to you tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.

Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.—Selected.

RESTORATION OF STRATFORD HALL

By Cora A. Harris, in Charlotte Observer

The partial restoration of Stratford represents one of the most outstanding pieces of work undertaken by any group of women in the entire country. Following on the heels of a visit to this historic shine two years ago, when Stratford Hall lay almost in a heap of ruins, one now sees the actual restoration of the greater part of Stratford on the Potomac, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, patriots of the Revolution and signers of the Declaratiion of independence.

There was something of a thrill as I rode through the picturesque entrance at Stratford on a May afternoon just as the sun was setting, casting its vivid colors across the Potomac. The soft evening light revealed a colony of log cabins immediately surrounding Stratford hall, the larhgest mansion in the State of Virginia. These attractive little cabins are occupied by the members of the Board of Directors who visit the shrine each fall and spring. Added to the group this year was a directors' dining room and staff house. This building was opened at the spring meeting.

While attending the semi-annual meetings, the directors put aside every thought but that of restoring Stratford, which was at one time considered an impossible task. North Carolina is well represented in this endeavor by Mrs. Peter Arrington, who restored the Great Hall, and Mrs. Harry Sheldon Rosselle of New York and Charlotte. The latter is on a number of important committees including slave quarters, management, program and publicity.

Mrs. Horace Van Deventer of Knoxville, Tennessee, chairman of the Restoration committee, related the laborious task of restoring the Mother's room and the nursery, which were restored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The chairman said that these two rooms were in a lamentable condition because the floors and woodwork had disintegrated, due to termites which had likewise destroyed the supporting floor and rooms below the ground floor. The condition was explained to the Daughters of the Confederacy who graciously allocated funds for this phase of restoration.

Mrs. Van Deventer highly praised Mrs. L. B. Newell of Charlotte, for her active work in co-ordinating the activities of the Daughters of the Confederacy with that of the Stratford restoration committees.

The devastation of termites formed one of the most perplexing problems that the women faced. The architect, Flake Kimball, internationally known Curator of the Museum of Fine Arts in Philadephia, overcame some gigantic problems in this respect. Mr. Kimball said the next greatest task was that of finding the obliterated original stairs, which according to documentary evidence,

was a narrow winding stairway from the basement to the attic. But presto! there is the stairway in perfect form. All exterior work which had been damaged by termits, was copied to the most minute degree, as were six pairs of old window sashes. Bits of the flooring which had been disrupted through the 200 years, were also duplicated.

The mahogany graining on the doors in the nursery proved to have been much later, and likewise the oyster white round as the finish used at the time of the birth of Robert E. Lee, which was used on all wood work in his mother's room, except the doors. Mr. Kimball said that all of the woodwork in these rooms was there from the birth of General Lee, and that the casings and window seats in the nursery date to Thomas Lee There is evidence that the birth chamber was remodeled about 1803. All of the walls follow the pale grey motif.

Guardian angels were uncovered in the chimney of the nursery. This is one of the most unique discoveries made in the restoration project.

It is said that the Lee children were lulled to sleep by fairy tales told around the fireplace and were told that the angels watched over them during the night.

But there was still more work to be done which involved an enormous amount of research, the direction of which fell to Miss Ethel Armes who has done a most admirable piece of work. It was Miss Armes who brought the movement of restoring Stratford Hall as a national shrine and a typical colonial plantation of the early 18th century to the attention of Mrs. Charles Lanier of Greenwich, Conn., daughter-in-law of Sidney Lanier of Georgia. Mrs. Lanier is president of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

Miss Armes made notable discoveries of original Lee letters and documents. She and her research committee plunged into this hard job of ascertaining the details of furnishings for the mother's room and nursery, as well as searching for documents designating rooms, buildings, lofts, gardens, farms, etc., of the Stratford estate and for partial records and inventories of equipment, etc.

At the dedicatory service of the birth chamber and nursery, Mrs. Breckinridge Long, member of the furnishing committee, explained that this room was furnished in the period of 1783, the date when Light Horse Harry Lee brought home his bride, Anne Carter of Shirley, the mother of General Lee.

Two of the original pieces of furniture were placed in this room for its opening. One of these attracted an awe-inspired crowd of visitors—the cradle which rocked General Robert E. Lee. This was a loan for the occasion. One of the first things bought for the mother's room was an English bed, Sheraton style. Another purchase was a wing chair because they were synonomous with that period. After a diligent search for mirrors which must harmonize with the accepted period, one was found in a massive gold frame.

But perhaps the most important purchase was that of the bed drapery

of historic toile, called "Homage of America to France." It is hand-woven linen of rose and white color combination. The principal design consists of two groups; the one representing America and the other France. Each emphasizing the symbols of the country depicted. There are very few toiles in the world with designs relating to America and this, I was told, is the most important. Careful study was given the draperies and a far-reaching search for material was made by members of the committee. In this room was an interesting American chest and an English chest on chest.

The Great Hall, occupying the center of the eighteen-room mansion, forms a spectacular part of the restoration with its windows and doors replaced in keeping with the original design. It is richly panelled with a range of Corinthian pilasters, painted walls of a soft grey-blue and oyster white ceiling. One of its very charming features is the four great book closets whose doors are hung with the famous brass H hinges, developed for Stratford. The walls are adorned with noted copies of the Lee family, given by the Society of Lee of Virginia. (The copies are owned by the Lee family.)

Although the Great Hall was restored by Mrs. Arrington, several contributions were made by Mrs. Alfred Du Pont and Mrs Brekinridge Long, whose gifts added to the collection of exquisite furnishings. I became fascinated with the intrinsic beauty of the brass chandelier which held a large number of candles. The doors at either end of the Great Hall open cross halls, each extending through a wing to the east and west porticos.

Another important gift was made by Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham, who presented to Stratford a large portrait of Queen Carolina, wife of George II. The Queen is said to have given the mansion to Thomas Lee for the services he rendered the British Crown. The portrait hangs in the dining room "closet," which would today be termed a breakfast room.

Stratford Hall is built in the form of the letter H, surviving from the 17th century. The home is a rare and important example of pre-revolutionary building. It is built of bricks brought from England.

Both the mansion and the four out-buildings stand today unmarred by structural changes wrought during its long and glamorous life. In the center of each wing rises a cluster of chimneys which form the columns of two pavillions connected by a balustrade. Therefore, the top of the mansion supplies a spacious promenade.

The out-buildings were in a much greater state of disrepair than was the mansion when the project was launched All of the roofs had to be taken off and renewed with slate and fire-proof materials. The first building to be restored was the kitchen and laundry, located some fifty or sixty feet from the mansion.

The laundry portion of the building is used as an office and gift house while the kitchen is restored according to the inventories. Its huge fireplace, the largest in colonial Virginia, measures 24 feet wide, 6 feet high

and 5 feet deep, quite ample to roast a whole ox! In this kitchen are utensils used by the servants who prepared meals for General Lee. The original waffle iron is in full evidence. It is fully equipped with original units.

From the kitchen window one catches a glimpse of the smoke house and the little garden, replete with pungent herbs, enclosed by the original high wall. Colorful hollyhocks, lifting their heads in the sun, formed a stunning background against the old wall.

The Garden club of Virginia has played an important part in the restoration of Stratford by giving this historical site its original gardens, acquiring their original aspect. This represents a tremendous amount of research and hard work. In discovering the original walks and terraces much care was taken when digging into the corn fields. Now, there is the old formal garden, reproduced with its charming box bordered walks and with boxwoods being placed, as nearly as possible, in exactly the same spots as the original ones. If nothing else had been accomplished, this restoration would have warranted a trip to Stratford.

Added to this restful beauty, are giant English beeches which were in the original gardens, a few hickory trees and the famous horse-chestnut tree, planted by General Lee's mother. Near the garden and the mansion stands the restored and impressive family vault, with its chapel built on the original foundation. This was one of the most dilapidated units of the plantation..

Work on the 25-year-plan is under way. This plan embraces the restoration of the entire plantation, its slave quarters, tobacco fields, orchards, etc. Locating houses is a part of the plan, as well as developing the sheep industry, breeding thoroughbred horses, and raising pigs. Every industry relating to the original plantation of the Lees will become a part of the 25 year program which is being worked by Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Lardy Astor and Mrs David Houston.

Thomas Lee's law office, later used as a coachman's house, has been restored to its orignial state. The interior is beautifully finished in a delicate colonial blue. Artists were engaged to take off modern paint and to discover the original color. This was done with such definite precision that a horse etched on the chimney over the mantel, was revealed in its bold strokes of original state. This house was once used as a court room at times when it was difficult for cases to come before county seats because of great distances.

The law office will become Stratford's library, housing a gift of more than 3,000 volumes relating to Lee and generations before him. These volumes were gathered from all parts of the world and it forms one of the most celebrated collections in the country.

It was only in 1929, the 122nd anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, that the contract for the purchase of Stratford was signed. Shortly afterwards, the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation was formed.

Besides its 55 directors and officers named by them, there is a national advisory board. A resident superintendent was appointed, General B. F. Cheatham, retired United States Army officer, being selected.

Mrs. Charles Lanier, the president, said that raising money became an immedicate problem but that contributions came from friends in many states who wanted to be represented in restoring this home and making it a national shrine.

"Our thoughts turned to repair work which was so badly needed everywhere," said Mrs. Lanier. "We delved into this before we focused our attention on restoring the mansion, outbuildings and plantation. The great task of locating papers began. We searched for bits of china with the original colors among the ruins, and we had courthouses visited for the slightest information leading to the Lee family. We even searched the records in insurance policies of the early Lees, so that we might know that every step was accurate and authoritative.

"However, I feel that our work has just begun and that the United Daughters of the Confederacy and those who have had the slightest participation in this undertaking have given the United States a priceless possession.

CUT THE KNOT

The mythological tale about Gordius and the intricate knot he tied has given rise to the expression, cutting the Gordian knot. It came about in this way: He promised to anybody who could untie the knot, the position of master in Asia. Nobody could solve the mystery of the knot. Then came Alexander the Great but he could not untie it. Not to be outdone by the knot, he cut it with his sword.

Knots we can't untie bother us often. They keep us out of many an enjoyment. They prevent our freedom. We become entangled in moral matters that call for a decision as to the right and the wrong. We worry often about these knots, and try to untie them with our own strength and skill, often doomed to failure before we start. We are exceedingly fortunate in such conditions if we have the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and have learned how to use it. It is sharper than any two-edged sword. With it we can cut the Gordian knots that hold us back from what we ought by right to possess.—Selected.

WHY NOT FAMILY DAY?

(Suffolk News-Herald)

We have never been impressed favorably with the idea of a public observance of father's day. We know few men anywhere who enthuse over it. While most every pulpit and newspaper in every community rises to the heights in paying tribute to mothers on the day set aside to honor motherhood, they are silent or only mildly enthused on father's day.

The reason is too apparent to necessitate argument. The long and short of it is that it has no appeal. This does not mean that none fails to realize the full worth of the fathers of the land or to appreciate their sacrifices or the nobility of fatherhood. But there is an inward consciousness that it detracts from the sanctity and the glory of motherhood and cheapens any effort to idealize it as a thing apart from all other human existence.

It is our candid belief that such an observance as father's day should be discouraged. There have been sporadic attempts to set aside a day for grandparents and even mothers-in-law. It is well intentioned, perhaps, but it detracts from the one central idea of designating a time for paying tribute to the mothers of men. It brings this noble inspiration into ridicule and dashes the common idol from its pedestal.

The constant effort to put others on the same basis with mothers in public respect and adulation may, however, broaden the conception of parenthood until it embraces the entire family. If there must be other days than mother's day we would suggest that they all be combined in one and call it family day.

Since the family is the unit of our national life, such an observance might have the effect of centering the public mind upon the necessity of keeping it sacred and the coals upon its hearthstone glowing fiercely.

If a comprmise is necessary, then an American family day would comprehend all, with both mother and father enshrined upon its altar. America stands much in need of a rededication to the home and home life, to the family ties and fireside around which we have builded a mighty nation. It invincibility depends more on the home and family than upon government. It is the essence of democracy, the shibboleth of its faith and its shield.

"Religion, instead of being a department of education, is an implicit motive thereof. It is the end that presides over the beginning and gives unity to all stages of the process."

—George Albert Coe.

WE FIND AN INTEREST IN OUR FELLOW MEN

By Bruce Catton

One of those minor anniversaries that mean more than some of the big ones mean comes along on June 19. That date is the 50th anniversary of the founding of the first municipal playground for children.

When the New York city government voted, back in 1887, to set aside land for children of the slums to play on, it drew plenty of criticism down on itself. The move was denounced as "a land grab by politicians," and substantial citizens wanted to know what the world was coming to if a great city actually spent the taxpayers' money to give children a chance to play.

These mutterings slowly died away, and as time passed, people began to see that money for playgrounds was money well spent, even from the strictly materialistic point of view. Other cities copied the idea, as the taxpayer awakened to the fact that the playground was a fine municipal investment. Today the playground idea is so firmly established all across the land that no one dreams of questioning its worth.

So the anniversary of the playground is worth a bit of notice—not only for its own sake, but because it is one more landmark in that awakening of a sense of civic responsibility which is one of the brightest spots in our recent history.

It is good for us to reflect that only a few decades ago we took refuge in Cain's answer—"Am I my brother's keeper?"—when the dark places in our society were called to our attention.

The failure to provide play spots for children was only a sample. The same attitude prevailed all down the line.

If depressions cut thousands of men off the payroll and reduced them to destitution, society as a whole failed to recognize any responsibility in the matter. Churches and charitable organizations might maintain soup kitchens; beyond that, there was nothing that need be done.

If sweatshops existed by the underpaid labor of women and children, destroying health and happiness for thousands of people who could not help themselves—that was regrettable, perhaps, but society needn't feel obliged to do anything about it.

If sudden shifts in the economic tides left agriculture high and dry, so that farmers went broke by the thousand and foodstuffs sold for less than it cost to produce them—well, that was too bad for the farmer, of course, but the city man didn't need to bother his head about it.

We have got past all those notions in the last few decades, just as we have got pass the notion that society need not provide places for children to play. We have begun to realize, in other words, that we are our brothers' keepers, after all, whether we like to be or not; that society is a unit, and that a decent regard for one another's

misfortunes is the price of progress.

As a landmark in that change, this playground anniversary is worth a little thought.

REVIVING A LOST ART

(Gastonia Gazette)

Among the signs that this country is at last emerging from the era of wonderful nonsense don't forget the revival of the old-fashioned spelling-bee.

After many years, in which it looked as quaint and out-of-date as the one-hoss shay, the spelling bee again is coming into its own. The New York and Chicago fire departments send picked teams against each other; spelldowns are broadcast over national radio networks: even the schools are finding a new place for this old-time diversion. The lad who can spell "apothecary," "lachrymose" and "desiccate" is in demand once more.

All this would hardly be worth notice if it were not for the fact that some of our more aggressively modern educators decided, a decade or so ago, that all this emphasis on spelling was foolish and uncalled for.

Strange educational practices grew out of this delusion, and stranger still were some of their by-products.

It was held, for example, that the old way of teaching children to read and write was entirely wrong. Why learn the alphabet at all? Teach the child to recognize words by their looks, instead; free him from the soul-cramping drudgery of the ABC's and he will learn to read twice as fast. And forget about penmanship. "Everybody" uses a typewriter nowadays; handwriting is an extinct art; if he knows how to make block letters by hand, that is good enough.

So the ultra-modernists put the old arts of spelling and writing on the back shelf and shouted hey-dey for the streamlined system of education.

This was all right until some of the youngsters who grew up under this kind of school emerged into the wide world and sought jobs.

Then appalled business began to discover that they were being asked to hire as stenographers and filing clerks bright young high-school graduates who could not write literate letters to save their immortal souls; youngsters who couldn't operate filing systems because they actually didn't know whether "r" came before or after "h"; lads and lassies who couldn't even sign their own names legibly in ordinary script, and who couldn't read inter-office memos unless they were typewritten.

Against this sort of thing, the old-fashioned spelling bee is a useful antidote.

The youngster who toes a crack and wrestles with "parallelogram," "hypothesis," "benefited," and "emoument" may not be broadening his mind very much, but he will at least be able to write a business letter, when he grows up, without causing the recipient to wonder what unlettered mountaineer has been playing with the typewriter.

GARDENING FOR A HOBBY

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

Go down the street and look carefully at the gardens you pass; some will show signs of care, some of neglect. Others will be carefully planned, and still others will seem to be nothing but a hodgepodge mass of flowers.

Gardening is not a new science or art. It dates back to the very earliest dawn of civilization, probably even antidating that remote time. Gardens have not only been for home beautification, but they have enable their designers and planters to express something of themselves. There is a lot to this subject beside the mere digging of ground and planting of material. Gardening, proper gardening, entails an eye for design or layout, a concise knowledge of plant material and its habits and growth, a good eye for color combinations. Fortunate indeed is the person who has made a study of all the correlating factors which make for the perfect garden.

A piece of ground is not even necessary, but, of course, it is very desirable. One could be satisfied with growing seeds, transplanting them to pots, and keeping the pots inside the house on the window ledge. That, by the way, would be an excellent hobby for a sick person. If one really, though, lacks a piece of ground on which to garden and still is possessed of an unquenchable urge to grow plants, then a window box on the outside sill can be made to answer the purpose. It's interesting, too, the wide variety of plants which may be grown in the limited space of a window box, and a very keen eye for color combinations is most essential if the box is to harbor flowers.

If one has even a small piece of ground, then the real thrill of gardening may be achieved. There is the slow, but fascinating, way of starting your garden from seeds and bulbs, or the somewhat quicker way of buying young plants. Seeds may be purchased for a few cents a package, so that with very little investment one may have a wide variety. Each package has planting directions printed on it so that there is no possibility of making a mistake. The question of arrangement, the color combinations, heighth of plants when mature, the continuity of bloom so that the garden is never without flowers during the spring, summer and autumn, are all factors which the amateur gardener should work out for himself.

To have continuous bloom in any one variety of plant it is an excellent plan to cut the flowers before they wither on the stalks, and thus never allow any to go to seed.

Bulbs, too, are very satisfactory plants for the beginner and these may be purchased for a few cents or upwards, depending on the variety.

Things which the directions on the seed packages omit concern the care of the young seedlings as soon as they have sprouted above ground, their thinning out, transplanting and pinching back when necessary. If the seeds are sown too closely together or there is too much surface moisture, there is danger from a fungus disease, known as damping-off, which

will destroy the seedlings. Seedlings should be thinned out so that only sturdy plants remain, as those which are spindly make very undesirable plants. If you've grown your seeds in boxes or pots, they can be transplanted or set out in their permanent location when their second or third leaf has appeared. Choose a cloudy day for this work and plant the seedlings slightly deeper than they were before. Press the soil down firmly around the stem, water it, and then cover the area with some fine soil which will tend to conserve the moisture. Certain annuals which show a tendency to become spindly, may have the growth habit changed by judicious pinching out of the tops which will allow for a stockier growth.

Needless to say, the tall-growing plants should be placed at the back, and the very low-growing ones used as border plants. Some prefer to have beds laid out with precision, other garden lovers like a garden to be as natural as possible. No matter what the desire of the particular person may be, whether to have a formal or an informal garden, he will need to acquire a good knowledge of plant life and all the factors bearing on it if he is to have a successful garden.

TALK WITH NATURE

"I think you're quite funny," I said
To the river, "for while you're a bed,
  You're awake night and day
  And run on, yet you stay;
And your mouth is so far from you head."

I said to the hill: "I'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
  But you've such a big foot
  That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the tree: "You are queer;
Your trunk is all packed, but I fear
  You can't leave until spring
  When—a curious thing—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green red blackberry I said:
"I know you are green when you're red,
  And you're red when you're green,
  But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."

—Selected.

FREDDIE'S FOURTH OF JULY

(Selected)

Freddie had heard the other boys and girls talking a great deal about the Fourth of Ju'y, and what good times they were going to have when it came. He remembered something about the Fourth of July the year before, but, as nearly as he could recall, it was made up of a lot of noise and flags flying and a big parade with bands of music.

Unc'e Tom was always ready to take a lot of pains to make things clear to the little lad whom he loved so much.

"The Fourth of July," explained Uncle Tom, "comes once a year, as you know, and all of the people in the United States enjoy a holiday. You know when your birthdays comes around, your father and mother and brothers and sisters do something extra for it so that you have a real nice time. You have birthday gifts and perhaps a party, and a cake with candles on it."

"Yes," interrupted Freddie, "and when I had my last birthday we went for a ride and had an outing down by the lake."

"That was great," nodded Uncle Tom, "and because every birthday means you are getting o'der, you expect of course to know more, and be a more helpful member to your family than you were on the previous birthday."

Freddie looked a little doubtful for a minute. Then he nodded his head. "That's what daddy said," he recalled, "and since my birthday I have fed the chickens and I haven't had to be told once to wash behind my ears."

"That's fine," grinned Unc'e Tom, "just fine. Well, the American Republic has a birthday, too. It was born in 1776 on July the fourth. A number of men who had the welfare of the country at heart signed a document or paper which declared the colonies to be free and independent, and ab'e to govern themselves. This document was called th Deeclaration of Independence, and the Fourth of July, on this account, is sometimes called Independence Day."

"Whenever the birthday of our country comes around, we like to make it a happy occasion. It was a very important event when this nation was started. The young nation grew and thrived until it is now one of the most powerful and one of the richest nations in the wor'd.

"So you see, Freddie, we people who live today have a great deal to be thankful for every day in the year, and especially on the Fourth of July. Then we should stop to think how many blessings we have; good schools, beautiful churches, fine roads, good homes and all sorts of comforts and many luxuries. The children who lived in the country in those early days did not have the books and advantages which we have now, but they were happy, and because they, too, like the men who signed the Decaration of Independence, were ready to do their best, everything went along nicely.

"And it is our duty today to do our best to be honest and idnustrious and

loyal to our country, and law-abiding, and always to be kind to the weak and needy. This means being a good citizen."

"Am I a citizen?" queried Freddie.

"You surely are," smiled Uncle Tom. "See that flag up there? Well, it's your flag and my flag. It is the flag chosen by the founders of our nation to represent this country, and there are as many stars on it as there are states in the Union. At first there were only thirteen stars, for there were but that many original colonies."

"I don't see why they fire off firecrackers, do you?" questioned Freddie.

Uncle Tom laughed. "I think it is much nicer to have some beautiful fireworks in the evening instead of firecrackers, for so often people get hurt with them."

"Once," exclaimed Freddie, "I saw a whole bunch of firecrackers go off at once, and they were all tied together! They kept right on popping an popping!"

Uncle Tom smiled. "Yes," he said, "I've seen that, too, and it looked like a big, red crab with a lot of legs hopping around. But, after all, it seems rather foolish to burn up money that way. There is so much which needs to be done in the world and which takes money to do it."

Uncle Tom paused. Freddie was thoughtful.

"I might put part of my Fourth of July money into my little mite-box," Freddie said at last. "Would you do that, Uncle Tom?"

"I think it would be a very fine thing to do," agreed Uncle Tom, "and I would do just that if I were you. Then, if there is a parade and music, we can remember how much has been done to help us be good Americans, and we can make up our minds to give our country a real birthday gift if we are in earnest."

"I don't know what I could give," said Freddie, "nor where I would send it."

"I'll tell you what you could give," smile Uncle Tom. "On the Fourth of July morning, you can repeat the salute to the flag which I heard your mother teaching you the other day, and you could add these words as your personal pledge, 'I, Freddie Elliot, am going to be a brave and honorable American boy, that my country need never be ashamed of me. I shall try, even when I grow older, to be the kind of boy and man of whom George Washington and the signers of the Declaration of Independence would be proud. This is my gift to my country!"

Freddie was quite a few moments.

"I'd like to do that," he said at last. "Will you please write that down for me, Uncle Tom, so that I may learn it?"

"I shall be very glad to," promised Uncle Tom, "and every year I should like to have you repeat that pledge and live up to it every day between."

And that's how it came about that, year after year, Freddie spends part of the money given him to celebrate the Fourth to help someone else, and renews his pledge to his country on its birthday.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A few peaches, apples and plums, the first of these products of our orchards for the season, were recently gather and issued to the various cottages.

We wish to take this opportunity to express appreciation for a number of fine magazines recently donated for the use of the boys by Mrs. George H. Richmond and Mrs. Fred Shepherd, of Concord.

Prepartions for renovating the Roth Industrial Building preparatory to the installatiion of textile machinery, are rapidly going forward. Several machines have been placed and it is hoped they will be in operation at an early date.

A new dough-mixer has been installed in the bakery, making a great improvement in the efficient operation of this department. The new machine is fully equipped with modern safety appliances, which will make this work much safer for the boys employed there.

Preston Holbrooks, who left the School about twenty years ago, called on us last Thursday. He has been living in Charlotte for the past year, where he is employed by the Scandinavian Belt Company. We were glad to have Preston with us and to learn that he has been doing very well since leaving the School.

The School officials are very much pleased with the work of renovating the worn-out books in our library. This is one of the W P A projects and the work is being supervised by Miss Elizabeth Gibson, of Concord. The library has taken on quite a dressed-up appearance since the newly-bound volumes have been placed on the shelves.

The ladies engaged in repairing the books are assisted by several boys, and they are quite enthusiastic in praising these youngsters for their aptitude in learning the work.

As the summer sun really begins to "bear down" we notice a decided increase in the number of boys reporting to the "sick line" three times daily, where they receive first aid treatment for various ailments. This increase is not due to an epidemic or an unusual amount of illness among the boys, but it caused by what is locally known as "hoe-handle blues." The symptoms never appear during play time, but are more pronounced when "Old Sol" sends down his scorching rays while there is lots of work to be done in the fields, completely disappearing by the time supper is over and there are games to

be played on the campus prior to the hour for retiring.

Just the other day, as the boys in the sick line were being treated, one lad, who was trying hard to look the part of a sick person, was questioned by Miss Thomas, the School's nurse, as to what was causing his "suffering," to which he replied, "I don't know, but I think I got minus trouble." This minus business is a new one on us, but unless other developments are added, we are of the opinion that the ailing lad will manage to get through the summer without having his troubles multiplied.

On Friday of last week the Cabarrus Mill team defeated the School nine by the score of 9 to 8, in an eight-inning game, winning the game in the seventh inning after the local lads had maintained the lead throughout the game. Although they out-hit the visitors, the School boys were unable to bunch their bingles sufficiently to produce the necessary runs.

Fowler, who was on the hill for the local lads, held the Cabarrus batters to six hits, but paved the way for his defeat in the last frame, when he became wild, walking two men, and made a wild pitch. This momentary loss of control, together with a single and double, produced four runs and the old ball game for the visitors.

Coley started on the firing line for the Cabarrus boys, but was relieved by Beacham in the sixth, although he allowed but two hits during his stay on the mound. Errors were responsible for the three runs scored while he was pitching. The School lads staged a rally in the eighth as Williamson singled and Mobley doubled, but their effort fell just one short of tying the score.

C. Shoe, with a home run and single, led the Cabarrus batters, while none of the School boys were able to secure more than one safety. The score:

		R	H	E
Cabarrus	1 0 2 2 0 0 4 0 —	9	6	4
J. T. S.	3 0 0 0 0 0 4 1 —	8	7	4

The School boys registered a shutout over the Franklin Mill team last Saturday afternoon by the score of 4 to 0, the game being called in the seventh inning due to the fact that the visitors were quite late getting here.

Hulan Lefler started pitching for the visitors but gave way to Brother Charlie in the fourth inning, after the local lads had chalked up a three-run lead.

Younger did the twirling for the School and allowed but three hits, no two of them coming in one frame. On several occasions the lad was in trouble, several runners getting on base on errors, but he tightened up when hits meant runs and held the enemy scoreless.

Two of the visitors' hits were secured by C. Maudlin, while Jim Whittington led the local hitters with a triple and single. The score:

		R	H	E
Franklin	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	0	3	5
J. T. S.	3 0 0 0 1 0 x —	4	6	5

The game between Gibson Mill and the School last Wednesday, resulted in a 9 to 6 victory for the latter. While they were out-hit, the School boys took advantage of the visiting pitchers' wildness, which, coupled with a few timely hits, put the old ball game in the win column.

Sides started the game for Gibson but after allowing three walks and five hits, accounting for six tallies, retired in favor of Leigh in the second inning.

Lawrence, hurling for the School, allowed nine hits, including a home run, triple and double, but managed to keep them well scattered, and marked up another game on the credit side.

Leigh and Maulden were the big noise with the stick for Gibson, the former banging out a home run with one in the fourth inning and the latter getting a triple and single.

The leading men at the plate for the School were Johnson and Mobley, the former getting a triple and single and the latter blasting a circuit clout after Williamson drew a free ticket to first in the initial frame. The score:

		R	H	E
Gibson	0 0 0 3 0 3 0 —	6	9	2
J. T. S.	2 4 0 3 0 0 x —	9	6	4

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, he turned the meeting over to Bill McGarrahan, of Chicago, a young man of considerable experience in leading choruses in evangelistic campagins. Immediately upon assuming his duties for the afternoon, Bill made a hit with the boys by teaching them to sing several songs, and he remarked that he received better response from the Training School boys than from any group he had ever directed. He also had a group of several boys and girls from Charlotte on the rostrum who took an active part in the rendition of some of the songs. One little boy and girl sang a medley of religious choruses very sweetly.

Bill then presented Miss Donella Cochran, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who acted as accompanist, for a piano solo, and the manner in which she responded held the boys spell-bound. This young lady clearly demonstrated that she possessed considerable ability, and at the conclusion of her contribution to the afternoon's program, the boys were most enthusiastic in their applause.

Eugene Davis, one of Charlotte's talented young vocalists, was next presented, and he rendered a baritone solo in a most enjoyable manner. One is no stranger to the Training School folks, having appeared here on several previous occasions. He has a splendid voice which seems to improve with each visit.

Fred Brown, an evangelist, was then introduced as the speaker for the afternoon, and made an inspiring talk to the boys, calling special attention to the 6th verse of the 55th Psalm—"Oh, that I had wings like a

dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." He then spoke of the author of this quotation, David, and how God saw the possibility of his becoming a great man while he was yet a boy. Saul, the King of Israel, had not done as he should, so God directed Samuel to select one of Jesse's sons to become his successor.

He then told briefly how David attained great popularity in the kingdom when he was just a shepherd lad, by slaying the giant Goliath. He was acclaimed the greatest hero in Israel. Saul finally killed himself and David was made king.

David became a great king, said the speaker, but he sinned. God had the young prophet, Nathan, call on the king and tell him that he had sinned according to the law, and must repay four-fold. David was running away from his own son, in fear of his life, when he uttered the words of the text.

Mr. Brown then stated that people are very much the same today. Many of us often feel that we simply must escape the results of sinful deeds, and want to get out from under the burdens that are crushing us. There is a place to which we can fly, he continued. All we have to do is accept Jesus as our Master and our load will immediately be lifted.

People sometimes try to run away from duty, said Mr. Brown. They often try to be happy without doing the things God wants them to do, but it is certain that as long as man runs away from God and his duties, he will be most unhappy. Our first duty is to give ourselves to God, and the second is to do as He tells us in His Sacred Word.

In conclusion Mr. Brown said that everybody seems to try to run away from death. People read books on how to prolong life; they try diets in order to keep their bodies in perfect physical condition. The impulse is to live—no one wants to die. But if we have accepted Jesus as our Master, we need have no fear of death. Christ overcame death and stands ready to reach out and grasp the hands of those who live for Him, and take them safely to the other side.

LOVEY THINGS

Moonlight on the lake,
A child with golden hair,
Waves breaking into sea-spray,
A rose sky through a dark pine,
A flower garden sparkling with dew,
A person doing the swan dive,
A dark forest through which sun filters,
A brook crystal clear,
Song of the rose-breasted grosbeak.

—Elinor C. Woolson.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending June 27, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(4) Robert Allen 4
Edward Chapman 2
(4) J. C. Cox 4
(4) Edward Johnson 4
(4) James Johnson 4
Carl Kepley 3
(4) Mack Setzer 4
(4) Joseph Tucker 4
(4) Fred Wheeler 4
(4) James Wilhite 4

COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 2
William Haire 2
(3) Bunn Shoe 3
(2) Eugene Stallings 2
Frank Walker
R. L. Young

COTTAGE No. 2

Kenneth Gibbs
Julius Green
Douglas Hinson 3
Clifton Mabry 2
Oscar Roland
Carl D. Shoffner 2
Richard Wrenn

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook 2
(4) M. C. Cranford 4
Kenneth Conklin
(4) Nee'y Dixon 4
(3) James Eury 3
(4) Charles Furchess 4
Edgar Hatley 2
William McRary
(2) Frank Pickett 3
Kenneth Raby
(2) F. M. Younger 2

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 2
(2) Odell Bray 2
(3) Hurley Davis 3
Lewis Donaldson 2
Edward Fisher 2
(2) James Hancock 3
(4) Henry Harris 4
(4) Thomas Little 4
Thomas Maness
(3) Joseph McPherson 3
(4) Robert Orrell 4
(4) Melvin Walters 4
Leo Ward 2
(2) Odell Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 5

Marshall Bryson 3
(4) Robert Jordan 4
(2) John Grider 2
(4) Henry James 4
(2) David Odham 2
Ralph Webb

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Robert Bryson 4
Theodore Bowles
(4) Fletcher Castlebury 4
Robert Deyton 2
(4) Thomas Doby 4
(4) Frank Glover 4
(2) John Ham 2
(2) Thomas Hamilton 3
Roscoe Honeycutt 2
Jack Harward
(2) Leonard Jacobs 3
(2) James Lane 2
(3) James Rackley 3
Joseph Sanford 3
(4) George Wilhite 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

Rayvon Michael 2
(4) Ralph Rainey 4

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Holle Atwood 3
Thomas Braddock 3
(2) James Coleman 2
(4) Randolph Davis 4
(3) Charles Freeman 3
(4) Woodfin Fowler 4
Robert Gaines 2
C. D. Grooms 2
Odie Hicks 2
Mark Jones
Elbert Kersey
Thomas Sands 2
Earl Stamey 2
(3) Cleveland Suggs 3
(2) Hubert Short 2

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams
(3) Earl Atwood 3
Glenn Collins 2
James Martin
Jack Springer
(2) Matthew Duffy 2
William R. Willaims
Mack Joines 2

COTTAGE No 11

(4) Walter Blevins 4
(2) Harold Bryson 2
(4) Howard Clark 4
(4) Edward Carpenter 4
(2) Earl Duncan 2
(3) Lawrence Guffey 3
(2) David Hodge 3
(2) William Kirk 2
(2) Edgar Merritt 3
Donald Newman 3
(4) Therdore Rector 4
(3) N. C. Webb 3
(4) Fred Williamson 4

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 2
Charles Batten
(2) Ben Cooper 2
Talmage Dautrey 2
(4) Frank Dickens 4
James Elders 2
(4) Charlton Henry 4
Hubert Holloway 2
S. E. Jones
Asbury Marsh 2
June Malone 3
Clarence Mayton 2
Jerome Medlin 2
(2) William Powell 2
James Reavis 3
(2) Lonnie Sloan 2
William Stevens
(3) Harvey J. Smith 3
(4) Horace Simmons 4
(2) Ross Young 3

COTTAGE No. 13

Arthur Ashley
(4) Fletcher Boggs 4
Clarence Douglas 2
(4) Harry Flowe 4
Willard Garrett 2
(4) Robert Hailey 4
Ney McNeely 2
(4) Claudius Pickett 4
(4) John Smith 4
(4) Morris Starnes 4
Frank Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 14

John Crawford 2
(4) Harry Connell 4
Henry Hallman 2
(3) Doyle Holder 3
(3) James Kirk 3
(4) Wilburn Suite 4
Glenn Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Julian Andrews 3
(2) John Brown 2
(2) Roy Cruse 3
(2) George Gibson 3
(4) Walter Hill 4
(4) Caleb Jolly 4
(2) Edward Martin 3
(4) John Mathis 4
(4) Connie Michael 4
(2) Robert Teeter 3
Robert Wilson 3

"The Christian College rightly equipped and endowed, has the supreme call and the supreme opportunity of the hour."
—W. O. Thompson.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 10, 1937 No. 28

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TWO AMBITIONS

There is a statue called "The Two Ambitions" by one of the world's greatest sculptors. Two figures are depicted. One sits on a throne with a jeweled crown on his head, and about him are ranged a group of servants proffering all the things that his selfish nature craves. The other figure is that of a young man of athletic build holding to a rock and reaching down into a raging sea to pull up a brother who is in mortal danger. These figures represent two ambitions—selfishness and service.—Selected.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GRAIL STORY

One of the strangest and to most of us least probable of traditions is that which centers upon the Holy Grail. It is so indefinite—so far removed from any reliable sources—as to leave us in doubt as to what is meant by the term grail. The most familiar significance, "though probably not the most ancient or accurate, applies it to the cup used by our Lord at the last Supper." Another explanation "with more literary support" identifies it with "the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea collected the blood from the wound-prints of our Lord." Some writers identify the grail with "a chalice or dish used at the Supper."

The period during which the grail legends became sufficiently distinct to be committed to writing was the half century between 1170 and 1220. It was an era teeming with great men and movements, such as the Crusades, powerful dictators in the Vatican and sharp conflicts of jurisdiction in which the emperors and the popes were the persistent contestants. Returning Crusaders were expected to bring back holy relics, and apparently they did not dissappoint the folk at home.

There was even rivalry amongst ecclesiastical and civil establishments for the possession of relics. Only the ignorance of the times, the rewards of the superstitions given by the church in return for their acceptance of incredible stories and the dynastic competition of the period could be the circumstances of "relic worship."—Selected. •

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

"How To Win Friends And Influence People" is the title of a book written by a New York teacher of public speaking. From experience it is easy to discern that there are people who win friends easily, but do not have the qualities to retain them. Again, others make their way slowly in the social and business activities of life, but when once intrenched they have sticking qualities eminating

from the sterling characteristics of true manhood and womanhood, —who observe the "Golden Rule".

The author in his book as to the best way to win friends cites six simple rules which if followed, he affirms success will come automatically. The first of these rules is, "Be genuinely interested in other people". That rule is hard to observe for most persons are so absorbed with their own affairs till there is no time left for others.

The second rule is, "Smile". We know a smile is infectious, and warms whoever it touches. The third rule is, "Remember names, for a man's name means all the world to him". Right at this point it interesting to know that Post Master General Farley attained success by following this rule. Moreover, we recall a certain local business gentleman saying when a man or woman come to his office he never let either know he could not recall their name.

"Be a good listener" is the fourth rule. Nothing is more fatiguing than to talk to open space, knowing your message has not registered. "When you talk, talk in terms of the other man's interest", is rule five. When this is done the interest of your audience is assured.

And the last, or sixth rule is, "Make the other person feel important—but do it sincerely". These rules, if observed, will bring about fine results. We have always maintained there should be schools to teach the importance of choosing topics of conversation conducive to an evening of delightful entertainment.

These rules are simple but if given a trial will lend a charm to every one who wishes to be an asset to society and not a bore by indulging in common gossip when the opportunity to talk is presented.

* * * * * * *

BEAUFORT CITIZENSHIP TO BE COMMENDED

The following tells the interest the Beaufort citizens take in the youth of their community. Not alone is recreation emphasized, but at the Boy Scout hut a Manual Arts Training School is conducted by a skilled craftsman. The story is worth reading, and the interest of the civic organizations of Beaufort should be an in-

centive to other communities. Again we emphasize the fact that the safest investment is money to teach the boys and girls a gainful pastime.

It is imperative that something be done in all towns or villages to keep the children off the streets. Read and profit:

Credit is due to civic clubs and firms of Beaufort who are cooperating in making the Manual Training School conducted by Fred Lewis at the Boy Scout hut a success. Such loyal support means the citizens of Beaufort are interested in the welfare of the children of the community. Such training not only keeps the children off the streets and away from unwholesome environments but it teaches them to make useful objects. During the past week some 80 boys and girls have been busy making trays, aprons, doll clothes, paper butterflies, boat models and tables under the direction of Mr. Lewis. The boys are also mending benches and chairs for the Sunday schools. All boys and girls from the age of seven to 16 are eligible for registration in the manual training school and there is no charge to the enrollees. Much credit goes to Fred Lewis who conceived the idea, and much credit goes to the organizations here which helped finance the project. Those who are sponsoring the school are the: Rotary Club, American Legion, Beaufort Business Association, J. F. Duncan's S. S. Class, Woman's Auxiliary of the Episcopal Church, Ruth Bible Class, Legion Auxiliary, Lipman's Store and Feltons. They are to be commended for their splendid interest.

* * * * * * *

A BALANCED DIET SATISFIES

There are many people who are very much like the old family servant who was accustomed to eating the richest food, and we might add heavy foods that made her corpulent and clumsy. So one day the hostess of the home said, "Cora, if you were to eat a greater variety, or a well balanced diet, you would feel better and lose some of that surplus flesh." "Well, Miss Allie," replied the maid, "I's full aint I, what more does you want?"

The reply of this faithful old servant is just about the average intelligence of many, who are supposed to know the right foods

that make health. The Progressive Farmer gives editorially a schedule for a well blanced diet especially for children. If this schedule was followed to the letter many children would not have to be necessarily "full", but instead the following program for a menu would satisfy. Read and observe:

A satisfactory daily schedule should provide:

Milk—Not less than a pint and preferably a quart.

Butter—Three times a day.

Bread, cereals, or potatoes—At every meal.

Vegetables—At least two daily in addition to potatoes—one leafy vegetable and one succulent vegetable.

Fruit—At least twice daily, fresh, dried, or canned.

Tomatoes or citrus fruit—Preferably every day.

Meat, fish, poultry, or eggs—Eggs for small children. Older children who work and play more vigorously may have some type of meat in addition to eggs.

Sweets—At the end of each meal, but not too much.

Suggestion—Serve children at least one raw vegetable each day.

* * * * * * *

THE OLDEST SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Lutheran tells nicely Great Britain's "Oldest Sunday School" has just celebrated its sesquicentennial of continued service in its original building at Plymouth. Founded by a resident pastor, Dr. Robert Hawker, in 1787, as a center of religious instruction, it is now committed to the training of girls in cooking, laundering and child welfare work, and of boys in carpentering and woodwork. In these and other forms of secular instruction the Sunday school has revived something of the original purpose of Robert Raikes, when he founded the first Sunday school for underprivileged children. Though nothing is said about it in the sesquicentennial announcement of the Plymouth school, it is presumed that the religious instruction is still active.

Our contemporary could have added that the influence of a good work continues to live to the end of time. While Robert Raikes' name was not emphasized at this sesquicentennial celebration he will be remembered in the aeon of time as the man who sensed the

needs of the underprivileged child and gave to the country the idea of the modern Sunday Schools of today that have shaped the course of lives of myriads of children. This humanitarian act upon the part of Robert Raikes, in 1780, doubtless done in a small way, shows the majesty of little things that some would feel counted for naught.

* * * * * * *

THE TRAILER

Roger Babson's prediction is that within twenty years just about one-half of the population of the United States will be living in trailers, giving to the country a nomadic race of people who spend as they go, but in a constructive way add little to the country. The prediction is there will be a million trailers on the road, with a population of three millions, with the closing of 1937.

The building of trailers, home-made and factory-made—according to funds—is on the increase. The majority of people who are taking to the road are those who are on the retired list after an arduous life or a few who are casting about with the hope of finding something better or easier to accomplish—just with the will to drift.

The trailer idea was born in England about 1909. Glenn Curtis, the aeronautical engineer, seems to have built the first trailer in this country. The trailer caravans, carry a host of people throughout the country, especially those who wish to move when they will to do so, giving generously to all as they travel.

In Florida there are near different cities, municipal parking areas which furnish all conveniences one enjoys in a city, and these caravansaries pay to park, making up the necessary maintenance funds for such projects.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A Little More

"A little more giving
To people who need,
A little less living
For profit and greed,
Would lighten the burden
Of all the world's woe
And give us, as guerdon,
A heaven below!"

People who are sure that they are always right, generally get to be very unpopular as time passes on.

It is not always proper and prudent to tell your wife that she snores in her sleep. It wakes her up.

The cemetery workers at Pittsburg have gone on a strike. This strike business is getting to be a grave matter.

It seems to me that opportunity does not knock as loudly as the engines in a lot of the old automobiles that traverse the country.

They are not playing the manufacturing game fairly. Too many strikers are out. And the outs won't let the ins come to the bat. Foul playing.

The Treasury Department figures it out that the average wealth of Americans is $2,893.17. If this be true, somebody has got $2,890.00 that belongs to me.

It is said that scientists at an eastern university have given a pig nervous prostration. It would be a fine thing for them to try their hand on the road hogs.

An English Professor is the authority for saying that cockroaches enjoy good music. If that is so some of the radios ought to run every one out of the houses where they are turned on.

The newspapers these days are literally full of marriage announcements. I notice in some it is memtioned that the respective grooms will make model husbands. Yea; they all start off that way.

You are likely to get better pay as a janitor than a teacher in American public schools. A National Education Association survey of cities of more than 30,000 population shows janitors' salaries average 25 per cent more than those of teachers in the elementary schools. What do Americans think of that? Think it something to be proud of?

The tax collector will surely get you, if you don't watch out. Talking about tax evasion, some communities are acting to prevent trailer dwellers from escaping the equivalent of their share of real estate taxes. Peoria Heights, Ill., for example, has passed an ordiance requiring "trailer squatters" to pay a $50 annual license fee. So, the tax-getter is on the trail of the trailers.

Among the many Americans who have visited foreign lands in the past month, my good friend, Mr. Alexander B. Andrews, of Raleigh, sends me greetings from Bermuda, the land of beauty and "the isles of rest." A post card picture of the Crystal Caves. It must be fascinating and thrilling to go down into such a lovely place with its many icicle-like incrustations, and see the beauties of nature under ground. My friend gave me much joy in his remembrance. It is these little kindnesses that make life worth living.

It does seem to me that it is not necessary for people, who taking their vacation, and traveling in automobiles, to go at break-neck speed Certainly not the speed the two Negroes were describing in trying to outbrag each other. One said, "Boy, when that Southern Express train gets under way dem telemegraph poles look like slats in a chicken coop." Then the other replied, "Shucks, nigger, dat aint nuthin. When dat Sunshine Special gits to steppin' along it makes dem telemegraph poles look like a fine tooth comb."

To master a hard situation a man must master himself. A turbulent and doubtful state of mind is a contagious disease that spreads to those around you; while self-control promotes confidence, good will, and good business. These will bring back the prosperity that loss of them precipitated. It is better to banish worry and doubt in favor of calm and sincerity. Honest effort is what is needed to bring brighter days. Those who have a great measure of self-control are the leaders who will lead us out of the turmoil and the confusion, and dissatisfaction which is now abroad in the land.

TRAINING TO LIVE

While books are our friends and teachers, we cannot live by books alone. From the day we are born until we are laid away in the grave we are dependent upon the ministrations of other people. Our successes and our failures, our pain and our joy, our friends and our foes, our giving and receiving are all connected in some way with the human beings in the world in which we move. Therefore, not the least of our education must be that training in living, by contact with our fellow beings.

To train in following as well as in leading; to teach unselfishness; to give the means of knowing how to give as well as to enjoy recreation; to form friendships and to give a richer insight into the finer things of life are purposes of the so called extra-curriculum activities.—Selected.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

(Boys' Industrial School Jurnal)

Mary's father was King of Scotland and at the time of her birth in 1542 he was away from home fighting against English invaders. He was defeated in battle and thought his own soldiers were disloyal, and this together with his defeat, weighed upon him so heavily that he died soon after the news of the birth of his daughter reached him.

She was a beautiful baby, and when King Henry VIII wanted to marry her to his son and heir he sent his ambassador to see what kind of child she might be, and the ambassador sent word back to the King that she was as "goodly a child as he ever saw."

The death of her father made her heir to the throne, and she was at the age of nine months crowned Queen of Scotland, and has ever been known as Queen of Scots.

When two years old she was sent to a castle in the Highlands of Scotland and four other little girls were chosen to be her companions and playmates. And it is rather odd that these four beautiful children, the daughters of Scotish nobles, were all named Mary. There was Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seaton, and with the beautiful Queen Mary, Stuart, made a quintuplet of Marys.

After about four years in this castle Mary was sent to France to be educated as its future Queen.

With her went the four Marys, and they lived for awhile in the beautiful palace of St. Germain. Then she was sent to a convent and she grew so fond of the sisters in the convent and of their quiet religious life that she wished to be always in such a restful place. But the French people wanted her for their queen and not for a saint, and they took her away from there and into the gayeties of court life, but the lessons she had learned among the pious nuns were not forgotten, and Mary was beloved by all on account of her beautiful character as well as her natural beauty.

Not only was Mary beautiful and accomplished but she was courageous. At one time while riding in a hunting party her dress caught in a limb and she was dragged from her horse, but when the horse was caught and brought back to her she mounted and rode on as if nothing had happened.

When Mary was about sixteen she and the dauphin, or heir to the crown of France, were married. It was of course a splendid affair in honor of her who was to be their future queen.

About a year after this happy event another marriage took place in the royal family, and was celebrated with a tournament in which King Henry took part, and was fatally wounded.

Francis now became king, and Mary queen of France. She was much loved by her people not only for her beauty, but for her amiable disposition. She was now at the zenith of her life in happiness and splendor, like the sun that shines at mid day, but alas, like the sun, her glory and

happiness went down into a darkening west of sorrow; for King Francis lived only about two years after his coronation, and with his death, according to an old French law, Mary ceased to be queen, and the former queen took her place as regent till a younger son should rule.

Mary's friends were dismissed from court. She was still loved by the people who called her the White Queen from her white mourning robes, but people are much like bees, and there can be only one queen in a hive at a time and only one queen in the country.

Mary was still queen of Scots, and the people of Scotland wanted her to rule over them after the death of her mother, who had been regent in Mary's place, but had died, probably worn out with sorrow at the civil war between the Scottish nobles.

France was at that time the richest and most splendid nation of the world, and Scotland was a cold and cheerless place compared to sunny France. It was in France that Mary childhood, so it was with fond regret had spent all her life from her early that she left this pleasant land.

She wrote a farewell poem in French, which begins:

Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie,
La plus cherie

Adieu, pleasant land of France,
O my Fatherland,
The most dear,

and she goes on to say, that she leaves the better half of herself in France, and this was true, for never again did the beautiful queen really have happiness. Her life was "bound in shallows and in miseries." If she could only have lived to see her son James crowned as king of England as well as of Scotland, there might have come to her life the golden sunset that so often lights up the western sky after a day of storms, but such was not to be.

You may read more about her life and of Rizzio and Darnley and Bothwell, of its tragedy and pathos, but there is so much of sorrow and so little of joy, and so little hope of learning the truth about motives of action that it is wiser to leave the story where we are on solid ground of truth rather than to go on to sad uncertainties.

One of the purest joys this world has to offer is that of helping someone who is willing and eager to help himself. Walk by his side, encouraging him by example and precept. Success will surely crown your efforts, and both your joy and his will be multiplied.—Selected.

HOW POMPEII LOOKED AT THE TIME OF ST. PAUL

By F. A. Wittig

August Mau in his great work has said: "Pompeii, as no other source outside the pages of classical authors, helps us to understand the ancient man." But this does not even state the complete fact. The classics only touch upon the life of the middle and lower classes. Here in Pompeii we see the scribblings and sports of the common people. Pompeii appeals to everybody interested in the New Testament because here we have illustrations of the civilization of the time of the apostles. For the greater share of the New Testament was written before Pompeii was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

The life of this country town in Italy was in certain respects superior to the average town of Palestine, Egypt, and Syria; yet the life of the middle and lower classes was fundamentally the same. Some of the houses, like the house of the Vettii, the Silver Faun, or the Golden Cupids, exceed in beauty the average residences of modern wealthy men. The jewelry and ornaments found in Pompeii and especially Herculaneum were rich and artistic.

The comfort in the home life of Pompeii was not the same as is common in modern times, for such comfort is unknown even today in the East. But the plumbing and the heating were adequate, baths and fountains were numerous, the marble center tables and ornamental stands were as beautiful as any today, while the kettles and pots and "self-cookers" found in the kitchen prove that the people lived well.

The Pompeians loved sports. Their large stone theatre had been built a hundred years before the first stone theatre in Rome (55 B. C.). Thirty to forty pairs of gladiators fought every day of the show, and the stone amphitheatre was large enough to accommodate the entire population of 20,000 people.

All these public buildings as well as all the better class houses were decorated with wall paintings. Expert artists speak of these as representing a "very natural and noble art."

Some of the walls of the houses facing the street were covered with such abominable pictures thaat the excavators had to cover them with sheets so that the workingmen would not be debauched thereby. The houses are built of brick and concrete, and the balconies covered with tile such as is used for the roofs even now. The unblushing immoral tone of the life of the town was below anything that can be found in any European or American city today. Such obscene scrawls dealing with the depths of human depravity could not today remain untouched by the public censor in the worst section of the worst cities.

The surgical instruments found are almost identical with those of the best surgeons used today. The bronze bust of Cæcilius Jucundus is a typical

capitalist's face and would not look out of place in the office of modern industry. The bar-room with the marble counter with glasses and bott'es in place looks very much like a modern barroom. Hot lunches were offered with the drinks. Behind all this veneer of wealth and civilization was a moral rottenness which no one cared to hide. The people were not a'l wicked, for one day someone, perhaps a Jew, scribbed on the wall, "Sodom!" "Gomorrah!"

From other writings and scribbings you can get an idea of the life of the city. Thus an actor is mentioned as the "darling of the peop'e."

Many of the scribblings are of such a nature that they cannot be quoted.

One of the most valuable wall-paintings represents a religious procession. The crowd is large and dressed in brilliant costume. One woman is noticeable for her blond hair and green dress. Brown and black shoes and stockings seem to be most popular

Some of the most interesting placards are the election notices.

There were the bulletin boards but beside these the walls of the houses were freely used. The qualifications of the candidates are boldly set forth: "He is worthy of public office; he is a good fellow." "He is an upright young man." "He will be the watch-dog of the treasury." While most of these recommendations are from individuals, many of them are from trade unions, such as barbers, carpenters, laundrymen, innkeepers, etc. The porters, pupils have their po'itical "say" and fishermen, schoolmasters and the in a few instances recommendations come from the "late drinkers" the "loafers," the "sneak thieves," and "assassins," and from "a'l the people who are asleep."

This shows how frivolous and careless the people were. Yet many tried to be religious. Pompeii was morally no worse than other places; perhaps Naples was even worse. There are very few indications of love for literature. In Pompeii, as everywhere else at the time of the apost'es, the people could read and write, yet it seems to show that education was not a strong point of the population.

We do not wish to say that this was the view of life taken by everybody, but it undoubted'y represented the general spirit of the people.

Pompeii was destroyed a few years after Pau' stopped for an entire week within a few miles while he was on his way to Rome (Acts 28: 14). The sailors, no doubt, from Paul's ship ran from Puteoli over to Pompeii to see the sights, and very likely Paul also saw this city. If he went there, perhaps he talked to some of those men who were a few years later in the barroom drinking at the marble counter and eating a hot lunch the night of the catastrophe. At any rate it is very likely that the cash box with its bronze and silver coins, is the same one that was used when the sailors from Paul's ship went to see the sights. Now read what Paul wrote to the Romans, Chapter 1: 18—2: 16.

REFRESHING NEWS JUST NOW

(Suffolk News-Herald)

News that Planters Nut & Chocolate Company had closed the operating departments of its big factory, paid off its hands and bade them take a week's holiday at its expense, falls gently on ears just now attuned to industrial strife. The News-Herald knew nothing about the generosity of Planters unit it heard of it from happy and appreciative employes. Action was taken on orders of the president who is now on the other side of the continent.

We don't know that Planters Nut & Chocolate Company deserves or desires to be singled out for any special praise for its action, but nevertheless not all employers are as considerate of their workers or show such commendable interest in their personal welfare. It ought to be general all over the country, a fixed custom to which those who toil may look forward in pleasant anticipation as a reward for loyal service.

When Planters' thousands or more operatives return to their tasks at the end of their vaction they will find a full week's pay in their envelopes awaiting them. Thus they will start in with something in their purses just as though they had worked. Don't tell us those people will not take up their labors with lighter hearts and more bouyant spirits.

To be perfectly frank about it, we think Planters has actually made an investment. We firmly believe that at the end of the fiscal year the total production estimated at the beginning will be there and that the profits will be as large if not larger than anticipated. It is human nature for people to give the best that is in them when they feel that they have been given a square deal.

There will be more willing workers producing more goods in Planters the remainder of the year. Planters has blazed another new trail and set a high mark for others to shoot at. Who'll be the next to accept the challnege of the new era? Remember, the world loves a good sport and a straight shooter.

A PRAYER

God of the universe, let me live a life
That will always be pleasing to Thee;
Let me be to those lives I share,
All that they would have me be.
Let me be a friend to the lowly,
A nurse to those who are ill;
Let the world be better for my having lived,
If it be the Creator's will.

—Lena Moore Fisher.

HOW ESKIMOS CACHE THEIR SUPPLIES

By W. J. Banks

The Eskimos in many regions of the Canadian Arctic have no permanent home in which they live all the year around. They must depend upon the prowess of their hunters for food, clothing, fuel, in fact, for all the necessities and simple comforts of life. And as the seasons change they must migrate, moving about to where the game which they seek can best be obtained. When on the move the families cannot drag along with them all their supplies and possessions. So they leave most of these behind them, to be picked up again months later. For protection against animals and weather, the precious materials are securely stored or "cached."

Only during the past few years have the Copper Eskimos of the Coronation Gulf district been in contact with white men and their mode of life is therefore typical of that followed by the far northern folk throughout many centuries. With the opening of the year we find these interesting people living in snow houses on the sea ice not too far from shore. During the winter several families may live together in communities or villages. The chief occupation is seal hunting through the ice. The seal is the most valuable of all animals to the Eskimos.

His plentiful blubber-fat is not only a necessary part of the diet of dogs and men, but supplies fuel for the homemade soapstone lamps that heat the igloos and cook the food. The sealskin, too, is used for many purposes. Perhaps one or more migrations will take place during the long winter, as the little tribe seeks better sealing, With spring the communities break up and individual families or small groups take to the land. Now the cache figures prominently. Winter stores and clothing, as well as the supply of blubber which will provide fuel and light when summer is gone, are carefully cached on the shore.

The Eskimos then turn their attention to fishing in the streams and lakes. With the approach of real summer and the melting of the snows another cache may be made of sleds and other equipment. The culmination of the fishing season is the salmon run in July. The women aid in drying the fish and storing them away in caches, perhaps of stone. Now the caribou, grown fat from summer grazing and with hides in prime condition, fall victims to the needs of man. The meat and fat are dried and cached, to be brought out to the coast later. Hunting and fishing absorb all the energies of the natives until about November.

That month is occupied in the making of skin garments by the women, the bringing out of deer meat and fish to the coast line, and other preparations for the winter—or really for the rest of it, for winter has really set in long since. Now sealing commences again, for the sea ice is strong. But the catch is seldom plenti-

ful before January and until then the community is dependent upon the cache blubber and the fish and caribou caught in the summer and fall. Often, due to very severe weather and bad sealing, great privation is suffered. But a good winter is the happiest and easiest period in the Eskimo year.

The caches in which the natives' belongings are stored in the summer must be strong enough for protection against foxes, wolves and wolverines, the last being the most destructive. Polar bears are not common in the Copper Eskimo country, but in other districts the natives find great difficulty, you may be sure, in constructing caches strong enough to foil the big white fellows.

The best place for a summer cache is a small island, devoid of animal life and lying close to the main shore. The intervening water will act as a barrier to keep away mischievous four-footed visitors during the summer, though the owner can cross in his skin-boat if he wishes, and will freeze over early in the fall. On the mainland the natives choose places for their caches which are most inaccessible to animals; occasionally a high, sheer crag affords an excellent spot. But usually perishables are cached upon built-up boulders, and indestructible goods simply left on the ground.

Since their very lives often depend upon finding their goods intact, all the natives have the greatest respect for caches. It is a serious social crime to molest another man's cache unless the newcomer is faced with actual starvation. Thus it is very seldom that loss through theft is experienced. Except in rare cases where the owner has in some manner angered the natives who then consider themselves entitled to compensation, a white man's cache is equally immune from ravage. Thieves are few among the Eskimos, for their community life develops a strong sense of duty towards their fellow men and also makes concealment of such a crime almost impossible.

Where wood is obtainable it is easier to make good caches. Wood stilts may be used to prop up the valuables from reach of harm. The goods may be packed in the umaiks, or native skin-boats, which are not needed in the winter. The smaller, one-man kyaks, like covered canoes, may be cached also. A variation of this sort of winter cache consists of pillars of snow blocks with cross-pieces of wood. Nowdays empty gasoline and oil cans, highly prized by native peoples around the world, sometimes serve as bases for the Eskimo cache.

Farther west, towards Alaska, fish supply the main article of Eskimo diet during the winter. The fish are caught during the milder weather when they are plentiful near the shore which is then comparatively free of ice. A plentiful supply must be cached for the winter. The prevalent species is called whitefish, though it does not resemble greatly more southerly fish of the same name. When the run is good a family may bag several thousand in a night, working in the semi-darkness when the fish cannot see the nets. They are cleaned by the women and hung out to dry—if there is time.

But if the catches are large the

fish may be thrown fresh into the caches. Driftwood is plentiful in this district where the great Mackenzie river brings down a large supply from the woodlands. So the fish caches are in the form of wooden enclosures. When these are piled three or four feet deep with fish they are roofed over with logs and furnish adequate protection from everything but polar bears. The latter, however, are not fishers by inclination and the fish smell fails to attract them if other food is available.

The Eskimos do not object to partially decayed fish; indeed, they relish all meats long after they have reached a state offensive to the white man. One explorer tells us that partly rotten, half-frozen fish has about the consistency of ice cream when eaten raw. But we may easily imagine that the taste is somewhat different!

"Loose statements often get men into some very tight places."

FRIENDLY SAILS

By Ruby Lorraine Radford

Teresa ran to the top of the cliff, her full, ankle-length skirts blowing in the wind. It was the bright yellow skirt she wore today, because that could be seen out at sea where her father's schooner skimmed like a beautiful-plumed bird on its northward journey. She took off the bright handkerchief that had bound down her long black hair, and waved it. Ah there! Daddy Jim must have seen her. The deep-voiced fog horn was sounding as the fishing schooner, *Mary Belle* passed the point where nestled the little cottage.

With a feeling of great pride Teresa watched the ship with its bright Italian sails filling to the good sea wind. How prosperous they had been in these two years since they had come to America! By turning back to the west Teresa could see the neat little white cottage with its green blinds nestling behind bright hollyhocks, rose and zinnias that filled their garden.

Her mother had preferred this little house on the outskirts of Gloucester, because here she could have her flowers and her vegetable garden exactly as they had had in the little fishing village in Italy. Though they had been prosperous since coming to America Teresa was not entirely happy this morning. A very wealthy family had taken a fine house near the Tezzas. There were three children; a boy, a girl Teresa's age, and a younger girl. What good times those three children had together They were always playing, but Teresa had no one at all to play with her after she came from school.

As the sails of her father's schoon-

er slipped down below the horizon Teresa glanced back to the little group of houses below the cliff. Now she saw the Anderson children coming along the path. Bennie was pulling a wagon on which many toys were piled. Janie pushed a doll cart, also loaded, while Annette carried a large basket They were going off somewhere to play house and perhaps have a picnic. How Teresa wished she could join them! Instead she timidly hid behind a rock to keep them from seeing her as they passed. Once she had seen Janie staring at her. Perhaps she thought her Italian clothes were queer, though back home Teresa had always been rather proud of her long bright skirts, her spotless pinafores, and her bodice decorated with bright embroidery to match her headgear.

Now among American girls who wore short skirts, small anklets above their slippers and bobbed hair, she felt dissatisfied about her own clothes. Teresa had begged to have her hair cut, but her father and brother would not hear of it. Her long, black hair was a source of great pride to them.

The Anderson children passed quite close to the rock where Teresa hid. She watched them go by and on toward the little cove at the bottom of the rocky path.

"I think that'll make a dandy place for a playhouse," Annette was saying. "I found it yesterday when we went swimming."

"Oh, but will our things be safe?" asked Bennie.

"Sure!" said Annette lightly. "The entrance is behind some rocks. Nobody would ever notice this place from the beach."

At once Teresa knew the exact spot they were talking of as they went along. She had played there often on the clean, smooth sand. It was always cool in the little cove, even on the hottest day in summer. She waited until the Anderson children were at the bottom of the curving path. But she would not spy upon their play, even though she wanted so much to be with them. However, as she started on her lonely way back home she heard Bennie speaking again.

"But won't the high tide come in here?"

"Oh no, not this far," Annette assured him. "It was high tide the other day when I found the cove. The tide is at flood now—see, it dosen't come quite in."

Teresaa's heart was beating very fast as she overheard these words, for she knew much more about the coast than these newcomers. Once a stormy tide filled the cove with three feet of water. Should she go down and tell the Andersons? No, she couldn't do that. They would then know she had been watching them, or think she wanted to be invited to play with them.

During the bright days that followed Teresa often watched the Andersons passing on their way to the playhouse in the cove. When she was busy in the flower garden behind the picket fence, she pretended not to see them, but always wished she were going along.

Swiftly the weeks flew by, and soon it was time for her father's schooner to be returning. Every morning and afternoon the little Italian girl went to the cliff to watched for

familiar blue sails of the *Mary Belle.* Her mother sat long hours by the windows, facing the sea, and her gaze was more often on the far horizon than the knitting in her hands.

Early one afternoon Teresa was in the flower garden, setting out some young plants. Storm clouds were rolling out of the northwest. There would be a fine shower before the day was over to water her flowers. Presently the Andersons' fine car purred by, taking the children for a ride around Cape Ann. Teresa wondered how it would feel to ride in such a fine car. She had never been in an automobile, for all her family were seafaring people and bought only boats.

Teresa hurried with her planting hoping to finish before the storm broke. She could hear the sea pounding on the rocky shore, as her mother came and stood in the doorway, her eyes shadowed with anxiety.

"Oh, if your father's ship would only come!" she said.

The little girl finished her work and went up to the high steps to stand beside her mother, searching the sea for the familiar sails, but there were only white-capped billows all the way to the horizon.

"There'll be a flood tide before night," said Mrs. Tezza.

Then suddenly Teresa thought of the Andersons' playhouse down in the cove. The waves would sweep in through the narrow opening when the tide was high and wash all the lovely toys away.

"Oh Mother, is it time for high tide yet?"

"In an hour it will be higher than we've seen it in many weeks."

"Maybe I can save the toys yet!" exclaimed Teresa, and ran through the garden gate before her mother could learn the cause of her excitement.

So loud was the roar of the sea that she could not even hear the sound of her own running footsteps on the rocky ptah. Ten feet above the sandy beach she saw that flying spray was already throwing a curtain of mist over the entrance to the cove. She could not enter from the beach without getting soaked, or perhaps swept out to sea by the undertow.

There was no way to save the toys except by descending the steep, rocky side of the cliff, so Teresa turned back. Had she not gained much experience on her father's schooner in stormy weather she never could have kept from being blown away now as she descended the cliff in the storm. But she must go down. Already she could see the beautiful playthings on the white sands below in danger of being washed away by the on-creeping tide.

At last Teresa reached the bottom. Then suddenly hope vanished. The entrance to the cove from the beach was already closed by high water. She could never climb back up the cliff with her arms loaded with toys. It had been all she could do to keep her balance while clinging with both hands. Frantically she looked about.

A little cave-like hollow about ten feet above the sands of the cove caught her attention. Surely the toys would be safe from the water up

there. Quickly she gathered up an armful of toys and mounted the rocks until she could reach the ledge, where she pushed the treasures back to safety. Never had she seen such beautiful things, and once or twice she could not resist the temptation to stop and admire them.

Tersea was just pulling the doll carriage, the last of the toys, to safe- when she caught the faint sound of a voice through the storm. Glancing up she saw something that made her ruddy cheeks grow pale. It was Bennie Anderson waving to her from the top of the cliff. What would he think of her being here, bothering their playthings. Quickly she thrust the carriage to the safety of the ledge and began her climb upward. She was not a moment too, soon, either, for a huge wave, coming higher than any yet, pushed its lapping foam over the soles of her shoes. When she glanced upward again all the Anderson children were anxiously beckoning her to hurry out of reach of the sea.

"Why did you run such a risk to save those old toys?" exclaimed Bennie.

"Oh, but they're so beautiful! I couldn't bear to see them washed away," replied Teresa, hanging her head shyly as she spoke.

"As we were driving we saw that the tide was coming in higher than ever—so we turned back to get the things," explained Bennie. "But we would have have been too late. How can we ever pay you?"

"By letting me play with them sometimes!" burst forth Teresa Then her face flushed, and she bit her tongue, wondering why she had let the wish of her heart come to her lips like that.

"Oh, would you like to play with us?" asked Annette in surprise.

Then little Janie said, "Oh, we'd love for you, to play with us—and—and maybe you'll invite us into your garden. I love flowers."

"Into my garden—why—why of course!" cried Teresa, forgetting all her timidity now. "I didn't know you wanted to see it. Mother says it's just an old-fashioned garden, planted with seeds from back home."

"That's why it's so pretty," said Annette. "But we're hardly dared peep through the palings. Somebody's always working there We didn't want to be run away."

Now Teresa laughed outright. "Run you away—when I've been so lonesome! I thought you were hurrying by because you had finer toys than mine."

Then they all laughed.

"Now we can be friends and not think silly things about each other," said Bennie.

But Teresa was not listening just then, for her laughing eyes had turned seaward, where she saw amid the foamy white-caps the bright sails of the *Mary Belle*, speeding homeward to safety from the storm.

The eyes of the others turned in the direction of her gaze, and Bennie said, "She'll just make anchor before the storm breaks."

"My dad is a good seaman," said Teresa proudly. "Look how the *Mary Belle* is schooning along!"

"Oh, is that your dad's ship?" asked Bennie in an awed tone.

"Yes. Isn't she a beauty?"

"You bet! Why, I'd give anything to sail out just a little way on a Gloucester schooner!" said Bennie.

"Why dad will take us any time."

"It's beginning to rain now," said Annette. "We'd better hurry back to the car."

"Come along, Teresa," invited Bennie. "Dad's waiting in the car. We'll drive you to your home."

"In your automobile?" asked the little girl, scarcely able to believe her luck.

"Of course."

"I've never been in a fine automobile," said Teresa, her voice faint with wonder at all that was happening to her so swiftly.

"And I've never been on a real schooner," Bennie told her. "It looks like we're both going to get a new kind of ride."

"I'm sure dad will take us all for a sail to the tip of Cape Ann. We'll plan it as soon as he unloads," Teresa promised. "And you must come to see me soon, when its not raining and we can see the garden, front and back, and mother's bright shawls and laces from Italy, and she'll cook hot sphagetti for you." Teresa ran on, beginning to find many wonderful things in her life to interest these American children.

But now she was seated in the car, and it was purring down the paved road, making her too awed for speech. But little six-year-old Janie was accustomed to such riding, and now she began to stroke Teresa's long, bright skirt.

"Muvver's makin' me a doll dress just like this," she said proudly. "Don't you just love wearin' such pretty clothes?"

So that was why Janie had stared at her long ago, because she thought her dress was pretty! Teresa was very happy and squeezed the little hand in her lap. "I'm going to love everything from now on," she said. "And won't it be wonderful for us all to be friends?"

A few moments later as Teresa paused on the walk to wave at the departing car, her heart was thumping with happiness. Her new friends had promised to come to see her tomorrow afternoon, and suddenly she was realizing how much she had to be proud of in her life and home, which she could now share with her friends.

IF VICTORY IS YOUR GOAL

If a victory is your goal
  On the battlefield of life,
Every precious moment dole
  In training self for the strife.
If you fall, do not stay down,
  Strive to rise and fight again;
Perseverance wins the crown
  When heroic deeds are vain.

—Mary Byan Coper.

THE BOY WITH A RIFLE

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Members of a garden club and other residents in the neighborhood have complained to the police against visits of boys with their ready rifles. While they probably have no special objection to a youth of the proper age prowling around with a dangerous weapon in his hands, they do most positively object to using song birds as their targets.

All men remember well enough that when they were young they were more or less predatory creatures and regarded birds in particular as common prey. Some probably also recall that they were promptly penalized by the temporary confiscation of the cherished "fowling piece." That method teaches a salutary lesson.

We are inclined to believe that boys who kill song birds have not been properly trained at home about the sanctity of wild life. Sometimes we feel that parents should be penalized for failure to teach their young hopefuls the difference between a game bird and song bird and that the latter must be protected by men from their natural enemies.

The News-Herald had a report recently of a young boy who appeared upon a yard where smaller children were plyaing with a shotgun which he had probably sneaked out of his father's house. He flourished it around threateningly until ordered off the premises. His youth saved him from apprehension by the police.

Every parent owes it to his young boy, if in his judgement he thinks he should have a weapon that will kill, to instruct him in its uses and where and when and upon what to use it. If he is fit to have such a weapon he may be trusted not to slay birds or to shoot in or near the corporate limits The responsibility rests with the parents, not with the boy, in the final analysis.

We doubt the wisdom, however, of arming a boy with what appears to be a harmless rifle. Often they are deadly. It might be wiser to await the day when he has sufficient discretion as to the use of firearms. Until then the so-called toy rifle is a menace not only to bird life but to that of human beings as well. Suffolk parents should take this matter seriously.

An old man was crossing a busy corner when a huge police-dog dashed into him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin skidded around a corner and bumped him, inflicting more severe bruises.

Bystanders assisted him to his feet and someone asked him if the dog had hurt him.

"Not exactly," he replied, "it was the tin can tied to his tail that did the most damage."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Claude Carden, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called on us one day last week. He left the School about seven years ago and now lives in Durham, where he is employed by the National Park Service Association. Claude seems to be doing very well, and judging from his appearance, has improved very much in the past few years.

Herbert Parker, formely of Cottage No 6, who left the School January 15, 1929, was among the visitors during the past week. He is now in the service of Uncle Sam, a member of the air forces, stationed at Fort Bragg. Herbert reports that he has been married for three years. He seems to be very fond of army life and states that he has been getting along fine since entering the service.

Boyd Strickland, a former member of our printing class, who left us last year, visited the School last Sunday. For the past several months he has been helping his uncle on a farm in Mecklenburg County, where he has been getting along well, but says that he will soon return to his home in Selma at an early date, and will try to obtain some other kind of employment.

The baseball game between the National and American League all-star teams last Wednesday afternoon created considerable interest among the folks at the School, and many of them were found lsitening to the radio broadcast of the event. The Training School boys are close observers of America's most popular pastime and watch the daily newspaper accounts of the doings of their favorite players as they go about the business of trying to win the big league pennants.

Warren Medlin and Charles Wombie, formerly of Cottages No 11 and 13, respectively, who left here about a year ago, called on friends at the School last Sunday. They are now living in Greensboro, where they are employed as messengers by the Postal Telegraph Company. They were dressed in snappy looking uniforms and seemed to be quite proud of their jobs. A recent letter from the Guilford County Supjerintendent of Public Welfare stated that Warren has made an unusually fine record since returning to Greensboro.

Ralph Barnett, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School a little more than five years ago, called at The Uplift office last Friday afternoon. He lives at Lenoir, where he has been working at furniture making ever since leaving us. For the past two years he has been employed

by the Hiberiten Furniture Company, and reports that he has a good job and likes his work very much. Ralph has developed into a nice looking young man, of twenty-four years, and one can easily see from his appearance that he has been living a clean life since returning to his home community.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30th, as follows:

First grade—J. C. Ennis, most improvement in school work. Second grade—Howard Clark, most improvement in school work. Third grade—Burl Allen and L. M. Hardison, best in spelling. Fourth grade—Willard Garrett, most improvement in arithmetic. Fifth grade—Jack Norris, most improvement in school work. Sixth grade Houston Howard, best deportment and highest average. Seventh grade—Max Lindsay, best in history.

We recently learned that Sidney Carter, aged 19, of Ronda, who left the School in 1931, has been getting along fine since returning to his home. He completed the tenth grade last year and was president of his class. Since the first of January he has been employed by the Chatham Manufacturing Company, of Elkin, and is doing well. Sidney lives with his mother and grandfather, Prof. Vardrey McBee, an accomplished musician, who at one time was organist of Grace Episcopal Church, New York City. We were all glad to learn that Sidney has been making such a splendid record since leaving us.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Froehlich and three little daughters, of Parkville, Md., called at the School last Saturday evening en route to their home after spending some time in Florida. Mr. Froehlich, former engineer at the Maryland Training School, Loch Raven, Md., is now employed by the Bell Telephone Company. Although he has not been engaged in this kind of work for several years, he is still quite interested in the care of wayward boys, and was most enthusiastic in his praise of the manner in which we are trying to carry on the work here. Needless to say we were glad to see our former co-worker of Maryland School days and regret that his sojourn in our midst was so brief.

Eugene Lewis, who came to the School from Mooresville and was permitted to return to his home August 31, 1928, visited us one day last week. While here he was a member of the dairy force. He is now living in Kannapolis, where he has been employed for the past seven years, and reports that he has been working regularly and getting along well. In conversation with Gene we were very sorry to learn that his brother, Lonnie, who was here at the School more

than fourteen years ago, was killed in an automobile accident in 1931.

This young man looked fine and his appearance gives one the impression that he has been living the right kind of life since leaving here and again taking his place in the outside world.

Hubert Grimes, of High Point, visited the School last Saturday. He has been gone nine years and has been working at the same job he secured withing three days after leaving the School. He is employed by the High Point Box Company. Hubert is twenty-four years old, has been married four and one-half years, and has a son three years old.

In reference to his brother, Lawrence, who was here at one time, Hubert said that he, too, is employed by the High Point Box Company, at the same job at which he started upon leaving the School about seven years ago.

Sticking to one's work as these young men have, even through the years of depression, speaks well for them, and their many friends here at the School are delighted to learn of the fine progress they have made.

Last Saturday's game between Odell School and the Training School was one of the best seen on the local diamond this year, the latter defeating the visitors by the score of 3 to 2. It was a pitchers' battle between Bradford, hurling for Odell and Lawrence, who was on the firing line for the Training School, with honors about even. Bradford held the local batters to five hits, fanned ten, issued one free ticket to first, and hit one batter, while Lawrence allowed six bingles, caused ten batters to fan the ozone, and walked one. Both were effective with men on bases and had it not been for errors the score would have been 2 to 1 in favor of our lads.

The boys from Odell scored first, marking up one run in the third when Allison was safe on an error, advanced on another, and scored on a single by Mowrey. The School lads came back with two counters in their half of the same frame as Myrick singled and scored on Williamson's triple, the latter scampering across as the third-baseman missed the throw-in from the outfield.

The Odell boys scored their only earned run in the fifth on a double by Johnson and a single by Mowrey, tying the count at two all.

The Training School boys tallied the winning marker in the eighth on singles by Furchess and Mobley and an infield out.

Mowrey, visiting center fielder, was the only player on either team to get more than one hit. He cracked out two singles in two trips to the platter. The score:

										R	H	E
Odell	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0 —	2	6	2
J. T. S.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	x —	3	5	3

Two-base hit: Johnson. Three-base hit: Williamson. Stolen bases: Brown, Whittington. Double plays: Myrick

and Younger; Brown and Johnson. Struck out: by Bradford 10; by Lawrence 10. Base on balls: off Bradford 2; off Lawrence 1. Hit by pitcher: by Bradford (Lawrence). Umpire—Liske.

In the first game of a double header on July 5th, the Harrisburg All-Stars had no trouble in defeating the School team, the score being 13 to 0. Lawrence pitched for the School boys until the ninth frame, when he was relieved by Liske. Lawrence allowed seven hits, including two triples and a double, while Liske was nicked for a double and three singles. R. Lambert, Harrisburg flinger, kept the School lads' six hits well scattered.

For the visitors Lazenby knocked out three singles; Query got a triple and double; L. Clark connected for a triple, double and single. Johnson, Myrick, and Williamson, with two hits each, led the School batters. The score:

		R	H	E
Harrisburg	4 10 0 0 0 0 3 5 —	13	11	2
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	0	6	8

The second game of last Monday's double-header resulted in a 5 to 4 victory for Harrisburg, the game being called in the fifth inning by agreement. Lasby, the visting pitcher, held the local boys to three hits, all singles, while his mates collected six off Liske, the School's hurler. Liske pitched well enough to win any ball game, but was given poor suport, his mates making five costly misplays.

Williams, Goodman and Rainey, with a single each, were the only local batters to hit safely. Hastings, Harrisburg right-fielder, connected for three singles in three times at bat, scored two runs, and drove in another. The score:

		R	H	E
Harrisburg	2 0 1 0 2 —	5	6	3
J. T. S.	3 0 1 0 0 —	4	3	5

Last Tuesday afternoon the Cannon Mill team visited the local diamond and deafeated the School boys by the score of 12 to 11 in a slowly played game, it being necessary to call off hostilities at the end of the sixth frame. By that time base-runners were tired from circling bases and fielders wearied of chasing hits, so it was decided that perhaps the best thing to do was for all hands to make a "home run" for supper.

Charlie Furchess stated on the mound for the School and got along pretty well until the visitors really "went to town" in the fourth frame. In this inning four errors, three walks, a single and triple, allowed the Cannon boys to cross the platter eight times, bringing their total to ten, they having scored twice in the first on two passes, two errors and one hit. Two more counters were added in the fifth on a pair of singles, a walk, and an error.

The School lads started off with a rush, scoring four runs in the first as one batsman was hit, another

walked, and others drove out a single, two three-ply swats and a double. Six more were added in the second on two triples, three singles and four errors. They counted their last tally in the third by reason of a triple and a single.

Simpson, Cannon Mill third-sacker, led his team at the bat, getting a triple and single in four times up. Whittington, the School's catcher, paced the local hitters, banging out a pair of triples and a single; Furchess got a double and single; Seawell swatted a triple and single, and Myrick cracked out two singles. The score:

									R	H	E
Cannon Mill	2	0	0	8	2	0	—		12	7	6
J. T. S.	4	6	1	0	0	0	—		11	12	6

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 12th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and, talking to the boys on the subject, "The Haunted House," he called special attention to to the 43rd and 44th verses.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that this is one of the weirdest and most peculiar stories found in the Bible. It is the picture of an old house with the shutters banging in the wind, the glass broken, and grass and weeds growing all over the yard. Inside the floor is covered with broken glass, dirt and trash. In the midst of this sits the "evil spirit."

The owner of the house one day said to himself that he would clean it up, and proceeds to cut the unsightly weeds and grass on the outside and plant flowers and shrubs. He then goes inside, and after first kicking out the evil spirit, he recovers the roof and removes all the dirt, trash and broken glass from the floors. His next step is to paper the walls, paint the wood-work and hang up pictures. His house was "cleaned and garnished." The Haunted House is now an Empty House.

The evil spirit, continued the speaker, who has been wandering around all this time, has found no house in which to live. Every house he has been able to find has been full; no matter how small the dwellings, they all seemed to be occupied. Finally he thought of the house in which he used to live, and went back to it. When he found it all clean and no one living in it, he went into the wilderness and found seven of his evil spirit friends and brought them in to live with him. Now this house is Eight Times a Haunted House.

The speaker then told the boys that there are evil spirits wandering around in the would today, looking for a house in which to live, and the house they want is some boy's body. There are from 16 to 20 billions of dollars spent each year on crime because men and women, boys and girls have permittted evil spirtis to come into their houses and take possession of them. We live in what we call a free country, but these evil spirits will make slaves of any and all who let

them get inside of their minds and bodies.

Sometimes on January 1st one may turn over a new leaf and make a complete change in his way of living, continued Rev. Mr. Arrowood. This may be due to the prayers of his mother or the influence of his father, and because of this he chases out the evil spirit, goes to church, attends Sunday School, seeks the association of the very best kind of people. He is a reformed person. That is just fine as long as it lasts—it may be a week or a month or even a year. The greatest tragedy comes when it fails. He has here an Empty House.

The speaker then stated that the only remedy for either a Haunted House or an Empty House is a Full House. To get this full house we must keep from saying a bad word—try saying a good one instead. We should fill our minds with those things which are high and noble, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The things we think today are the things we will do tomorrow. Let us be as King David when he said, "How wonderful are thy thoughts to me, O, my God." We should all fill our minds with thoughts such as these and practice the habit of prayer, and by so doing we shall find ourselves coming closer to the goal—that of living the higher life.

In conclusion Rev. M. Arrowood quoted the following words of the Lowly Mazarene as he went about trying to lead men to the nobler life: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

MANLY OR FOXY?

From the Texas Training School News we clip the following and leave it for our teachers to decide whether it was manly or foxy.

Two young men and two young ladies were driving along a country road when a tire went flat. The young men got out and looked disconsolately at the depressed tire, but made no effort to remove it, as they had never done anything of the kind and knew little where to begin.

What they did, after a brief consultation with the girls, was to hide behind a large tree that stood near the road. Before long, a portly gentleman in a large car drove by, stopped, and backed up to come to the aid of the distressed damsels. He changed the tire for them, they thanked him prettily, and he drove off. The young men came out from their hiding, and the happy quartet drove on.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending July 4, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(2) Edward Chapman 3
(5) J. C. Cox 5
(5) Edward Johnson 5
(5) James Johnson 5
(5) Mack Setzer 5
(2) Carl Kepley 4
(5) Joseph Tucker 5
(5) Fred Wheeler 5
(5) James Wilhite 5

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William Haire 3
Arthur Martin 3
William Pitts
Howard Roberts 3
(4) Bunn Shoe 4
Albert Silas 2
(3) Eugene Stallings 3
(2) Frank Walker 2
James West 3
(2) R. L. Young 2

COTTAGE No. 2

Samuel Ennis 2
Henry Fredere 2
George Goodman 2
(2) Julius Green 2
(2) Douglas Hinson 4
Robert Keith
(2) Duane Shoffner 3
Raymond Sprinkle
Myron Whitman 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 2
(5) M. C. Cranford 5
Frank Crawford 2
(5) Neely Dixon 5
Eugene Green 2
John Hampton 2
James McCune 3
James Mast 2
John Piner 3
(3) Frank Pickett 4
(3) F. M. Younger 3

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 3
(3) Odell Bray 4
(2) Lewis Donaldson 3
(2) Edward Fisher 3
Ernest Huspeth 3
(5) Thomas Little 5
(2) Thomas Maness 2
Robert Mims
(4) Joseph McPherson 4
Lloyd Pettus 4
Frank Raby
(5) Melvin Walters 5

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 3
(2) Marshall Bryson 4
J. C. Branton
Jack Clinard 2
(3) John Grider 3
(5) Robert Jordan 5
(5) Henry James 5
(3) David Odom 3
(2) Ralph Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(5) Robert Bryson 5
Lacy Burleson 4
(5) Fletcher Castlebury 5
Noah Ennis 2
(5) Frank Glover 5
(3) Thomas Hamilton 4
Columbus Hamilton 2
(3) John Ham 3
(3) Leonard Jacobs 4
(3) James Lane 3
Charles McCoy 3
(4) James Rackley 4
(2) Joseph Sanford 4
Henry Smith
(5) George Wilhite 5

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel
Lacy Green 3
Caleb Hill 4
Hugh Johnson 3
James Jordan 2
Elmer Maples 4
J. C. Mobley 3
M. H. Pickett 2
J. D. Powell 2

COTTAGE No. 8

Sam Belk
Lloyd Banks
Wilfred Land 2
(5) Ralph Rainey 5
Charles Presnell
Charles Taylor 4

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Thomas Braddock 4
Edgar Burnette 3
Hubert Carter
(5) Randolph Davis 5
Reuben Duggins 4
(5) Woodfin Fowler 5
(2) C. D. Grooms 3
(2) Elbert Kersey 2
(2) Thomas Sands 3
Homer Smith 4
S. J. Watkins 2
Luther Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 2
(4) Earl Atwood 4
Allen Bledsoe
(2) Glenn Collins 3
William Knight 2
Rufus Linville 3
Edward E. Murray

COTTAGE No 11

(3) Harold Bryson 3
(5) Walter Blevins 5
(5) Edward Carpenter 5
(5) Howard Clark 5
(3) Earl Duncan 3
John Drum 3
(4) Lawrence Guffy 4
(3) David Hodge 4
(3) William Kirk 3
(3) Edgar Merritt 4
William Martin 4
(2) Donald Newman 4
Filmore Oliver 3
(5) Theodore Rector 5
Julius Stephens 3
(4) N. C. Webb 4
(5) Fred Williamson 5

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen
Fred Carter
(3) Ben Cooper 3
(2) Talmage Daughtery 3
(2) James Elders 3
Marvin Edwards 3
Joseph Hall 2
(5) Charlton Henry 5
Frank Hensly 2
Richard Honeycutt 2
(2) Hubert Holloway 3
(2) S. E. Jones 2
Lester Jordan 3
(2) Clarence Mayton 3
(2) Jerome Medlin 3
Glenn O'Quinn 2
Ewin Odom 2
Andrew Powell
(3) William Powell 3
(2) James Revis 4
(3) Lonnie Sloan 3
(2) William Stevens 2
(4) Harvey J. Smith 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(5) Fletcher Boggs 5
(2) Clarence Douglas 3
(2) Willard Garrett 3
(5) Robert Hailey 5
John McIntyre 2
(5) Morris Starnes 5

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell 3
Robert Coffer 2
Curtis Coleman 3
Lee Dowless 3
(2) Henry Hallman 3
(4) Doyle Holder 4
(4) James Kirk 4
William Mickey
Howard Todd
William Thore 3
Garfield Walker 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Warren Bright 2
(3) John Brown 3

Hobart Gross 3
(5) Walter Hill 5
Joseph Hyde 4
William Hawkins 3
(5) Caleb Jolly 5
(5) Connie Michael 5
Wilson Rich 3
Wallace Sommers 2
Harless Triplett 4
(3) Robert Teeter 4
Harold Walsh
Jones Watson 2

REPOSE

Repose of manner is a delightful thing, but rare, as anyone may easily prove to himself by observation. Women are perhaps the greatest offenders. Watch any group of women and note how many are turning their rings, twisting their beads, twiddling some small article they hold in their hands, crossing or uncrossing their ankles, or fidgeting about. One can hardly restrain an expression of admiration when occasionally one is found who is maintaining an attitude that indicates a placid temperament. If these nervous movements are an indication of one's inner feelings, what a turnoil most feminine minds must constantly be experiencing.

The admittedly stronger sex is not altogether guiltless in this matter. Watch them at the bridge table for a few minutes and not how many are flipping the corners of the cards, or beating a tattoo on the table or fussing with the cards in their hands, or pumping their feet up and down.

All this may be a manifestation of the well known nervous temperament of the American. But on the other hand, it may help to foster this condition. Continued restlessness of the body might well induce a corresponding restlessness of mind, and restlessness and turbulence never produce clear and consecutive thinking. And when all is said and done lucid thinking is rather important thing.

Unless hands are busy at some task, they might just as well be quiet. Fidgeting with them only reacts and communicates itself to every susceptible person in hailing distance.

—Selected.

JUL 19 1937
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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OMNIPOTENCE

Dynamic dust! Thy eyeless artistry
Gave us the gorgeous rose, the pensive pine,
And voices of the woods and stars that shine,
And streams that find a pathway to the sea
Behold the tides that rise on countless shores,
The circling seasons—keepers of the light—
The golden moon upon the brow of night,
The sun that never fails to run his course,
And, grander than the rainbow's magic span,
The limitless resources of the soul!
Blind wanderer, who led thee to the goal,
Upward and on from molecule to man?
Upward—but for thy latest creatures who
Accept this fiction of the dust as true!

By Andreas Bard.

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT IS THY NAME?

The strangest and the deepest experience in Jacob's life was at the brook Jabbok. It was in the night. There God met with him. Jacob contended with God and God contended with Jacob. In the darkness of the night the angel of the Lord asked Jacob the strange question, "What is thy name?"

The word "name" in the Bible and among the Hebrews does not mean, as with us, the mere title by which one is called, but it means the character, the nature of a man. In this sense the question becomes searching. What is thy name? What is thy character, thy life, thy nature? Jacob was honest enough to say that night when he stood before God, face to face, "My name is Jacob. I am a supplanter. I am a crafty person, a deceiver; one that takes advantage of his fellows."

What is your name, your dominant character, your life? If men and women were to be as honest as Jacob, various answers would be given.

One would say, "My name is Mammon. I care only for money. I put it first and worship it. The dollar is my Messiah."

Another would say, "My name is Calamity. I live for the flesh and its desires. My first and prevailing purpose in life is to satisfy its impulses. I never permit the claims of God in my soul to come before the desires of my body."

Still another would say, "My name is Ill Will. I hate everybody. I am against every man. I care for no man's friendship. I trust no man's motive."

Again, others would say, "My name is Pride and Vain Glory," or "My name is Selfishness," or "My name is Rebellion against God. I will not walk his ways."

God gave Jacob a new name that night. "Thou shalt no more be called Jacob but Israel." It is the glory that he gives sinners a new name, a new life. "To him that overcometh I will give a new name." This is the crowning glory of the Gospel of the Grace of God. Conversion is a fact. The New Birth is a reality. Some day psychology will discover it, but whether known to "the rulers of the world" or not, the new birth, the new heart, the new life is a reality in the kingdom of God. A new nature is the gift and the creative work of God in every one who believes.—The United Presbyterian.

CABARRUS COUNTY HOSPITAL

A visit to the Cabarrus County Hospital showed the realization of a silent ambition for years and a most delightful dream of beauty complete in every detail.

The doors were not open to visitors, but through a side entrance we wormed our way in quietly with the expectation of being greeted with the words "no visitors today," but instead Miss Louise Harkey, superintendent of nurses, and Mr. A. D. Kincaid, hospital superintendent gave a cordial welcome with permission to go over the first floor.

To go into details would be impossible, seeing only is knowing, but from every angle to a casual inspector, the building measures up in architecture, and a "thing of beauty" is the word for the taste displayed in interior decorations.

There is not a criticism as to the location. It is on the highway between Concord and Kannapolis, and within a radius of eight or ten miles of the hospital there are living 40,000 people or more.

Cabarrus County as a whole, also individuals, churches, patriotic and civic organizations, making possible this valuable plant, have every reason to be proud of this institution that will minister to those who are ill. The health of a people plays an important part in the well being, prosperity and happiness of any community.

The hospital represents an investment of approximately $160,-00. The county gave $75,000, the Duke endownment $75,000, and other funds came from the citizens of Concord and Kannapolis, showing a fine interest in the health of our people and other privileges which will be available through the modern facilities of the new hospital.

There is great satisfaction to all progressive citizens of Cabarrus to know we have just what we need to make this county measure up to the demands of the times. The entire unit is not only pleasing but holds a hope for greater developments in the medical profession and service to suffering humanity.

* * * * * * *

THE MARIJUANA WEED

In the July issue of the American Magazine, is a very interesting but alarming story, especially to the mother's of the nation, of the

Marijuana weed, camparatively new in the United States, subtle in its tendencies, but as dangerous as a rattle snake.

Dangerous, because of its narcotic effect, used in the popular form of a cigarette, and the sweeping march of its addiction is due to ignorance of its insidious effect. The weed was known to ancient Greeks and it is mentioned in Homer's Odyssey. Homer wrote that "it made men forget their homes, turning them into swine." The ancient Egyptians and Persians were addicts. It swept across the border of Mexico in the United States with considerable speed. The vendors used enticing publicity, saying those who smoked it would receive a stimulation mentally and physically, making it possible to achieve most any feat. It makes perverts, losing the sense of the highest moral.

Therein lies much of the danger of the weed, especially in its attack upon the immature brain of youth, for it acts as an overpowering stimulant, lowering the morals of the best. Many police officers claim that this weed is contributing to our alarming wave of sex crime. Bear in mind that Homer wrote that it made "beast of man."

It is interesting to learn that Congressman Robert L. Doughton, of North Carolina, is wide awake and always interested in the betterment of humanity, has written a bill to give federal control of this weed that grows wild throughout the country, and is making dope fiends of thousands of young people.

A stitch in time saves nine, so Congressman Doughton is eternally right in getting the control of the weed before it passes into the hands of big gangster syndicates. The description is that it is a big hardy weed, with serrated, sword like leaves, topped by bunchy small blooms and supported upon a thick, stringy stalk. Marijuana has been discovered in almost every state.

Could it be possible that this insidious dope has been a contributing factor to the many brutal outrages, murders, burglaries and other crimes reported daily in the press.

* * * * * * *

EARHART LOST

The famous world aviatrix, Amelia Earhart, and her navigator, Frederick Noonan, in a $80,000 globe-circling airplane in a flight

around the world has been forced down at some point in the Pacific Ocean due to a shortage of gas. Repeated calls from her have been received, but due to the indistinctness of the message she has not yet been located.

The greatest rescue expedition ever known has fled to her rescue, including the $40,000,000 aircraft carrier, the Lexington, 57 fighting planes and 3,000 men to cover an area of 4,400 miles to Howland Island. The venture of Amelia is a courageous one, and especially so for a woman. If she returns to relate her experience she will be acclaimed as a heroine, but if otherwise in the course of time other stunts will happen that will dim the memory of the daring Amelia Earhart.

However, if Amelia Earhart with her navigator returns her blood curdling stories of the sharks and other animals of the sea along with the horror of the elements will hold spell bound an audience curious to know of the unexplored waters. If she does not return the whole story will remain unwritten, therefore, no one will be the wiser. Amelia Earhart is entitled to all the honor she will receive for her courage can not be matched.

* * * * * * *

SUMMER VACATION

A change of scenes, a change of diet and new faces freshen one considerably, making the hot weather tolerable and home a better place to live. Many think they have to go abroad to get an adsolute rest. That is fine if money to bear expenses is available, but if it has to be done when finances are low then all gained in pleasure and rest will be lost in the skirmish to meet obligations during the next several months. For a vacation is less valuable for what it accomplishes for the body than for what it does for the mind.

A complete rest of mind is essential if results physically and mentally are desired. Moreover, it does not take money to get a change. There are many cheap and simple ways of taking a refreshing holiday at home by changing the usual course of one's interests. A city person can derive great refreshment by going to the country and absorbing some of the delights of country life.

while the farmer may get stimulation and fun by trying to see the thrills of the city.

The safest and surest way for a rest is to bundle up your cares and responsibilities, leave them behind, and hie away to some quiet nook devoid of the furbelows of society and there relax. The mind needs the rest nine times out of ten, so it is not wise to strain resources to make an expensive change of scenes. A let-up for the jaded mind should be the inspiration for a summer vacation.

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The rights of Labor have penetrated the prisons of Mexico. The project is part of an experiment among prisoners known as "natural biological units susceptible to correction," which naturally indicates that a limit is set to the unionization. As a means to their restoration to self-respecting and self-supporting society, these prisoners are allowed to form unions and other organizations to improve their "physical, moral, cultural, economic and social conditions." To this end the prisoners are granted a minimun wage for their labor, out of which they must pay for their food, clothing and cell rent. That helps to make the prison self-supporting, and must have a gratifying effect upon the tax-rate. From the rest of their wages forty per cent goes to the victims of their crimes, thirty per cent to their families, and thirty per cent is retained for the prisoners in a savings account, to encourage them in a better life upon their release. In the institutions the prisoners are psychoanalyzed to determine the best treatment for them, and they live their lives with many of the privileges of free men. The experiment offers many points of interest and hope for the future, not only for the prisoners, but also for the public. Despite improvements in prison equipment the criminal's restoration is still a problem.—Selected.

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The cost of the frigate Constitution, Old Ironsides, rendered immortal in verse by Oliver Wendell Holmes, cost $300,000. We do not estimate in such small denominations today for our modern battleships cost as much as $20,000,000 or more.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

TODAY!

"No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And envy, malice and distrust
Shall never entrance gain.
I've shut the door of yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no fears for me,
Since I have found today."

Taxes are ever chasing us. When we want to go to places we have to chase the taxis.

The weekly family paper, Grit, learns that garlic can kill disease germs. I hope Grit will find something to kill garlic.

You may own a vacant city lot and worry because there is nothing on it. Might as well cease your worry. The tax assessors will put something on it for you.

It looks now, from all the turmoil among organized labor and organized capital, that the average man is not averaging up, but rather averaging downward into mediocrity.

Covering the exterior of his automobile with 37,700 postage stamps of 60 different countries, a man in France claims to have the most decorated car in the world. I should think that would "stamp" him as a fanatic.

An Italian claims to have discoverde a plant in tropical Africa from which a motor fuel may be produced. America has a great many "plants" over here that produce motor fuel, but they are not of the vegetable variety.

The statement is made that Manila is to be connected with Philippines' booming gold mining districts by an air service. As to that matter a hot air service is connecting a host of people with prospective mining booms in this country.

A legitimate campaign against tax dodgers is something that nobody can object to. The unusual part about the present so-called campaign is, Why was action delayed this long if officials of the government knew that tax evasion has been a common practice?

Isn't it a singular and interesting thing how many of us know how other people should spend their money? That is, those that have money. The book agents, the oil well men, the gold and silver miners, and the various canvassers are continually advising me how to spend mine.

They certainly have one sure enough bird lover out in Los Angeles, Cal. A humming bird was sitting on her eggs, when a workman was about to remove the nest from a knot on a guy-wire on an aqueduct. "What'll I do?" asked the workman. "Do?—Why leave her alone," ordered the superintendent. Mother humming bird is still there. That's what I would call a genuine bird lover.

Everyone has enough to be miserable about if he is so minded. Human had such a mind. Everyone has enough to be happy over if he will only look for it. Paul and Silas in jail with their feet shackled and their backs bloody with stripes found cause for a song of triumph. "The angels heard and applauded till men said there was an earthquake." Appreciate what you have, make it better if you can, but appreciate it and live in it. Why be miserable over a present evil or an absent good when we have so much that is fine. Remember He said, "Lo, I am with thee always." Don't get blue or give up until you have reliable news that God is dead or has forgotten to be gracious. "Count your many blessings; name them one by one." Make an inventory of them. Write them down on a piece of paper and you will be surprised to see how rich you are and what an abundant life you have, says Dr. Grover Carlton Emmons, a prominent Methodist divine.

If there is any one thing that a person wants to get off his chest, as the saying goes, it is a deep-seated **chest cold, that has a choking,** wheezing way about it. Mrs. Hurrygraph has a very effectual remedy for these colds she calls "Red Pepper Rub." When I have a chest-cold is one time when she rubs it in on me very effectually. I feel like I imagine the flames of that place where persons are told to go, when some one is mad with them. She rubs it on vigorously —such a good chance to rub something on me—and polishes me up to the color of a flaming sunset, and all the time saying pleasingly and smiling, "Now, be brave!" and I do not know whether I have a cold or the bottom grate of a coal furnace has dropped down on me. I not only see red, but I taste red, and feel red—ready to jump into the Atlantic ocean, if it were near enough. There are many ways to cure chest-colds, but this is the hottest one I know anything about. R. P. R. just simply burns out the cold.

WHEN DO YOU START?

You have decided to go, and have chosen just where you are going. That is fine! It is equally important for you to think about when you are going to start. The paths of life are crowded with people who think they are going to go—some time. They keep putting it off, and the chances are they will never start. The reason there are not more great people in the world today is that many who could be great never start out. Begin your life plan today. Set aside a few minutes from your busy hours to prepare for your great work. Do not wait for something to happen before you start. Make it happen right now, in other words get started!—Selected.

CANNON MILLS EMPIOY 17,000 IN CAROLINAS

By Hazel Mizelle

The Cannon Mills company of Kannapolis which is this year celebrating its fifieth anniversary has had a most interesting history from the time it was founded by the late J. W. Cannon until today when it employs 17,000 persons in its various units in North Carolina and South Carolina.

Charles A. Cannon, president of the company, his mother, Mrs. J. W. Cannon of Concord, and all officials of the Cannon Mills, which is the largest towel manufacturing concern in the world, have long been interested in the development of Kannapolis and the surrounding section. It is, therefore, most appropriate that on the day when plans are being announced for the opening of the new and modern Cabarrus County hospital, the Cannon Mills company, which has played such an important part in the progress of the county, be given the honor due a fine industry which has meant such a great deal to the prosperity of the community within which it is situated.

One who studies the history of the Cannon Mills finds a fascinating story in which a capable man with a great deal of vision begins an industry, watches it grow until it becomes a vast national concern, and then is succeeded by a son with the ability to carry it on to still greater fields.

J. W. Cannon, the founder of Cannon Mills, opened his first mill in Concord for the manufacture of yarns. The next step was weaving and then the mill began the manufacture of Cannon cloth. The first mill was the Cannon Manufacturing Co. In the 1890's and 1900's we find the company growing with the Patterson at China Grove, the Kesler at Salisbury, the Cabarrus, Gibson and Franklin mills at Concord, Wiscasset and Efird mills at Albermarle and Guscarura at Mt. Pleasant. In 1907, the company opened its first unit at Kannapolis and it was between 1907 and 1921 that the greatest part of the Company's expansion at Kannapolis took place. Since 1921, the company has erected Mill No. 7 at Kannapolis and equipped it with 60,000 spindles and 1,500 looms.

Other developments since that year include a new mill and power plant built in 1926 and 1927 and a finishing plant erected in 1930. The company has also extended other buildings and modernized the machinery throughout.

Its equipment consists of 450,000 spindles and 12,000 looms, and 99.44 per cent of its employes are natives of the section. On a visit to Kannapolis one finds a thriving little city with many attractive homes. It is the center of a population of 44,000 persons. The people of Kannapolis are particularly proud of their Young Men's Christian association. Its original building was erected in 1907 but a new one was begun in 1924 and completed in 1926. This is the

largest Y. M. C. A. in the South. It has 6,400 members and serves as a community center. Many activities are sponsored by the association and the volley ball team recently won the Southern championship for the sixth time in 10 years.

At the Cannon Mills company, one finds workmen interested in their jobs because they are good jobs and because the working conditions are excellent. Since it is the policy of the company to promote its supervisory forces through the ranks, a man employed there knows that through ability and application he will be able to advance. It is interesting to know that the number of employes increased greatly after the 40-hour week was established. Before that time, the company had been operating a single shift with 8,000 to 10,000 employes. When the 40-hour work week began, the company organized two shifts and the number of employes has increased to 17,000.

One custom of the company which has a definite appeal to the public is the fact that each year Mr. Cannon makes places for all the Kannapolis High School graduates who want jobs in the industry. This year he found places for 85 smart and intelligent boys and girls who were interested in this work.

Some very interesting contrasts between the company of today and the company in its early beginnings may be received from a conversation with Charles A. Cannon. For instance, the first Concord plant was placed in operation on April 1, 1888. Between that date and August of the same year, the plant used 398 bales of cotton. At this rate, the annual consumption would have been 1,914 bales of cotton. In 1937, however, the Cannon Mills company will use 200,000 bales of cotton.

Since the company is the largest manufacturer of towels in the world, the public is particularly interested in the growth of this phase of the business. The first towels were made in August 1889 and Mr. Cannon says that a six-months' production of towels in that year would have been less than the mills make in 15 minutes of production today. In February 1901, the company was manufacturing 66,208 dozen towels in six months. This would be about one day's production in 1937.

When the late Mr. Cannon built Plant No 1. at Kannapolis in 1907, he equipped it with 30,000 spindles and necessary weaving equipment. The plant made both bath and face towels. By 1915, the company had become the world's greatest producer of towels.

Until 1930, sheets were a minor part of the Cannon business. Since that time, however, this phase has grown tremendously. Now all of the manufactured by the comptaoin shrd sheets made by the company are manufactured, finished, and trade marked just as the famous Cannon towels have been since 1921, and sheet manufacturing has become a major part of the company's business.

The sales organization for the Cannon Mills was first started in New York in 1904. Today it is owned by the company and it was recently necessary to increase the sales room's size. It occupies two large ground

floor buildings on Worth and Thomas streets and an additional five story building on Thomas street. Frederick A. Williams who came to Concord as agent for the Southern Railway company a number of years ago and later was employed by the Gibson mills is in New York as president of the sales organization.

One can see the reason for the fine progress and spirit of the Cannon Mills if one considers the high type men who are officials of the company, most of whom have been with the company for many years. Mr. Cannon has been with Cannon Mills for 26 years and was made president in January 1921.

A. Luther Brown, vice president, has been with the company for 40 years—from the time he began work as oiler boy until today when he holds the office of vice president and general manager of the manufacturing department. John J. Barnhardt, another vice president, began his work with the company as purchasing agent 18 years ago, He is now vice president in charge of towel sales. A. W. Fisher, another vice president, began in the cotton classing department and is today vice president in charge of cotton buying and transportation. Alexander R. Howard, another vice president, was originally with what is now known as Plant No. 6 as chief designer. He spent several years in the sales department in New York, later was president of the Gibson Manufacturing company, and is now vice president in charge of colored goods. He is a graduate of the Georgia School of Technology.

William J. Swink, of China Grove is now the senior vice president of the company. Mr. Swink was long associated with the late James W. Cannon, first in the mercantile business and later as secretary and treasurer of the Patterson Manufacturing company at China Grove and Kannapolis. When the present Cannon Mills company was formed, Mr. Swink became vice president and director. Mr. Swink is 83 years of age but he takes an active interest in the company and is one of the leading spirits in advocating modern equipment and progrssive methods.

Until his death recently, Charles E. Stevenson was secretary and treasurer of the Kesler Manufacturing company and had been active as vice president and director in charge of Cannon Mills company, Plant No. 7, at Salisbury.

Hearne Swink, who has been secretary of the company for some time is in charge of sheets and hosiery. He has been with Cannon Mills for 12 years. E Gray Bost, treasurer, has been with the company for 18 years. A record of 25 years with the company is held by Edward Sauvain, assistant treasurer. Assistant secretaries are Mr. Bost and Joseph J. Boyle.

Mr. Cannon, in addition to his duties with the company, holds other important offices. He is on the board of the New York Life Insurance company, was formerly on the board of directors of the Charlotte branch of the Federal Reserve bank of Richmond, and is vice chairman of the Business Advisory council of the Department of Conmmerce. He is a former president of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturing as-

sociation and was a member of the Code authority of the textile industry during the life of the Blue Eagle. He was also a member of the executive committee of the Cotton Textile Institute, Inc.

The following men form the board of directors of the Cannon Mills company: John J. Barnhardt, David H. Blair, A. Luther Brown, Charles R. Howard, Charles E. Stevenson, Hearne Swink, and William J. Swink.

THE INDIAN ON THE 14 CENT STAMP

The Indian picture on the 14-cent United States postage stamp has long been thought to be an idealized portrait of the American Indian.

But about ten years ago it was discovered that the picture was that of a real Indian—Hollow Horn Bean, a Brule Sioux chief. Philatelic enthusiasts all over the country have been eager since then to know something about the Indian who represented his type so well.

Recently Mrs. Catherine L. Manning, philatelic curator of the Smithsonian Institute, discovered his life story among some old newspaper files.

It seems that Hollow Horn Bear was a well known figure in Washington between 1908 and 1913, where he went frequently in order to try to persuade government officials that Indians should hold the offices in the Indian Bureau.

He attended the inauguration of President Wilson and led the Indians who marched in the civic divison of the parade down Pennsylvania avenue. He contracted pneumonia soon afterward and died in Washington.

Pallbears were chosen from six different tribes and they were followed in the funeral procession by twenty-five minor chieftains, dressed in brilliant robes and head dresses.

Among the flowers was a wreath from Captain William M. Wilcox of New York, a veteran Indian fighter whose life Hollow Horn Bear once saved.—Exchange.

TWO HISTORIC HOUSES IN BUNCOMBE COUNTY

(Charlotte Observer)

Asheville and Buncombe county residents cherish two historic houses which mark the birthplaces of three Governors of the past.

One is an old house where North Carolina's famous Civil war Governor, Zebulon Baird Vance, was born. The other stands on the site of the birth of David Swain, once a North Carolina Governor, and his cousin, Joseph Lane, who became Governor of the territory of Oregon.

Edwin Bjorkman of Asheville, State director of the Federal Writers project of the Works Progress administration, suggested that action be taken to preserve the Vance house, especially intimately associated with Buncombe county. Other wise sooner or later, he said, someone may buy and possibly destroy it.

David Swain, three times Governor of the State and for many years president of the University of North Carolina, was born at the old Swain house in upper Beaverdam valley, about five miles from Asheville. The building was torn down years ago, but a two-story log structure on the same site is said to have been constructed of timbers of the original house.

The first Swain home, the FWP says, was built by George Swain, father of the Governor, who came to western North Carolina from Georgia. Governor Swain lived at the home until he went to the univrsity. Later it was for years the home of Rev. Thomas Stradley, founder of the First Baptist church of Asheville. For a number of years it was owned by Charles A Webb.

The Vance house, FWP writers say, was built by Col. David Vance, I, about 1786, of logs. It was of two-story construction with an east wing. About 1893 the log walls were taken down, the building reduced to one story, and clapboards placed on the exterior. The interior, however, including an eight-foot fireplace in the east room and a six-foot one in the west room, was unchanged.

Across the highway on a knoll 300 yards from the road is the Vance cemetery. Here is buried David Vance, I, (1745-1813) whose tombstone recalls that he was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, lieutenant in the second North Carolina Continental regiment which saw service at Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Valley Forge, and Kings Mountain. He was a member of the Legislature of 1785-86-91, and of the State boundary and land commission which ran the line between Tennessee and North Carolina in 1799. He is credited with a leading part in the formation of Buncombe county from Burke and Rutherford in 1791. He liberated his slaves by terms of his will, Governor Vance was his grandson.

Also buried in the cemetery is David Vance, II, who served as a captain in the war of 1812; and Dr. Robert Brank Vance, who is said to have been killed in a pistol duel with

one Samuel P. Carson of Burke county just across the South Carolina line in 1827.

The FWP quotes accounts of the duel as saying it resulted from a heated political campaign for Congress.

Governor Vance and his brother, General Robert B. Vance, are buried in Riverside cemetery here.

The FWP said David Vance, I, obtained the lands about the home place as a grant for his services in the Revolutionary war.

Swain was in his early thirties when the Legislature elected him Governor slightly more than 100 years ago. He served two terms and later became president of the University of North Carolina.

While Swain was head of the Chapel Hill institution, Vance came down from Buncombe and was a student under President Swain.

Swain was able to keep the university operating during the war Between the States, while his one-time pupil, Vance, was heading the State government.

Swain's gubernatorial terms were marked by the launching of the building of the prsent Capitol building at Raleigh after fire had destroyed the former structure, including many colonial records.

Swain died shortly after the reopening of the university after a brief closing after the Civil war. He was thrown from a carriage and suffered injuries from which he never fully recovered.

Vance, after serving two terms as Governor, was later United States senator. When he retired shortly before the turn of the century, he established a home, "Gombroon," about 16 miles east of here near Black Mountain. Vandals recently completed demolition of that old structure which stood on property now embraced by the Asheville watershed.

Counties were named for both Swain and Vance.

FRIENDSHIP'S ETHICS

We will meet upon the level
And we'll part upon the square;
We'll lay our cards upon the table
And the dealing will be fair.

So when we meet upon the streets
Or in the church on Sunday morn,
Our faces there will have a chance
And frowns upon them won't be born.

—Nell L. Simpson.

LOVE LAUGHS AT PRISON GATES

By Helen Elmira Waite

Gleeful sounds came across the murky water of the moat to the old Fortress that warm August afternoon. The city of Ghent was celebrating a Fair Day, and the streets were a gay sight, what with the colorful wares of the merchants spread out in full glory, and people from far and near crowding about to see and buy some special prize. The important merchants and the rich and powerful nobles mingled with ordinary people today, and apparently there were few peasants too poor to join in the gaity.

It seemed to a girl who sat by a barred window high in the Fortress walls, that every inhabitant of the city was making merry that day. There had been dancing and singing in the streets since dawn, but for her the music and shrill laughter were only tantalizing sounds. And Jacqueline of Hainault and Holland loved activity and merriment. Her eyes were dark with an aching longing as she leaned her tired head against the bars of the window. Everyone in the street below was so joyous and wild and free—most of all, free! Just then she envied the poorest peasant girl in the throng. Her peasant holiday clothes might be old and worn, her body thin with hunger, but she was free. Jacqueline was the princess of Hainault, Holland and Zealand, the sovereign of these countries in her own right, but the most wretched peasant girl was luckier than her sovereign, for she was free, and the Princess Jacqueline sat a prisoner in this gloomy and forbidding room of the Fortress of Ghent, waiting for either a sentence of life imprisonment or to be led forth to the scaffold, and her only crime had been to refuse to yield her four provinces to her evil cousin, Philip of Burgundy, and in encouraging her people to resist when he came with his armies to take possession of the country by force.

Outside her door there were sudden sounds. Someone was murmuring to the guard. Jacqueline turned with a startled movement. Almost every day the Duke sent some terrifying and insulting message to her.

The stone door swung slowly open and then shut. A tall, square-built man in the voluminous mantle which showed he was a judge of the Duke's court, stepped toward her and bowed deferentially. Only the considerate and courteous Lord Frank Van Borselen, special counselor to the Duke of Burgundy though he was, had showed her such ceremony since her capture.

"Lady, I have come with a document and a message of great importance from my Lord Duke. Have I your permission to present them?"

Jacqueline looked at him with startled surprise. Never had a messenger of Philip's used such gentle speech! Was it a warning? He was wearing his robes of office. Had he come to pronounce her sentence?

"What is the message my loving cousin has for me today?"

Counselor van Borselen looked at her gravely for a moment, then drew from under his mantle an impressive

document and began to read, slowly, in a voice which held tones of deep and grave beauty:

"Jacqueline, sometime sovereign of of the provinces named below, confesses that she is a femine person, and conscious that she cannot command obedience, nor administer government in peace, rest, and tranquility. From these and other reasons pertaining to the interests of her subjects, she decides that no one is so perfectly able to render them good service as her dear cousin of Burgundy, her true heir and next of blood. Accordingly, out of perfect love, without the least compulsion, she gives and bestows all her territories, cities, castles, and peoples of the countships of Hainault, Holland, Zealand and Friesland—without reservation, anything that has come to her from her father, Duke William, and uncle, Duke John of Bavaria." The Lord Counselor finisher his reading, and laid the document upon a nearby table. "And in return for your abdication, the Duke promises you liberty this very day, with all freedom, and honor, He asks you to think carefully, Princess, before you answer."

Liberty! To be free to go whither she would, even though she might no longer be a reigning! princess! Down in the street the music had begun again. The very sound tempted her. And here—this dank, gloom-burdened room was probably the forerunner of something worse. By just signing her name—

And then she was shuddering violently, and had leaped to her feet. Her voice was low, but the blue eyes blazed. "My good Lord van Borselen, I do thank you for your courteous words. But you must tell Philip of Burgundy that I cannot sully the honor of the princess of Hainault and Holland by winning my freedom in such a cowardly way. The throne of my father, Duke William, is a trust I cannot abandon. Say to the Duke that he is my heir, but he is not the ruler of my provinces!

Would the Duke's judge pronounce her doom now that she had scorned his offer of liberty? She waited, her head lifted high, her eyes fixed on the man's grave face.

When he spoke, his voice was very low. "Lady, I came to you with a second message. Will you hear it now?"

"Yes," said Jacqueline steadily.

The Lord Counselor hesitated a second, then drew nearer to the girl. "This message does not come from the lips of the Duke, but from mine own, and from my heart. I knew well you could not accept such terms, and I came prepared to to offer you my vows of loyalty and help. Princess, if you will trust me, I will devise a way for you to escape and return to your own country. The people are indignant at your capture and imprisonment, but they dare not rebel against the Duke for fear it should place you in fresh peril. But once you are free they will rally to you and keep you safely. Will you trust me?"

Jacqueline looked at him wildly and caught at her chair for support. Trust him? How could she, when he was the confidante and counselor of the Duke of Burgundy? This must be some new plan of her wily cousin to lead into fresh trouble. She shook her head wearily.

Frank van Borselen came over and knelt before her. His eyes held no deceit. "Princess, you do well to doubt me, and in truth I do not blame you. But you may believe me fully. I have been a true counselor and judge to Philip, but I cannot stand by and watch him use his power and strength and wealth to wrest your rightful lands and titles from you. I have seen that you, helpless and alone, and girl as you are, are more deserving of a man's loyalty and service than my Lord Duke in this instance. Jacqueline of Hainault, will you give me your hands that I may pledge mine allegiance to you?"

Still Jacqueline hesitated. She knew so well the ways of court intrigues! And now she was so desperate, friendless, and alone! She wanted to trust this man, but—ho! if she could only be sure his vow of loyalty was no new trick of Philip's!

She looked at him wistfully, and suddenly, like a candle-flame, a look of adoration flashed into the steadfast grey eyes lifted to hers. It made her start, but the next second she had given him her hands, and the deep voice was saying, "To this Princess I pledge my life, my loyalty, and all my service." He kissed the slender palms then, and rose. "Princess, you will be free very shortly. Keep your courage high, and try to trust me."

Then he caught up the unsigned decree of abdication, strode to the door, summoned the guard with a vigorous thump of the fist, and told the brutish fellow that the Princess was behaving like an obstinate chit.

"She hath positively refused all our good Duke's kind terms of grace!" the Conselor announced scornfully. "She is worse than a stubborn child! Let me help slam the door upon her before I go to the Duke with her wilful answer!"

Jacqueline nearly laughed hysterically, but she checked the sound in time, and suddenly she was shaken with fright and thrilled with hope as she lay back in her chair. Was it really true—could she really believe that Frank van Borselen, judge of Flanders and counselor to the Duke, had pledged himself to her service? It would mean dishonor and perhaps death for him if his plans should go wrong. Or was he only conspiring—conspiring to lead her into fresh disaster? The room seemed to be growing darker, more dank and sinister. It was small wonder that Jacqueline shivered. She had known so many strange things in her seventeen years! She had been so happy as a child in her father's castles. Few princesses had been so fortunate and so free. Yes, there had been wars and rebellions, but Jacqueline had been unafraid. They were things which every ruler must expect. She had seen hostages and prisoners of high rank at her father's court, but she had always seen them treated with chivalry and consideration. Duke William had been an honorable and high-souled, knight, and no prisoner of his had ever known a fortress prison room like the one in which his daughter was confined!

She had been married at the early age of fourteen to Prince John, Dauphin of France, a gentle, loving lad of nineteen, and her prospects for a happy, prosperous life had certainly been bright, but— Jac-

queline's throat contracted at the memory—two years later griefs and trouble began to crowd close about her. She saw her husband die of poison before her eyes, and six weeks afterward her father was dead as well, and a girl of sixteen was left to rule his four provinces, and try to hold them against the wily schemes of her cousin, Philip of Burgundy.

But it was heart-warming to remember how joyously the people had greeted her as she journeyed through the provinces to recive homage from her cities. She had been greeted by the ringing of bells and glad shouts. Flags flew from all the houses and castles. Flowers were strewn as a carpet for her feet. She even held courts of justice in her cities.

She might be only a "feminine person," as the Duke's proposed articles of abdication said, but she was not a wavering, easily frightened princess. She had a good mind, and she knew how to use it. Perhaps that was why her cousin Philip was so anxious to get her out of his way. He tightened his nets around her, besieged her capital city, Mons, and carried her away a prisoner. She had only a faint hope that her subjects might ransom her, but now—now—she leaned her head on her hands—Lord Frank van Borselen had vowed his allegiance to her! Was it—was it safe to put her life into his hands?

An hour later the door opened once more to permit Marie van Vliet, the only one of the Princess' ladies from Hainault, who was permitted to attend her, to enter with Jacqueline's supper.

"The fair was very gay?" Jacqueline asked her as she ate, and Marie busied herself preparing the room for the night. "Tell me everything you saw, Marie! The music sounded so sweet! Do you remember the troubadours at my father's castles?"

"Aye, the fair was fine enough for a Burgundy matter," admitted Marie, "though little good I had of it, what with no money, and being followed every minute by the Duke's spies." Then, as she moved close to change some dish, she said softly, "fret thee not, Madame, in a few days you will see braver and more beautiful sights than any Burgundy fair!—Oh, my poor little one, Marie did not mean to fright you! But you may depend upon it, I know! The Lord Counselor sought me out when he came from you."

"Marie—" Jacquline's voice was barely a whisper, "Marie—may—we trust him? Think—he is the Duke's confidante! Is it some terrible new trick? I cannot be—sure!"

Marie would have laughed but for the danger of such a sound. "I know a true sign of his fealty!" she told her mistress. "I know he loves you, with a true and knightly love, and would have no harm come to you. Aye, you may trust him!"

Even in the feeble light of the two candles, Jacqueline's cheeks showed hot and rose. Marie nodded and smiled, well satisfied.

"He is Judge of Flanders, Lord Counselor, special friend of the Duke—" she checked the items on her fingers, "by all these things our foe—and he loves our dear Duchess Jacqueline! Wait, and you shall see, Madame!"

It was not a long wait. Frank van Borselen had told Marie that Philip

had dark plans for removing Jacqueline to a prison even more grim and horrible than the Fortress, and if a rescue was to be made. it must be done with all haste. Marie kept that piece of information from her mistress, but she stood by the lone window of the prison-chamber most of the next morning, anxiously watching the street below for the figure of the Lord Counselor, and she murmured a quick prayer when she saw him stride across the moat.

Jacqueline rose to greet him today, and he dropped to one knee.

"Princes, I have contrived the way for your escape!" The deep voice was hurried and low. "I will come for you at midnight, and lead you out through an underground way. Your friends have had word. They will meet you and escort you to safety. Here are pages' garb for you and your lady-in-waiting. Only trust me. Hide them well, and try to rest and sleep against your journey." He smiled at her, but when Marie had thrust the disguises beneath the mattresses on the bed, he scowled heavily, and struck a thundercus blow to call the guard. His face was black and his voice harsh when the man responded. "A more obdurate prisoner I have never seen!" he growled. "But our Lord Duke wearies of her defiance! She will not be here by tomorrow this hour!"

Jacqueline turned hastily away, and a stifled sound broke from Marie.

The hours of that day went by on limping feet. The August air grew stifling and unbearable in the close prison room. Jacqueline sent her food away untasted. Her heart hammered against her body unmercifully. Marie refused to leave her that day, but they did not talk. On crept the hours. Night had come, a gratefully cool night, with stars, but no moon. Both Princess and lady-in-waiting pressed close to the window, although the darkness was too dense for them to see the approach of the Lord Counselor.

In the tower above them the great bell began to boom twelve strokes out over the sleeping city. Jacqueline was on her feet, her hands about her throat. Marie was creeping toward the door. The sounds ceased. How long had they been waiting? Had Frank van Borselen failed them—or had Philip discovered the plot for escape?

Marie touched her mistress' hand. "Steps!" she said.

Almost Jacqueline thought she had been mistaken. Then, very quietly, the bolts were being slid from the door. Cautiously it moved inward. A candle was held over a man's hooded face. "Princess?"

Jacqueline moved forward. "We are quite ready."

"You will take my hand? The stairs are dark and many." Never had Jacqueline heard a more welcome sound than Frank van Borselen's grave voice. "My companion is Jan van Eyck, the artist. He will assist the Lady van Vliet. Fear not for the guard," he laughed softly, "he has had attention. But it will be best to speak low and move softly. Jan van Eyck is also pledged to your service, and he has the secret of the passage. Your friends wait."

How many steps she descended Jacqueline never knew. They seemed endless. The candle made distorted and unpleasant lights and shadows over them, and finally Jacqueline shut

her eyes and clung to the Lord van Borselen's arm and let him take her where he would. Finally they were on a level once more, and the Princess heard a murmur of relief from Marie. They paused while Jan van Eyck moved forward and touched the secret spring which opened the door of the passage. Steps once more, and then a narrow, slimy corridor, so strange and sinister it seemed to choke the girl's breath in her throat. Darkness ahead of her, darkness behind! There are some who will cry better! There are some who will cry she inadverently touched them, and a foul-smelling atmosphere. Jacqueline faltered and gave a little sob. Instantly van Borselen's arm tightened its hold, reassuringly.

"Hold fast to your courage, Princess! You have almost won through!"

It seemed hours later when she stepped forth into the clean, sweet air of the summer night, and saw a little group under a tree. The enrance must have been closely watched, for two men stepped forward instantly, and as the light from the tapers fell upon their faces, Jacqueline's last fears dropped from her. They were two of her trusted friends, Arnold Spierinck of Aalbrorcht and Vos of Delft, disguised as merchants, with extra horses for their packs.

"Heaven is with our case!" Arnold Spierinch said devoutly, and knelt before his Princess.

"Time enough for such ceremony later!" van Borselen said urgently. "Take your lady now and carry her to safety with all speed! Ride night and day if necessary!"

Perhaps Marie van Vliet was right, and the Lord Counselor knew a deeper reason for setting Jacqueline free than merely a knightly feeling for a lady in distress. Jacqueline found he would not suffer her own friends to lift her to her horse, but settled her in the saddle himself, making sure that everything was safe and secure.

"You have been true knight to me in my distress," she murmured, "and I have only my poor thanks as token of my gratitude."

"And your trust?" he asked, so softly that none of the others heard. "May I hope that you will always believe I am you loyal friend, Princess? Remember I have vowed my life and all that I have to your services."

Did some flash of premonition tell Jacqueline that here stood the man who was to be not only her loyal friend and true knight through all the troubles and misfortunes which would assail her, but the husband whose great love would bring her happiness and security at last? In the end Philip of Burgundy would have his way, and strip Jacqueline of all her rights and estates, but when Philip had sent his Lord Counselor to bring the girl prisoner to terms, he had unwittingly done the best deed of his wicked days, for Lord Frank van Borselen gave Jacqueline the happiest days of her life.

But all that was in the years which were to come. That August night of 1425, Jacqueline only knew she had escaped from the terrible fortress of Ghent, and that she was free to gallop madly across the country to her own provinces. The swift gait of her horse and the coolness of the night wind against her cheeks made her exultant.

And after the insults which had been poured into her ears by Philip's envoys in Ghent, it was balm to hear

how her people had held fast days and gathered into their churches to pray for her, and how plans had been laid for her rescue, and the peasnats and nobles were preparing to strike a swift blow at the Burgundians, once she was out of Philip's clutches.

And Philip's articles of abdication would have made her confess that she was "a feminine person, conscious that she cannot command obedience, nor administer government!" For the first time in weeks she laughed. Philip might have a wholesome surprise in the near future!

"We must ride at full speed tonight, Your Highness," Arnold Spierinch warned her. "Tomorrow, when we are across the river Scheldt, we may travel by easier stages, and we have a wagon engaged for you in Antwerp."

"Easy stages!" Jacqueline was scornful. "What want I of easy stages? Or a wagon? Let us gallop every league of the way!"

Henry Vos laughed exultantly. "The prison fortress of Ghent did not quench the fire of our lady's spirit!"

"Nay," Arnold Spierinch spoke with sober pride. "But we must not rouse suspicion by seeming to ride with undue haste. We must play our parts as merchants. Beside which, Your Highness has been kept in close quarters, and we dare not travel at too violent a pace, or you will fall ill."

Jacqueline gathered up her reins eagerly. "Not while I ride toward Hainault!"

Three long days later she arrived at the castle of Vianen, and was safe at last among loyal supporters. And all day long Jacqueline saw peasants and nobles flocking to her standard and heard the prayers of thanksgiving for her escape, and their vows of loyalty. And at night she sat at the head of the council table and took an active part in the plans for the attack on Philip's forces.

"And whom will Your Highness have to lead your army?" questioned Lord Henry of Vianen, her host.

Jacqueline looked at the eager faces about the table. She glanced at the papers before her, pledging the services of fierce and loyal men.

"It must be some captain the people love and will follow to the death," urged a counselor at her elbow.

Despite all the homage the day had brought, Philip's words, "She is a feminine person, and cannot command obedience," still rankled. Jacqueline's eyes flashed. She sprang to her feet. "I myself will lead my people!" she cried. "Gentlemen, will you and your troops follow me?"

There was a moment of startled silence. Then Henry of Vianen nodded his head. "It is well! It conuld not be hind, stones which were clammy when 'For shame, to drag such a beautiful noble lady over battlefields,' but faith, with the Princess as leader, the people will fight as never they fought before!"

He was a good prophet. The battle was waged at the village of Alfen, and before the charge of the enraged men from Hainault and Holland the Burgundians broke into open panic and fled. Under Jacqueline's command they were pursued and beaten soundly.

And then, in the glory of her triumph, Jacqueline went at the head of her troops, to the great city church, where she offered the banners

captured from the emeny as thank-offerings for her escape and victory, and when the Te Deum in celebration of her victory had been sung, and she came out of the church, the huge square was crowded with a surging clamoring throng of people. Jacqueline paused at the top step, and turned to Henry of Vianen beside her.

"Command the trumpeters to sound the call of silence, and then ask the people what it is they would have of me."

The silver notes rang out and in a sudden hush the throng fell on its knees. Then a knight ran and stood before Jacqueline.

"Your Highness, the people have come to tell thee they have pledged themselves to resist the Duke of Burgundy to the death, that they will have no sovereign except thee alone They are vowed to thy service by the noblest thing they know—the courage of their Princess!"

RESOLVE

I shall start on the days remaining
With a fairer, higher creed;
I shall cease to stand complaining,
Of my ruthless neighbor's greed.

I shall spend no moment whining
When my duty's call is clear;
I shall never sit repining,
And my heart shall know no fear.

I shall often look about me
For the things that merit praise,
And shall seek the hidden beauty
That eludes the grumbler's gaze.

I shall never feel resentment,
When another's skill is shown;
But shall retreat in pure contentment,
And strive to improve my own.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys have been baling straw on shares for several of our neighbors during the past week. This will suplement the supply of straw already baled from our own 5,000 bushels of grain recently threshed. The need of straw at the School is very great, most of it being used for bedding.

The Training School campus is usually the scene of many highly enjoyable watermelon feasts each year, but if something doesn't happen soon, we fear the boys will have to forego much of this enjoyment this year. The prospect for a watermelon crop has never been poorer than at this writing.

Mr. Joseph B. Johnston, superintendent of the Barium Springs Orphanage, Statesville, and editor of the "Barium Messenger," visited the School last Tuseday. His immediate reason for stopping here was to say "hello" to one of his old boys, Mr. J. B. Lee, now a member of our teaching staff. While here Mr. Johnston visited the various departments and took a drive over the farm.

Ordinarily it would not be news to announce that we had a good rain on part of our farm, but since it had not rained enough since planting time last Spring to make the ground too wet to plow, we feel that last Thursday's rain is real news. The peculiar thing about this shower was that about two-thirds of our farm had quite a good rain on it while on the other side not a bit of rain fell. This spottedness has been the character of rains falling on this section all this year.

The game of soft ball is rapidly becoming a popular pastime in this section of the country. Several leagues have been formed in Concord and other parts of Cabarrus County. Many of the teams have been playing part of their games on the local diamond and have furnished considerable amusement for both the boys and officers of the School. There is some talk going the rounds that a team will be made up of School officers, and if unable to carry out a full schedule in one of the leagues, they will play a number of exhibitiion games with other teams in the county.

Having obtained permission to spend a few days with his mother and grandmother at Hendersonville, Fred Seibert, a member of our printing class left the School last Thursday afternoon. Freddie postcards us from home that he is having a fine time. From part of his message we take it that Hendersonville either has a very small post-office or that the number of tourists to the mountain

resort is unusually large this year, for he states that the post-office is so crowded that he hardly has room to write. His statement as to the delightfully cool weather up there in the mountions makes us somewhat envious as we are sweltering under the scorching rays of "Old Sol."

The following letter was recently received from Francis Hart, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was allowed to leave the School about five years ago:

16909 Log Cabin
Detroit Michigan.
July 13, 1937

Dear Mr. Boger:

I am now employed by the Carbolog Tool and Die Company here in Detroit, as time-keeper and am getting good pay. I make $45.00 per week and am geeting along fine. I enjoy my work and like the people with whom I am working.

Since I have been to the good old Stonewall Jackson School, I know that it has made a man of me. It is one of the finest places in the world for boys who are mischievous and uncontrollable. It builds character and makes men of boys. I shall never forget it and what the officials there have done for me. It made me a different boy and I learned things there that have helped me out a good many times since leaving there. I am planning to come to North Carolina for a vacation in August and will stop by and see you all.

I wish you would send me a few copies of "The Uplift" so I can read about the School and the boys. The School has won a place in my heart, and I know you are doing fine work there. My only hope is that a good many more boys may go there to be made into men. Your school room classes helped me very much and I know it will help others. Then, the work there makes boys healthy and strong.

I want to thank you very much for the letter you wrote me at the time of my graduation from high school. The advice you gave me was greatly appreciated and I hope you will give me some more, for I am sure it will help to make a better man of me.

Tell all the officers "hello" for me, and tell them to keep up the good work they are doing.

Yours very truly
Francis Hart.

On Thursday afternoon of last week the Hartsell Mill team defeated the Training School by the score of 5 to 4, the game being called at the end of the eighth inning. Younger pitched for the School lads and held the visitors to six hits, one less than his mates secured off Foster, who did the hurling for Hartsell, but the visitors took advantage of his wildness and several costly errors, which gave them the ball game.

The School boys marked up three counters in the fourth on a hit batsman, two doubles and a single. Jim Whittington's home run tied the count at four all in the fifth, but in the seventh the Hartsell lads put over the winning run on a double and single.

None of the visiting batters were

able to secure more than one hit, while Whittington headed the School batters with a homer and a double. The score:

									R	H	E
Hartsel'	1	0	1	0	0	1	2	0 —	5	6	2
J. T. S.	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	0 —	4	7	3

Last Friday's game between Gibson Mill and the Training School resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 5 to 2. Stone, visiting hurler, kept the School lads' seven hits well scattered, and his team played errorless ball behind him. Fowler started on the mound for the local lads but was as wild as the proverbial March hare, issuing three passes which, coupled with five hits and an error, produced four runs during the two innings he worked. He was relieved by Lawrence in the second who held the Gibson boys to four hits and one run during the remainder of the game.

Beaver, with a pair of singles, was the only visitor to get more than one hit. For the Training School boys Jim Whittington was the big man with the bat, whaling out two triples and a single. Furchess was next with a couple of singles. The score.

									R	H	E
Gibson	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	0 —	5	8	0
J. T. S.	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0 —	2	7	1

The Training School boys ended their losing streak last Saturday afternoon by defeating the Cabarrus Mill team by the score of 9 to 6. Shoe and P. Coley were the Cabarrus pitchers, and they allowed the local lads nine hits, including a home run and two doubles. Lawrence did the pitching for the School boys, and while he was nicked for fourteen hits, ten of them coming in the last three innings, he managed to get by with just six runs being marked up against him.

R. Little was the chief willow-wielder for the boys from Cabarrus, getting four hits, all singles, in five trips to the plate. Mauney, Hinson, Gray and Shoe punched out two hits each.

Lawrence contributed three hits toward winning his own game, two of them being two-ply swats. Bost, with a home run and single, was the only other School batter to connect for more than one bingle. The score:

									R	H	E
Cabarrus	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	0 0 —	6	14	2
J. T. S.	3	1	0	0	0	4	1	0 0 —	9	9	4

On Monday afternoon the Training School boys dropped a six-inning game to the Cannon Mill team by the score of 6 to 4. The School lads were on the long end of a 4 to 0 score until the last half of the final frame when Charlie Furchess pitcher, blew up, along with his support, the visitors scoring six times, putting the old ball game in the bag.

Turner and N. Shoe, with two hits each led the Cannon boys at bat, while Whittington, pounding out three singles, led the School attack. Mobley connected for two hits, one of them for a round trip. The score:

		R	H	E
Cannon	0 0 0 0 0 6 —	6	9	1
J. T. S.	0 0 0 1 2 1 —	4	9	3

Rev. Voight Cromer, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was substituting for Rev. I Harding Hughes, who was scheduled to have this service, but was unable to be present because of duties requiring his presence at one of the summer church schools up in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Cromer read the story of the feeding of the multitude as found in the 6th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Helping Others." At the beginning of his remarks the speaker called attention to the fact that there are many interesting stories of boys found in the Bible which never fail to hold our interest. There were remarkable boys in Bible times just as there are remarkable boys today. He then spoke of that wonderful boys' organization—the Boy Scouts—and their slogan, "Do a good turn daily."

Rev. Mr. Cromer then cited the 9th verse of the Scripture Lesson—"There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes"—a part of a story which happened many years ago, yet one which we never tire of hearing. Here on the shore of the Sea of Galilee were thousands of people who had been listening to the Master most of the day. It was evening and they were tired and hungry, far too tired to make the homeward jurney. They had been so interested in what Jesus had to say that they had forgotten about their homes and supper. Jesus saw their need and sent his disciples into the crowd to see what could be done to relieve the situation. One of them returned to him, saying, "There is a lad here, etc." Then comes the familiar story of how Jesus fed the multitude from the lad's scanty supply and twelve baskets of food remained after the people had eaten their fill.

This lad, said the speaker, played a most important part in this great miracle. We are in the habit of overlooking what boys do sometimes. This was not a small thing this boy did. He was one of a few who had taken lunch with them. As we all know, boys like to eat, and it was a big thing for this boy, at the end of a tiresome day, to give up his food when there was no more in sight. He was a good scout and did his good turn for that day, a good turn which helped five thousand people—more than most of us help in an entire lifetime.

We talk about what is wrong with the world today, continued the speaker. Troubles are serious and numerous because men and women have failed to learn of helping others; they are not filled with the spirit of unselfishness. as was the lad on the shore of Galilee. What we need most today is to be willing to help others less fortunate than ourselves. If people would only do this, the world would be a happy place in which to live. The happiness of the world depends solely on how the young peo-

ple today live up to the idea of helping others.

Rev. Mr. Cromer then stated that we often hear the plea for more honesty in the world. By this we do not mean mere outward legal honesty. Some people are considered honest in the way the world figures honesty, but they are really dishonest. They get by without actually breaking the laws. They may not be guily of doing any wrong as far as the law is concerned, but they are guilty because of failure to do the good they have many chances to do. It is important for us to learn of this kind of life right now—we must learn to help others.

The speaker then told the boys that it wasn't necessary for them to think of manhood, but to let their minds dwell on what they are going to do right now. If a fellow is an outstanding, noble boy, there is not much chance of his being anything else but a noble man. He urged them not to spend their time lazily dreaming of the future, but to get busy and be ever alert for the many opportunities they have of being of service to some one now.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Cromer said that life is important for us now, and that we should acquire the desire to help others. If, in trying to lead this helpful kind of life, we feel the need of an example to follow, we should take Jesus as that example. Of all that has been said and written about him, the greatest thing said of him was that statement made by one of his disciples—"He went about doing good." There is a great example for us to follow. No other way will lead to happiness.

I WANT TO BE A BAREFOOT BOY

I want t obe a barefoot boy
As in the long ago,
And walk along in perfect joy
And whistle as I go;
With not a care within my heart
And just an eye for birds—
I want to walk again apart
With father's flocks and herds.

I want to a boy again,
A happy barefoot boy;
I want to taste the joy again
Of sweets that cannot cloy—
I want to wade knee-deep in bliss
And sun me, all reborn,
And spread my toes; my reason's this:
I'm troubled with a corn.

—Edmund J. Kiefer.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending July 11, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(3) Edward Chapman 4
(6) J. C. Cox 6
Charles Davis
Albert Goodman
(6) Edward Johnson 6
(6) James Johnson 6
(3) Carl Kepley 5
(6) Mack Setzer 6
(6) Joseph Tucker 6
(6) Fred Wheeler 6
(6) James Willite 6

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders
Virgil Bauguess
Howard Cox 3
Henry Cowan 2
Carroll Dodd 2
(3) William Haire 4
William Howard
John Kellam
Jack McRary
(2) Arthur Martin 4
Jack Norris 3
(5) Bunn Shoe 5
(3) Frank Walker 3
(2) James West 4
(3) R. L. Young 3
Horace Journigan 2

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook 3
(2) Frank Crawford 3
(6) Neely Dixon 6
James Eury 4
Coolidge Green 4
(2) John Hampton 3
William McRary 2
(2) James Mast 3
(4) Frank Pickett 5
(4) F. M. Younger 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Odell Bray 5
James Hancock 4
Henry Harris 5
John King
(6) Thomas Little 6
(2) Robert Mims 2
Robert Orrell 5
(2) Frank Raby 2
Thomas Stephens 2
(6) Melvin Walters 6
Leo Ward 3
Odell Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Marshall Bryson 5
(4) John Grider 4
(6) Robert Jordan 6
Thomas Sullivan 6
James Seawell
Jack Tate
(3) Ralph Webb 3
Marvin Wilkins

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Lacy Burleson 5
(6) Robert Bryson 6
William Burnette 3
Theodore Bowles 2
(6) Fletcher Castlebury 6
Thomas Doby 5
(2) Columbus Hamilton 3
(4) Thomas Hamilton 5
(4) Leonard Jacobs 5
(2) Charles McCoyle 4
Richard Patton 3
(5) James Rackley 5
Canipe Shoe 3
(6) George Wilhite 6
(3) Joseph Sanford 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Paul Angel 2

William Beach 3
Archie Castlebury 3
James Corn 3
Fred Dysen 3
John Elliott 2
William Estes 3
Giles Green 4
(2) Lacy Green 4
(2) Caleb Hill 5
Houston Howard
Lloyd Hite 2
(2) Hugh Johnson 4
Robert Lawrence 2
Kenneth Messick 3
Wayland Morgan
(2) Elmer Maples 5
(2) J. C. Mobley 4
(2) J. D. Powell 3
Percy Strickland
Wallace Smith 2
William Tester 4
William Young 4

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Wilfred Land 3
(2) Charles Presnell 2
(2) Charles Taylor 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Thomas Braddock 5
James Coleman 3
(2) Hubert Carter 2
(6) Randolph Davis 6
Heller Davis 3
(2) Reuben Duggins 5
George Duncan
(6) Woodfin Fowler 6
(3) C. D. Grooms 4
James C. Hoyle
Odie Hicks 3
Mark Jones 2
Luther Landrum
Glenn Richardson
(3) Thomas Sands 4
Percival Shuler 4
Cleveland Suggs 4
Hubert Short 3
(2) Homer Smith 5
(2) Samuel J. Watkins 3
Thomas Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

(5) Earl Atwood 5
James Martin 2
(2) Rufus Linville 4
(2) William Knight 3
Matthew Duffy 3
Junius Brewer
Felix Littlejohn
(3) Glenn Collins 4
(2) Allen Bledsoe 2

COTTAGE No 11

(4) Harold Bryson 4
(6) Howard Clark 6
(2) John Drum 4
(5) Lawrence Guffey 5
(4) David Hodge 5
(4) William Kirk 4
Alton Morgan
(4) Edgar Merritt 5
(2) William Martiin 5
(3) Donald Newman 5
(2) Filmore Oliver 4
(6) Theodore Rector 6
(2) Julius Stevens 4
(6) Fred Williamson 6
Burchel Young 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 3
Charles Batten 2
(4) Ben Cooper 4
(2) Franklin Hensley 3
(3) Hubert Holloway 4
Frank Lewis 3
(3) Clarence Mayton 4
(3) Jerome Medlin 5
June Malone 4
(2) Ewin Odom 3
(2) Andrew Powell 2
(3) James Reavis 5
(4) Lonnie Sloan 4
(5) Harvey J. Smith 5
Horace Simmons 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(6) Fletcher Boggs 6
Burris Bozeman
(3) Clarence Douglas 4
Harry Flowe 5
(3) Willard Garrett 4
(6) Robert Hailey 6
Isaac Hendren 3
Eugene Patton 3
Claudius Pickett 5
John Smith 5
(6) Morris Starnes 6
Frank Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Aske 2

John Crawford 3
(2) Robert Coffer 3
John Church
(2) Curtis Coleman 4
(2) Lee Dowless 4
(3) Henry Hallman 4
(5) Doyle Holder 5
(5) James Kirk 5
Henry McGraw 3
Troy Powell 4
John Robbins 3
Paul Shipes 3
Glenn Williams 3
William Warf 3
(2) Garfield Walker 5
Marvin King 3

COTTAGE No. 15
Julian Andrews 4
(2) Warren Bright 3
(4) John Brown 4
(2) Hobart Gross 4
(6) Walter Hill 6
(6) Caleb Jolly 6
(6) Connie Michael 6
Raymond Mabe
(2) Wilson Rich 4
(2) Wallace Sommers 3
Ira Settle 2
(2) Harless Triplett 5
(2) Harold Walsh 2

To those in humblest vocations and circumstances, as well as to those who are destined to wear crowns and to be hailed by multitudes, the message of Dr. Fosdick in his sermon of last Sunday should be inspiriting. He tells the secret of happiness for both alike. The fact is, he says, that happiness is amazingly independent of outward experience. Some of the most miserable, as many of us have observed, are the so-called "privileged," while some of the happiest are "poor, blind, crippled and unfortunate." Especially is this true of the blind. It is as if they carried in their breasts lamps whose lights shine not through darkened eyes.

The secret of the amazing fact is, as Dr. Fosdick reveals, that every experience has two factors: "The outward fortune and the inward interpretation." The fortune cannot always be helped, but we can help the interpretation. The "throne of our sovereignty" over our own lives is the real throne of human experience, whether for "king" or "subject" or "citizen" —for every individual.

Whence comes that which urges and whence the inner strength to overcome the outward—the mastery over life in whatever social or economic or physical state it is lived? The answer is that religion "presents the most stimulating and hopeful interpretation of life that man has ever had."

Religion is the revelation to the human spirit of an interpretation of life that puts into living sense and reason, worth and dignity, joy and satisfaction.—Selected.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 24, 1937 No. 30

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LIVING FOR OTHERS

To sow that others may reap; to work and plan for those who are to occupy the earth when we are dead; to project our influences far into the future, and live beyond our time: to rule as the Kings of Thought, over men who are yet unborn; to bless with the glorious gifts of truth and light and liberty those who will never know the name of the giver, nor care in what grave his unregarded ashes repose, is the proudest destiny of a man.

—Albert Pike.

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The Uplift

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HOW WE SHOULD LIVE

We live but one day at a time. Brief though it be, yet it is a golden link that binds all our yesterdays with our tomorrows. What part our today may signify in the great tomorrow, where gigantic tides ebb and flow, we may never understand. But today is all we have, and each one must play his own part.

If we accomplish something worth while, let not vain pride possess us. If we see failure of cherished hope, let not despair overwhelm us. If we must judge, let justice be tempered with mercy. If we must hate, let it not be men, but evil. If we must struggle for liberty, let it eventuate in the high freedom of responsibility. If we shall come to possess, let it enrich us through self-giving. If we shall learn, even the smallest lesson, let wisdom's humility lift the burden from our hearts.

Thus, if we do at least one worthy act, helpful to another soul, then indeed shall its remembrance fill our hearts with peace when the purple curtain of night is drawn, and sleep kisses us to rest.

—Wendelin Waldemar Argow, in Sunshine Magazine.

THE DAY FOR CLUBWOMEN

As a special day on which the clubwomen of North Carolina may have a part in the celebration of the "Three Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary" of the birth of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in the colonies, the Roanoke Island Historical Association has set apart the 10th of August as the date.

Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, president of Salem College, Winston-Salem, who is authority on Virginia Dare history, will be guest

speaker. At this time also the opportunity will be given to see the pageant, written by our distinguished North Carolinian and Pulitzer Prize winner, Paul Green. The play will be directed by the father of the Little Theater in America, also director of North Carolina Playmakers, Dr. Frederick H. Koch.

Mrs. Howard G. Etheridge, president of North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs urges the clubwomen to lend their interest in making this historic occasion very impressive. To know the history of the Lost Colony with the birth of Virginia Dare gives a higher appreciation of the achievement and progress of our part of the country. The fellow without sentiment is without pride and the lack of pride is an evidence of little ambition.

This most notable and historical celebration on Roanoke Island began on July 4th, and will continue through till the first of September, giving ample time for many to view the land where the first colonists landed, and up to this date their wereabouts remain a mystery.

* * * * * * *

HANDS AS WELL AS MIND TRAINED

The demand for vocational training in the public school system is nation wide. "Go-to-college" was the goal within the past of every man's child regardless of adaptability, but the pendulum is swinging back heavily towards a more practical type of curiculum for the masses. Public sentiment was absolutely moulded to the extent that there was no place in the business life for the person without college attainments. To have a degree from some college was the requirement for placement in the business world.

We do not decry high culture, or a college career, but in many cases the college man is a misfit and could have been a useful citizen if with his mental culture he had been taught a trade that suited his taste and talent. Therefore in the light of past experiences, knowing of misfits, and disappointments more boys and girls should be taught to use their hands and minds in unison. By this means they can meet emergencies if disappointments or misfortunes come.

With the outlook for additional federal funds for vocational training in all of the public schools much can be accomplished,—

teaching home economics, mechanics and other trades that will place all hopeful youths in line for remunerative positions.

The Jackson Training School has the building to teach trades, the handsome Swink-Benson Trades Building, and we can hardly abide the time to see a craftsman in charge, training our small boys to make brackets, end-tables, what-nots, candlesticks and other pieces of bric-a-brac suitable for nice homes.

This is a dream that will shortly be realized. We can not fail to measure up to what the country is sponsoring for all young people, because the Jackson Training School rates high in other attainments.

* * * * * * *

THE NORMAL LIFE

After reading a brief captioned the "Normal Life" we feel the thought is surely worthy of summarizing. The story is that Henry Ward Beecher's quotation "Mirthfulness is in the mind and you cannot get it out. It is the blessed spirit that God has set in the mind to dust it out, to enliven its dark places, and to drive asceticism, like a foul friend, out at the back door. It is just as good, in its place, as conscience or veneration. Praying can no more be made a substitute for smiling than smiling can for praying." Again he writes, "I don't believe the way to interest people in heaven is to disgust them with the earth. Let us love all that is bright and beautiful and good in the world."

All of this was a direct reproval of the Puritanism of his day. It is still true the normal life has a place in it for wholesome fun. To be over serious is to be abnormal.

Beecher cites in his article the absence of humor in the make-up of the Pharisees. Their laugh was that of a cynic, a scarcasm or a mockery. They were such hypocrites till it was impossible for them to laugh sincerely. Beecher did not believe in letting the devil have a monopoly on all of the good times, because good, mirthful times are the joy of all who lead Christian lives.

Alice Cary, a contemporary of Beecher, and a writer of poems thoughtful, graceful and full of religious feeling gives a delightful thought as to cheerfulness in the following poem:

Do not look for wrong and evil,
  You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
  He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
  You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
  To the glass, you meet a smile.

Some writer has said "No one who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably depraved." It we laugh the world laughs with us, and if we grouch we absolutely grouch alone.

* * * * * * *

A PROFITABLE PRISON TERM

It is seldom that a prison term is reported profitable. When such takes place it is news. In the far off country of Rumania, a notorious "Robin Hood" bandit, Coriou by name, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The first thing done was that the prisoner bought out the prison workshop, and launched into the business of selling the articles produced there by the other prisoners, and the profit has been handsome.

Also another interesting feature of the affair is that his bride, evidently recently married, furnished the money for the purchase of the shop, with a view to reforming her bandit husband into a successful, law-abiding citizen.

It is plain that the wife saw and understood the latent talent of the husband, and determined to turn the trend of mind from the life formerly followed to that of usefulness, knowing that idleness is the "devil's work-shop."

* * * * * * *

A picture in the press showing many attractive school girls, and handsome young boys of some school visibly interested in the proper way to give the teeth a good brushing without injuring them, tells a story. This picture brings to mind a local incident. A certain young woman who was teaching school in the rural dis-

tricts was a head of the times and taught oral hygiene. She tried to get every boy and girl to buy a tooth brush. She succeeded fairly well. Of course there were a few who thought the teacher crazy, so to speak. One father said, "That tooth brushing is no good, my father is seventy some years old and he never had a tooth brush, and he has not a defective tooth in his head."

This was back in the pioneer days when dental clinics were first started in the public schools. It is interesting to note the change of sentiment towards the vital importance of having a healthy mouth. This is proof that the State Board of Health is worth more than the cost of maintaining such an institution.

* * * * * * *

Robert Quillen, the columnist, writes that there is a law of balance, or something of the sort, and what is given to one is taken from another. If one doesn't pay, another must. If the customer gets a bargain, the producer stands the loss.

Therefore, where you find one person sitting on top of the world without paying for his seat, there is another in the background sweating to settle the bill. This is due to the fact that there are two classes, one class pays and the other is parasitic, getting all possible for nothing. This was exemplified once in the words of a very plain woman selling the products of her farm in the city. She said, "I have more to do than I can accomplish without working day and night." And she continued, "if people would do their duty, I would have only certain chores around the home, but I do also the work of the other fellow." So you see this rural woman was sweating to meet obligations while the other man sat leisurely around.

RAMBLING AROUND

POSSESS YOUR PLUCK

"When everthing's against you
and your plans are going wrong,
Just face the situation and keep
moving right along—
Don't sit down and wait and
whimper, even though you may
be stuck,
You're not completely helpless if
you still possess your pluck."

Capital punishment. When capitalists refuse to arbitrate differences with dissatisfied employees.

If they do not soon fill the Supreme Court vacancy, the aspirants will be too old—beyond the age limit set for the judges.

Soviet Russia, it is reported, is shooting its own generals. That begins to look as if the danger of a European war is passing.

Relief has accomplished one outstanding result. It has enabled more people to own automobiles who never would have had one otherwise.

Beach resorts report that bathing suits are becoming shorter. I don't care what they are becoming, I know one thing—they are very becoming on some girls.

This is the season of the year when chiggers, gnats, ants and mosquitoes attend picnics, and give the picknickers something by which to remember the occasion.

It has come to light that in 1850 taxes took one cent of every dollar of income. Today it is said that they take 35 cents. And look what we are getting for our money!

To add to the enlivenment of Ohio, they have found a snake in an adding machine, in that State. I guess his snakeship was an adder that went into the machine to make a rattler of it.

F. W. Krause sued Mrs. Everett Yates, widow, living near Henry, Illinois, for $1,000. He said she played her radio all night, causing him to have a nervous break-down. Such things are possible.

Science now points out that if you want to see better, drink milk. I have seen a lot of men who had gotten to the point where they could see double as much as they once did. But they did not drink milk.

We are told, seriously, that an experimentor extinguished a candle flame by playing a high note on the violin. Possibly that was what Nero was trying to do, when he fiddled while Rome was burning.

Justice Van Deventer is represented as going back to the farm, and engage in judging agriculture. It would be a blessing to this country if more of those residing in Washington would take a turn in returning to the soil.

Some families spend so much time in arguing when and where to spend

their vacation, that summer passes and they have no vacation at all. Such a situation comes from a diversity of opinion, where the family is not of one mind.

Women have long nagged men for not mailing letters given them. I hear of a good one on the opposite sex in this regard. A wife tied a string around her husband's finger so he would not forget to mail a letter, and then forgot to give him the letter.

W. F. Gaffield, of Wolcott, Indiana, bit on something hard and loose in his mouth. "Another tooth gone," he groaned as he spat it out. It wasn't. It was a bullet he had carried in his cheek for fifteen years. While hunting he had been shot accidentally by a friend.

This little bit of baseball gossip is not original with me. It is credited to The Kalends of Waverly Press:

Here lies the body of Mary Jones,
For her, life he'd no terrors;
She lived a maid, she died a maid—
No hits, no runs, no errors.

Mrs. Lucille Deleonardo of St. Louis got one of the dime chain letters from Mrs. Carl Perkins of Arkansas City, Kansas. Remembering her half brother, Milton Mahon, was born in Arkansas City twenty-six years ago, the St. Louis woman wrote this to the sender of the chain letter, asking if she knew Mahon's whereabouts. She did. He resides at Blackburg, Iowa. Now the half brother and sister are united.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain casket without a flower; a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the casket cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.—George W. Childs.

BOY SCOUT TRAILS LEAD TO WORLD SERVICE

(Selected)

Lost in a London fog one day 28 years ago, William D. Boyce, Chicago publisher, looked about to inquire his way. Out of the mist stepped a polite young lad who asked:

"May I be of service, sir?"

Of course, the youth was of service. And Mr. Boyce was tremendously impressed when the lad refused a tip "because Scouts do not accept tips for courtesies."

So Mr. Boyce set about to learn more of this movement, met Baden-Powell, originator of the idea in England, became further impressed. The result was that Mr. Boyce brought the Scout hunch back to America. And on Feb. 8, 1910, he and a handful of other adults interested in youth and fine citizenship formally launched the "Boy Scouts of America."

The other day 25,000 of those Boy Scouts, representing every state and many foreign countries, set up a tent city in Washington, stirring manifestation of the principles that Scouthood has come to signify. There, in the shadows of the Washington Monument, they gathered, dedicated to 10 days of fun and high endeavor. They were massed in the greatest gathering of youth in the history of the Western Hemisphere.

From their tents sprawled along the Potomac, they were to march before the President, their chief; they were to join in a nonsectarian inspirational convocation; they were to celebrate in a giant jamboree such as no nation had ever seen.

And through all this ran the one central theme of Scouting—the Scout code:

On my honor I will do my best—

To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.

To help other people at all times.

To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

Twenty-seven years of Scouting! What has been the record of this unique organization, since that day of founding in February, 1910?

Take it year by year. In 1911 there were 61,000 Scouts as a foundation stone in America. Two years later came the Ohio-Indiana floods; Scouts swarmed to the rescue and the membership almost doubled. Came 1916 and Congress recognized Scouting for its beneficial character and granted a federal charter to protect its name and work. Came the great war. More service and again enlarged membership. And today? The movement numbers more than 1,000,000. In addition, of course, are the 6,000,000 who have been Scouts in the last 27 years.

Throughout the nation Scouting now operates on a basis of 32,000 local troops. The troops in turn are welded into 544 councils which in turn come under the direction of the national council. About 1500 paid Scout leaders devote full time to the project, while more than 250,000 other adults aid as Scoutmasters, as-

sistants and general aids to the movement.

From the individual Scout who must do a good deed every day, the national movement has developed, progressed. Lending a hand in time of disaster, grave emergencies, in civic betterment programs, in welfare programs everywhere.

Perhaps even more important now is the international aspect of Scouting—its aim at world brotherhood. Scouting is established today in 46 countries, barred only in Russia, Germany and Italy. Every four years the national groups meet in a World Jamboree. One thousand American Scouts will journey this August to the next session in the Netherlands.

Scouts attending the Washington Jamboree paid their own expenses and a $25 jamboree fee as well. Most of them earned the money. After the encampment they will see other sections of the country, traveling almost entirely by special train.

Returning home eventually these Scouts will resume their individual projects—perhaps gardening or holding down a summer job or just helping somebody. But the point is, they will help! Back of that principle lay the success of the Washington Jamboree; the success, moreover, of all Scouting.

TOO BUSY

Everywhere you turn you meet "Mr. Too-Busy." He's the fellow with no business, who is always spouting about how busy he is. He never has time to go to church or Sunday school; he is always too busy to take part in any of the civic enterprises for the betterment of the community in which he is permitted to live; his wife complains that he is always too busy to help her with the children or with the little chores around the house. He just hasn't the time to do these things.

This explains the old adage, "If you want to get the job done, get a busy man to do it." Busy men plan their time to prevent idle waste.

When death stands at the doorway and beckoning says, "Come," Mr. Too-Busy will prate, "I'm too busy," but it will not suffice. He will be planted six feet deep, where he might as well have been planted years ago, and few will be those who miss him.

To always be "too busy" is to deny yourself to the life that God has bestowed in you. It is to bury the talent for fear of using it.—Selected.

JOHNSON BIRTHPLACE TO BE MOVED AGAIN

(Charlotte Observer)

The weather-stained house in which Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States was born and lived the first sixteen years of his life, will soon be moved from the red bank of a railroad cut to the North Ctarolina State College campus, in Raleigh.

Mayor George A. Iseley of the capital city said recently that WPA funds had been obtained to move the small two-story frame dwelling, which has already been moved twice since Johnson 'eft North Carolina to become successively Congressman, Senator, and President.

The house will then be free from the danger of sparks from trains which now pass within a few yards of the front porch, and no longer will hobos eat and sleep in the rooms around which cluster the memories of a President of our great nation. The structure will also have a caretaker and will be open to the public.

Dr. C. G. Crittenden, executive secretary of the State Historical Commission, said the house had been at its present site, on the edge of Pu'len Park, for about thirty years. Before that it had been moved to the southeastern section of the city, he said, from its original location in the first Fayetteville Street block. "The building was about to be destroyed, but the Colonial Dames intervened and saved it when it was moved to Pullen Park," he said. "The title was then vested in the city and it was moved to preserve as much of the original parts as possible."

The Colonial Dames furnished the building with period furniture. Downstairs are two rooms, one of which is very sma'l. There is only one room upstairs. Originally put together with pegs and joints, the structure, when moved to the park, was torn down and rebuilt, and modern nails now hold it together.

In this small house Johnson was born, December 29, 1808. His father died when Andrew was five years old, and at the age of ten years the boy was apprenticed to a tailor in Raleigh. There he got the rudiments of education from a man who read to the journeymen. In 1824 he completed his apprenticeship and went to Lauren Court House. He returned to Raleigh in 1826, but shortly thereafter moved, with his mother, to Greeneville, Tennessee, where he took the road which led to the White House.

Each day is an opportunity to start all over again, to cleanse our minds and hearts anew, and to clarify our vision. And let us not clutter up today with the leavings of other days.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLD ELM TELLS STORY OF CORNWALLIS HOUSE

By Frank H. Heath

Within a stone's thrown of the new Camden baseball field, is a large elm tree, scion of noble monarchs of the forest that, back in the dim, misty days of the Revolution, served as sentries of the famous Cornwallis house, a spacious southern home that was for 11 months the headquarters of that famous British general.

It was in June, 1780, that Lord Cornwallis led his Redcoats into Camden and took possession of the home of Colonel Joseph Kershaw to make it his headquarters during the year that he dominated the territory with his British soldiers.

Over this area today, one can trace the eminence upon which this famous old home stood, can visualize the verdant common that it faced, where civic and military meetings were held, where Lafayette reviewed American troops in 1825, where soldiers were mustered that went from Camden to the Mexican war and later to Virginia to battle under the Confederate banner.

Under mother earth lies the dust of hundreds and hundreds of American patriots, prisoners of war, who died, from battle wounds and were buried in rude trenches dug in front of the old home. In one of the upstairs rooms after the British had left were bloodstains, long visible, where a British officer fell, shot through an open window by a reckless patriot lurking in a nearby swamp.

How many dead were buried near the Cornwallis home never became known. Many tragic scenes were enacted in the old building, scenes that gave to the place a sinister and ghastly reputation. Here in the long dining room Lord Cornwallis, General Rawdon and General Tarleton discussed, over their cups of grog, wicked schemes of oppression and revenge. Here it was that their bloody fingers signed orders for executions in nearby prison pens. From the second story windows of the house scores of American prisoners were put to death by hanging from beams extended out from the windows.

Today there is nothing outside of the old elm tree to indicate the tragedy and death that lurked there when the land was young. Underneath the green grass covering the area now lie hundreds of brave American patriots, unknown and unmarked. In the early fall when misty smoke creeps over the countryside, when the air is still after the clamorous shouts of football rooters in a nearby stadium have died away, in the dark of the moon it is Indian summer, negro residents shun the place, for it is whispered that there are "hants" to be seen there.

The Kershaw house, later known as the Cornwallis house, was a large three-story affair. For that period of time, it was an elegant home. The materials of which it was constructed are said to have been imported, the timbers and brick coming from Eng-

land. The grounds were beautifully landscaped.

As a matter of fact, the home was never completed. It was in a state of construction when Cornwallis took possession. Colonel Kershaw, then living in the place was taken prisoner and taken aboard a ship at Charleston and sent to Bermuda. His family was permitted to retain a room on the third floor and it was from this room that they watched with bated breath the swaggering British soldiers march back from their victorious battle against the Americans at the Battle of Camden.

With the victorious Redcoats came hundreds and hundreds of American soldiers, prisoners of war. They were herded like cattle in the yard and given only water to drink. The house was filled with the wounded from both armies. Many died and were buried in trenches dug in the front yard.

When Lord Cornwallis left the house and Lord Rawdon took charge of the British army here, he routed Mrs. Kershaw and her family from the dwelling and made them live in an outbuilding. It was only through food brought them by faithful slaves did they escape starvation.

In May, 1780, the British evacuated the home. The Redcoats applied the torch to all the buildings but for some reason unknown the Cornwallis house did not burn as did all the other buildings in the community.

When Mrs. Kershaw returned to the building it was a scene of deslation. All of the furniture had been tossed out on the lawn and was broken and smashed.

At the end of the war, Colonel Kershaw returned to the home and set about the task of rebuilding his crippled fortune. Joseph Kershaw died in 1791. From 1805 to 1822, it was the home of the Camden Orphan society. Later, it was owned by John Workman, James C. Doby and John Meroney.

It is ironical that this famous old house, one of the chief glories of Camden and an outstanding landmark in American history, after passing through eight decades of strife and storm, should fall before incendiary torch of an American citizen.

It was in Fedruary, 1865, that when word was received that Sherman's army was approaching, a man named Captain John Devereaux set fire to the place. In the basement were stored many barrels and hogsheads of sugar belonging to the Confederate government. Devereaux was there as a commissary and had orders not to let the stores fall into the hands of the enemy.

Men are never likely to guard well their rights and their privileges unless they know well the full extent of their values; unless they duly appreciate the superiority of their condition and the fearful depths they must fall if through ignorance or negligence they forge to themselves chains.

—Albert Pike.

COMMERCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

There is something really fascinating about history ; it becomes alive when we are able to make a comparison of events before and after, especially when we are able to see what effect the occurrence has had on everyday life and the march of civilization.

As recently as 1914, and from that date backward to the begining of world navigation, ships had to travel via the Strait of Magellan if they wished to get around the southernmost tip of the huge continent of North and South America. In the days of sailing ships this was a very lengthy voyage and one fraught with danger. Sometimes the ships would lie becalmed for days on end and then, circling the Horn, they would run into such rough weather that many a good ship was foundered and all record of her lost. With the advent of steam it is true that the time consumed in a trip from New York to San Francisco was considerably lessened, but even, so, the trip was an unnecessarily long and hazardous one.

So even 'way back in the time of Columbus, explorers, he as the pioneer of them, all searched the coast line of Central America convinced that there must be some natural waterway leading from the Atlantic to the other side of that strip of land. When it was finally accepted that no such natural passage existed, it was only natural that the cutting of a channel should be suggested. Antonio Galvao, a Portuguese navigator, in his book, would seem to have been the first to put forward that suggestion in print. Direct requests for the work to be undertaken were directed to the Spanish government, but it naturally did not wish to make the way easy for other nations to reach its New World possesions. Nothing, therefore, was done until 1771 when surveys were made, but even then no attempt was made to commence work.

A highway existed, though, from Porto Bello on the Atlantic side to the old city of Panama, which was sacked by that fantastic buccaneer Henry Morgan. Along that highway much of the treasure from Peru was transported by the conquistadores in the early days. With the advent of the discovery of gold in California, machinery, equipment and supplies had to be shipped from the east coast, either by way of the Strait of Magellan or to the Isthmus, across which they were transported, following this historic highway, only to be re-shipped on the Pacific side. Naturally this method of shipment and transshipment expedited the handling of goods and thus lead to the somewhat hastier development of California.

At best, though, this method of transportation was not a sastisfactory solution, and it was inevitable that engineers and visionaires should play with the thought of a canal across the Isthmus. It was not so long before the French made their historic, valiant, but tragic attempt to trans-

late this dream into a reality. History has informed us of the result and the tremendous loss of life due to disease.

June 28, 1902, the United States, under the authority of an Act of Congress, puchased all the French rights, property and equipment for the sum of $40,000,000.00, and finally the American Government consummated a treaty with the Republic of Colombia to which Panama was then subject, and the American occupation of the Canal Zone began on May 4, 1904. Today, one can drive along a splendid highway alongside portions of the old French canal, but it is practically little more than a ditch; an eloquent reminder of a prodigious battle against terrific odds.

The history of the actual building of the American canal is well-known, but it is extremely doubtful if that would have been successful had not a war been waged against disease and disease-bearing insects. Now, thanks to medical and sanitation science, the Canal Zone is a healthy spot in which to live, but without the benefits accrued from this early work it is not unlikely that the American attempt to cut through the Isthmus would have lead to a tremendous loss of life, and possibly even failure to open a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Eleven years after the American occupation, though, the Panama Canal was opened to the traffc of the world. The first boat to pass through was undoubtedly one of the vessels actively engaged in construction work of the canal. The first commercial ocean steamer to make the trip was the S. S. Ancon, and she made the transit on August 3rd., 1914. On August 15th., the Canal was definitely opened to commerce, and the American-Hawaiian liner, the S. S. Arizonian began its southern passage from Cristobal at 10.23 A. M., arriving at the Pacific end at 4.10 P. M. August 16th. On that same day the Luckenbach steamship, Pleiades, began its northbound transit from Balboa at 6.30 A. M. and arrived at Cristobal at 5:30 P. M. the same day. And so another milestone in the history of our progress was passed, though much trouble was experienced with slides in the Culebra Cut for some time, and the Canal was closed to traffic on several occasions.

By the opening of the Canal the ocean distance from New York to San Francisco was shortened by 7,873 miles, and likewise the distance between other important centers of trade was considerably lessened, which made it profitable for vessels to use the Canal in preference to the longer voyage around the Horn.

Interesting statistics are available on the total number of Canal transits of ocean-going vessels over 300 net tons, from the time of the opening of the Canal up to June 30, 1935. They numbered 88,221 and collectively they paid a toll of $359,634,696.80. In spite of the toll exacted from commerical ships of all countries and the average vessel pays approximately $4.500.00 in tolls for transit, so much time is saved that the toll is only a percentage of the amount which would be lost in operating vessels on the long run round the Horn.

The Panama Canal is not only adequately equipped for its own satisfactory operation, but has all facili-

ties to offer ships needing repairs or supplies. This latter is not an inconsiderable item in a section of the globe where such possibilities would not otherwise be available.

Most people who have not been through the Canal, know comparatively little about it, except perhaps for the at one time-much publicized locks and the famous Culebra Cut already mentioned. Probably there are comparatively few people who would unhesitantly accept the statement as truth that the Canal lies in a general northwest and southeasterly direction. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the fact that the Atlantic end is further west than the Pacific end. Actually the Pacific end is about 27 miles east of the At'antic side! If you are inclined to doubt that statement, as well you might, glance at a good map of the Isthmus, and the fact will be obvious. The actual distance across the Isthmus is only a matter of some 40.27 statute miles in length, yet it requires approximately eight hours for a ship to make the transit. Many people doubtless believe that the Canal lies south of California, and would be surprised to learn that instead it is almost directly south of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The value and importance of the Panama Canal to world trade and travel cannot be over-estimated, and it has already played a large part in the rise of the American tropics.

PERSERVANCE

Sunshine and happiness at times disappear,
  Leaving a wake of sorrow and fear;
Troubles you'll find, when dark clouds arise,
  But tomorrow the sun will light up the skies.
Just smile the day through—never look sad,
  No matter how wrong, you're not all bad;
And, if you can laugh when heartaches begin,
  At the end of the trail you're bound to win.

Others have fallen on life's wayward path,
  But haven't stayed down to let the world laugh;
Others have struggled right on to the end,
  With sometimes, perhaps, the hand of a friend.
So here's a word of advice from the heart of a fool,
  Plucked from the pages of "Life's Own Rule;"
A smile will go further, any day, than a frown,
  And whatever goes up must always come down.

—Selected.

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE HIVE

By Wouter Van Garrett

The bee is one of those little creatures that everyone knows about, and yet there is much misunderstanding about this useful insect. For instance, bees have the reputation for being always busy gathering honey. But they are not all busy—some never do any work—and they don't gather honey. They do gather nectar and pollen but they actually manufacture the honey.

The queen bee is one of the most interesting creatures in the entire insect world. She is the absolute ruler of the hive. As soon as she has been hatched, and is able to move about, her first task is to look for rivals. There can be only one ruler in a well-regulated hive of bees, and so Mrs. Queen instinctively looks around right in the beginning to make sure that there are no other young queen bees around to dispute her position, later on.

If she finds rivals she stings them to death without any warning whatever. The bees you meet while they are gathering nectar can sting you, but a queen bee will never sting a human being. Her stings are reserved for rivals to her throne.

After she has succeeded in disposing of her rivals, she takes a sort of wedding trip after which she settles down to the grim work that is hers for the rest of her life. The span of life for the average queen bee is anywhere from three to five years and, during much of that time, she lays more than a thousand eggs a day. In some cells, in the hive, she lays eggs that will hatch into drones and in other cells eggs which will hatch into workers.

The drones are big, sturdy bees and they are well equipped with sensory organs; but they never do any actual work, even though they make a great deal of noise as they buzz around. During certain periods of the year there are no flowers from which to gather nectar and pollen, and then they must be fed from a reserve food supply in the hive. If there happens to be too many drones, so that the food supply is threatened during cold weather, their number is reduced. Numbers of drones are stung to death, or forced outside to freeze.

You may have the impression that bees like to sting people. This is not true as a rule; you see, every time a bee stings a person it means death for the bee because the stinger remains in the flesh. A bee rarely stings anyone if its stomach is full of food; in fact, the bee is sweet-tempered. It is when the creature is hungry that it becomes annoyed when a person gets in its way.

The workers are all feminine, and they have a wonderful equipment with which to do their work. They have a set of brushes, a small saw, a powerful little pump, and a cleaner. The saw is not used all the time while the bee is gathering nectar, so it fits into a sheath when not in use. The pump is really sort of a tongue that draws nectar out of the flower and into the body.

All the tools of the bee are carried

on the legs. The foreleg carries a cleaner which is used in brushing pollen off the bees antennae. Another set of cleaners, or brushes, cleans the face of the bee after she has taken a trip into a fragrant tunnel.

The pollen basket is fastened to the rear legs, and in filling the basket she uses her hind legs. There are six legs, but it is the foremost pair and the hind pair that are most useful in the pollen-gathering activity.

There are few insects that are as clean and tidy as bees. They simply cannot tolerate any dirt or filth in the hive. If any foreign matter happens to get inside, they do their best to carry it out at once; if it is too heavy to be removed, they cover it with a thick coat of glue which they also manufacture. The hive is kept very clean; all dead and sick bees are carried outside as soon as possible.

One of the remarkable features about these little insects is their engineering skill. They build combs that are strong and durable, and they lay out the quarters in the most systematic manner. No matter how large or how small the space may be, they devise combs that fill the room in the most economic way, and with the smallest amount of building material. And to top it all off, they develop a heating and ventilating system to suit the type of combs that had to be built for the particular space at their disposal.

They are also able to gauge the temperature of the weather, and if it falls lower than fifty-seven degrees Fahrenheit they get busy and start their heating system. As many as 20,000 bees may be engaged in this heating process, at one time. The heat is produced without fuel. One group gets together in one spot, and another in another spot and, by working their muscles, they generate heat. And all around these "firemen" are a great mass of bees which act as insulators to keep the warmth from escaping.

While it is possible for them to produce a temperature of ninety degrees in cold weather, they are also able to cool the hive on a hot summer day. In this particular case they station guards in the passageway to flutter their wings and in this way they create the same effect as small electric fans. The hive remains cool and comfortable in summer, as well as warm and cheerful in winter; all because they have learned how to meet their problems by co-operative effort.

The man who does his ordinary work well, shows the stuff of which he is made. I do not like to see a slack man in any vocation. If he does the small things that come his way in a loose, bad manner, you can't depend on him in a great crisis or in any sort of spiritual contest. It is the duty of all of us while doing the work of the world, to show that we have not lost sight of the spiritual ends even in our material conquests.—**Theodore Roosevelt.**

JADE, THE "JEWEL OF HEAVEN"

By Eugene W. Nelson

Of all the precious stones which men have prized for centuries, none —not even the diamond—has been so surrounded with myth, symbolsim, and legend as jade. Modern research has shown that the people of the ancient world were not very well acquainted with the diamond but 2400 years ago Confucius wrote, "In ancient times, men found in jade all of the excellent qualities." This in itself is proof of how old is the use of jade for ornaments and jewelry in China, and no other mate rial has the power that jade posseses to turn back the pages of time for us and permit us to read the record of a culture and a philosophy which was old when Europe was peopled only by savage tribes of hunters.

Among jade carvings from the early Chinese dynasties—many of which pieces have been buried for thousands of years—we find the beginning of a deep and noble philosophy which has outlasted empires. In jade too, we can see something of the curious civilizations which arose in our own country before the coming of the Spaniards—can trace a definite relationship between these civilizations and that of China.

As for the jade itself, it is a mineral composed of the chemical element—sodium, aluminum, and silicon. It is extremely hard and tough—on the scale by which geologists measure hardness, steel is about five, jade seven, and the diamond (hardest of all known subtances) is ten. These properties made jade a popular stone among primitive peoples for fashioning such implements as knives. axes, and spear points. Its scarcity and the difficulty of shaping it hindered them from employing it to any great extent for these things. In color, jade usually is some form of green—very dark green. Certain impurities ranging from a light green to a delicate lavender tint, or a blood red will give a milk white color, a hue. These varieties are especially prized for making small statues and ornaments.

Although some jade was used as mentioned in various parts of the world, only two civilizations ever elevated it to a position among the decorative stones—China and Central American. The Chinese, in their characteristic flowery manner, referred to jade as the "jewel of heaven, as well aa the lessence of heaven and earth." In many places of China jade is regarded as a sacred stone, and all Chinese attribute magical powers to it. The rise of such beliefs is accounted for by the fact that all of the early Chinese were herdsmen and farmers. The yearly return of the sun and the blossoming of the ground with its green vegetation became associated in their primitive minds with the beautiful green color of jade and eventually the stone was incorporated in their religion as being the symbol of everlasting life.

Of course, we will never know for certain just what ornamental objects the Chinese first carved from this stone. We do know, how-

ever, that as the Chinese civilization became more and more developed—as their myths, philosophy, and religion grew—the forms which the jewelers wrought in jade took on more definite form, too. Now the Orentals are much given to substituting symbols for the actual things and this they translated into stone. Thus the dragon, which to us is an imaginative creature consisting of the lion, goat, snake, and camel, typifies all that is strong and good. This is why so many jade carvings depict dragons—the combination of a dragon statue made from the wonderful jade was. to the Chinese mind, a most potent charm for good fortune.

Another charm frequently occurring in jade carvings is the bat. This is due to a Chinese pun, although we do not usually connect the Chinese with this form of humor. Their word for happiness is "fu," and the same word pronounced slightly differently, means "bat." Jade carvings of five bats are very common and signify the Five Happinesses—old age, wealth, health, love of virtue, and a natural death. Other symbols which the Chinese are fond of perpetuating in jade are the lotus, butterflies (which signify immortality), peach blossoms, and the swastika. A rather curious (to us) use to which many small smoothly polished jade carvings are put by the Chinese is for "fingering pieces." These ornaments the Chinese love to rub with their finger tips, claiming that it helps them to think.

Turning now to the uses of jade among the pre-Columbian Indians, we find that they regarded it as their most precious possession. It is exactly like Chinese jade in composition and "feel," which is all the more puzzling because there are no sources of jade in Central America where all the specimens of this stone have been discovered. There is a possibility that there were small deposits which were "worked out" before the Spaniards arrived, but then again it may have been transported from Asia.

Whatever its source, the Indians lavished their greatest skill on making beads. statues, and the very important ear and nose plugs from jade. Their word for it, "chalchihuitl," means the same as precious." Just how precious it was to them may be shown by a story related about Cortez. While Gortez was still the honored guest of Montezuma, the two men daily played a game like chess. After each game, Montezuma would give the Spaniard a present. One day this gift consisted of several large gold disks, at which the Conquistadore's eyes fairly bulged. Montezuma promised that the present on the next day would be even costlier. Imagine the chagrin of Cortez when, on the following day, the Aztec, presented him with four small carved jade beads

Other explorers have reported similar tales, and as only priests and chiefs could wear jade, we may well believe that they valued it highly. One reason for this value may have been the difficulty of working it. This process was very laborious because these people did not posses metal tools and the stone is extremely hard. For a saw, the Indian craftsman had to rely on a string of rawhide with sand and water; for his shaping tools, on splinters of the hard volcanic glass called obsidian.

All jade ornaments were given a high polish which enhanced their beauty and made them more pleasing to the touch.

Perhaps if we developed our sense of touch more and "fingering pieces" of this cool, delicious feeling stone were commoner, we might think more. Who can tell?

JAPANESE PROVERBS

In every day life, the hare and the tortoise are running their race much more frequently than we are apt to think. If we realized that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, we should not be so easily discouraged.

Every moment you now lose, is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

When people once fall into the habit of admiring and encouraging ability as such, without reference to moral character, they are on the highway to all sorts of degradation.

Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything; but it is not always so, reading furnishes the mind only with material of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.

He who thinks himself already too wise to learn of others, will never succeed in doing anything either good or great.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates starting life under a great disadvantage.

Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a man; then it will bow to him and make room for him.

One must look ahead, so as to do always, to-morrow as well as to-day, one's duty, conscientiously.

The food is to the blood, which circulates through your veins, what reading is to the mind.

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

—Suzuki, in Island Lantern.

WHERE IS JANICE?

By Irma Thaden

"Have you solved the second problem?" was Mary's first question when Janice joined her at the corner on the way to school. These two girls, who had been chums since their sixth-grade days, had begun their careers as high school freshmen the day before.

"Yes, but I didn't get the sixth one. Did you get that?"

"Yes, that wasn't hard, once you got on the right track."

"Dear me, I wish I'd discovered the track."

"Isn't it too bad we promised Miss Niles last year that we'd never cheat again in school?" said Mary, in a slighty complaining tone.

"I'll say. It wasn't so bad in eighth, but its going to be terrible in high school. My brother says everybody cheats a little there. 'You just have to,' he says."

"Oh, pshaw, Janice, what's a silly old promise? I've broken hundreds. So have you, I bet."

"Sure."

"But still—this seemed defferent. Miss Niles called it a 'pledge,' didn't she? And she seemed so in earnest, I just had to promise. It would have hurt her feelings frightfully if we hadn't."

"Yes, I remember. I meant it too, only now it seems so long ago and so silly. We were only 'kids.'"

"Yes, only 'kids,'" replied Mary, strutting a little. She didn't feel like a "kid" any more; she was going to high school now. Then she added: "But, anyway, it won't hurt to try to keep it for a little while longer. Maybe Tom was wrong about everybody cheating; maybe he meant his crownd does."

A half hour later the instructor in algebra was calling the roll. Mary and Janice had never had a man for a teacher before, and they were just a little in awe of him. However, self-confidence was restored in a large measure when they discovered that he called them "Miss Maine" and "Miss Holland." This was a new and not unpleasant experience.

"How many were able to solve all problems?" asked Mr. Martin, in a dignified, but friendly, tone.

All hands, except two, went up. When Mary and Janice saw this, their hearts sank. Were they going to be dubbed the "class dumb-bells"?

"Which problem troubled you, Miss Holland?"

"The sixth," responded a small, ashamed voice.

"And Miss Maine? The same one?"

Mary was not pleased with his words. Something about them seemed to suggest that he thought she and Janice had worked together. Suddenly she was proud of the fact that they hadn't compared answers.

"No, sir," she spoke up, "I couldn't get the second."

"All right," said the teacher. "I am going to ask James Hard to put No 2 on the board and George Harding to put on No. 6."

The boys obeyed. Their answers agreed with those of the rest of the class, but the embarrassing moment

came when Mr. Martin asked each boy to explain his problem so that all would understand each step perfectly.

On the way home at noon Mary and Janice discussed the events of the morning, not slighting the episode in the algebra class.

"Do you know, said Mary, "I believe Jim and George cheated; they didn't know how to do those problems any better than we did, even though they had the right answers."

"I know it, but Mr. Martin didn't say anything. He wrote a grade after their names. It looked as though everybody got 100 but us."

"Oh, well, I'm not going to feel badly about one old 90."

"Neither am I, but, if I can't get tomorrow's problems, believe me I'm going to copy. Teacher doesn't care."

"Why should he care?" asked Mary. "We would not hurt him; we would only hurt ourselves."

"I don't care. I'm not going to let those stupid boys get 100 and be satisfied with 90 for myself."

The next day everyone had all problems right but Mary. The fourth day Mary missed three problems, but she solved one correctly which every other member of the class had wrong. It went on from days to weeks. Her courage began to waver. She saw herself taking home the lowest grade in class. Many times she made up her mind to start copying, but she never came to the point of making good her resolution; Janice, her best friend, was doing it and getting 100 nearly every day.

"That old promise was silly, Mary. It's lots easier this way; besides, the others like you better if you're not goody-goody about giving them an answer once in awhile. You know how we always wished we could get Gordon McKume to look at us. He is just as nice as pie whenever I ask him to let me see his problems. He seems pleased and proud to help me out."

"Maybe he is," said Mary, "but I imagine he likes it most because it makes him feel he knows more than you do. Mother says Gordon has a superiority complex."

"Whatever that is."

"That simply means he's suffering from egotism. He likes himself too much."

"Is that all? Well, if I were as handsome as he and as smart, I'd like myself, too."

One afternoon Mary and Janice slipped on to the swing on Holland's front porch to study their history lesson for a few minutes. Janice had an idea that Gordon McKume would be coming down the street soon, and the front porch would be as good a place to be as any. Perhaps if she spoke to him, he would come in and talk. She was particularly anxious to have Mary see how friendly they had become.

After a half hour of half-hearted reading about the Franco- Prussian War, Gordon came ambling down the street.

"Helo, girls!" he smiled, and raised his hat and slackened his pace.

Janice's heart gave a bound. This was better than she expected; he was stopping of his own accord.

"Why do you stay at school so late?" inquired Janice, politely.

"Oh, just doing a few thing for Mr. Martin, helping him correct papers, and—oh, all such things."

"I should think he would get a

senior to do that," volunteered Mary.

"Why, Marry," Janice said in a shocked tone, "I'll bet Gordon knows about as much as any senior."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Gordon, but he did not deny it, and any one could see that he was pleased with the flattery."

"I suppose you have dates to go to the freshman party," Gordon changed the subject.

Both girls took it for granted that he really wanted to know whether Janice had a date.

"No," Janice said; "as far as I knew, none of the boys has invited girls yet. I suppose you are going to ask Helen Hilkin. She said she thought you would."

"Oh, she did, did she? Well, she takes a lot for granted. I never had such a thing on my mind. I planned to ask Janice Holland. Do you think she would go?"

"I don't see why she wouldn't," replied Janice, blushing, but very much elated.

There the matter rested. Janice was delighted at being the first girl in the class to have a date for the party, which was the really big event of the year. One day Mary said abruptly: "Janice, when did Helen Hilkin tell you she expected Gordon to ask her to the party."

"Why, she didn't say it at all: I was only afraid he was going to ask her, so I thought I'd prevent it if I could."

"Janice! That's cheating!"

"What of it? What do you gain by not doing it? You hardly ever get all your algebra, and now you haven't a date for the party."

Mary turned away. She was disappointed, naturally, at not being asked to the party, but she was more grieved at the change in her best friend. They hardly seemed to be kindred spirits any more. She wished she could do something about it.

Reports came out on the day of the party. The double excitement was almost too much. Mary called for Janice with a heavy heart that morning. This was not going to be a red letter day for her, she feared. The hours dragged along; she couldn't get interested in the decorating which she was appointed to do. She could think of nothing except that she would probably get a low grade in mathematics, and that she had to go to the party with two other girls in the class who had no partners. She had begged to be allowed to remain at home, but her mother said that would be cowardly.

Four o'clock finally came. Reports were passed out. At first she hardly dared to open hers, but after awhile, with trembling fingers, she slipped the card out of the envelope.

Algebra—B.

She could hardly believe it. That was a good grade! Something must be wrong, she felt sure. Mr. Martin must have made a mistake. At first she thought of going to ask him, but she hesitated lest he would make sure it was an error and shatter this glorious moment.

She dressed for the party with more enthusiasm than she had ever anticipated. Her dress was very becoming, and her hair looked its very best. She arrived rather early, and

to prolong the evening, still it was fun to watch everyone come in.

The second surprise of the day unfolded itself. In walked Gordon McKume with three boys. Where was Janice? She talked calmly with her companions, but all the time she kept saying to herself: "Where is Janice? Where is Janice?"

Later in the evening she and Gordon were partners for a game. Her question was, "Where is Janice?"

"Home, I suppose."

"Home? But you were going to bring her to the party."

"Who said so?"

"A CREED FOR THE DISCOURAGED"

"I believe that I was created to he happy, to enjoy the blessings of life, to be useful to my fellow beings, and an honor to my country.

I believe that the trials that beset me today are but the fiery tests by which my character is strengthened, ennobled and made worthy to enjoy the higher things of life, which I believe are in store for me.

I believe that my soul is too grand to be crushed by defeat; I will rise above it.

I believe that I am the architect of my own fate; therefore, I will be master of circumstances and surroundings, not their slave.

I will not yield to discouragements, I will trample them under foot and make them serve as stepping stones to success. I will conquer my obstacles and turn them into opportunities.

My failures of today will help to guide me on to victory on the morrow.

The morrow will bring new strength, new hopes, new opportunities and new beginnings.

I will be ready to meet it with a brave heart, a calm mind and an undaunted spirit.

In all things I will do my best, and leave the rest to the Infinite.

I will not waste my mental energies by useless worry. I will learn to dominate my restless thoughts and look on the bright side of things.

I will face the world bravely. I will not be coward. I will assert my God-given birthright and be a man."

—Virginia Opal Myers.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Robert Alexander, of China Grove, called at the School on Friday of last week to have a blank filled out in regard to his age and grade completed in school while here. This blank is required by the North Carolina Department of Labor and must be filled out by all workers under eighteen years of age.

Robert left the School last July. His sister, who was with him, said that he had been getting along fine since leaving us. He came to the School from Gastonia and spent about four years here.

Witt (Lefty) Guise and Ken Chitwood, star hurlers for the Concord Weavers of the Carolina League, were visitors at the School last Sunday. After having dinner with the boys of Cottage No. 2, they made a complete tour of the entire plant, and seemed to take great delight in meeting the youngsters. It is needless to say that the boys were glad to see them, for many of them have seen Lefty and Ken in action, and because of their ability to throw baseballs where the other fellows couldn't hit them, they had become great favorites with them. The boys seemed to get an unusually big "kick" uot of having the visitors pose with them for a number of snap-shots.

We recently received a letter from Hayes Crary, one of our old boys, who is in the United States Marine Corps, and is now stationed in Shangai, China. He states that he is getting along fine and is expecting to come back to this country some time this year. Hayes has been in the service of Uncle Sam for nearly four years, and has traveled quite extensively during that time. At the time of writing he had been out of the Unteid States for two years and had been stationed at Honolulu, Guam and China. While Hayes says he is having a good time in Shangai, where there are many things of interest to be seen, he is looking forward to returning to the good old U. S. A.

Walter Sistar, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in January 1934, called at The Uplift office last Tuseday afternoon. Upon leaving the School he obtained employment as linotype operator on the Daily Times, Athens, Georgia, where he stayed until he returned to this state a few months ago. Walter is now employed by the daily Journal-Sentinel, at Winston-Salem, and reports that he likes his present position better than any he has had since leaving us. He is married and took great delight in telling us of Walter, Jr., his 21-months-old son. Accompanying "Sis" on his visit to the School was E. V. Pate, a graduate of the Oxford Orphanage, who is also a linotype operator for the Journal- Sentinel.

James Doug'as, formerly of Cottage No. 12, who left the School about eighteen months ago, called on us last week. After leaving here he worked on a farm near Goldsboro for six months. For the past year he has been working in Washington, D. C., being employed as a steel tile setter, and for several months past has been engaged in helping remodel the Harrington Hotel.

During his two and one-half years' stay at the School James was a member of the barn and carpenter shop forces. After spending his vacation with relatives in Durham and Goldsboro, and with his father in Darlington, S. C., he will return to Washington.

James gave us some information concerning three other boys who are now in Washington: William Justice and Jennings Norris, who are now employed as messengers by the Postal Telegraph Company, and William Ange, who works as soda dispenser at a drug store on Connecticut Avenue. He reports they have been up there about a year and are getting along very well.

On Wednesday of last week the Gibson Mill baseball team administered an 18 to 0 drubbing to the Training School lads, on the local diamond.

Lawrence started on the mound for the School boys but was relieved by Younger in the third inning. The boys from Gibson banged out a total of fifteen hits off their offerings, many of them going for extra bases. While both pitchers were hit hard and often, their support was about the worst seen here this season, twelve costly errors being responsible for many of the runs chalked up by the visitors. Had the game not been called at the end of the fifth inning it is hard to imagine just how many Gibson boys would have crossed the platter.

Leigh, the visiting pitcher, was master of the situation throughout, allowing but four scattered singles. Only one School player got beyond second base.

T. Williams, the Gibson third-baseman, connected for four singles in as many times at bat; Bennett, second-baseman, poled out two circuit blows, and Leigh got a triple and single. The score:

							R	H	E
Gibson	1	4	6	4	3	—	18	15	1
J. T. S.	0	0	0	0	0	—	0	4	12

On Thursday a six-inning game between Hartsell Mill and the Training School resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 6 to 4.

Lefler, visiting pitcher, let the local lads down with two hits and fanned five batters. He issued three passes, two of them resulting in runs.

Charlie Furchess, who was on the firing line for the School boys, gave up twelve hits, one of them a home run by Kennedy.

Hunsucker, B. Lefler and Blackwelder, with two hits each, led the Hartsell boys at bat, while one of the two hits secured bey the School lads was a home run by Jim Whittington. The score:

		R	H	E
Hartsell	0 2 3 0 1 —	6	12	2
J. T. S.	1 0 0 1 2 —	4	2	3

The boys from Cannon Mill visited the local ball yard last Saturday afternoon and were beaten by the School ball tossers by the score of 7 to 4.

Jim Whittington, who is usually found behind the plate, took the mound for the School boys and held the visitors to four hits in a five-inning game. He also caused six batetrs to whiff the ozone. In addition to pitching a good game, Jim led the local lads with the stick, pounding out a triple and two singles, and scoring a pair of runs.

Simpson and Allen attended to the pitching duties for Cannon Mill and were nicked for seven hits.

None of the visiting batters secured more than one hit, but one of them was a triple by Taylor. Ralph Johnson, local custodian of the hot corner, poled out a home run with one on in the second. The score:

		R	H	E
Cannon	1 2 0 1 0 —	4	4	5
J. T. S.	2 2 3 0 x —	7	7	?

Because of the failure of the regularly scheduled minister to make his appearance, there was no service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the regular time, where Superintendent Boger addressed them briefly on the first Psalm. After singing a few of their favorite hymns they returned to their respective cottages.

CLEARER THROUGH THE YEARS

Sometimes the mind sees clearer
  When it thinks through hurt and care,
Sometimes the soul is richer
  For the burdens it may bear.
Sometimes the heart grows fonder
  When it shares another's pain,
As gardens bloom the fairer
  When washed by summer's rain.
Sometimes one's love grows deeper
  With the trials of the years.
We see the rainbow brighter
  When our eyes look through their tears.

—Belle Travers McCahan.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending July 18, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(7) J. C. Cox 7
(2) Charles Davis 2
(7) Edward Johnson 7
(7) James Johnson 7
(4) Carl Kepley 6
Edward Lucas 2
(7) Mack Setzer 7
(7) Joseph Tucker 7
(7) James Wilhite 7

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Henry Cowan 3
(2) Carroll Dodd 3
(4) William Haire 5
(2) John Kellam 2
(2) Jack Norris 4
(3) Arthur Martin 5
William Pitts 2
Eugene Stallings 4
Robert Watts
(3) James West 5
(4) R. L. Young 4

COTTAGE No. 2

Arthur Craft
Samuel Ennis 3
Julius Green 3
Lindsay Jones
Melvin Jarrell
Max Lindsay
Carl D. Shoffner 4
Richard Wrenn 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Jewell Barker 2
Earl Barnes 3
(7) Neely Dixon 7
(2) James Eury 5
(2) Coolidge Green 5
Julian Gregory 3
Edgar Hatley 3
Robert Maultsby
James McCune 4
(3) James Mast 4
William New
(5) Frank Pickett 6
John Piner 4
Burl Smathers
W. T. Smith
George Shaver

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 4
James Bartlett
Hurley Davis 4
Lewis Donaldson 4
Ernest Hudspeth 4
Thomas Maness 3
(3) Robert Mims 3
Lloyd Pettus 5
(3) Frank Raby 3
(2) Thomas Stephens 3
William Suratt
(7) Melvin Walters 7
(2) Leo Ward 4
(2) Odell Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Almond
(2) Theodore Bowles 3
William Brothers 4
(4) Marshall Bryson 6
Jack Clinard 3
(7) Robert Jordan 7
(2) James Seawell 2
(2) Jack Tate 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Lacy Burleson 6
(7) Robert Bryson 7
Jesse Cleveland
(7) Fletcher Castlebury 7
Robert Deyton 3
Robert Dellinger
(2) Thomas Doby 6
Noah Ennis 3
Frank Glover 6

(5) Thomas Hamilton 6
(5) Leonard Jacobs 6
(6) James Rackley 6

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) James Corn 4
(2) Archie Castlebury 4
(2) Fred Dysen 4
(2) John Elliott 3
(2) William Estes 4
(3) Lacy Green 5
(3) Caleb Hill 6
(2) Houston Howard 2
(3) Hugh Johnson 5
James Jordan 3
(2) Robert Lawrence 3
(2) Kenneth Messick 4
(3) Elmer Maples 6
(3) J. C. Mobley 5
(3) J. D. Powell 4
(2) Wallace Smith 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Wilfred Land 4
Rayvon Michael 3
John Penninger
(3) Charles Presnell 3
(3) Charles Taylor 6

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Thomas Braddock 6
William Brackett 2
(2) James Coleman 4
(7) Randolph Davis 7
(3) Reuben Duggins 6
(2) George Duncan 2
(7) Woodfin Fowler 7
Eugene Presnell
Earl Stamey 3
(3) Homer Smith 6
(2) Thomas Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No 11

(5) Harold Bryson 5
(7) Howard Clark 7
(3) John Drum 5
(6) Lawrence Guffey 6
(5) David Hodge 6
(5) William Kirk 5
(2) Alton Morgan 2
(5) Edgar Merritt 6
(3) William Martin 6
(4) Donald Newman 6
(3) Filmore Oliver 5
(7) Theodore Rector 7
John Uptegrove
(7) Fred Williamson 7
(2) Burchell Young 3

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Charles Batten 3
Frank Dickens 5
(4) Hubert Holloway 5
(2) Frank Lewis 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(7) Fletcher Boggs 7
Harry Leagon 2
(2) John Smith 6
(7) Morris Starnes 7
(2) Frank Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Curtis Coleman 5
Spurgeon Dowless 2
(4) Henry Hallman 5
Felmond Lane
William Mickey 2
(2) John Robbins 4
Desmond Truitt
(3) Garfield Walker 6

COTTAGE No 15

(2) Julian Andrews 5
(5) John Brown 5
Granville Cheek 2
Joseph Hyde 5
(7) Walter Hill 7
L. M. Hardison 2
(7) Caleb Jolly 7
(7) Connie Michael 7
Edward Martin 4
(2) Raymond Mabe 2
Edward Patrum 2
Alvin Powell 3
Wilson Rich 5
James H. Riley 3
(3) Wallace Sommers 4
(3) Harless Triplett 6
Jones Watson 3
Robert Wilson 4
(3) Harold Walsh 3

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 31, 1937 No. 31

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LIFE

Life is the loom on which we weave
  Our patterns, small and great.
For threads, we use our thoughts and deeds;
  Take care, lest those fragile strands break.

And when the weave is ended,
  The pattern complete and done,
Let it rival in beauty and splendor,
  The glorious rising sun.

—Author Unknown

—— Published By ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

PENDULUMS

Today we are young and rejoice as a strong man to run a race; tomorrow we are old and our feet have grown weary on the road of the years.

Today we abound in the vigor of health; tomorrow we are consumed by the fever of sickness.

Today we put forth the bud and flower of springtime; tomorrow our day is in the sear and yellow leaf.

Today we are clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously; tomorrow in sack cloth we fain would fill ourselves with the husks of famine.

Today we anoint our heads with the oil of joy and put on the garment of praise; tomorrow we water our bed with tears and grief is a sword in our heart.

Today we are happy in the companionship of loved ones; tomorrow we are enfolded in the lonely night of sorrow.

Today we are brave with a dauntless courage; tomorrow we flee when no man pursueth.

Today with songs of deliveranc we ascend the Mount of Exaltation; tomorrow we grope and stumble in the Valley of Despair.

Today we put on the whole armour of God and quench the fiery darts of the wicked; tomorrow the arm of flesh fails us and we give place to the temptation that doth so easily beset us.

Today we live and move and have our being; tomorrow the place of our habitation shall know us no more.

But whether it be today or tomorrow, he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Thou, O Lord, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither be afraid; ye believed in God, believe also in the Lord Jesus Christ Whom He hath sent. Commit thy ways unto the Lord; do good and lean not to thine own understanding, and at eventide when the shadows are stretched out it shall be light.

By J. Clyde Cloman, in the Lutheran

IMMUNE FROM TYPHOID

The health department of Cabarrus county, Dr. D. G. Caldwell, department head, is offering free immunization against typhoid fever, a dreaded disease that can be prevented if there is a general acceptance of the offer of the health department.

The report from the county health department is that at the end of the four-weeks campaign of typhoid innoculation a total of 1, 943 persons were given the three treatments. The local officials of the health office have been touring the county, stopping at schools, churches, stores and other points to give the immunizing treatment,—treatments also have been given at the local office.

That vaccination against typhoid is effective is conclusive as proven by figures compiled recently by the Journal of the American Medical Association:

In 78 American cities last year, the death rate from typhoid fever was .94 per 100,000 of population. This compares with a death rate of 20.54 per 100,000 of population in 1910.

"Here we have the record of one dreaded disease which has been conquered by medical science. Doctors know exactly what causes typhoid fever and they know exactly how to prevent it. A malady that took thousands of lives yearly, a quarter of a century ago, is now reduced to comparative insignificance."

—Morganton News-Hearld.

* * * * * * *

MARCONI

Marquis Guglielmo Marconi, internationally known Italian scientist and inventor of the wireless, 1895, that brought the world closer together, died on the 19th of this month in his palace home, Rome, at the age of 63 years.

Having a super-endowed scientific mind, without a trace of doubt was obsessed with the feeling that he could control the ether waves of the upper regions, and give to human welfare the greatest contribution ever conceived.

Humanity in a large manner owes its progress to such as Marconi with ultra gifts that fire every fiber of their bodies to experiment till the dream of a young life is a reality.

Genius Marconi's like live as on a "mountain top, without doubt or fear, with horizons expanded, with visions lifted above the fog of petty things and like the Alpine guide die climbing."

The father of this wizard endeavored to change the trend of mind of his young son, and make of him a finished musician, but not for a moment was the ambition and desire of Marconi curbed for he continued to plod away with crude instruments till he mastered the technique of electric impulses and sent the first wireless in 1909 across the English Channel.

The radio, a product of Marconi's discoveries, broadcasted his funeral rites, also gave an excerpt from a speech Marconi had written prior to his death, telling that he had not expected the "great satisfaction" which came from the development of radio broadcasting, because he first considered it very defective.

Such developments as Marconi s at first give one an uncanny feeling, but after becoming accustomed to the strides made in science it inspires one to think and feel that we are just on the threshold of greater mysteries to be solved that will startle each succeeding generation.

* * * * * * *

NATION-WIDE FIGHT

The Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in annual convention at Atlantic City a few weeks back made plans for a nation-wide fight for rights of women, the equal of that of men, and for legislation to promote the interest of working women. Their objective also is to gain greater voice in national and state government. For women to measure up to such requirements means a study of all public issues, state or national, and to keep informed as to all questions of government. It is some task, but there are women who revel in such and the duty that devolves upon all politicians, men or women, is to be informed.

We feel that the Business and Professional Women are justifiable in demanding their rights if they can measure up to requirements. There is tendency to undervalue the work of women for reasons that have never been explained. Perhaps no other reason than "just a woman."

We are sufficiently antiquated to think the most valuable service

a woman can render is in the home, but if by dint of circumstances woman is to become the bread winner then there is no reason in the world she should not be compensated to meet the demands on a basis the equal of her brother.

If the women do not stand for their rights no one will do it for them so here is wishing the women will mold public sentiment in favor of recognizing efficiency, let it be man or woman, and not discriminate because of sex.

* * * * * * *

An exchange that comes to this office relates that there is confusion in the Conference of the Free Will Baptist church down in the eastern part of the state. The story goes that a minister of the Free Will Baptist faith accepted the pastorate of another denomination, and this has caused some unrest among the orthodox members of that particular church. The comment is that just such acts, it matters not what the cause may be, are responsible for the multiplicity of denominations.

For instance back in 1740 the Episcopal church of England stopped John Wesley from preching in their churches, doubtless for something trivial and not the least spiritual, consequently the Methodists came into existence; also during the period of history when the slavery question became acute in America the Methodist denomination split into the Northern and Southern branches. These were nothing more than personal differences that could have been overcome by patience till all differences were smoothed out.

Church union is in the offing so long as members paramount the insignificant things, and fail to emphasize faith in the birth and resurrection of His only Son.

All other things are external but faith comes from within and will prove a panacea to any and all differences.

* * * * * * *

Statistics show that in Germany the average is one automobile to every 75 persons. In the United States one car to every 5 people is the estimate. This perhaps tells why so many people fail to meet their financial obligations. This manner of living may in polite society be termed as beating one's way, but it is noting short

of theft. One form of theft is burglary, and the other is purchasing commodities, or using personal property, with no intention of ever paying.

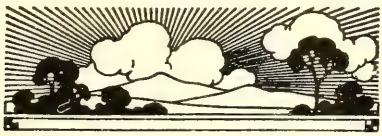
We can fortify ourselves against the burglar, or feel we can, but the other impostor worms his way into your confidence and then moves off leaving his one time friend with the bag to hold. The world is full of such. We talk about such conditions just as we do the weather, but it is possible to change the spots of a leopard.

* * * * * * *

It was during the time of the War Between the States that a soldier saw the need of a fence to enclose land that could not be destroyed, and besides take up so much land that was absolutely wasted.

This was the work of an imaginative mind. So as a result of this economic mind the "wire-fence" came into existence in 1883. This particular soldier observed how the fences to the farm land were confiscated for fire-wood during the war. So during his idle moments while sitting around the camp fires he twisted roots of grasses, old wire together in an attempt to find a way to make durable and economical fences.

His dream was realized in his work-shop on a farm in Michigan in the year of 1883. The original was crude, like all other inventions at first, but is today generally used and the old worm like rail fence is a thing of the past.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A Sunshine Song

"Would you smooth the rugged path
Down along life's highway?
Would you plant the rose of faith
In some lonely byway?
Just a deed of kindness done
Clears the path before us,
And the lilies of God's love
Bloom and blossom o'er us."

Some women make up their faces a great deal quicker than they do their mind.

It appears that Al Smith went to Europe to expostulate on "empire building." He promulgated some "tall" stories.

It is told that fish do not hear, but they are sensative to sounds that cause vibrations on the water. Guess that is because of the minuteness of their scales.

The latest addition to appetizers to the menu is celery juice. It looks as if our vegetables are going wet. We may yet have onion juice and carrot cordial.

The argument has long existed over the question as to whether the world is round or flat. However that may be, the generality of people will tell you that the world is in a bad shape.

A man's wife told him she was sure that she heard a mouse squeak. And the lazy rascal wanted to know of his wife if she wanted him to get up and oil it. That would rattle any wife.

A bit of gossip, like a little spark, oftimes creates a great deal of unpleasantness. It is good thing to "bridle your tongue." Better still, keep your mouth closed, when tattling is in the air.

It looks like liquor control is going to work down in Tarboro. The ABC officers have begun to Edgecombe the the county. They have already served 56 warrants on people accused of selling liquor down there.

According to an explorer, a tiger will not harm you if you carry a white walking cane. A "blind tiger" might not. But I would never "stick" around with a live, wide-awake tiger walking about near me.

The search for Amelia Earhart and Frederick Noonan has ended and they are listed as lost, as far as the United States Navy is concerned. Too bad. They had a notion, and now, it seems, the ocean has them.

It is stated that the government is taking on new employees at the rate of 6,000 a month. At this rate, in a few years, the greater part of the population will be on the government pay roll, and the public morale will be shattered.

In York, Nebraska, M. Woodward's

cow had a liking for nails, bits of wire, glass and old pieces of brass. But a 3-inch nail proved too much. She died after the nail worked through the stomach wall and pierced the heart. She no doubt heard so much about iron in the blood that she wanted to get the vitamines in her system and milk.

A sharp rise recently took place in future wheat prices. Reason: This year's crop will be materially smaller than was anticipated, due to stem rust damage. Important wheat areas where it was anticipated that crops would run 30 or more bushels per acre will they say, actually yield 10 or less. Yet, many of these reports on crop results, are sent out to affect the market, and it is not always safe to rely on them; or trust them. We may plant and water, but it is God that giveth the increase. Trust to Him.

The politicians are still taxing everything in sight—and hunting for other things to lay the hand of taxaction on. Is it never going to stop? The consumer is at the bottom of the whole tax pyramid. Many of the taxes on industry and trade, in various branches, is passed on to the consumer. One of these days the worm will turn. Consumer organizations are already making an appearance. The voice of the consumer will be heard, and it will not sound pleasant to the ears of the tax-grabbing politicians. Mark that down in your memory.

This is station JAR, and "Old Hurrygraph" signing off for a vacation, for a while, from pecking typewriter keys. So long, and good cheer.

DO IT NOW

The dead can't smell the flowers you bring,
  Nor hear the praises you sing;
The dead can't see the tears you shed,
  Nor feel you sorrowing.
So give the live ones words of praise;
  Don't wait until it is too late;
A kind word brightens gloomy days,
  And fits a man to cope with Fate.
A boost is cheap; so let us try
  To keep our good deeds piling,
And if a poor chap has to die,
  Let's see that he dies smiling.

—O. P. News.

COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT HAS SERVED COMMUNITY FOR 18 YEARS

(Concord Herald-Observer)

Public health has been defined as "The art of science of preventing disease, prolonging life and promoting physical and mental efficiency through organized community effort."

With such high purposes the Cabarrus County Health Department was organized in 1919 and with similar ideals this department has continued to serve the citizens of Cabarrus County over a period of 18 years. It is an integral and valued part of the life of the community.

For many years the personnel of the Health Department consisted of the Health Officer, one nurse, and a secretary. The first full-time Health Officer was Dr. S. E. Buchanan who was elected on September 1, 1919. In 1920, through the interest and cooperation of the King's Daughters and Red Cross, Miss May Stockton was chosen as public health nurse and served in this capacity for some years.

The work was continued on this basis until 1927, when Dr. D. G. Caldwell was elected as Health Officer. During his term as administrator of the health forces, considerable expansion in the work has been evident. The present set-up in this county consists of the Health Officer, who is responsible to the County Board of Health and to the State Board of Health for the health activities in his area; two nurses, who assist the Health Officer in his clinic work and are his field workers throughout the communities served; A Milk Sanitarian; a Sanitary Officer; and a secretary, who complete the roster of health workers directly employed by the Health Department in this county.

North Carolina was one of the first states to develop the county-unit plan for health work. This plan places responsibility for health conditions in health officers appointed by the County Boards of Health and has been found to be a most efficient means of obtaining results in this field. Local authority is much more apt to control local conditions than some more distant agency.

Working under this plan, the County Board of Health cooperates with the State Board of Health. The Chairman of the County Commissioners acts as the Chairman of the Board of Health and there is thus a close cooperation between the health and governmental departments in the county government.

Funds for health work in this county are furnished by the State, City of Concord, and by County appropriation, the larger part of the funds coming from County sources. During the last two years, funds from Social Security have been available to supplement appropriations from the regular sources.

This county has an average yearly health expenditure of less than 30 cents per capita. The United States Public Health Service recommends that the minimum expenditure for

health service should not be less than $1.00 per year per person,—preferably more. It is the hope of health workers in Cabarrus County that we may see the time in the not too distant future when this ideal may be reached and the work in this county extended to meet more of the urgent needs in this field.

To give a detailed account of the many and varied activities of Cabarrus County Health Department would require much space. The first public health efforts were directed toward the control of communicable disease and is still the primary function of a health service. Quarantine and isolation of contacts is supplemented by education as to means of prevention. Large clinics are conducted annually for typhoid and diphtheria immunization and reach thousands of persons all over the county each year. Only 2 cases of typhoid fever were reported in Cabarrus County in 1936 and none has been reported in 1937 to date. This is a surprising statement if one remembers back to thirty or forty years ago when "the fever" was an expected visitor in almost every home.

Over a thousand smallpox vaccinations are done yearly to protect our school children against smallpox. No case of this disease has occurred in our county in the last five years.

During the last year, the control of syphilis has been given a great deal of publicity and there has been an increased demand for treatment. A venereal disease clinic is conducted by the Health Officer on three half-days each week, in which indigent and semi-indigent patients are treated. When one considers the terrible ravages of syphilis and the fact that it may be transmitted from parent to child, it is hard to estimate the value to society of the hundreds of anti-syphilitic treatments given by the Health Officer every year.

Tuberculosis control in the county is under the direction of the Tuberculosis Association, with Miss Naomi Moore as Tuberculosis Nurse. This service is associated with the Health Department and clinics are arranged through the cooperation of the Health Officer.

The health of infants and preschool children is supervised as far as the time of the nurses permits. It is felt that the addition of one more nurse to the Health Department staff would give much more opportunity for this work which is so sadly needed.

The Health Department works very closely with the school authorities in supervising the health of the school children all over the county. Routine health inspections are done and many home follow up visits made where it is necessary to interest parents in getting physical defects corrected. For many years, a tonsil clinic was conducted by the Health Departments at which more than 1000 children were successfully operated on. Due to the opening of the County Hospital it was thought best this year to discontinue this feature of the program.

Under Dr. Caldwell's administration, there has been an increasing interest and activity in sanitary work of every type. The milk situation has been brought under excellent control and both Concord and Kannapolis are assured of a supply of pure, safe milk. Hundrels of milk and other food

handlers are examined yearly by the Health officer. All dairy herds in the county have been tested many times and are free from all diseases. All cafes and eating places are under supervision also.

The watershed for the Concord supply has been repeatedly inspected and much improvement is noted in sanitary conditions. The Kannapolis watershed is under inspection at the present time. Several thousand sanitary privies have been constructed all over the county.

It is difficult to give a complete picture of the many different activities which center in the Health Department. It is impossible to evaluate in dollars and cents the service described in this article.. No one could estimate the cases of disease prevented, with consequent saving of economic loss as well as of human lives.

There is probably no citizen of Cabarrus County who does not profit directly or indirectly by the service offered by the Health Department. It is customary to take for granted a pure water and milk supply, but a vast amount of sanitary and educational work is necessary to produce these necessities of our daily life. In the sanitation and control of public eating places, etc., the unseen public health agency affords protection to all who patronize such places. Through prenatal advice to mothers, diphtheria immunization, pre-school and school health clinics, control and prevention of contagious diseases, venereal disease clinics, sanitation, and all educational phases of the work, the Health Department furnishes a service which must touch the lives of a very large precentage of our people, in one way or another. From infancy to old age, the Health Department feels an interest and a responsibility for the health of the people of our own county.

Remedial work is not the function of the Health Department. Its object is prevention and education. The service we wish to render is a constructive one which shall be a force for building a healthy, happy people. Some one has said that "He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything."

Dr. Milton J. Rosenau, Dean of the School of Public Health at the University of North Carolina, has written a few lines which express very aptly the dreams of health workers the world over:—

"Preventive medicine dreams of a time when there shall be no unnecessary suffering, and no premature deaths; when the welfare of the people shall be our highest concern; when humanity and mercy shall replace greed and selfishness; and it dreams that all these things will be accomplished through the wisdom of man."

W. A. Brown, Chairman, Mayor Wilkinson, Dr. J. E. Burns, Dr. P. R. MacFayden, Sr., S. G. Hawfield, Dr. G. S. Alexander.

County Board of Health.

Dignity consists not in possessing honors, but in consciousness that we deserve them.—Aristotle.

WHAT THE HOSPITAL MEANS

By Dr. W. S. Rankin

(Editor's Note: The following article was prepared especially for The Daily Heraild-Observer's Cabarrus County Hospital edition by Dr. W. S. Rankin, director of the Hospital Section of The Duke Endowment).

James B. Duke was a man of great breadth of vision and foresight. All who knew him were impressed with the soundess of his judgement. Here is what Mr. Duke thought of the importance of hospita's: "I have selected hospitals as another of the principal objects of this trust because I recognize that they have become indispensable institutions, not only by way of ministering to the comfort of the sick but in increasing the efficiency of mankind and prolonging human life. The advance in the science of medicine growing out of discoveries, such as in the field of bacteriology, chemistry and physics, and growing out of inventions such as the X-ray apparatus, make hospital facilities essential for obtaining the best results in the practice of medicine and surgery. So worthy do I deem the cause and so great do I deem the need that I very much hope that the people will see to it that adequate and convenient hospita's are assured in their respective communities, with especial reference to those who are unable to defray such expenses of their own."

Not only was this his judgment, but so convinced was he of its soundness that he gave a larger total sum and a larger percentage of his estate for providing for hospitals than any other of the great philanthropists, with the possible exception of Mr. Rockefeller. Since The Duke Endowment began work in 1925 there has been contributed for assisting in the building, equipment, and operation of hospitals in the two Carolinas a total of $10,400,000. When the people of Cabarrus County voted a bond issue to provide a local hospital they accepted the judgment of Mr. Duke with respect to the importance of these institutions and brought the hope that he had expressed, "that the people will see to it that adequate and convenient hospitals are assured in their respective communities", to a handsome realization.

For a number of years the writter has been interested in and encouraged by the steady growth of sentiment in Cabarrus for modern provisions for the care of the sick. He recalls gratefully, in this connection, the interest of Mr. J. P. Cook, Reverend J. C. Rowan, and others, and the effect of the private hospital, maintained without community assistance for a number of years by Dr. P. R. MacFayden, in demonstrating the larger need. To these pioneers goes the credit of sowing the seed that have come to flower in the opening of the new hospital.

The Cabarrus County Hospital is thoroughly modern in design, construction, and equipment, an institution that unquestionably will become more deeply rooted in the hearts of the community which it serves as it takes up its work. It is so planned that the additions which the future

will call for can be easily and economically added. It is exceptionally well located to serve Cabarrus, almost midway between its two large centers of population, convenient of access, and, when the grounds are completed, most attractive in appearance. The administration of the new institution has been planned wisely so as to have every township in the county representd in its management. The hospital has, including bassinets for babies, 65 beds, 55 adult beds and 10 bassinets. It will soon average 40 patients a day, with an average stay of from ten to twelve days. This will mean that the hospital will provide care without crowding for 100 patients a month, or 1,200 patients a year. Of the 1,200 patients, 400, approximately one-third, will be patients who could not obtain hospital services except through the interest and generosity of their neighbors, the people of the county.

The larger purpose and effect of the hospital that which appealed particularly to Mr. Duke, will be its influence on the quality of medical service for the people of the whole county, that is, not only the smaller per cent of the sick who are seriously ill in the hospital, but the larger per cent of the sick of the whole county, those who are in bed and those who are on their feet. This relation of the hospital to the general improvement of medical care that are available to the doctors. All of the doctors of the county will have the advantage of a modern laboratory, of X-ray equipment, of the assistance of nurses and technicians in the handling of their patients. The hospital will serve through the organizations of the doctors in the staff as a clearing house of professional information through which each doctor contributes to the general knowledge of all. It is this larger influence of the hospital in improving medical services for all the people of the county, not simply the institutional population, that gives the institution its greatest value.

LAW OF COMPENSATION

An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as spirit, matter; subjective, objective, motion, rest, yea, nay. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. For everything you have gained something else; and for everything you gain you lose something. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded; every wrong redressed in certainty and silence. Give and it shall be given you. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens around your own. A man cannot speak but he judges himself.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FOUR OBJECTIVES OF DUKE ENDOWMENT

(Concord Herald-Observer)

The Duke Endownment since its foundation in 1925 has contributed approximately $25,000,000 from the income of trust funds for its four objectives: $12,700,000 for education; $1,300,000 for the care of orphans; $150,000 for rural Methodist churches and superannuated Methodist ministers, and $9,250,000 for the care of the sick.

The importance of medical care is shown by the fact that the average person in the United States is sick nine days each year. There are 25 people out every 1,000 in bed at an average time and 3, or 3.5, persons out of the 1,000 need hospitalization. The average North Carolina county has a constant average of 90 hospital patients.

James B. Duke sought to further the work of Pasteur, Koch, and Lister,—the founders of modern medicine. Modern medicine necessitates hospitalization with its expensive equipment. In 1873 there were 149 hospitals in the United States; in 1900 there were 2,000 and today there are more than 6,000

Modern medicine compels more carefully trained doctors.. Before 1900 very few medical schools required pre-college work for entrance. Now all schools require two years pre-college work and most graduates have from one to three years post-graduate hospital experience.

The modernly trained doctor is accustomed to scientific equipments: the laboratory, X-ray, and operating room, and as a result usually located in hospital centers. In 1923 there was an average of 22 hospitals in cities of 100,000 population and over, while in places of 10,000 and under there were 22 hospitals. Today there are more than five general hospital beds per 1,000 people in cities of 100,000 population and over but less than one bed per 1,000 people in cities of 10,000 population and under.

In large cities there is an average of one doctor for 500 people. In North Carolina, which is largely a rural state, there are 69 counties which average more than 1,500 people per doctor; in 41 counties there are more than 2,000 people for each doctor; in 16 counties there are more than 2,500; in 8 counties more than 3,000 and in 2 counties there are 5,000 for each physician. The major purpose of the Hospital Section of the Duke Foundation is to improve and provide hospital facilities in the rural section of the Carolinas.

Three doctors at the Banner Elk Hospital with trained assistants and scientific equipment are doing more than 10 doctors could do without a hospital. 850 hospital patients are cared for annually and 3,000 ambulatory or out-patients.

The Endownment has spent $2,500,000 for purchasing, improving, and building community hospitals in North Carolina and South Carolina. One-half of the building cost of the Cabarrus County Hospital was paid

by the Duke Endowment. Since 1925 there has been a 26 per cent increase in the capacity of the hospitals in the Carolinas,—from 6,558 beds to 9,100 beds.

Since 1925 the Endowment has contributed $6,778,700 toward the operation of hospitals in the Carolinas. It has paid the complete cost for approximately 170,000 patients. Charity patients have increased from 11,000 in 1925 to 50,000 in 1935.

Quoting from an address by Dr. W. S. Rankin, Director of the Hospital Section of the Duke Endowment, to the North Carolina Press Association, January 15, 1937.

"It is a great thing to do what James B. Duke did, what he is doing, opening the doors of opportunity to youth, standing as 1000 parents to orphan children, providing our rural by-ways with better churches and giving a measure of security to the old preachers, relieving suffering and saving life, not one life, not 100 lives, not 1,000 lives but tens of thousands of lives. May he find his rich reward in the blessed words: 'I was sick and ye visited me, for inasmuch as ye did it unto me of the least of these, my brethern, ye did it unto me'."

SITE FOR CABARRUS HOSPITAL GIVEN BY MRS. JAMES W. CANNON

Mrs. James W. Cannon, who gave the land on which Cabarrus county's new hospital was erected, has long been known for her active interest in all things planned for the welfare of the community.

The property she donated includes five acres adjoining the Cabarrus Country Club and is a beautiful site for a hospital.

This 80-year old woman, who is now in Europe, is beloved by the citizens of Cabarrus county for this and many other services. She has long been interested in Jackson Training school and her gifts to this institution have made possible much of the good that has been accomplished for the boys sent there.

Gift of an organ to the First Presbyterian Church in Concord, was another proof of her devotion to her community. In addition to these local institutions, Mrs. Cannon has long been actively interested in the Barium Springs orphanage and in the Grandfather orphanage at Banner Elk.

—Concord Herald-Observer.

KING'S DAUGHTERS' HUMANITARIAN WORKS

(Concord Herald-Observer)

No Order in the community ever did a more active, extensive and complete humanitarian work than the King's Daughters, organized December 1910 at the home of Mrs. R. A. Brown, who was then residing in the old home on South Union street.

The organization began with ten members, but by leaps and bounds soon reached a membership of 100 or more. The membership consisted of women from every walk of life, and they worked in unison for one common purpose,—the relief of suffering humanity.

The first move after completing the organization was to tender through the columns of the local paper. their services to the doctors at any time and in every case, wherein it was possible to lend a helping hand, if nothing more than to add cheer by visiting the shutins. The doctors soon learned the value of the services of the King's Daughters and as a natural consequence they were frequently asked to render aid.

Therefore, the King's Daughters blazed the way for real social service work long before the establishment of the Welfare Office with an all time physician in charge. In fact the King's Daughters helped forcibly to place these two offices of Cabarrus county upon a firm foundation.

The first All-Time-Red-Cross nurse was sponsored by the King's Daughters. The membership raised the funds to defray expenses, even to buying the automobile, for many years prior to the state and county assuming all responsibility. Then after launching securely this phase of work, the circle members saw the possibity of another nurse being placed in the field by the Metropolitan Insurance Co., and for this cause every effort was made. The plan carried nicely, so then Cabarrus county had two nurses.

The same band of women established a Day Nursery at the Gibson Mi'l for children whose mothers worked in the mill. This project continued until the World War, and it was then by the force of circumstances unavoidable, that the nursery was discontinued. The Gibson Mill officials aided in the financial manner. It was a wonderful success, the mothers of the chi'dren appreciated the nursery, and the children were benefitted in every way.

During the 28 years the King's Daughters did their errands of mercy they gave hospital aid to the needy, food to the hungry, medicine to the sick, school books to poor children, clothes, fuel and other necessities just as the cases demanded.

Each month a visiting committee of four women was appointed to investigate all cases reported. It was during this active campaign that the circle members gave for the uplift and refining influence of the boys at the Jackson Training School a set of brass band instruments that cost $1,500; also annually responded to the calls of the North Carolina State Branch of the King's Daughters in

building the stone Chapel, the King's Daughters Cottage and the Bridge that spans the highway leading to the beautiful stone Chapel, accepted by the press of the state as a "Cassis in Stone." The State Branch of King's Daughters centered their efforts at the Jackson Training School, and the Stonewall Circle was one of the most generous contributors to thtat work of all the circles in the state.

After working for years in the fie'ds of this community wherein "the harvest was ripe but the laborers were few", the Stonewall Jackson Circle sensed the need of hospitalization in Cabarrus county, and saved $2,600 in paid up Building and Loan, and as the last act of mercy upon the part of the membership this gift ends a glorious career of fine service, with one presdient, Mrs. J. P. Cook, for eighteen years.

THE CARES OF THE MORROW

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee;
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By his spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by forboding deterred;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fears of what never occurred!

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred!

—Charles Swain.

A LIFE OF DEVOTED SERVICE

(Morganton News-Herald)

To appraise properly and appropriately the life and work of Dr. E. McK. Goodwin, whose name throughout North Carolina—indeed in professional circles throughout the nation—is synonymous with service to the deaf, would be an assignment worthy of time to do the subject justice and of a pen more gifted than this can hope. However, at a time like this, when the mind gropes helplessly for words with which to pay tribute to such a full, useful life, a life spent wholly and devotedly for others, the inadequateness of written expression may perhaps be made to balance with the sincerity of purpose which actuates the effort to write, and the depth of feeling which attends it.

Doubtless the death of Dr. Goodwin, which occurred here Sunday afternoon, will be the occasion of many testimonials as to his high character and his eminent position in the profession in which he was recognized to have few equals and no peer. In his case, as does not always happen, recognition of his worth and ability did not wait until after he had passed on, we are gratified to reflect, but for years he has been rated in the forefront of his profession, several degrees having been bestowed upon him, and the North Carolina School for the Deaf, into which he put his whole life and ambition, stands out as one of the best among similar institutions in the country. Its normal teachers have needed no further recommendation than that they were trained in the North Carolina school.

However, as we who knew him well and were favored with his friendship think of him now at the close of an interesting and purposeful career, it is not as a teacher, not as an intelligent, thrifty manager, a tireless worker, a diplomat in handling difficult situations (including State Legislatures!) or as an executive of high order that we would and will remember him best—as much as these contributed to his success. In our opinion the greatest thing in his life, standing out in bold relief, was the mutual devotion that existed between him and all the deaf of the State. They instinctively realized as soon as they came under his influence that he was their friend and that their interests were uppermost in his mind and heart. If any were inclined to self-pity, because of the handicap of deafness, this was overcome, and the friendliness and sympathetic understanding which Dr. Goodwin invariably made the watchwords of his management of his youthful charges won their affection for life. They loved him as a father, and his name will be venerated and his memory revered for generations to come.

Today, as Morganton pauses to pay respect at the bier of an honored citizen, it is with a degree of realization that the loss we feel is shared throughout the State, and that it is the deaf, with the exception of his own family, who are bowed lowest in grief.

LOCAL HEALTH SERVICE IN NORTH CAROLINA

(North Carolina Health Bulletin)

Full-time local health service is available to some 2,268,275 citizens of North Carolina out of a total population of 3,170,276. These figures are on the basis of the 1930 Census. This population served by full-time local health service is in fifty-three of the counties of our state. The service rendered in these counties is performed by county. city, or district health departments. This leaves some forty-seven counties and 902,001 of our people not provided with full-time health service. It is the endeavor of the State Board to provide as rapidly as possible for the remaining population of the state some type of health service.

Wherever full-time health service is provided, the following services are rendered:

1. The statistical records of births, deaths, and communicable diseases are collected, tabulated, and analyzed. This information is utilized as a yardstick in measuring the health and progress of the community.

2. School health supervision, including physical examination of school children for defects, is offered by full-time local health service.

3. Local health organizations provide immunization service for the control of smallpox, typhoid fever, and diphtheria.

4. An organization is provided for the correction of physical defects, such physical defects to be corrected by competent physicians of the area served by the health service.

5. The health service conducts an organized program to reduce maternal and infant deaths.

6. The service provides a venereal disease and tuberculosis program conducted in cooperation with the local medical profession. In combating venereal diseases and tuberculosis, no community can adequately provide service for these conditions without following the cases through until they are arrested or cured.

7. Full-time local health service conducts an educational and supervisory program which goes far toward correcting environmental sanitation, with particular emphasis on safe excreta disposal, malaria control, providing a pure and wholesome water supply, a pure milk supply, and pure food for the citizenship of the community served.

8. Local health organization conducts epidemiological investigations, and institutes adequate, intelligent, and effective measures for the prevention of the spread of communicable diseases.

9. The public health nurses on the staffs of local health departments visit homes of school children who are absent because of communicable diseases and in whom physical defects may be found, take such steps as may be necessary to prevent the spread of disease, and encourage the correction of physical defects. The nurses visit

homes in the interest of expectant mothers in prenatal care, encouraging physical examinations and securing the services of regular licensed physicians for the period of confinement.

10. Permeating this whole program is the idea of public health education which is carried on by organized health service in the form of individual education and education of the masses. In fact, the health education and prevention of disease is the fundamental basis of organized health. work. Organized health departments are not intended as corrective or curative agencies, for these functions are best performed by the private practitioners of medicine.

11. The local service supervises midwives, instructing them in elementary hygiene, and enjoins them from engaging in such practices for which they are not qualified and are, in turn, dangerous procedures, often resulting in the death of the mother and infant.

12. Public health has been defined "The art and science of preventing disease, prolonging life, and promoting physical and mental efficiency through organized community effort." By the health department cooperating with the medical profession, welfare and civic organizations, as well as other governmental and community agencies, these ideals are realized.

The State Board of Health has at its disposal funds for helping all of the counties in the state to establish full-time local health service, provided these counties are willing to make an adequate appropriation of local funds to match state and federal funds for carrying on such health services. When inquiries in regard to this matter come to the State Board of Health, information pertaining to how this cooperative undertaking can be established is given, and when requested by interested groups or officials, representatives of the State Board of Health appear before such bodies for the purpose of explaining in detail the ways and means of providing health service to the citizens of a county, or groups of counties. In counties having small populations and low assessed valuations, it has been found expedient to develop district health departments embracing two or more adjacent counties.

There is no reason why every county in the State of North Carolina may not be able to have some type of full-time local health service, provided they want it and are willing to cooperate with the state, and when necessary, with neighboring counties embracing a population sufficient to warrant the establishment of a health unit.

There are two types of courage to be found in men; the courage the conquers and the courage that endures. The latter is never commemorated with monuments but is meritorious and often of far greater value to the world.—Selected.

FIFTY YEARS

(Selected)

Fifty years ago women wore hoop-skirts, bustles, petticoats, corsets, cotton stockings, high buttoned shoes, ruffled cotton drawers, fannel night-gowns, puffs in their hair—did their own cooking, baking, cleaning, washing, ironing—raised big families—went to church Sunday—were too busy to be sick.

Men wore whiskers, square hats, Ascot ties, red flannel underwear, big watches and chains—chopped wood for stoves—bathed once a week—drank ten-cent whiskey and five-cent beer—rode bicycles, buggies or sleighs—went in for politics—worked 12 hours a day—lived to a ripe old age.

Stores burned coal-oil lamps—carried everything from a needle to a plow—trusted everybody—never took an inventory—placed orders for goods a year in advance—always made money.

Today women wear silk stockings short skirts, low shoes, no corsets an ounce of underwear—have bobbed hair, smoke, paint and powder, drink cock ails, play bridge, drive cars, have pet dogs, and go in for politics.

Men have high blood pressure, wear no hats, and some no hair, shave their whiskers, shoot golf, bathe twice a day, drink poison, play the stock market, ride in airplanes—never go to bed the same day they get up—are misunderstood at home—work five hours a day, play ten—die young.

Stores have electric lights, cash registers, elevators, never have what the cus omer wants—trust nobody—take inventory daily—never buy in advance—have over-head-mark, up-mark, down-quota-budget-advertising-stock con rol—annual and semi-annual, end-of-month, dollar day, founder's day, rummage, economy day sales—and never make any money.

THE PORTRAIT

Guide my footsteps up the mountain
  Over the rocky steep incline,
There with thee to gain prospectus
  Of thine artist eye divine;
There to learn the use of shadows
  That bring out the highest light
In the portrait I am painting
  For thy judgment and thy sight.
Grant that when my task is finished,
  And the goal at last I've won
And the picture thou unveilest,
  I may hear thee say, "Well done."

—Mollie Galbreath Eble.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The dry weather seems not to have seriously affected our orchards, as we have had an unusually large supply of peaches so far this season, and they are also of good size and quality.

Workmen are now installing the necessary insulation system for the refrigeration plant in our new milk house. We expect the job to be completed and the building ready for use in a short time.

The wood-working machinery has been removed from the ground floor of the old shop building, which is being put in order for the installation of additional textile machinery, which we hape to have in orperation at an early date.

Edward Patrum, of Cottage No. 15, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital. Gastonia, last Tuseday to receive treatment for defective feet. He will be at that institution for some time and we feel sure the treatment will be of great benefit to him.

Glenn O'Quinn, of Cottage No. 12, was taken sick several days ago, and upon examination by Dr. King, the School physician, it was found that he had scarlet fever. He was immediately quarantined in the "little white house," our temporary infirmary, where he is resting quite comfortably.

About 1,600 pounds of fine grapes have been gathered from our vineyard at this writing, and have been issued to the various cottage kitchens. Thanks to the care and and attention of Mr. J. L. Carriker and his boys, the vineyard looks better this season than ever before, and it is estimated that a crop of about 4,000 pounds of grapes will be gathered.

The long continued dry season has completely ruined our gardens. We usually have new string beans by the 10th of June, but for the first time in many years none have been gathered. String beans are an important part of our daily menus and they will be greatly missed, but we are fortunate in having carried over a large quantity of canned beams, products of last year, which we are now consuming.

Charles Grissom and Everett Wheeler, both former members of the family at Cottage No. 4, and who left the School at practically the same time, about seven years ago, called on friends here last Saturday afternoon.

Charles now works for the Logan-

Porter Furniture Company, High Point and plays on the company's baseball team. While at the School last Saturday he played part of the game at center field and showed up pretty well.

Everett informed us that he has been working for the Cannon Manufacturing Company for quite some time, being employed in Plant No. 4, Kannapolis, and that he likes his work and has been getting along nicely since leaving the School.

Floyd McArthur, formerly of Cottage No. 8. who left the School in August 1926, visited us last Saturday. He has been living in Durham since leaving here, where he was employed as plumber by the American Tobacco Company, and has been getting along very nicely. He is now twenty-seven years old, and was married nine years ago. His wife accompanied him on his visit to the School.

"Mac" will be remembered by the older members of the Training School staff as one of the best baseball players we have had. While here he was regular left fielder on the School team and on more than one occasion brought the spectators to their feet cheering as he would make circus catches which seemed almost impossible. Since leaving the School, "Mac" has donned pad and mask and taken over the duties of catcher, and has played quite a bit of baseball, having been a member of the Bull Durham team in the Lucky Strike League. Recently he played a number of games with the Kannapolis team in the Carolina League, and made a very good showing in the game we saw him play in Concord recently.

He has developed into a nice looking young man and looks physically fit to play baseball as well as do a good day's work at plumbing or most anything else. His many friends here were glad to see him and to learn that he has done so well since returning to his home.

On Wednesday of last week the Training School defeated Gibson Mill by the score of 9 to 8 in a seven-inning game. Charlie Furchess was on the mound for the local lads and held the visitors to six hits, but three of them were home runs which were responsible for four runs. The remaining four counters marked up by them were due to errors and three bases on balls.

The School lads secured eleven hits off Leigh, visiting hurler, but were only able to score three earned runs. the rest being due to errors, a base on balls and a hit batsman.

N. Beaver, Bennett and Calloway led the visitors with the stick, getting a home run each, Bennett's coming in the fifth inning with one on.

Seawell, with three hits in four trips to the plate, led the School batters; Goodman and Mobley cracked out two hits each. The score:

		R	H	E
Gibson	1 1 0 0 5 0 1 —	8	6	4
J. T. S.	0 2 0 5 1 1 x —	9	11	4

On Thursday afternoon a team composed of three members of the School staff; three sons of officials; and three substitutes, played a five-inning game with the regular School team, resulting in a shut-out for the former by the score of 4 to 0.

The score-sheet of this game has been lost, but here are the details as we recall them: Andrews, who did the pitching for the pick-up team, was in fine form, allowing but two hits. Only one runner reached third base. Furchess pitched for the School boys and was nicked for nine hits.

Andrews and Walters, with two hits each, led the winners at bat, while Smith and Williamson secured the only hits allowed by Andrews.

The winners. although not used to playing together, turned in some nice fielding. James Boger at third base making several nice plays on difficult chances, and Walters in center field making two nice catches. Smith, at shortstop for the School team, made several nice plays, and Seawell in left field caught a couple as they were going over the embankment.

On Friday the game between Cannon Mill and the Training School resulted in a 11 to 2 victory for the former, in a five-inning contest. Lawrence was on the mound for the School and the visitors jumped on his offerings in the second frame for eight hits, including a home run triple and double, which, coupled with four errors and a base on balls, produced ten runs. Only one run and one hit were marked up against him in the other four innings.

F. Greene attended to the hurling duties for Cannon Mill in fine style, allowing but five hits. One of them, a triple by Johnson, followed by Furchess' single. shoved one run across in the third. The other local tally came in the third on a free ticket to first, a sacrifice and an error. The score:

		R	H	E
Cannon	0 10 0 1 0 —	11	9	2
J. T. S.	0 0 1 1 0 —	2	5	6

Behind the air-tight pitching of Andrews, the School lads had an easy time defeating Odell last Saturday afternoon by the score of 11 to1.

On this particular occasion, Andrews was undoubtedly in that condition generally referred to by ball players as "right," for he had the Odell boys completely at his mercy, not allowing a single hit, an unusual feat on this or any other diamond. His well-known drop was working and with first-class support he should have registered a perfect game, that no-hit, no-run, no-man-reaching-first base, the dream of all hurlers, but a feat seldom accomplished. Only twenty-nine batters faced him, and Odell's only tally came as the result of an error and two infield outs.

That thing called hitting power, of which the visitors had none, seemed to be plentiful in the bats of the School lads. for they certainly socked the old apple a-plenty, getting no less than seventeen hits, including three home runs and a pair of doubles. "Cowboy" Mooney, playing third base for the School poled out two round-

trip base knocks and Jim Whittington one. Whittington was the big noise with the war club for the local hitters, getting two singles, a double and the afore-mentioned homer in five turns at bat; Bost, the School's receiver smacked out a double and two singles; Williamson came along with three singles; and Lawrence poked out two singles. The score:

		R	H	E
Odell	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —	1	0	2
J. T. S.	3 1 0 0 2 0 3 0 x —	11	17	2

Mr. A. C. Sheldon. of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the recitation of the First Psalm and the opening hymn, he presented Rev. H. H. Bear, pastor of the North Charlotte Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Corinthians 3:1-9, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to the second verse. "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men."

In beginning his remarks Rev. Mr. Bear stated that the Apostle Paul was telling the people of Corinth that they (the Christians) had no need of books or letters telling of their deeds, saying they were their own epistles. known and read among men.

Every person, therefore, is writing a letter or an account—not with ink and pen upon paper—but with our lives and deeds day by day, continued the speaker. That letter is being read of all men with whom we come in contact, and we should ask ourselves this question. "What is the Gospel according to me?" and then look closely to this life-writing of ours and see that the pages are not marred by thoughts and deeds contrary to the will of God.

In speaking of the four Gospels in the Bible, Rev. Mr. Bear said the opinions expressed therein were the opinions of four different men, each one reviewing the life of Jesus on earth in his own way, and spoke of them briefly, as follows:

In the Gospel according to Matthew, the writer sees Jesus as a great King. The Jews were looking for the Messiah or King to rule over them in pomp and splendor. Matthew sees Jesus as the fulfilment of the prophesy made many years before, and tells the Jews, "Behold. your King."

Mark, in his Gospel saw Jesus as a servant. Here we read of Jesus girding himself with a towel and washing the disciples' feet, much the same as a servant. Mark, therefore, tells the Romans that Jesus is the great servant of all mankind.

Luke in writing his Gospel, is talking mostly to the Greeks, and, knowing that they had always been great lovers of beauty, says to them, "Behold the perfect man," in order that they might learn to love Jesus because of the beauty of his life.

When we read the Gospel according to John, we see that he is appealing to the Christians, people who were being persecuted. They needed to realize what it meant to be a Christian, even though they were required to endure hardships and even give their lives for the cause. John

speaks to them and says, "Behold your God."

Rev. Mr. Bear then told the boys as they studied these different Gospels and saw the different phases of Jesus' character as written by these four men, to ask themselves the question, "What part of the life of Jesus am I representing. What do people think of the Master when they see how I live?"

The speaker then stated that in our contacts with our fel'ow-men we are either stepping-stones or stumbling-blocks. We have an opportunity to do one of two things. We can throw our lives away and help others do the same thing. thus becoming stumbling-blocks, or we can try to live as Jesus lived and be of great assistance to those with whom we come in contact.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Bear said that as people see us they read the letter of our lives. Our Gospel, therefore, is to do something for the man who needs help. He then closed with the following poem:

"Christ has no hands but our hands,
To do His work each day;
He has no feet but our feet,
To lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our tongues,
To tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help,
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible
This careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed.
We are the Lord's last message
Written in deed and word.
What if the type is crooked?
What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy
With other work than His?
What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurement is?
What if our tongues are speaking
Of things that His tongue would spurn?
How can we hope to help Him,
And hasten His return."

THE COMMONPLACE

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should be sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not.
And God, Who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

(NOTE: The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on the Honor Roll since January 1, 1937.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

J. C. Ennis 4
Samuel Ennis 5
Bruce Kersey 6
William Kirksey 4
June Malone 3
William Martin 2
Charles Taylor 6
W. J. Wilson 6

—B—

J. T. Branch 3
Robert Coffer 6
Reuben Duggins 3
Robert Gaines 2
William Goins 3
Vincent Hawes 4
Asbury Marsh 3

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Fletcher Boggs 2
James Coleman 6
Donald Holland 5
William Howard 5

—B—

Earl Bass 2
Junius Brewer
Howard Clark
Floyd Combs 5
Douglas Hinson 2
Elbert Kersey 3
Edgar Merritt 3
Ray McDonald 3
Theodore Rector 2
Joseph White 2
Carfield Walker 6

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Harold Bryson
Talmage Dautrey 5
Heller Davis 2
Baxter Foster 3
William Hawkins 2

—B—

Earl Atwood 3
Matthew Duffy
L. M. Hardison 2
Richard Honeycutt
William Knight 2
Raymond Mabe 3
James H. Riley
Burl Smathers

FOURTH GRADE

—B—

Clude Ashe 3
Edgar Burnette 4
Glenn Collins
James Elders
James Martin 4
Calvin McCoyle
James Nicholson 2
William Warf 4
Richard Wiggins

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Braddock 6
John Grider 5
James C. Hoyle
Jack Norris 4

—B—

James M. Hare 5
James V. Harvel 5
Percival Shuler 2
Charles Williams 6

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Houston Howard 5
William Kirk 4
Monroe Keith 2
Eugene Patton 6
Paul Shipes 4

—B—

James Andrews 3
Charles Bryant 2
Garrett Bishop 2
Arthur Craft 4
Spurgeon Dowless

Arthur Martin 4
Jack Springer 2
Glenn Williams 3

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Teeter

—B—

Sam Belk 3
Giles Green 4
J. C. Mobley
Albert Silas 3

The player who feels satisfied with reaching third base and stops there to get the applause, seldom scores.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending July 25, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(8) J. C. Cox 8
(3) Charles Davis 3
(8) Edward Johnson 8
(8) James Johnson 8
(5) Carl Kepley 7
(8) Mack Setzer 8
(8) Joseph Tucker 8
(8) James Wilhite 8

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 2
Virgil Baugess 2
Howard Cox 4
Charles Cole
Robert Coleman 2
(3) Henry Cowan 4
(3) Carrol Dodd 4
(5) William Haire 6
William Howard 2
Horace Journigan 3
(3) John Kellam 3
Bruce Link
Roy McAbee 2
Jack McCrary 2
(4) Arthur Martin 6
Blanchard Moore 2
Julian Myrick
(3) Jack Norris 5
Fonnie Oliver
(2) William Piitts 3
Howard Roberts 4
Albert Silas 3
Bunn Shoe 6
Eugene Stallings 5
Jerry Smith 2
Frank Walker 4
(4) James West 6
Preston Yarborough
(5) R. L. Young 5

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 2
Kenneth Gibbs 2
(2) Carl D. Shoffner 5
Raymond Sprinkle 2
Myron Whitman 3
(2) Richard Wrenn 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Howard Cook 4
Kenneth Conklin 2
(8) Neely Dixon 8
Charles Furchess 5

Max Hedrick
(2) William Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 5
Garrett Bishop 4
Odell Bray 6
(2) Hurley Davis 5
James Hancock 5
(2) Ernest Hudspeth 5
Thomas Little 7
(2) Thomas Maness 4
(4) Robert Mims 4
Robert Orrell 6
(2) Lloyd Pettus 6
(4) Frank Raby 4
(3) Thomas Stephens 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Theodore Bowles 4
(5) Marshall Bryson 7
William Barden
(2) Jack Clinard 4
John Grider 5
Burl Rash
(3) James Seawell 3
(3) Jack Tate 3

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Lacy Burleson 7
(8) Robert Bryson 8
(2) Jesse Cleveland 2
(8) Fletcher Castlebury 8
Robert Dunning
(2) Noah Ennis 4
(2) Frank Glover 7
Columbus Hamilton 4
(6) Thomas Hamilton 7
Jack Harward 2
(6) Leonard Jacobs 7
Charles McCoyle 5
Albert Newton 2
Richard Patton 4
(7) James Rackley 7
Jack Sutherland
Jack West

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 4
(3) James Corn 5
(3) Fred Dysen 5
Giles Green 5
(4) Lacy Green 6
(4) Caleb Hill 7
(3) Houston Howard 3
(4) Hugh Johnson 6
(4) J. C. Mobley 6
Percy Strickland 2
William Tester 5
Boyce Watts
William Young 5

COTTAGE No. 8

Richard Freeman
Haynes Hewitt 2
Lonnie Holleman
Junius Holleman
George May
(2) Rayvon Michael 4
Edward McCain
Warner Peach
(2) John Penninger 2
Ralph Rainey 6
(4) Charles Taylor 7
John Tolbert 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(5) Thomas Bradoock 7
Edgar Burnette 4
Hubert Carter 3
(3) James Coleman 5
Heller Davis 4
(8) Randolph Davis 8
(4) Reuben Duggins 7
(3) George Duncan 3
(8) Woodfin Fowler 8
C. D. Grooms 5
James C. Hoyle 2
Mark Jones 3
Odie Hicks 4
(2) Eugene Presnell 2
(4) Homer Smith 7
(2) Earl Stamey 4
Thomas Sands 5
Cleveland Suggs 5
Samuel J. Watkins 4
(3) Thomas Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

Earl Atwood 6
Jack Carter
Edward Chapman
Jeff Gouge
Mack Joines 3
William Knight 4
Felix Littlejohn 2
Edward E. Murray 2
James Martin
James Nicholson

COTTAGE No 11

(4) John Drum 6

(6) David Hodge 7
(6) William Kirk 6
Paul Mullis 2
Julius Stevens 5
N. C. Webb 5
(8) Fred Williamson 8

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Charles Batten 4
Joseph Cox 2
(2) Frank Dickens 6
(5) Hubert Holloway 6
Jerome Medlin 6
Ewin Odom 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) John Smith 7

COTTAGE No. 14

Fred Clark 4
Harry Connell 5
(4) Curtis Coleman 6
Lee Dowless 5
(2) Spurgeon Dowless 3
Doyle Holder 6
(2) Felmond Lane 2
Robert McKee 2
Henry McGraw 4
(2) William Mickey 3
James Stepp 3
(4) Garfield Walker 7
Glenn Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Julian Andrews 6
Warren Bright 4
Hobart Gross 5
George Gibson 4
(2) Joseph Hyde 6
Dallas Holder 2
(3) Raymond Mabe 3
John Mathis 5
(2) Wilson Rich 6
(2) James H. Riley 4
(4) Harless Triplett 7

ELECTRIC EYE COUNTS TRAFFIC

The highway departments of several states are compiling statistics on the increasing disturbing problem of the day—traffic regulation—by means of an electric device which counts the number of motor vehicles which pass over various sections of its roads.

The electric recorder is an ingenius mechanism composed of two light-sources, placed several feet apart, which throw parallel beams of light across the road. These light-beams fall upon two mirrors connected to a photo-electric cell; and it is the interruption of the light-beam. caused by the passage of a vehicle, which registers on the photo-electric cell. This recorder is cleverly designed to prevent the registration of pedestrians who pass within its light-beams.

The figures denoting the number of vehicles passing are automatically totalled at the end of each hour; thus enabling traffic experts to analyze traffic conditions and to plan future regulation of the flow along certain section of road.

Similar electric devices are also in operation in many public and office buildings, to register the number of persons entering at specified times of the day or week.—Charles Doubleyou.

THE UPLIFT

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FLINT, SPONGE, AND HONEYCOMB

With wit and wisdom it has been said that there are three kinds of givers: the flint, the sponge, and the honeycomb. In explanation the London Christian says: "To get anything out of a flint, you must hammer it, and then you get only chips and sparks. To get water out of a sponge you must squeeze it. and the more you sqeeze the more you will get. But the honeycomb just overflows with its own sweetness. Some people are stingy and hard; they give nothing away if they can help it. Others are good-natured; they yield to pressure, and the more they are pressed the more they will give. A few delight in giving, without being asked at all; and of these the Bible says: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' "—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AN EDUCATED MAN

There is a certain man to whom many point as "just a plugger." He has never had the advantages of what the world calls an education, but those who know him best call him an educated man.

Why do they call this un-schooled man educated? He keeps his appointments to the minute. He knows how to make friends and keep them. He believes in looking after his business and making one family happy. But let trouble come to any of his friends, he finds plenty of time to lend a hand.

He finds a welcome wherever he goes. He knows the value of the other man's time. A wave of his hand, and his hearty "Good morniing, neighbor," puts something in your day's work that feels like faith and courage. And he knows nothing except something good about people.

He can look into a wayside puddle and see something besides mud, and he can look into the face of the most forlorn mortal and see something beyond sin. If ever a man carried in his hand a sword to combat evil, it is he. And amid the meaner drudgeries of life, he carries in his heart a bit of song.

Behold! here is an educated man!—The De-Ce-Co Magazine.

U. S. CANCER CLINIC

Not boastfully, but with a certain amount of pride we emphasize that Representative A. L. Bulwinkle of the 10th, North Carolina district introduced the bill, providing adequate appropriations to carry on the fight against cancer. While the Bulwinkle bill calls for $750,000 as an initial expenditure for building the institute, and an added $700,000 annually for running costs, the total output will amount to $3, 500,000.

Considerable emphasis will be directed into the field of radiology. Provision will be made for the purchase of 10 grams a year of radium, at $20,000 a gram, and under the bill a part of which will be given out to private and state institutions which have been carrying on cancer research. This national institution according to provision will co-operate in every way with other institutions and act as a clearing house in the research.

The site of the clinic is the estate of Luke Wilson, a Washington business man who died this month of cancer. He so arranged to donate his estate, 49 acres at Bethesda, Maryland, to science in its ceaseless fight against the scourge.

Dr. Charles G. Thompson of the Public Health Service thinks the fight against cancer, one of the most horrible maladies that can befall mankind, will be won when the cancer center is established and operating.

We doff our caps to two of the finest representatives in Congress, Representative A. L. Bulwinkle, tenth North Carolina district, who introduced the bill that made provision to fight cancer, and Representative R. L. Doughton, seventh North Carolina district, who wrote the bill to give control of the "Marijuana" weed, subtle in its tendencies, but very dangerous to youth especially.

Despite the fact these two representatives have many weighty matters that engross every moment of their time, they are not forgetful of the importance of caring for suffering humanity and avoid the many pitfalls set for the youth of our land.

* * * * * * *

CYRUS W. FIELD

Less than a hundred years ago the first underwater cable was laid. Cyrus W. Field, a wealthy American paper manufacturer, the founder of the Atlantic Cable Compaany organized about 1854 the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, which connected the American Continent with Newfoundland by a submarine cable in 1856.

The same year Field organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company which with the assistance of the English and the United States governments, succeeded after two failures in laying a submarine cable between Ireland and Newfoundland.

The first public message was sent by Queen Victoria to the President, August 15, 1858, but the cable failed to work after using it a few weeks. Another attempt to submerge a cable was made in 1865, that too broke, but in 1866 the venture was successful so in July of that year an over sea message was received in the United States.

A very interesting story of the evolution of the submarine cable captioned "The History of The Cable" is in this issue of the Uplift. It will prove informative and of great interest to those who wish to have a knowledge of the achievements that have contributed to the progress of civilization.

There is much in this article of the present day efficiency of the cable, that can not be found in Encyclopedias.

Therefore, we give such general matter, hoping to render a service to the students of all the public school systems of the state with the ambition that some day, in the near future, the Uplift will be found in all public school libraries.

* * * * * * *

THE AUTHOR OF McGUFFEY'S READERS HONORED

On the night of July 31st, thousands of people found their way to the southwestern Ohio college to honor the memory of Dr. William Holmes McGuffey, author of the "McGuffey's Readers" by grades.

The occasion was the centenary of the publication of his third and fourth readers. Among the early arrivals was Fred. L. Black, personal representative of Henry Ford, who for years has been a collector of McGuffey lore, and Miss Henrietta Hepburn of Huntington, W. Va., great-grand-daughter of Dr. McGuffey.

McGuffey conceived and wrote the readers while he was one of the faculty of Miami University. The centenary of the first reader was observed with a similar celebration last year.

* * * * * * *

FIRE AT SEA

That was a horrible experience the burning of the Chesepeake Bay liner, "City of Baltimore," last Thursday night, an hour after it had left Baltimore on its regular run to Norfolk with ninety-

three passengers aboard. It was the sudden turning of a happy party into one of terror.

While the loss of lives were only four, the tragedy must have been harrowing to all on board. The cause of the sudden fire is yet unsolved, but Captain Charles Brooks, master of the ship, suggested that sabotage might account for the "amazing" rapid speed of the fire which injured six in addition to the two killed and the two missing.

It seems miraculous that the loss of life was no greater in view of the rapid spread of the flames forcing many to jump overboard. It is suggestive that the crew with commanding officers, had things under splendid control, looking first to the safety of passengers. Had the story, of confusion, instead of perfect order, pervailed, it would have been written differently.

* * * * * * *

PASSOVER PREPETUATED

The Feast of the Passover is a memorial of Israel's freedom from Egyptian slavery and that Israel was saved by obedience to God.

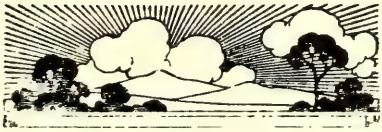
"This "sacrifice of the Lord's passover" was to be kept regularly, lest they forget how their god had saved their ancestors from the angel of death at the time of the great plague in Egypt. It is to the credit of Jews that this feast has not been cast aside; its celebration annually is observed with worshipful exactness. There is not a single reference in the record to any house that failed to conform to all that God said they should do. Every phase of the Passover had a worshipful value for Israel. They were brought closer to their God; their faith was made stronger. They had their great lesson in the wisdom of believing in all God said to them, and of doing all He asked of them. They were to become a great people in the Promised Land. They were a long way from that land, but the start toward it was soon to begin. All they had to depend on was God's promise. The freedom from Egyptian slavery was desirable, but only God could grant that freedom. His rules were to be obeyed. The Passover was ever to stand as a reminder that the goodness of God comes to those who obey Him."

REALISM FOLLOWS

Now since the coronation festival with all of its glamour, and solemnity, is over, the "British Office Works" has promptly returned to business by setting up a "Coronation Bargain Basement" to intrigue the souvenir seekers. The trappings will, without a shadow of a doubt, pay the cost of the far-flung event.

The 2,000 chairs occupied by privileged peers will sell for $10 each; the 6,000 stools used by the less favored Abbey guests will go for $.50 per; the cloth for hangings on the dressing rooms of their majesties is priced $1 per yard, and then the street decorations, it matters not how trivial, will go for a good price.

Just keep your ear tuned in and see if some of these things do not appear in the American markets by enterprising speculators. British John Bull has had his coronation, and now intends to have his money. We all know what Barnum, the far-famed circus owner, said about a "sucker being born every minute."



ROANOKE ISLAND'S CELEBRATION DRAWING THOUSANDS OF VISITORS

By G. E. Dean

This historic little island's nine-week fete commemorating Sir Walter Raleigh's first English settlers and the birth and baptism of Virginia Dare, first white child of English-speaking parents born on American soil 350 years ago this summer is in fu'l swing at Old Fort Raleigh where the "Lost Colony" landed July 23, 1587.

Thousands have visited restored Fort Raleigh since the 350th anniversary celebration opened on July 4 and many more are expected to visit this American shrine before the celebration closes on Labor Day, September 6. It is located 4 miles north of the town of Manteo on the sandy northeast shore of the island overlooking the broad and placid waters of Roanoke Sonud.

Paul Green's new symphonic out-door drama "The Lost Co'ony" in which a company of more than 130 players are enacting the stirring tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh's first colonists three nights each week presents North Carolina history at its best. In a little under two hours the average citizen of the Old North State may visit out under the stars in the big natural out-door threatre at Old Fort Raleigh and learn more history than a dozen text books could teach.

The story of the "Lost Colony" of Roanoke Island is presented in 11 brilliant scenes in which music and dancing have a part. Paul Green has successfully woven pageantry and epic story of the lives of the 118 men, drama, comedy and tragedy into the women and children who were first to attempt to plant a permanent English colony in America.

Katherine Cale, a British-born actrees, is in the leading role as Eleanor White Dare, daughter of Captain John White, the governor of the "Lost Colony," and mother of the baby Virginia Dare.

The Federal theater project is cooperating with the Carolina Playmakers and the Roanoke Island Historical Association in putting on the play. Assisting are the members of the Westminster Choir School of Princeton, N. J., now known as the "Lost Colony Chorus." James McLendon, of Charlotte, is at the console of a mightly e'ectric organ skllifully concealed in a clump of ancient storm-twisted live oaks near the shore of Roanoke Sound. The action takes place on a 100-foot stage that skirts the shore of Roanoke Sound where a replica of the first "City of Raleigh" was erected and at night is bathed in vari-colored lights from two tall towers on either side of the bowl-shaped amphitheater which seats 5,000 comfortably.

Deep'y religious in tone and theme "The Lost Colony" drama opens with a salutation of praise to Almighty God as the Westminster Choir School

singers chant in ancient Sixteenth-century tune:

"O God that madest earth and sky
And hedged the restless seas around,
Who that vast firmament on high
With golden banded stars hath bound—
Oh thou whose mighty arm doth keep
The trembling world, the failing sun,
Whose shining presence fills the deep
Where lightless time's dark measures run—
O God our Father, Lord above,
O bright immortal, holy one,
Secure within thy boundless love
We walk this way of death alone—
Amen."

The Chapel Hill author and playwright, who won the Pulitzer prize for the best drama produced on Broadway in 1927 ("In Abraham's Bosom") wrote fresh lyrics to fit ancient Elizabethan ballads and early chants from the service of the Church of England sung in Queen Elizabeth's time. The "Lost Colony Choir" sings throughout the drama and between scenes from choir stalls to the right of the big stage and beside the electric organ. Amplifiers carry their voices to all parts of the amphitheatre and the modern miracle of electricity lights up various sections of the stage as the play progresses from Sixteenth-century England to Roanoke Island and back again as Sir Walter Raleigh perseveres in his attempts to be the first to colonize the New World from Roanoke Island.

Masterful lines were written for the minister of the play who speaks from the center of the stage before each night's performance. This prologue, hailed by many students of prose as one of Paul Green's most brilliant pieces, follows:

"Oh Lord, our heavenly Father,
Almighty and everlasting God,
In whom men have their life
Their motion and their certain hope,
We ask the witness of thy grace
Upon this sacred spot,
This bit of humble earth
Which we have come to dedicate.
For here once walked the men of dreams,
The sons of hope and pain and wonder,
Upon their foreheads truth's bright diadem,
And their lips singing a new song—
A song for ages yet unborn,
"O new and mighty world to be!"
They sang,
"O land majestic, free, unbound!"

The "Lost Colony Chorus" chants the following equally powerful response:

"This was the vision, this the fadeless dream—
Tread softly, softly now these yellow stricken sands.
This was the Grail, the living light that leapt—
Speak gently, gently on these muted tongueless shores."

The prologue concludes with the following:

"Now down the trackless hollow years

That swallowed them but not their song
We send response!
O lusty singer, dreamer, pioneer,
Lord of the wilderness, the unafraid,
Tamer of darkness, fire and flood,
Of the soaring spirit winged aloft
On the plumes of agony and death—
Hear us, O hear!
The dream still lives,
It lives, it lives,
And shall not die!"

The drama opens with a scene laid on Roanoke Island in 1584 when the simple Indians are celebrating the corn harvest. Fred Howard as an Indian medicine man, dances with a supporting cast of perhaps 30 native Roanoke Islanders as background. Howard, a University of North Carolina Playmaker, with the assistance of Mary Haynsworth, of Greenville, S. C., staged the dances. The gallant captains Phillip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe arrive to take possession of the new land in the name of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, as lights die out as the Historian, seated to the left of the big stage, begins his narrative.

The second scene is laid in England in Queen Elizabeth's garden some weeks later when the captains Amadas and Barlowe are presented to the Queen along with Manteo and Wanchese, two Indians taken back to England from Roanoke Island. In this scene Queen Elizabeth, played by Lillian Ashton, another British-born actress, is introduced to the "wonderful new smoking instrument" —Sir Walter Raleigh's pipe and tobacco brought back from the new world beyond the seas. Sir Walter Raleigh, portrayed by Barry Shannon, a New York actor who was born in Dublin, Ireland, pleads with the Queen to allow him to send his colony to the New World. Eleanor White, daughter of Capt. John White, is presented to Her Majesty and also pleads to be allowed to accompany the colonists to the new land named "Virginia" in honor of Queen Elizabeth "England's virgin queen."

Roanoke Island in 1585 when Ralph Lane's colony slays Winginia, the Indian chief, is skillfully staged on a small stage to the left of the amphitreatre. Under brilliant crimson lights another Indian ceremonial dance is staged just before the members of the Ralph Lane colony raid the Indian village and scalp their king.

A tavern at Plymouth, England in the Spring of 1587 is depicted in the last scene of the first act as Simon Fernando, played by Sam Hirsch, a New York Federal theatre actor, harrangues the band of colonists about to embark for the New World by telling them of all the horrors, dangers and hardships that lie in wait for them beyond the seas. Sir Walter Raleigh makes a timely appearance and the colonists take heart and march to the waiting ships to the stirring song sung by the Westminster Choir singers:

"O farewell England, farewell all,
And here's a parting hand,
We leave to you our hearth and hall,
To seek an unknown land—
To seek an unknown land!

"O the stormy winds may blow

And the raging seas may roar,
But merrily we sail away
To that fair land Virgini-ay-ay-ay,
To the fair land Virgini-ay!"

There is a brief intermission between the first and second acts as the great flood lights come up bathing the amphitheatre in brilliant light. Act two portrays the landing of Raleigh's colony under Capt. John White landing on Roanoke Island in the summer of 1587 to find the 15 men left to guard Fort Raleigh the year before dead near the site of the fort. The next two scenes show incidents in the lives of the first settlers at the "City of Raleigh," Old Tom Harris, a London beggar man and jester, accompanies the colony to America and supplies most of the comic relief throughout the last six scenes that are highly dramatic and tragic.

The months of bitter waiting for promised ships of supplies and reinforcements to come from England is the basis of the second act of "The Lost Colony." In the opening scenes of this act a baby is born to Eleanor White and Ananias Dare and there is great rejoicing among the colonists. An impressive baptismal service follows only to be rudely interrupted by the murder of John Howe, a colonist who the Indians slay from ambush. From then on tragedy stalks in the "City of Raleigh." The handful of colonists are now reduced to some 60 souls. Death from disease, lack of proper food and murder at the hands of hostile Indians make Christmas, 1588, a cheerless one for the first settlers.

In England Capt. John White and Sir Walter Raleigh go to plead with Queen Elizabeth for ships to send supplies to the colonists. It is the year of the Spanish Armada and Queen Elizabeth forbids any ship, large or small, to leave England. Philip II of Spain, her enemy, has massed his Armada to sail against England. This scene, set in a room in the Queen's palace, is staged on one of the small stages that flank the main center stage to the right. Lillian Ashton, who portrays Queen Elizabeth admirably, rises to new heights in dramatic acting as word that Spain is ready to attack reaches her ears.

On Roanoke Island, Manteo, the freindly chief of the Matteras Indians and a valuable ally to the settlers, is slain in battle as is Ananias Dare. The little colony now revolves around Eleanor White Dare, the widow, and John Borden, a member of the colony who for many years in England was her admirer. Old Fort Raleigh in the winter of 1588 as the surviving colonists make ready to celebrate this last Christmas with the spectre of hunger and death on all sides nevertheless brings this sprightly folk ballad as the Yule-log is dragged in:

"The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The ivy bears the crown.

"The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

"The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all."

In the final, tragic scenes of the drama the colonists decide to abandon Fort Raleigh and march to Croatan where food is more plentiful. A Spanish ship casts anchor in nearby waters and the colonists fear their settlement will be discovered and they wi'l be slaughtered by their enmies, the Spaniards. So in the bleak hours before sunrise on this winter day the settlers assemble before the little chapel with bags and bundles ready to begin the long trek across the salt marshes to Croatan. The organ lifts a low, ruffled march which grows more spirited as the colonists fall into line. With flag and drum leading they march two by two off stage up an incline to the left as the organ builds to a louder and louder crescendo. As the great organ thunders out its final chords the last of the settlers are seen disappearing into the storm-twisted thicket of live oaks and pine that fringe the amphitheatre. Beautiful lighting effects makes this last scene a long to be remembered one.

Thus Paul Green leaves the "Lost Colony". They disappear into the forest; some to be slain by hostile Indians, others to die on the weary march to Croatan, some 50 miles away. The Westminster Choir School singers chant the Sixteenth-century hymn "O God that madest earth and sky" that opened the pageant-drama. Lights come up gradually signifying the close of the performance.

Running a little under two hours "The Lost Colony" is Paul Green's unusual interpretation of this earliest American tragedy, an unsolved mystery these 350 years. Through his drama of their lives runs a tragic note that is essentially Paul Green, lusty Elizabeth humor and well-timed comic relief by "Old Tom" Harris, the jester, played by Earl Mayo, of New York, give the "Lost Colony" a finished turn.

The Roanoke Island drama, easily this summer's most unique outdoor theatrical offering, is being staged three nights weekly during July and August. Performances begin at 8:15 o'c'ock each Friday, Saturday and Sunday evening.

WITHOUT GOD—WHAT?

You cannot be your best without God any more than daisies can bloom without sunshine. You cannot explain God, but neither can the daisies explain sunshine. All the schooling that it is possible to get,—if you have no God, of what use is it? You want to be more than cultured machines; you want to know Him Whom to know is life eternal. If you know Him, all the rest will be useful, and you will be better equipped for every good word and work.—Gipsy Smith.

THE HISTORY OF THE CABLE

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter, in Young Folk

Less than a hundred years ago the first underwater cable was laid. Today there are still some men living who were connected with the laying of the first Atlantic cable. Imagine their feelings when the time came for the first messages to be flashed across the cable they had laid. Would it prove successful or would it prove an utter failure?

Now the cable is accepted as part of everyday existence. It is essential in the transmission and reception of messages relating to government, to big business enterprises, and even to social exchange. Unlike radio, there is definite secrecy about cable messages, for they are not broadcast on the air, but are known only to the sender and recipient, exclusive of the staff handling the message. To make messages even more confidential they may be sent in secret code so that even the operator handling the traffic is unable to interpret their contents, except in the form of a series of, to him. meaningless letters and combinations of numbers.

There were several attempts to lay cables in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was not until 1849 that much success was achieved and even that was very limited, for a cable was laid for only about two miles in the English channel from Folkestone. This was connected to a land line extending to London, and messages were exchanged between the ship laying the cable and England capitol.

Following this first attempt, two brothers, Jacob and John Watkins Brett, laid a cable from England to France, over which messages were successfully exchanged.

About that time, Cyrus W. Field, a wealthy American paper manufacturer, became interested in the possibilities of cable communication. He met the Brett brothers and formed a company with them, and they jointly commissioned Charles Tilston Bright to lay a cable between England and America.

There are always plenty of learned as well as ignorant people to say, "It can't be done; it's impossible." Dire were the prophecies of failure. The British and American governments became interested and each supplied two ships. Late in the summer of 1857 nearly 400 miles of cable was laid from Valentia, Ireland, before it broke. Several other attempts to lay a transatlantic cable failed. Finally success was achieved, and a cable was laid from Valentia to White Strand Bay in Newfoundland. over which a number of messages passed. Then, after a couple of months, silence reigned. Something had happened to the cable.

Then in July, 1865, the Great Eastern, the largest ship in existence at that time, attempted to lay a far stouter cable, but after laying almost 1,200 miles it broke and was lost in mid-Atlantic.

Captain Napper of the Great Eastern in telling about these early cable-

laying experiences, gives a graphic description of the difficulties encountered. "We tied the cable up at old Ireland and then began paying it out as we went along, in July, 1865. The cable was carried in three great tanks —one forward, one amidships and one aft—and submerged in water. Everything went fine until we were 1,200 miles out. Then in testing the cable, the engineers found something wrong. The Great Eastern had to be turned around and the cable taken in. and while doing this the cable broke. That was a great dissappointment to everybody. Four full weeks we grappled for the end that slipped into the water, but without success, and finally it was given up for the time being."

Friday, the thirteenth, is usually considered a doubly unlucky day by the superstitious; yet on that date, in July, 1866, the steamship Great Eastern began laying the first really successful Atlantic cable, completing the task July 27th. That original cable is still in use today.

Strange as it may seem no material change was made in the design of ocean cables from the time the first one was laid in 1866 until 1924. At that time, Western Union inaugurated a new era in cable development by laying a cable between New York and Horta, Azores, in which the single copper conductor was wound with a water-thin ribbon of metal known as "permalloy." At slightly increased cost this greatly increased the capacity of the cable for transmitting words. To utilize its large capacity the cable is operated in a number of separate channels, each used as an individual unit.

Then cables, similar in design, but embodying still futher improvements. were laid between New York and Penzance, England, and between Newfoundland and Horta, Azores. Each of the three Western Union permalloy cables can transmit a total number of words equal to the combined capacities of the campany's seven cables of older design. The cable between Newfoundland and Horta was designed by the engineers for simultaneous operation in both directions, and it has been operated at a speed of 1,400 letters per minute each way, establishing the highest record thus far for any transocean cable. The first cable, it is stated, was only capable of about six letters per minute. What a tremendous contrast between then and now!

Speed of the New York-Bay Roberts-Penzance permalloy cable has been increased from 1,600 to 2,400 letters per minute, providing eight channels of 300 letters each. The cable has been working satisfactorily at this speed in direct operation between New York and London. One channel has been extended from New York to Montreal and Toronto, thus providing direct working between those cities and London, and one channel has been extended from London to Amsterdam for direct working between Amsterdam and New York.

Present day efficiency of cable laying and repair work is a far cry from the early days of cable laying. In 1866 the cost of sending twenty words acoss the Atlantic was $100. Cable traffic has grown rapidly; from 20,-

000,000 words in 1911 it reached 141,000,000 words in 1929. Rates have been steadily reduced until now a full rate cable from New York City to Great Britain for immediate delivery, for instance, costs as little as twenty cents a word; a deferred message, ten cents a word; and week-end and overnight letters, three and four cents a word respectively, with a minimum of twenty-five words.

Two cable ships are maintained to repair breaks due to undersea earthquakes and other causes, as well as to lay new cables.

Much of the business communication of the world is handled by cable for it has proved itself safe, sure, secret and expeditious. Governments rely on it for the handling of confidential code messages so that this link between the nations of the world is another forward step in the development of our civilization. Practically every part of the world is hooked up on a gigantic cable network.

JONE'S BACKYARD

"Jim Jones, my neighbor on the west,
Of all my neighbors is the best.
So friendly, square and kind is Jim
There's just one fault to find in him.
By my back fence he piles his trash,
Tin cans and rubbish like a hash.
It tries my good wife's patience sore,
Jim's landscape viewed from our back door.

But just last week I had a shock,
Our breakfast coffee out of stock—
To Jim's a-borrowing I did go
Then gossiped on his porch, and lo,
I had a peep at our backyard,
I caught my breath and caught it hard,
Old papers, ashes, piles of bones,
In my back lot the same as Jones.

But somehow that small incident
In my remembrance made a dent,
And when I chance to be inclined
To criticize some man and find
A deal to sensure in his talk,
Some weakness in his daily score—
I pause and wonder on this score—
Some weakness in his daily walk,

—Alliance Trestlebord.

AT HOME WITH NORTH CAROLINA'S MOUNTAIN POET

By Kin McNeil

In the last few years much publicity has been given to James Larkin Pearson, the "poet of the hills." Every literary circle in the State is familiar with it.

To the people who make up these circles James Larkin Pearson is that poor mountain boy who couldn't resist the urge to court the Muses, even when he was a little boy. Yes, they know about how he started saying rhymes at the age of four. They know that his parents were poor farmers, and Pearson never had a chance to get more than twelve months schooling all told.

They know that for years he struggled against adversity of the most trying type; that he sold his first poem to the New York Independent when he was only eighteen; that poverty has been his bed-mate through all these years; that Upton Sinclair is the fellow responsible for discovering the "Burns of America"; that he has sold poems to many of the papers and magazines all over the United States; that reviewers and columniists have praised some of his work to the stars; and that he is a fine fellow and a good poet, and it's too bad he had to have such a tough time of it.

But how many people who have read his works and even the tragic story of his life know the real Pearson. the Pearson that lives a lonely and hermit-like life on a small mountain farm near Wilkesboro, Wilkes county, North Carolina? Is it all true what they say about him? Is he really rather homely and droll? And is all other stuff the writers have said about him true? They guess so; they don't know.

Well, let's see, James Larkin Pearson is almost 58 years old. He used to say that he was about as ugly as the law allowed and didn't care if he was. Really, though, he is inclined to be modest about such matters, for he looks many years younger than he really is. He has a heavy shock of black, unruly hair and not a bit of gray showing.

He is of average build and has regular features. He goes dressed most of the time in ordinary farmer's garb and carries around with him a moderate allowance of droll humor which he permits to escape every once in awhile. He used to give vent to his humor in a fool paper called "The Fool-Killer," but many years ago the publication of it was discontinued. While it was going, though. over fifty thousand people consumed the slap-dad editorial comments every month. Now he writes an occasional humorous verse and permits the rest of his unsophisticated stock for laughter to float around in the whimsical atmosphere of a country farmyard.

But what has made his name a familiar household word is his poems, especially a few of them. He modestly admits that he can't see why peo-

ple have made such a howl about his poetry and so publicized his work that now it's more than he can do to live up to his name. The works of his that have been most widely recognized are "Homer in a Garden," "Lincoln," "The Grave Tree." and "Fifty Acres." These, critics have compared with poems of great poets of the past and present day. And all the while Pearson denies that he has done anything unusual. He stoutly and stubbornly maintains that he is just one of the neighbors who has a knack for writing.

Whenever he feels so inclined he writes a poem. He can't see how he has done anything out of the ordinary in following out his natura' impulse to create. He wants to know why he should be listed in "Who's Who in America" when there are thousands of other people who have done greater things and never had their names mentioned in a weekly newspaper.

It is this strange defiance of all publicity about him and his work that has placed James Larkin Pearson on the top list of interesting peopel in the State of North Carolina, not only as a poet but as a man. He doesn't deny that his name is a famous one in the realm of poetry the nation over, but he does deny that it is entit'ed to the praise it has received.

He often says that there are two of him instead of one. The one is the Pearson who lives on a farm as an humble peasant of the soil; and the other is the holder of a famous name that has gone out on the glory road. He says he can hardly recognize his other self at times. He just can't adjust himself to the praise his name has received.

So what to do? Every time a story seeker asked for details concerning his life he says:

"Dogone, I don't want to be written up. I've been written up so much now that I'm ashamed of it. I don't want people to think I'm something big, and then when they come to see me find out that I'm not much of anything after all."

The pen wielders always take a second look; then they wonder if they can believe their ears and eyes They can. For the "uncrowned Poet Laureate of North Carolina," as he is often called, is sincere in his belief that he is not due the fame which is being bestowed upon him. This is not a publicity stunt with him; rather it is the self-appraisal of a man who first wrote verse in mountain newgrounds behind ox-driven plows under summer suns, and later penned masterpieces between the thousand and one duties of farm life and the almost constant attendance upon an invalid wife.

Today James Larkin Pearson is the sole survivor of his family. His wife and aged father died within a week of each other three years ago, and since that time he has lived alone on his "fifty acres,"' doing his own cooking and household work most of the time. Through it all, though, he has continued his literary work, and poems of his may often be seen in magazines and papers.

He has a small well-equipped printing office out there in the woods. miles from a railroad. Job presses,

power presses, and linotype machine are installed in the shop.

Recently he began another venture in publishing. The name of the monthly sheet which he is now editing is "The Literary South," which deals with the talent of the Southern authors. The paper is still in an experimental stage, and its success is yet to be determined.

Besides the printing of his own paper he does some commercial job printing when he has time. Now and then he goes to see a movie, if it's a good one, at a nearby small town. Occasionally his literary friends, out of curiosity, drop up to see him in his humble surroundings. Sometimes he takes time out to go to see them. That is the round of his life—modesty, incerity, and simplicity.

The publications of Mr. Pearson include a volume released in 1924 called "Pearson's Poems," an earlier one entitled "Castle Gates," and "Fifty Acres and Other Poems," in 1933.

He is now working on a new edition of "Fifty Acres and Other Poems" which will be released at an early date These four books include all his works from the time he was twelve years old up to the present. More than half of them have been published in magazines and newspapers.

With each new poem James Larkin Pearson is becoming increasingly better known to his people. Still he refuses to leave his little farm in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. When he is lonesome he can pore over the books in his private library, which is one of the best in this State. Although isolated almost completely with the mountain folks who have been has companions since birth, they have been his inspiration and a part of his life. He is one of them. as were his parents and his grand-parents. After all, he is just an ordinary neighbor who has a knack for writing.

You will have to see him in his home to understand this outstanding poet of North Carolina.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

Emil Ludwig says that the greatest American invention is a scorn of idleness. At various times in history the idler was the ideal of all classes. The man who had everything done for him, and accomplishing nothing for himself or anybody else, was the man everyone aspired to be. There are few lands where that is true today, however, and certainly it never has been true in America. Not the man who does nothing, but the man who makes the biggest accomplishments is the ideal of the western world. Few rich Americans are idle, and those who are, inherited their wealth.

Inventiveness is recognized as an outsanding American characteristic.—Exchange.

CAROLINA NEGRO IN EUROPE TO RETURN

By Clyde H. DuBose

Fifty-five years ago George Washington Mitchell was born of colored parents in the little town of Ruffin, N. C. Thirty-five years ago, George Washington Mitchell went to Europe as one of Buffalo Bill's "broncho busters" and stayed.

Now a United States consular service veteran of 27 years standing, known to diplomats and high officials the world over as "that polite colored doorman at the American embassy in Paris," George Washington plans to return to his native town of Ruffin.

The specific time for his return has not been set, but he first plans to make a three-months visit sometime during the coming year. Then, when his retirement comes due, in the next three years, he plans to return to Ruffin "for good."

Though all his people are dead, George has kept a watchful eye on Ruffin for lo these many years. There's just no place like good old North Carolina for anybody, he says, and even the thrills of his many European years have failed to blot out the memory of that little cabin "away down in the South."

Like all of his race, George received the early schooling provided by the State. Then came the Spanish American war, and with it the "call of the wild." George enlisted and soon found himself in the Tenth Cavalry. Before long he could ride with the best of them.

Buffalo Bill had been keeping his eye on this Tenth Cavalry and its colored riders. At the close of the war he was waiting at the army's back door with contracts for twelve of the Tenth's best. Among these was George.

That was the way he got to be a trick rider with the country's most spectacular frontiersman and showman of that day. In this way George found plenty of adventure, for the trail led through almost every hamlet and village in America.

There were the thrills, too, George can tell of one time down in New Orleans when the populace warned the showmen that there would be no parade through the streets if colored riders were to take part. But Buffalo Bill was not the kind to be "Buffaloed." With drawn sabres and pistols the parade paraded. And there was no trouble.

This, said the jovial doorman, was repeated in Memphis, Tenn., a short while later. But it had nothing to do with the famous Westerner's decision to tour Europe about this time. Rather, it was his good business sense that led him to see the possibilities.

In 1902, the troupe packed up for Europe. And on the Continent George came into his real glory, for the Wild West Show from America was "it" for many a day, as far as the masses were concerned.

George thinks of Buffalo Bill only as a Greek god, anyway, and these

glorious days evidently lifted his esteem by many a degree. In his mind's eye, George can still see the dignified, grey-headed and grey-bearded man riding at the head of the procession.

The advance men and the tent men always went ahead to the next town to get things ready. The performers would come last. When they reached the town they prarded from the railroad station to the tents. Crowds! There were always crowds! There were crowds from the time the boat landed in Europe. There were crowds at the station, at the tents—everywhere.

George left the show in 1907 when his beloved boss decided to return to America. By that time he had covered every country in Europe. Ghent was the last town they had played. The thrill and adventure had been too good, and he liked Europe too well to go home. So down in Paris he came and applied for a job in the American consulate.

He was given the place of messenger in the consulate at Marseilles, under Robert P. Skinner. After one year Mr. Skinner was transferred to Hamburg, Germany. And with him went George. There he stayed for about three years, when the pair were transferred to Berlin.

Just after Germany's declaration of war with France George and his boss went to London. There was plenty of excitement in Berlin before he left, he says, but "it didn't bother me none." In London George stayed for 11 years, then came to Paris, where he has remained as the embassy's doorman "Special Messenger" he is now.

Along with all this, George has gained his rightful share of fame. Newspaper men of Europe have constantly soulght him out for special interviews. The diplomats far and wide know him and he knows them Very courteous is he to all, high and low, friend and foe—

"Qu'est ce que vous desirez?" "Was wollen zie?" Or, just plain "what may be you' all's pleasuah?" It makes no difference. All persons get the same broad grin that shows two rows of pearly teeth.

"Ah speakes German, French, and English fluently," says George, "but guess ah can wrass'e with mos' any of 'em."

George has gained a lot of his fame through the fact that he never takes a vacation. He says that he and vacations don't seem to get along. One year at vacation time he had rheumatism. Another year it was a broken leg. ,

Now he dosen't want a vaction until he gets that little cabin down in Ruffin where, through the long summer days he can lie out under the trees and dream of those days when the eyes of Europe watched him gallop bareback around the ring—the eyes of Europe and those of a grey-headed, dignified old man.

Friendships are better than battleships; they never become obsolete.—Selected.

FIRST AMERICAN SHIP BUILT NEAR SOUTHPORT

By W. B. Keziah, in Charlotte Observer

The first ship ever constructed in what is now United States territory, was built two and a half miles from where the city of Southport now stands and in what is now Brunswick county, North Carolina.

The builder was Don Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon of Spain. He came to the United States, entering by the Cape Fear river, about the year 1523. He settled at the upper end of what is now the Southport harbor, and there he built a shipyard, and about 1525 he built the first ship ever constructed in the United States.

Neither record or tradition says how large this vessel was. But it may be taken that it was of considerable size. Many traces of the old shipyard are still clearily visible on the north west bank of the river at the upper end of the harbor. The location is on what is known as the Stiffler Place.

While tradition of the old shipyard had been handed down among Southport people through four centuries. it had never until recently been brought to light that the first ship built in our country was constructed here. In his industry, about which little is known, the old Spaniard added much that is now important to the great wealth of history of the lower Cape Fear country.

A'l known records referring to the first ship building are in New Hanover courthouse at Wilmington. These records designate the first shipyard and ship as having been built on the Cape Fear river near Wilmington. The reference to being near Wilmington is doubtless made because of the relative difference in size between the Wilmington or Newton of earlier days and Smithville which later became Southport. Then, too, in the formation of the earlier counties Brunswick was a part of New Hanover, becoming a county in its own right in 1774. Previous to that time all county records covering the section that is now Brunswick are among the New Hanover archives.

Traces of the old shipyard are still plainly visible, especially of the railway, that was doubtless constructed of heavy wooden timbers, over which the first ship ever built in the United States slid down into the waters of the Cape Fear.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The blossom can not tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken.—Beecher.

PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS

By Pauline Cobb Griffin

After a lapse of almost a year, this column is again being "dished out" to the tolerant readers of The News-Herald. In the interim I've been "going places and seeing things" and have met some delightful and interesting people. Along came the Legislature the first of the year. While it may be a "pain in the neck" to some people it is a very interesting and intriguing interlude to me and this being my ninth session (including two special sessions) I took my place in the "veteran" class. During the past session from my desk in the lobby I had a splendid vantage point for seeing and hearing all proceedings. There were big moments when oratory flowed and "man's humanity to man" was manifested and there were times when the green eyed monster of greed and jealousy reared its head. Throughout it all, "The Iron Major", Gregg Cherry, wielded a mighty gavel with old-fashioned school master methods and was beloved by the members in the same manner. To him was given the credit for early adjournment and one of the most successful sessions in recent years.

A delightful variation of this Legislature was on March 11th when one day's session was held at Edenton in the historic courthouse, the oldest in use in North Carolina. It was built in 1767 within a few feet of the old "Council Chamber", the first legislative hall in North Carolina, where the General Assembly met more than 200 years ago. Colonel William Byrd, one of Virginia's committee composed of Cullen Pollock, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Nash, Edward Vail, and William Lowther. They employed as architect Gilbert Leigh of Perquimans, and the result was an architectural gem of national reputation.

And so after a period of 217 years the 1937 General Assembly went "back home" to Edenton to hold a session and in this subtle way paid its respects not only to this "cradle of the colony" but to the whole State and its glorious past.

The Senate convened in the famous panelled room upstairs which in Colonial days was the center of social functions. Here a long line of governors have spoken; here a Prince of Wales danced; so did James Monroe when he visit Edenton in 1819 in connection with the inland waterway proposition. Many amusing tales are told about the building such as that of the young attorney who nearly broke up a Christmas party when, tipsy from egg-nog, he attempted to ride a horse up the stairs to the panelled assembly room; and that about the old mountain judge who was holding court in this building. It was June and through the open door the jurist looked out over the beautiful bay and saw two sailing vessels skimming her waters in opposite directions. The judge was overcome with curiosity. "Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court," he ordered. "I see two ships out yonder. One is sailing with the wind and the other seems to be making progress against it. Someone will

missioners to settle the boundary line between Virgina and North Carolina, wrote in his Westover Mss. that the first Chowan court house across the street from today's had the appearance of a "common tobacco barn." The jibe was too much. The General Assembly decided to replace that 17-19 edifice and appointed a building have to explain this to me before I can give further consideration to the case at bar." An old salt stepped up from the audience, the story goes, and enlightened the hill billy judge, and the court resumed its business.

The House of Representatives met downstairs in the courtroom with Speaker Cherry presiding and Principal Clerk Bill Baker recording the proceedings and regular legislative routine was carried out. Several members laughingly told me to be sure and take my check book along for they might want to draw some per-diem but they managed to get along without it.

Following the separate sessions of Senate and House, a joint session was held downstairs. There was welcome and felicitations from the mayor and an address by the Governor. Edenton was truly "Capitol for a day."

Many valuable records are kept in the court house, among them is a map of the court house lot and the "prison bounds" including several lots along King street where debtors and persons charged with minor offenses were allowed to roam. A Masonic chair used by George Washington when he presided over the lodge in Alexandria, Va., is in the Masonic Hall. Large sums have been offered for the panelling in the assembly room to be transferred to museums but vigorous protests on the part of townspeople have prevented its sale. The entire lower floor of the famous "Cupola House" was moved to the Brooklyn Museum so now Edenton is more careful with her historical treasures. Many old buildings rich in their association with Colonial times have been preserved. Edenton has practically as much to interest the artist, the architect, the historian and the antiquarian as Williamsburg. There is just the question of having her charms brought to the attention of the public by some philanthropic "restorer" like Rockefeller at Williamsburg to rejuvinate its aging buildings. Yet, without restorions, Edenton has a number of pre-Revolutionary buildings as reminders of days when stubborn governors disagreed violently with stubborn councils when patriots whispered of rebellion over their cups at Horniblow's Tavern, and when innumerable ships loaded with skins, tar, tobacco and rum furled their sails in the bay.

The ancient "Cupola House" was built in 1758 by Francis Corbin. A legend is that he built the cupola atop the residence so he could look out over the bay for the ship which was to bring his intended bride, Jean Innes, from England but that she died on the way across and was buried at sea. Another legend is that Governor Charles Eden and the pirate Edward (Blackbeard) Teach often sat in this tower playing cards and dividing the corsair's plunder. Corbin, land agent for Lord Granville, notorious for his bad management, carried his tax gathering activi-

ties so far that he was forced to resign. The "Cupola House" now houses the Endenton Museum and Library.

On October 25, 1774, fifty-one ladies met at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth King and drew up resolutions declaring that they would drink no more tea until the "odious tax" was removed. This was the first tea party of the Revolutionary period, antedating the famous "Boston Tea Party." Mrs. Penelope Barker presided over the "Edenton Tea Party" and the site of this historical event is marked by a Revolutionary cannon surmounted by a bronze tea pot of Colonial design. An orginal mezzotint of the tea party is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

St. Paul's church, known as the "Westminster Abbey" of North Carolina, stands in the heart of the town. It is surrounded by ancient oaks beneath which sleep hundreds of the founders of our commonwealth. The venerable and beloved rector, Rev. Robert Brent Drane. D. D., has served continuously for 56 years. The communion silver has been in use since 1725, fifty years before the Revolution. During the war Between the States the original bell of the church was taken out and melted and made into cannon.

"Beverly Hall," the old State Bank from 1810 to 1835, is now used as a residence. Its huge hidden brick vault encased in steel and its key, weighing two pounds (which is said to be larger than the key to the famous Bastile in France) are reminders of the cumbersome banking equipment of older days.

Stretching along the north shore lie many old estates and homes including "Hayes", "Montpelier", "Altrol", "Mulberry Hill", "Greenfields" and others. "Hayes", the magnificent home of Governor Samuel Johnson, stands in the midst of its one thousand acres and is the outstanding colonial home of the entire State of North Carolina. It is Georgian type of architecture and is a treasure house of early Americana. Priceless Reynolds portraits adorn its walls and its library of thousands of old volumes and manuscripts contains many rare old "first editions".

An interesting point of historical lore is the site whereon the Hotel Joseph Hewes stands. It has been said of good authority that the site is one of five in the entire country on which a hostelry has been continuously operated since colonial times: first the "King's Arms", then "Horniblow's Tavern" and in more recent years by other homes for the entertainment of Edenton's visitors. "Hornib'ow's Tavern" was mentioned in the recent novel "Drums" by James Boyd.

Writing in The Baltimore Evening Sun several days ago, R. P. Harris tells of his recent travels through Virginia and North Carolina. He mentions Williamsburg as being "so colonial, so new, so bright and the tavern guest rooms air-conditioned". He says: "In Willliamsburg the restorers have done their work almost too well. The powder magazine looks as if it were built yesterday and the Capitol early this morning. It is in towns like Edenton and New Bern that one finds old places which really look old. Perhaps this is part-

ly due to the fact that such landmarks are surrounded by all manner of jerry-built modern structures. It emphasizes their age and dignity." As a young boy told him there in a confidential tone: "I tell you, mister. this town is just nasty with history."

A sketch of the history of Edenton, originally called "Ye Towne on Queen Anne's Creek," reads like a panoramic review of the life of North Carolina, the hardships of the early colonies, the struggle of revolution, civil war and reconstruction; all finally unfolding into the commonwealth that is the Old North State today.

LET ME BE KIND TODAY

Let me be kind today,
  Nor carelessly let fall
One cruel, hurtful word
  Which I cannot recall.
The heart I wound today
  Tomorrow may be stilled;
I cannot gather up
  The poison when 'tis spilled.

I must not waste today;
  Life's harvest time is brief;
How scant the hour allowed
  For me to glean my sheaf!
Haste! Haste! Oh, laggard hand,
  To plant the goodly seed;
Bear in the golden grain;
  Perform the noble deed.

I would be true today—
  Today is all I own;
Tommorow may not dawn,
  And yesterday has flown.
May I be given strength
  To do my task, I pray,
And in my humble place
  Let me be true today.

—George H. Free.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Edward Josey, one of our old boys, called on us last Monday. He left the School in August 1936, and since that time has been working on his father's farm. He states that the crops, consisting of cotton, corn, peanuts and garden truck, are very good this year.

Troy McPherson, who left the School about two and one-half years ago, visited us last Monday. Since leaving here Troy has been living in Rockingham, where he attended high School. He reports that he has been promoted and will be a member of the senior class next year.

On Wednesday of last week the Cannon Mill defeated the School boys by the score of 6 to 3, in a seven-inning game. Only in one inning, the sixth. were the School lads able to do much with the offerings of Huntley, visiting pitcher. In this frame they scored all of their runs—a double, an error and three singles sending three runs across the platter.

Charlie Furchess was on the mound for the School, and while he was nicked for ten hits, he should have fared better, errors being responsible for three of the runs scored against him.

The leading hitters for Cannon Mi'l were Baucom and Loggans, who knocked out two singles each. For the School Williamson rapped out a double and single, and Mobley and Myrick connected for a pair of singles each. The score:

		R	H	E
Cannon	2 0 2 1 0 0 1 —	6	10	2
J. T S.	0 0 0 0 0 3 0 —	3	9	1

Last Thursday's game between Hartsell Mill and the Training School resulted in a 7 to 4 victory for the latter. The Hartsell boys were late getting here, making it necessary to call the game in the sixth inning.

Both pitchers, Cooper, for the visitors, and Lawrence, for the School were going good, the former allowing six hits and the latter four.

Both teams seemed to have a lot of bad baseball in their systems, making a total of eleven errors. The visitors scored but one earned run, while all the counters maked up by the School lads were the results of errors, bases on balls and wild pitches.

Hinson. with two singles, was the only Hartsell batter to secure more than one hit, while Lawrence led the School hitters with a double and two singles. The score:

		R	H	E
Hartsell Mill	0 0 1 0 1 2 —	4	4	6
J. T. S.	0 2 4 0 1 x —	7	6	5

On Friday afternoon a team from Concord known as the "Bearcats" visited the local ball orchard, and lost a seven-inning game to the School by the score of 6 to 2.

For six innings, Lawrence, hurling

for the the School, made the so-called Bearcats take on the appearance of very gentle little house kittens, allowing them just one hit. In the seventh they added two singles which, coupled with a fielder's choice, made it possible for them to rack up their two tallies.

The School hitters got to Lee, the visiting hurler. for eleven hits. Lefty Williamson pacing the batters with three singles in four trips to the plate. Lawrence rapped out a double and single and Myrick hit a brace of singles. The score:

		R	H	E
Bearcats	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 —	2	3	4
J. T. S.	0 2 0 0 0 2 2 —	6	11	0

The School lads had little trouble defeating the Penn-Carol Hosiery Mill, Concord, on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, the score being 10 to 1.

Charles Furchess, who was on the firing line for the School, turned in one his best performance of the season, allowing the visitors six scattered hits and fanning eight. He pitched shut-out ball until the ninth inning when the Penn-Carol boys marked up their lone run on an error, a base on balls and a single.

The School boys were right busy with their war clubs, pounding out twelve hits, including four doubles and three triples. "Cowboy" Mauney led the hitting parade with two three-ply swats and a single; Williamson connected for a pair of doubles; Furchess got a double and single; and Myrick a couple of singles. The score.

		R	H	E
Penn-Carol	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 —	1	6	3
J. T. S.	1 1 0 0 0 2 4 2 x —	10	12	2

The Kannapolis Juniors furnished the opposition for the local ball tossers last Monday and finished on the short end of a 6 to 2 score, in a seven-inning game.

Although he pitched on Saturday, Furchess again assumed the hurling duties for the School, and tossed a very good game, holding the Juniors to three singles and causing six batters to follow the old strike-out route. The only visiting batter who was able to make any kind of a showing against Charlie was Arrowood. who slapped out two hits in three tries.

Krimminger, the Kannapolis pitcher, also did well as far as the number of hits was concerned. He allowed only seven but two of them were home runs. His wildness was responsible for three of the runs charged against him.

In addition to pitching a nice game, Furchess wielded a mean wagon-tongue, giving the old horse-hide a ride to distant places for two home runs, one coming with one on. Mobley, with a pair of singles, was the only other School batter to get more than one safety. The score.

		R	H	E
Kannapolis	0 0 0 2 0 0 0 —	2	3	1
J. T. S.	0 3 1 0 2 0 x —	6	7	7

Rev. Walter J. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord,

conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 24th Psalm, and in his talk to the boys on the subject. "Writing Your Name," he called special attention to Psalm 8: 1—"Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name," and Rev. 22:4—"And they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads."

First of all, said Rev. Mr. Miller, we write our names upon our work. A boy just starting in school, learns to write his name, and then as he grows older, he finds that he must be very careful about signing his name and where he signs it.

David, the Psalmist, knew the meaning of a signature. As he lived with nature, he saw and knew its glory and grandeur. He saw in it the handiwork of God. which caused him to say, "How excellent is Thy name in all the earth."

Every individual writes his name on everything he does, continued the speaker. He then used a master violin as an illustration. There are three things which distinguishes one of those fine instruments: (1) Material; (2) Workmanship; (3) Quality of tone. On all of these old violins are written the name of the master workman who made them. They have come down through the years and are of almost priceless value because of their beautiful tone.

Just as the makers of the old violins, we are constantly writing our names on all that we do. Take the case of the little boy who has made stealthy visits to the cookie jar. When the father comes home and finds a path of cookie crumbs from the pantry to the front door, he sees there the signature of his young son. He doesn't for one moment think it was his wife who did it—he knows it was the boy.

A brick mason writes his name on the kind of chimneys and walls that he builds; a carpenter writes his name on the kind of a building he constructs; a mother writes her name upon her home, her work about the house and her influence there.

The speaker then added that the boys here at the School wrote their names on the work they did in various places of employment the day before, saying that if they performed the tasks to the best of their ability, they had written their names well. On the other hand, if they had shirked their duties, is a poor, smeared job, their names would not be clear and clean-cut upon the School's records of the day's activities.

Another way to write our names, said Rev. Mr. Miller is in writing our names upon the lives of people with whom we come in contact. Every person has influence, either good or bad, over other people. Your name is written upon that person with whom you are closely associated. We are largely the result of influences which have surrounded us all our lives, therefore. we should take great care that any influence we have on others should always be for the best —we should see that the name which we write upon the person's life be one of which we need never be ashamed.

Rev. Mr. Miller next stated that

we are writing our names upon the community in which we live. He told the boys that such boy here is writing his name upon the history of the Jackson Training School. In order that the School might live up to the high ideals for which it was established it is necessary that every name must stand for dependability, trustworthiness, truth and honor. If each boy here today will strive to have these things written after his name upon the School's records, he will help to make the name Jackson Training School echo down through the years as a great builder of character and citizenship.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Miller spoke of the initials, "G. W." carved high up on the famous Natural Bridge in Vivginia. The letters are higher than any others. They stand for George Washington. As a boy, George, wanted his initials to reach higher than those of other boys. As a man, his name rose higher than that of any other American—soarinig high above the names of his countrymen; high in the records of his family, the nation and the world.

NOT THEN

I can't enjoy the praise
You give me when I'm dead,
Nor enjoy the grave-stone
With inscription at my head.

I'd rather have a blossom
When I can see and smell it;
Let your word of praises fall
When I can hear you tell it.

Please don't let me suffer
For comforts here below,
Then come with tears and sympathy
That I can never know.

I'd appreciate your kindness
When sick upon my bed,
I'd rather have a flower now
Than a dray load when I'm dead.

You needn't sigh when I am gone,
You needn't drop a tear;
What you are going to do for me
Please, do it while I'm here.

—J. C. Wright.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending August 1, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE.

(9) J. C. Cox 9
(4) Charles Davis 4
Hoyt Hollifield
(9) Edward Johnson 9
(9) James Johnson 9
(6) Carl Kepley 8
Edward Lucas 3
(9) Mack Setzer 9
(9) Joseph Tucker 9
(9) James Wilhite 9

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Henry Cowan 5
(4) Carroll Dodd 5
(2) Wm. Howard 3
(5) Arthur Martin 7
(3) Wm. Pitts 4
(2) Albert Silas 4
(2) Eugene Stallings 6
Robert Watts 2
(5) James West 7
(2) Preston Yarborough 2
(6) R. L. Young 6

COTTAGE No. 2

Julius Green 4
Max Lindsay 2
Clifton Mabry 3
Thomas McRary
(2) Myron Whitman 4
(3) Richard Wrenn 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(9) Neely Dixon 9
James Eury 6
(2) Charles Furchess 6
Julian Gregory 4
(2) Max Hedrick 2
James Mast 5
John Piner 5
Frank Pickett 7
F. E. Mickle 2
Burl Smathers 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Shelton Anderson 6
(2) Garrett Bishop 5
(3) Hurley Davis 6
Lewis Donaldson 5
(2) James Hancock 6
Ralph Johnson 3
(2) Thomas Little 8
(3) Thomas Maness 5
(5) Robert Mims 5
Charles Mizzell 2
(3) Lloyd Pettus 7
(5) Frank Raby 5
(4) Thomas Stephens 5
Melvin Walters 8

COTTAGE No. 5

Robert Jordan 8
(4) Jack Tate 4

COTTAGE No. 6

(9) Robert Bryson 9
(9) Fletcher Castlebury 9
Robert Deyton 4
(2) Robert Dunning 2
(7) Thomas Hamilton 8
(2) Jack Harward 3
(8) James Rackley 8
Hubert Smith
William Wilson
Woodrow Wilson
(2) Jack West 2
George Wilhite 7

COTTAGE No. 7

Blaine Griffin 2
(5) Caleb Hill 8
Milton Pickett 3
Wallace Smith 4

(2) Percy Strickland 3
(2) William Young 6

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

J. T. Branch 4
(9) Randolph Davis 9
Gladston Carter
(5) Reuben Duggins 8
(9) Fletcher Castlebury 9
Robert Deyton 4
(2) Robert Dunning 2
(7) Thomas Hamilton 8
(2) Jack Harward 3
(8) James Rackley 8
Hubert Smith
William Wilson
(2) Mark Jones 4
(2) James C. Hoyle 3
Elbert Kersey 3
(3) Eugene Presnell 3
(5) Homer Smith 8
(3) Earl Stamey 5
(2) Thomas Sands 6

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 3
(2) Earl Atwood 7
(2) Jack Carter 2
(2) Edward Chapman 2
Glenn Collins 5
(2) Jeff Gouge 2
(2) Mack Joines 4
(2) William Knight 5
Rufus Linville 5
(2) Edward E. Murray 3
(2) James Martin 3
(2) James Nicholson 2
Jack Springer 2
William R. Williams 2

COTTAGE No 11

Joseph Christine
(5) John Drum 7
(7) William Kirk 7
Alton Morgan 3
William Martin 7
Filmore Oliver 6
William Tobar 2
John Uptegrove 2
(9) Fred Williamson 9

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 4
(4) Charles Batten 5
(2) Joseph Cox 3
(3) Frank Dickens 7
James Elders 4
Franklin Hensley 4
(6) Hubert Holloway 7
Lester Jordan 4
Frank Lewis 5
Asbury Marsh 3
Clarence Mayton 5
(2) Jerome Medlin 7
Glenn O'Quinn 3
(2) Ewin Odom 5
Andrew Powell 3
James Reavis 6
Lonnie Sloan 3
Horace Simmons 6
Charles Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 13

Fletcher Boggs 8
Harry Flowe 6
Robert Hailey 7
Eugene Patton 4
Claudius Pickett 6
(4) John Smith 8

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe 3
(5) Curtis Coleman 7
(2) Doyle Holder 7
(3) William Mickey 4
Paul Shipes 4
Desmond Truitt 2
William Warf 4

COTTAGE No 15

(4) Julian Andrews 7
(2) Warren Bright 5
John Brown 6
Granville Cheek 3
(2) George Gibson 5
Walter Hill 8
L. M. Hardison 3
Caleb Jolly 8
Connie Michael 7
Edward Martin 5
(2) John Mathis 6
Alvin Powell 4
Edward Patrum 3
(3) Wilson Rich 7
Carl Toney 2
George Worley 2

AUG 16 1937 U. N. C. CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 14, 1937 No.33

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IT WORKS

Dr. Pentecost once met a freethinker who twitted him for putting any faith in the Bible, seeing that the authorship of some of its parts was so uncertain and the subject of much debate.

"Look here,"said Dr. Pentecost, "who wrote the multiplication table?"

"I don't know," confessed the skeptic.

"What a man you are!" said Dr. Pentecost. "You believe it and you use it, and yet you don't know who wrote it."

This placed the cavalier in some difficulty, but thinking he saw a way out of it, he said —"But the multiplication table works!"

"Doubtless," was the triumphant retort of the preacher, "and so does the Bible."

—Religious Telescope.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THINGS WORTHWHILE

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could live life over again? What a different life it would be! Countless numbers of us would like to start at the very beginning and make it like another life, filled with things more beautiful and worthwhile. We would like to forget all the ugly words and thoughts and acts of the past—if we try very hard, we will succeed.

But what of the person whom we have injured on the way? We would like now to be a good friend to that soul in need, but when we turn back to lend a helping hand we find that some one kinder than we has lifted him up, and so our chance of a good deed has passed with the day.

We meet this disappointment at every turn as we survey the past and would remake so much of that which is gone. But sad as the past with its facts may be, surely there is hope for the one who is truly in earnest. If we really mean what we say about a fresh beginning, there is much that we can do.

It is entirely possible for us right from this very hour to make life wholesome and pure. But we shall have to give our very best, and there will be many times when our strength will be challenged by the test that life sets before us.

We can start now blessing men all along life's great path. By the very goodness we display, we can teach them that life has much to bestow. For after all the greatest sermons are not those preached from the pulpit or the hillside but those that come right out of the hearts of men and women in their normal routine relationships.

With our cheery word, and our own sincere beaming smile, we can lift others over rugged hills and give them our hand as they struggle up, while God's love distills the air. We can start our new life now and teach others to follow in the steps of Christ, who came to bestow joy, life eternal and love upon those who are willing to pattern—repattern, if necessary—their lives after His, until forgetting the things behind, we may all press on toward the goal of a higher calling of beauty and light.—Mildred Woodard.

DR. J. P. MATHESON

The tragic death of Dr. J. P. Matheson, Charlotte, was a distressing shock to his legion of friends and admirers all through the

state. While Charlotte was his home he could be easily termed a citizen at large because of his extensive contact in his professional career in which he displayed at all times the magnetic talent of good fellowship. His profession was a passion, it was a God-given gift, used for the relief of suffering humanity, and by practical demonstration showed the masses how to overcome the handicaps of physical defects.

It goes unchallenged that he was a man of broad vision and his goal at all times was the best both in his professional career where he showed charity of heart, and in every civic interest, and he had many, his ultimate aim at all times was to carve beauty. His was a life of genuine service to humanity and the world is better for the lives of such noble characters.

* * * * * * *

A MODEL VILLAGE

The little town of Keene, Texas, undoubtedly the Utopia of the South, with 600 inhabitants, 30 miles southwest of Fort Worth, a Mecca for the Seven-Day-Adventist, a model law abiding village, gives proof that it is possible to live other than in the midst of crime.

In the April issue of Fact Digest a complete story, and a very interesting one, is briefly but lucidly told of the religious, educational and other advantages offered to the people in this quiet and orderly village. This town has no jail, sheriff or city council and there has never been a crime committed in all its history. In their daily walks they emphasize the philosophy contained in the words of Christ.

The school curicula include the Bible and every child is made familiar with the teachings of the Holy Writ.

Neither the women nor men smoke or drink, honest to the penny in meeting their obligations and there is neither extreme poverty nor wealth in their midst. In sports they are moderate indulging in nothing detrimental to their bodies, and avoiding all sports suggestive of depravity, lewdness or brutality.

The women have for their goal home making, they dress simply and are devout advocates of faithfulness and sobriety. The in-

habitants make a practice of knowing their neighbors and have for their ultimate aim the desire to live in peace, good will to every one, and practicing a spirit of brotherly love for all.

If this can be accomplished in Keene why is it not possible to have a more law abiding spirit in other places? Do we try? Some say, without trying, it can not be done. Therefore, we accept lawlessness and disorder as one of the impossibilities.

* * * * * * *

CHIEF JUSTICE STACY QUALIFIED

It is interesting to note that Tar Heel members of Congress have urged that Chief Justice Stacy be named as a member of the Supreme Court of the United States to take the place of Justice Van Devanter who resigned. This is a fine suggestion also an expression of confidence and appreciation upon the part of the members of Congress from the Old North State. The Congressmen from North Carolina know that Chief Justice Stacy has the combined qualities of mind and spirit that will place him in line as a member of the nation's highest tribunal.

We are safe and secure in saying that the nation's search light can be turned upon Chief Justice Stacy and there will not be a flaw found in his professional career, or a reason of any kind that would debar him from a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States. So we feel reasonably sure his name will not be passed over without serious consideration from President Roosevelt.

* * * * * * *

DUNBAR—NEGRO POET

Little is written, therefore, little is known of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the acknowledged leader among the poets of his own race, and who achieved eminence among the lyric writers of the nineteenth century.

He emerged from Dayton, Ohio, the son of ex-slaves, a birthright that gave him little hope of achieveing fame due to the hardships that accrue from poverty. Althought a talent can be likened to the nervous restlessness that energizes youth, for it can not be confined, but sooner or later finds a way to give vent to the pent up ambitions.

Thus reads the life of the negro poet, Dunbar, who never missed an opportunity to scribble poems as he went to school, while working as operator of an elevator also while working as a mechanic. He did not have the contact of college life to give him that polish as an ornate writer, but the gift of song was within and in the full fruition of time, 1896, Dunbar published his first book entitled "Oak and Ivy Poems", and later another book entitled "Majors and Minors."

As a proper tribute to this negro poet the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society has acquired his old home and transformed it into a shrine that will soon be opened to the public.

WHY ARE WOMEN LIKE A NEWSPAPER

A Florida newspaper offered a year's subscription to the reader who could write the best article entitled: "Why are women like a newspaper? "Below we print some of the replies received. If any of our readers can do better, send to the Uplift your reply:

"Because they are thinner now than they used to be."

"Because they are easy to read."

"Because they are well worth looking over."

"Because back numbers are not much in demand."

"Because usually they are not worth what they cost."

"Because they carry the news wherever they go."

"Because if they know anything they usually tell it."

But the answer that won the subscription was:

"Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbor's."

* * * * * * *

THE MECHANICAL COTTON PICKER

The saving of $10.72 cents per bale by using the mechanical cotton picker increases the unemployed army. This work of picking cotton by hand was the joy of the plantation negro who made considerable in the fall of the year,—enough to buy shoes and other essentials for the winter months. Nothing else can be expected since living in the "machine age", but a curtailment of man power in many instances. The cost of production in the cotton crops is

reduced, but at the same time the revenue realized for those who picked cotton by hand has to be reconciled in some way. Time only will show adjustments as it did in the invention of the cotton-gin.

The following shows results of an experiment with the "Rust-Mechanical-Cotton Picker":

John and Mack Rust who have become famous as the inventors of the mechanical cotton picker report that a test made last year revealed a saving of $10.72 a bale under hand-picking costs. The test was conducted in Mississippi under average conditions. There is no question but that the old method of picking cotton is an expensive one, and the invention of a successful picker should make it possible for the southern farmers to receive more for their crops. In other words, it will reduce the cost of production, a process which should always benefit the producer.

* * * * * * *

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

There are times when we bemoan our lot, but if we look around and find others in a worse plight our misfortunes become easier to bear. There are few who realize that they have comforts, yes luxuries as compared to the youth of thirty or forty years ago. So why grouch and not smile? If we did but understand we are living in the land of plenty! So get busy and carve out a fine life. The opportunity is yours if you wish to grasp it.

Listen! The Shining Lines writes; Thirty-seven years ago not one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy, but today three out of four have cars. Two families then had telephones where there are thirteen now. Less than half a million homes had electricity. Today twenty-one million homes are wired; seven million families own electric refrigerators; twenty-two million have radios.

And this, don't forget, is only the beginning. The wonders of the past forty years will appear insignificant when compared with those of the next forty. Let us prepare for growth. The supply of materials that will enrich life for the millions is unlimited. People will bring those materials into use when users become aware of their need for them.

FLOWERS OF PALESTINE

(Young People)

Flowers are not mentioned frequently in the Bible, and perhaps this is the reason for a more or less general notion that Palestine is barren of bloom. However, this is not the case.

The beginning of the floral season later. There are plenty of flowers comes at the time of the spring rain, usually in March, though sometimes in summer also, and even in the winter months of December and January. The country is a veritable riot of color at the climax of the season, when scarlet tulips, purple gladioli, blue irises and lupines display their bright-hued blossoms.

Jesus speaks of the "lilies of the field," and the Hebrew word so translated evidently was applied as a common name to all bright-colored flowers, such as the tulip, the iris, and the anemone. Some authorities think the term applies to the Anemone coronia, a beautiful flower, generally red, but growing abundantly in white, blue and purple.

The juniper which is referred to in the Old Testament is the white broom, whose profuse pink and white flowers make a hillside in Gilead easily comparable to the exquisite beauty of a New England apple-orchard in blossom. There is much juniper around the Dead Sea and in the ravines leading down to the Jordan Valley. In Old Testament times the roots were converted into charcoal.

The limestone hills of Galilee are covered by a small flax plant with rose-pink flowers and also by the pimpernel with its red and purple blossoms.

Around the Dead Sea, usually considered a region of desolation, there are tropical flowers isolated for centuries from similar species in Africa, blossoms yield potash and other oil.

Dark blue and white lupines grow in profusion in the valleys of the Jordan and the Nablus, and oleanders flaunt their bright pink blossoms from a wealth of dark green leaves by the Sea of Galilee and in the Jordan Valley. There is a belief that the oleander plant may have been the willow of the brook which was used in making booths for the festival of the Tabernacles.

The word "rose," as translated from the Hebrew, appears only twice in the Bible. Evidently it refers to some bulbous plant, usually identified as a yellow and white narcissus found in the Plain of Sharon, though some have suggested that it might be the mallow. The narcissus is a favorite house decoration among the natives of Palestine. The Valley of Roses, near Jerusalem, is so named from the roses grown there for the production of the Eastern perfume, attar of roses. The present day rose of Sharon is the cistus, but that is found only in the Palestinian hills. The rose of Jericho is known as the resurrection flower, because it opens in water. It has not fixed locale, but drifts with the wind over the sandy areas by the Dead Sea.

Yellow and white water lilies grow on Lake Huleh and in other still wa-

ters. Tulips in great variety appear all over the country, and several species of the saffron of the Bible, which is the crocus, abound in every part of Palestine.

There are many varieties of reeds, rushes and grasses, and numbers of herbs, many of which are the source of perfumes and dyes. One of the grasses on Mount Tabor is thought to be the origin of wheat. Grass life is of brief duration, a fact often mentioned in the Scriptures. This is due to the dry summers, and though there are spring fields green with grass and clover, there are no permanent pastures like those of northern countries.

There is uncertainty about the gourd referred to in the Book of Jonah, but horticulturists believe it to have been the bottle gourd, whose vine is much used in the East on trellised booths or arbors for protection from the sun.

Specimens of the beautiful flowers in the Garden of Gethsemane are pressed and mounted on cards as souvenirs for the traveler in Palestine. These retain their coloring to a remarkable extent. On many of these cards noting a single larger dark-red petal mounted behind a flower resembling our buttercup, one wonders if it has a particular significance in the native mind.

SHOWER

Across the azure, softly drifting wings
  Of palest gray, of white, of tawny yellow,
A shrill cicadia in the meadow sings,
  The robin's note grows strangely soft and mellow;
And little breezes ripple through the clover
  There will be showers before the day is over.

A dark hue of stormclouds in the west,
  And fleeces piled above them, thicker growing,
The white hen stirs upon her meadow nest,
  And all the ducks are slowly homeward going;
Something ominous in the air is thrumming,
  And nature knows that soon a shower is coming.

Patter of drops upon the garden beds,
  Rattle of drops upon the leafy willows,
Swift, beating drops that bend the lily heads,
  Wind-beaten drops that look like inland billows;
Then just before the leaden zenith lightens
  Low in the darker east a rainbow brightens.

—L. Mitchell Thornton.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR TIME IN THE SUMMER?

(Boy Life)

Several months elapse between the closing of school in spring and the opening in fall. There is ample opportunity for accomplishing a great deal during the summer months, and every boy should spend the vacation period to best advantage.

The average boy earns considerable money in summer, working at one job or at several different ones. Thus he is able to pick up cash enough to buy school books, clothes and many other things which his parents would otherwise have to buy for him. And employment during the summer is mighty fine, too, for it teaches a fellow the value of a dollar, gives him experiences, puts him in good physical condition for the football season, or for school work, and keeps him contented and happy. When a boy has to earn a dollar himself, he appreciates its value more than when dad gives it to him. However, a boy should not do too heavy work, because that would be too severe a strain on his constitution, and perhaps undo all the good the exercise might accomplish. Lifting of heavy boxes is not for growing boys, but for strong men who have reached their maximum growth.

Farm work appeals to many youngsters, and it a most healthful type. There is very little strain connected with it, yet a maxiumum of exercise. Then, also, farm work is outdoors, another big point in its favor. Plenty of strenuous exercise, wholesome food and sound sleep will put a boy in wonderful physical condition, and these things are the reward of a boy who works in the country.

In the summer many stores are in the market for clerks during the vacation period. The pay is not usually large, but it is commensurate with the experience a boy has had in that line. Experience and knowledge govern salary in every instance.

The boy who works on a farm finds it much easier to save his earnings than one who is constantly in town where opportunities to spend money surround him on every hand. The temptation to buy foolish things is not always before the rural worker, and at the end of the summer he is apt to have quite a bank account.

There are many other profitable ways a boy can put in his summer vacation period besides working, however. One of them is to attend a summer camp, such as are found in all parts of the country. These camps are in charge of a competent leader, who makes life as interesting and profitable for his patrons as possible. He drills them in woodcraft, all kinds of sports, cookery, personal cleanliness and many other things. In short, he teaches them to live in such a manner that they will be healthy, happy and prosperous. When a boy returns from a summer camp he is always in far better condition than when he went, and, in some cases, this is a better way to spend the summer than in working for wages.

It is certainly pleasanter, and every boy ought to do considerabe playing in the vacation time. He has had nine long months of school work, and the next three months should not be unduly hard, even though a change is supposed to be as good as a rest. Boys ought to do considerable swimming, playing baseball and tennis and camping in the warm weather, for these are the sports of youth. If a fellow dosen't engage in them when he is young, the chances are he will not do so at all. Of course, what one does in the summer will be governed to a large extent by the fatness of his own pocketbook and that of his family. Some boys feel that they have to work every moment of vacation in order to bring in some money. Others are differently situated. If possible, though, every boy should take at least a month off in summer, so that he may be do as he pleases. It is a well-known fact that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The remedy is less work and more play.

Most fellows want to forget school in vacation time, yet a little studying doesn't do a bit of harm. June, July and August are good months to review that subject which bothered you so much last year. After a short interval of play or outside work, it is interesting to turn to a textbook of history or English and refresh the memory. You will see things and learn things previously overlooked, and the whole subject will seem different to you. A little study each day or each week, even if only five or ten minutes at a time, will do you good.

Every boy wants to make the year ahead better than its predecessor. He wants to get higher grades and be a finer student. Summer is a fine time to plan the year ahead and make what new resolutions you overlook on January 1. See where you fell down, and strive to strengthen your weak studies. A little thought and extra work on your part will accomplish miracles.

"I think that children are not as observing as they used to be," said the inspector to the teacher.

"I hadn't noticed it," replied the teacher.

"Well, I'll prove it to you," and turning to the class the inspector said: "Someone give me a number."

"Thirty-seven," said a little boy eagerly.

The inspector wrote 73 on the board and nothing was said.

"Will someone else give me a number?"

"Fifty-two," said another lad.

"The inspector wrote down 25 on the board and smiled at the teacher. He called for another number and young Jack called out: "Seventy-seven; now see if you can change that."

—Selected.

A BLESSING TO BE TIRED

By Minerva Hunter

When Maggie Marshall pushed the carriage out on the front porch so that the baby could get the sunshine and fresh air, she found a row of mud pies lined up along the top step and footprints all over the porch. This was the last straw! All day Maggie had struggled and worked getting ready for Tom's boss who was coming to dinner, and here at four o'clock to find the porch must be cleaned again!

Hastily she set about her work. She must get through in time to take a bath, rest a little and dress herself and the children before the men came from the office.

As the last touch was given to the porch she saw Lydia Benson driving down the street. Lydia's new car gleamed in the afternoon sun and Lydia's becoming costume brought Maggie a twinge of envy.

Lydia stopped the car on the drive between the two houses and called to her girlhood friend, "Maggie, I hear Mr. Denning is in town and will take dinner with you. Let me keep the children in the nursery for you."

Maggie's envy changed to gratitude. "I wish you would. They have worried me nearly to death today. Charles has cried a lot and Lucy has been under my feet or in mischief the whole day. I could not get help anywhere."

With the children off her mind things went a little better for Maggie, but even then it was no easy task to prepare and serve the meal and be a gracious hostess at the same time. She welcomed the moment when Tom announced they must be leaving to catch the train Mr. Denning was to take.

Wearily Maggie climbed the stairs to see how Lydia was getting along with the children. She found the little ones asleep and Lydia sitting at the window.

"Aren't you worn out?" Maggie asked. "The children tried themselves today."

"I am tired," Lydia agreed, "but not because of the children. I am tired every night, but tonight there is a sweetness and happiness about being tired that I usually do not feel. I have been wondering why and have decided that I have worked with different material. I love my work; there is a great satisfaction in fitting up a house with suitable furniture and draperies that harmonize, but when the job is done, it is turned over to the owner and I move on to another house. I never stay with the lovely things I have created. Really I do not care to stay. But children! One has to work with them and work for them. It is an unending job, and because it is unending one can enjoy continual development. During the last four years while I have been working to make homes lovely you were working to make Lucy and Charles lovely, and even though they have naughty days and try your patience and your strength, they will be far more worthwhile in the years to come than all my houses. I envy you, Maggie."

Maggie recalled with a throb of

deep pity that Lydia had lost her husband and tiny son. "Yes," she nodded, "I believe every tired feeling I have is blessed, Lydia."

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT

Some of you will see one of these days on the Boston Common in Boston, Massachusetts, a monument that carries a strange inscription. That inscription reads like this: "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working" (Isa. 28:29). Was that monument erected to a preacher, or a religious teacher, or a missionary? No, not to any one of them. It was erected to the discoverer of anesthesia, which has become such a blessing to sick people; and it was felt by many that God revealed this useful knowledge to the man who was looking for something of the kind. At least some of the things Jesus did when He was here He is continuing through the practice of medicine and surgery and mental hygiene and those Christlike institutions, our hospitals. These things are of God whether we are willing to admit it or not.

But there was another discovery which in its own way is quite as remarkable. Long ago a minister by the name of George W. Hervey was making some investigations in the Astor Library in New York City. While working there he often met Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. Mr. Hervey tells us that one day he put this question to Mr. Morse: "When you are making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, do you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"

"Oh, yes; more than once," said the Professor.

"At such times, what do you do next?"

"I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the Professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

"And light generally came?"

"Yes," said the Professor, who said he never felt he deserved the honors that came to him, for he was not superior to other, men, "but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

And the first words the inventor flashed over the wire were, "What hath God wrought!" (Numbers 23:23). All the light and knowledge we have come from above.—Young Folks.

TRAINING TEACHERS TO ANALYZE PUPILS

By Warren Williams

A horizon bright with promise of new fields to conquer beckons to America's book-learning younger generation, in the opinion of Miss Amy Clowes, Northwestern university instructor.

Innovation in teaching technique which accent the individualized approach, stress creative effort and evaluate educational growth on the basis of original thinking, and the vogue of "real life" situations were listed as her reasons for this conclusion.

"I venture to say," Miss Clowes said "that if much we use in the modern curriculum had been applied years ago our present social and economic conditions would be quite different from what they are."

"Teachers today," she said, "are being trained to analyze the problems of the pupils, ferret out what is causing emotional disturbances, which profoundly affect a child's capacity to absorb knowledge, and apply correctives."

The latest vogues in pupil instruction, Miss Clowes predicted, presuppose the time when phychiatrists or trained experts will be available to examine the maladjustments of childhood which are beyond the average teacher.

Miss Clowes smilingly declined to discourse on phobias and complexes discerned in later life which many authorities trace to conditions of childhood by saying: "I am not a psychologist."

She spoke freely, however, about conditions in the home and school which bear on the behavior of the average pupil and which may be corrected by such tangibles as sympathy, understanding, patience and compassion.

"It is imperative," she said, "that the teacher be able to recognize what is retarding progress of a normal child, and most of them, regardless of disposition, intelligence quotient, and so forth, are normal."

"For instance, we are striving to turn out the kind of teacher who can grasp what is causing a good pupil suddenly to become a diffident one. The child may develop an abnormal aggressiveness manifest in too much paper-wad shooting. The teacher should immediately seek the cause."

"Perhaps the pupil's parents have been favored with a fine new baby girl. Their attention is diverted understandably to the latest object of affection. The elder child senses this, can't quite understand it and, in compensation, looks for other fields in which to draw attention. In short, he becomes a showoff. The intelligent teacher will tactfully consult the parents, apprise them of what is likely causing an appreciable drop in report card averages and, if they are normal, understanding parents, they will take the situation in hand."

All this is elementary, Miss Clowes explained, but it hasn't received the

stress it deserves. It is the individualized approach, but it pre-supposes smaller class groups. "You can't expect," she asserted, "that a teacher with 40 pupils in her class can do as much for the individual student as the one who has only 20 to look after.

Close parent-teacher co-operation, Miss Clowes believes, is of utmost importance. Conditions in the home are closely associated with classroom behavior.

The value of home training upon a child's educational growth is paramount Miss Clowes said. Only fine character can rise above adverse conditions in the home and an unwholesome environment in general, she added.

"There are people," she observed, "whose qualities seem to transcend the most unfortunate surroundings. We are impressed by those who succeed in this respect. We are not particularly aware of the host of those who do not. The people we know, usually, have had the advantages of good home surroundings."

TAKE HIM AT HIS BEST

When your brother man you measure,
  Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure,
  Overlook the rest.
Though of him some trait or fetter
May not suit you to the letter,
Trust him—it will make him better;
  Take him at his best.

Do not note his limitations,
  Take him at his best;
Toward his noblest aspirations,
  Aid him in his quest.
If you carefully inquire,
You'll find something to admire,
With that lever lift him higher;
  Take him at his best;

Praise will make him worth the praising,
  Take him at his best.
Keep the fire of purpose blazing
  Ever in his breast.
Do not frown upon nor scold him,
In the strength of faith enfold him,
To his highest yearning mould him;
  Take him at his best.

—Nixon Waterman.

TREASURES IN RADIUM

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Radium is undoubtedly the world's most valuable product. That is still true despite the recent Canadian discoveries that have practically cut the value of this precious element in half.

On the shores of the Great Bear Lake, up in the frozen solitudes of the North-West Territories, radium is now being mined in greater quantities than ever before. The output at present amounts to not more than eight or nine grams a year, but each is estimated to be worth about $40,000 in the world's market.

It was in 1930 that an old-time miner, prospecting for copper in the far north, accidentally discovered these radium deposits. He was puzzled by the appearance of rock that was to quote his own words, "stained with cobat and copper green." To satisfy his own curiosity he sent specimens of the rock to the Dominion's bureau of mines at Ottawa. There is was at once identified as pitchblende that was rich in radium.

Transportation offers the main difficulty in working these deposits. The nearest railway is one thousand miles away. Airplanes carry the ore-bearing rock from Great Bear Lake to this railroad, by which it is transported another three thousand miles to the refineries.

Across this great stretch of territory more than 750 tons of machinery have been carried by train and plane, and in return some eighty tons of rock were brought to the refineries within a twelve-month period.

This matter of transportation naturally affects the price of the radium, but even that is of little concern compared with the expensive processes necessary to extract the radium from the rock.

To obtain one little gram of radium, for example, some 600 tons of ore must be worked, the process consuming 10,000 tons of distilled water, 1,000 tons of coal, and 500 tons of chemicals. No wonder radium is the world's most valued element!

Scientists declare that this single gram of radium has a potential energy equal to that produced by 3,000 tons of coal, while its rays have a penetrating power as great as some of the heaviest naval guns. Altogether it is estimated that the world has produced about six hundred grams of radium since first this precious matter was discovered and harnessed to do man's bidding.

Science, of course, will in time discover cheaper and more efficient ways of extracting radium from the rock that yields this valuable element. Where formerly it required six months to obtain a single gram. Canada has already reduced this time to three months. That alone has cut the value in half, thereby increasing its worth to medical men and suffering humanity.

No one knows haw much radium lies hidden along the shores of Great Bear Lake, beyond the frozen tundras and wastelands of the North-West territories. But the world was fortunate that the veteran prspector was curious enough to find out just what sort of mineral lay within the strange rock he had unearthed.

SCHOOL ADOPTS NEW METHODS

By Joseph A. Rawlings

Education must be made increasingly democratic if the American people wish democracy to live, says John A. Bartky, principal of the Calumet High school, where all subject divisons have been abandoned in a progressive educational experiment.

"Our educational system," he said, "was imported from Europe. It is based upon an unchanging, immobile society in which there is little hope for improvement.

"It is purely Fascist in that it says: 'Here it is—take it whether you want it or not.'

"In a democracy, if we wish it to live, education must be democratic—a child must have a choice in what he is to do. He must see a reason for it."

The experiment at the Calumet school was designed, Bartky said, "To build a curriculum upon a modern psychology and democratic philosophy of life." All attempts to compel pupils to learn this or that subject have been abandoned. The teachers have become described as "advisors."

The first step in the experiment, being conducted under supervision of Professors Whit Brogan and Samuel Everett, both of Northwestern university, with the consent of superintendent of schools, Dr. William H. Johnson, was the abolishment of all subject divisions.

"The child," said Bartky, "works on a problem of his own choice which in all likehood draws in material from all fields. If his problem is one that involves a study of the community, he will use arithmetic in his statistics, English in his reports, and social science in all the aspects of his analysis. They will form however a connected, integrated, functional whole.

"The child's school day is divided into interest periods rather than subject periods. There is provision for work in fields that are of general interest to all of us, as well as opportunity for extensive study in a special field of interest. The teacher is an advisor. No modern educator believes that a teacher can force a child to learn. How many of us have read Shakespeare since our school days? Apparently several years of compulsory reading did little to develop our appreciation of the great playwright. The Calumet High school hopes that by providing an evironment conducive to learning, the child will want to learn and all artificial schemes of compulsion such as marks and assigned lessons, can be eliminated.

The experiment, begun last year, will be renewed this fall, and may be altered from time to time, Bartky said, to incorporate new ideas and correct any mistakes. Already it has had a decided effect, he said, in helping pupils find out what they wish to do after they have left school.

"One hundred and twenty freshmen were selected at random last year," he said, "and were put into four groups each with a teacher to act in the capacity of guidance officer only. At first, the boys and girls

wandered about the school, familiarizing themselves with the plant, visiting various classes and asking questions concerning what the school could provide in the way of educational opportunity. When they met with their teacher it was not to assume the usual class work, but to study their problems and determine their individual needs.

Never call on your fellow man to do you favors by doing things you wouldn't do for yourself, much less him.—Selected.

THE GOVERNMENT GOES THE "SECOND MILE"

(Smithfield Herald)

The search for the missing aviatrix, Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, was followed by millions of people throughout the world and there is genuine sorrow that her flight ended disastrously, but following a trend of human nature people have wondered how much the search cost the United States government. The figure has been set as high as $4,000,000.

These conjectures and comments have reached the ears of President Roosevelt himself and at a recent press conference, he took occasion to resent the criticism. He pointed out that the navy is allowed by Congress a limited amount of fuel oil for its ships and of gasoline for its airplanes and that the Navy cannot exceed its allowance. He held that the search was better practice for the ships involved than any artificial maneuver could be. It may mean a curtailment of other exercises of the Navy.

Answering the criticism that if the missing person had been a poor fisherman such an extensive search would not have been conducted. the President asserted that the Navy would do the same thing any time for any person, rich or poor, whose life was in danger.

It is refreshing to think of our government not only as a strong arm administering justice and protection to its people but as an agency of tenderness and mercy "going the second mile" on which the Good Book places its approval.

DUTY

(Selected)

To have duties to perform is the demarcation line between man and the beast and associates us with Deity in quite a definite way. Albert Pike once said, "Do not be discouraged with men's apathy nor disgusted with their follies nor tired of their indifference. Care not for returns or results, but see only what there is to do, and do it, leaving the results to God." Longfellow expressed the same thought when he said:

"Do thy duty, that is best
Leave unto the Lord the rest."

Duty is with us always. It rises with us in the morning and stands by our pillow at night, imperative as destiny. Gladstone calls it "the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will." Duty on the other hand calls for considerable thought, to know just how far we can go in what we might be pleased to call our duty.

Moralists, social reformers, together with fanatics of all sort sometimes make themselves most unpopular in presuming that their duties consist in trying to force all and sundry to accept their personal ideas of right and wrong; their own line of reasoning, and even their own personal habits, forgetting that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison" and that if everyone acted the same and held identical views, there would be no point in travel, literature, or even in life itself. One point that is mostly overlooked is that "vice is, after all, only a virtue overdone," another way of expressing the merits of the "Middle Path" and "being free from the influence of the pair of opposites," which after all is only an admonition to be temperate in all things.

Duty, unfortunately, in the minds of many, implies the spending of money along charitable lines, which after all is probably the farthest from its real meaning. We can be mindful of duty, and doing it with no cash outlay worth mentioning, by simply living consciously at all times, keeping in mind that we are in actuality God's hand and feet, as is expressed in the following bit of verse:

"Teach me, my God and King
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee."

Let us fully realize what is perhaps the most important angle of duty as it confronts us daily—our duty to posterity. Practically every boy in his formative age has his own private hero—it might be any one of us, be we simple, poor, rich, sportsman, gunman or drunkard, and we might be totally unaware of the boy's very existence. Some boy at this moment may be silently watching you and mentally saying to himself, "When I grow up I am going to do just what you are doing." Somewhere in the world today there may be a young man who has perhaps unconsciously patterned his life for good or bad after you and neither one of you are aware of it. The motion picture star, Tom Mix, loved by boys all over the land, recently remarked

that there was a moment in his career that he first realized that the youth of the land had set him up as a hero. Upon coming to this realization he said he tried to keep himself on the pedestal upon which the boys had placed him, and found that in so doing he had made himself a better man by trying to live up to what was expected of him.

What a well spent life ours would be, if, by example, we were even unconsciously the instrument that resulted in a great leader of thought, whose life and teachings influenced nations for good, and, inversely, what a mess of our lives we shall have made, if, by a careless action we have ruined someone's life, the effects of which might reverberate down through the centuries.

Duty is the grandest of ideas because it implies the idea of God, of the soul, of liberty, and of immortality.

COURTESY ALWAYS PAYS

When a Connecticut man died a few weeks ago and his will was read it was found that he had left a tidy sum to a lad who once retrived the old gentleman's hat and refused to accept a ten-cent reward that was offered. Of course there are not many instances in which courtesy is thus rewarded, but the instance is of value to parents in impressing their children with the fact that even though they may never be mentioned in somebody's will, courtesy always pays. Elderly people are always quick to notice and appreciate courtesy on the part of the young. It reflects favorably, too, upon the parents of those boys and girls who are thoughtful and polite, and who gladly assist those about them with no thought of compensation.

There are times when it seems courtesy on the part of the young has suffered a slump in this country. Maybe the case of the old gentleman who remembered the boy who retrieved his hat will serve in a small way to impress a few youngsters with the age-old fact that "courtesy always pays."

—The Reidsville Review.

BINGO'S WISDOM

By Joseph A. Cocannouer

Bingo, Carl Jensen's pet monkey, raced madly along his bamboo pole as his young master started down the hut-ladder. Bingo knew without being told that the missionary's son was starting on a journey—and he was going to be left behind.

Carl stopped on a rung, pushed his helmet back on his red head, and looked at the monkey with a broad grin. "You might just as well stop rattling that chain!" he scolded. "The last time I took you with me on a botanizing trip you got into my collecting case and destroyed some of my choice specimens. No more, big boy—even if you squeal your head off!"

Carl dropped on down the ladder to the ground. Immediately Bingo let out a loud screech and shook his chain so loudly that the house boy rushed out to see what it was all about.

"Give him a banana, Tomas!" Carl called back impatiently. "It's gotten so I can't go anywhere in these Philippine jungles without his wanting to go along. I don't want to be bothered with him today."

The servant hurried into the sala, immediately returning with a large banana which he gave to the monkey. Bingo seized it and hurled it over the veranda railing to the ground. Then he shook his chain and screamed louder than ever.

Carl spread his legs and ran his hands deep into his khaki trousers. "You little rascal!" he muttered "This is what I get for spoiling you. Well, you just must learn you can't have everything your own way!"

Despite Carl's hard words, the monkey seemed to understand that his master was wavering. Bingo immediately stopped his chain-rattling and began to plead so pathetically that the erstwhile sternness slid clear off Carl's face.

"I ought to take a strop to you!" the missionary's son growled as he went slowly back up the ladder. He gently cuffed the monkey's ears, then unsnapped the chain from the pole and the monkey sprang to his shoulder with a cry of joy.

"Well, I should!" Carl repeated when the monkey put its arms around his neck and began to chatter like a happy little boy. Carl stroked the soft fur affectionately. "I'm going down to that old hermit cave to look for some ferns, and if you get into my case again you'll get the worst spanking you ever got!"

Then Carl laughed as he dropped back down the ladder and swung out of the yard towards the forest with Bingo nestling lovingly against his neck. "Which will mean no spanking at all—and you know it."

As Carl was turning a sharp curve in the path he came suddenly face to face with an old native whom he immediately recognized as the man who had carried off their rake after finishing the job of cleaning the yard of the missionary's hut a month back. Carl and Bingo had gone and brought the rake home. Carl had admonished the old man severely for his thievery, after which he assured the native there would be no hard feelings so

long aa he did not repeat the offence. And Carl, living up to his promise, had forgotten the matter. He greeted the old man kindly and started to go past him, eager to reach the cave before the hot hours of day arrived.

Bingo apparently had not forgotten so readily. With a loud scream he leaped from Carl's shoulder onto the man's back and began to scratch him viciously. Carl jerked up with surprise and bewilderment. He drew the monkey back as the man leaped from the trail and tore out into the brush with a howl of anger.

"What in the name of everything—" Then it dawned on Carl that Bingo had recognized the man. "You resentful little rascal!" he scolded. "I really ought to thrash you for that! That is no way for decent people to act!"

Bingo was still growling loudly from Carl's shoulder. Carl called an apology to the angry native in the dialect, but the old man was out of hearing up the trail. "I see I still have some important things to teach you, big boy!" Carl continued to scold. "That man will think I had you do that. When we get back home I think I'll take you to his hut and make you offer him a very humble apology!"

Bingo probably didn't understand his master's words, but he must have caught their meaning for he snuggled closer against Carl's neck just as if he were already apologizing for his naughty deed. But Carl noted that he kept turning his head and emitting short growls every few steps.

Carl reached up and shook him kindly. "But you're a faithful old pal, aren't you, big boy," he said. "You do the best you know—that's better than lots of folks."

To reach the cave Carl had to climb down an almost perpendicular cliff wall to the bottom of the gorge, cross a frothing shallow stream, and then scale up the other side for at least fifty feet. The down-path was little more than notches cut out of the rocks, and there was no opportunity to pass any one on the way save at one or two precarious stations..

While standing on the rim of the cliff Carl caught sight of an old woman, with a heavy basket of bananas on her head, climbing laboriously toward him. He decided to sit down and wait until she reached the top. He lifted Bingo from his shoulder and placed him on his knee.

"I think I'll give you a bath when I get you down at that running water," Carl teased him. "You know how you hate to get wet. It'll be good punishment for your naughtiness."

But just then Bingo caught sight of the bananas climbing up the rocks toward him. Bingo wasn't interested in a bath then. He ran as far as his chain would permit and waited until the basket rose within his reach. Then before Carl knew what he was up to, he reached out and seized a ripe fruit as if those bananas were meant entirely for him.

Carl pulled him back roughly and jerked the fruit out of his hands. "None of that, big boy! I suppose you think a stolen banana would taste much better than the perfectly good one you threw away up there at the hut. You seem to have lost all your manners today!"

The old woman wearily climbed on

up and set her basket down for a moment's rest. Carl gave her the banana with an apology in the dialect. With a light laugh she took the fruit and handed it back to Bingo.

"One saging will not be missed among so many," she said.

Bingo looked up into Carl's face before he accepted the banana. "All right, take it, but shake hands with the old woman first!" he ordered in English, the language he always used when talking to the monkey. Then Carl interpreted to the woman what he had ordered the monkey to do. She then understood what Bingo meant when he ran to her and offered his hand. She was so delighted with the intelligence of the monkey that she insisted on giving him another banana. "One is enough mother," Carl objected. "Come on, big boy, hurry up and eat it! I'm not going to wait here an hour just because you happen to think you're desperately hungry."

Bingo came back and took the banana from Carl's hand and began to devour it ravenously. The old woman patted him as she lifted the basket to her head. "My young white friend knows very well how to teach the muching to be good!" she told him. "When I pass the white man's hut I shall always stop to give it the saging."

When the old woman had gone Carl held Bingo on his knee and told him very seriously: "I'm afraid she thinks you're better than you really are. Now hurry up with that banana —we've got to get across to that cave before the sun cooks us into roast pigs!"

There were many weird tales about the deserted cave which gouged back into the soft volcanic ash-rock that formed the walls of Dulay Canyon. Many old people often told stories about a hermit priest who once lived there and who was noted for his wonderful cures. Some claimed that lepers had often gone to him, and then returned completely healed. After the priest had died, his secret power had gone with him. No one had ever come to take his place, and the graveyards began to fill. Or thus ran the stories of the old men when they sat around their torch-fires and discussed the good days that were gone.

As was his custom, Carl accepted those stories with the proverbial pinch of salt. Nevertheless, the deserted cavern intrigued him. Its mouth was almost closed by mats of vines and clumps of dense ferns. While not a real botanist, Carl was an avid collector and had found more interesting spceimens of ferns in the rock crannies in and around the mouth of the cave than he had been able to locate anywhere else. He was just at the moment interested in securing some fresh specimens for his herarium that he intended to carry away with him when his missionary-father and he returned to the States on their periodic vacation the coming month.

A short distance from the cave door Carl took Bingo from his shoulder and fastened the monkey's chain to a small sapling. "Now just wait here like a good boy," he told him. "I'm going inside the door, for there are some delicate little ferns in those crannies, and I don't want you to bother me."

Bingo sat very quiet, his little ears drawn tight against his head. He

watched the boy's every move until Carl had fastened his chain and started to leave him. Then he let out a scream that could have been heard a mile.

"There you go!" Carl whirled impatiently. "Keep quiet—I'm not going to leave you!"

Again Carl started for the cavern entrance. The monkey ran to the end of his chain and began to plead and cry until he made the canyon ring with his noise. Carl walked back and cuffed his ears severely—and immediately was sorry.

"You've just got to get out of the habit of thinking that everything must go exactly to suit you!" he scolded. "It's not going to hurt you to wait here a few minutes!"

But when Bingo reached out his arms so pleadingly and the tears began to course down his face, Carl as usual, surrendered. He unhooked the chain and lifted the monkey to his shoulder. "All right, but I'm telling you that you better keep your fingers out of my case when I open it!" he tried to say harshly. "I really will box your ears next time!"

Bingo rubbed a soft hand across Carl's cheek and began to chatter as if to say he intended to do just the right thing. Carl chuckled and pinched the end of his tail. "You better apologize!"

But when Carl got closer to the cave door the monkey slid to the back of his neck and began to growl as if he sensed some invisible danger. Carl turned his head suspiciously. "Now what foolishness you trying to think up? You asked to go along into that hole! Don't start bucking now—"

Carl took another step forward. Bingo let out a howl right into Carl's ear that almost made the boy's hair stand on the end. Carl lost his patience completely then. He jerked the monkey from his shoulder and stamped over to a clump of vines. "Now you can squawl till you're satisfied!" he said as he snapped the chain. "I've had all the trouble with you I'm going to have today!"

As Carl turned back towards the cave door Bingo really did begin to scream. He shook his chain, thrashed about in the vines until it sounded as if a whole drove of monkeys were on the rampage.

"Squeal!" Carl called to him. "If you yell loud enough you'll have the folks up in the village think I'm murdering you."

Carl started through the cavern door—then his feet grew tight to the ground. His flesh began to creep, a sickening sensation shot through him.

A long ropey thing was slowly lifting its head above a rock ledge. Slowly, slowly, until it was eighteen inches above the rocks—and not an arm's length from Carl's face.

It seemed to Carl that the sun had had time to traverse the entire heavens before he could pull himself back into action and throw himself back into a fern thicket. "Cobra—a king cobra!" he groaned. And then he weakly rolled farther out of danger. "Now I know why that monkey has been screaming! He has been trying to warn me!"

And the venemous snake was inch by inch lifting its flat neck higher into the air. The muscles of its neck were swelling; its tongue lapped angrily. The head was swinging from

side to side like a pendulum, at the same time drawing back as part of a loop. Carl knew it was preparing to strike—and he frantically rolled farther down the hill.

Then he sat up and watched the beast tensely, silently. The snake, apparently having decided that the critical moment had passed, began slowly to draw in its head. Presently it turned and crawled farther back into the cave.

Carl was so weak he could hardly get to his feet. He staggered over to where the monkey was watching him curiously. He drew the little animal snugly into his arms.

"Old pal,, I'm terribly sorry!" Carl was filled chock full of remorse now. "Here I have been punishing you when all the time you have been trying to tell me about that snake! I never stopped to realize that a little speechless animal could know more about such things than a human being. I'm terribly sorry, old pal!"

Bingo was so happy he could hardly hold himself now. He leaped from first one of Carl's shoulders to the other; he put his arms around his young master's neck and chattered in his ears; he caressed Carl's cheek with his little hands—a sheer bundle of nervous happiness.

"More brains than I'll ever have!" Carl told him, hugging him closer. "You won't need to beg anymore to go along—never! And just wait till we get home! You shall have the biggest pan of rice that Tomas can cook —and can throw away all the bananas you want to—and I won't make you go and apologize to that old man for jumping on his back, even if it was a naughty thing to do!"

And Bingo just kept chattering and slid down to Carl's collecting case and tried to open it as if to put Carl to the severest test he knew. Carl lifted him back onto his shoulder. "There's not a single weed in there!" the erstwhile severe young master chuckled. "If there were I'd open that box right up and turn you loose in it!"

Bingo must have understood for he crawled tight up under the brim of Carl's helmet and kept on chattering as Carl ran down the steep bank, splashed across the roaring shallows and started the steep climb up the opposite wall. And it is just possible that Bingo was thinking of the future trips he would take with his young master—without having to plead for them. What happiness was his!

TREES

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight.

—Henry Van Dyke.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(Chatham Record)

Probably no one person ever had such an influence over the whole world as did Queen Victoria, who was elevated to the throne of England just 100 years ago. For 64 years she was the monarch of what riage of her sons and daughters into the royal familes of Europe, she wielded an influence which extended far beyond the British dominions.

It was an influence which was definitely beneficient, whether looked at politically or from a moral standpoint. It is the fashion to sneer at the high moral standards set and upheld by Victoria, but it is not to be denied that their influence upon the character of the whole people was a better influence than that of any of her predecessors.

There is no one living today who is over 36 years old who was not born in the Victorian Era. There are few whose parents or grandparents were not reared under the Victorian tradition. That was a tradition of sound morals, good manners, and of respect for the fundamental truths of religion. If at the same time the Victorian era was one of bad taste in art and architecture, it was at least a breaking away from the past, just as the art and architecture of today is a break with the Victorian past.

In the hundred years since Victoria ascended the throne the whole face of the world has changed, and with the development of new machines and inventions even the thining world has changed. But it should not be gan during Victoria's reign, and took root in the social and economic sysforgotten that all of these changes betem for which she was herself so largely responsible.

"Some time ago I was coming out of a London restaurant after a modest lunch," writes Dr. W. Y. Fullerton of England, "and in the approach of the doorway I saw an old man, grey-headed and grey-bearded, coming toward me. There was something familiar about him, and I was debating in my mind where I had seen him before and how I should address him when we met, as was inevitable in the narrow passage. To my astonishment, just before we should have come to face to face with each other, I discovered that I was walking toward a mirror, and the old man I was to meet was myself! I never quite realized before that I looked so old, feeling so young. 'Can that be me?" I said involuntarily, 'What has suddenly happened to me?' It was a moment of realization I saw myself, full-length, as I was.—Watchman-Examiner.

INSTITUTION NOTES

George Carlyle, who left the School about five years ago, called on us the other day. He is now living in Henderson, his home town, and is employed as twister in a cotton mill there. The fact that George has been working at the same job since leaving the School would indicate that he has been getting along well. He is now twenty-one years old and has developed into a very nice young man.

Lewis Crawford, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who was allowed to leave the School about two years ago, visited us recently. He is now nearly twenty-one years old, and is a loom fixer in a cotton mill in Gaffney, S. C. Lewis says that he went to work the day after he left the School and has been steadily employed ever since. He also stated that he purchased an 8-acre lot some time ago and has erected a home on it.

Vernell O,Neal, one of our old boys, visited the School last week. He now lives in Durham, where he is employed by D. C. May, an interior decorator. He has been working for Mr. May a little more than three years and says he likes the work very well. Vernell is now 19 years old and still lives with his parents. After leaving the School he attended the public schools and completed the tenth grade. Prior to taking up his present occupation he was employed as a grocery clerk for some time.

In conversation with several of the School officials, Vernell stated that he felt his stay here had been most beneficial. He further said that he thought plenty of hard work was the greatest thing to keep a boy's feet in the right path, and the fact that he has not been in any kind of trouble since leaving us, is pretty good evidence that the lad is putting his theory into practice.

James Hicks, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 11, who was allowed to return to his home in Walnut Cove about six months ago, called on old friends here last Wednesday. He was accompanied by Miss Page, Stokes county superintendent of public welfare, who reported that James has been helping his brother at the Duke Power Company plant for several weeks, but that she expected to make arrangements for him to enter a C C C camp soon.

In the absence of Rev. E. S. Sommers, who was conducting a revival service, Rev. J. A. Seymour, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the first chapter of I Timothy, and in his talk to the boys he called special attention to the 15th verse: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

As we study the life of the Apostle Paul we find that he stands head and shoulder above all the rest, said, Rev. Mr. Seymour. In his letter to Timothy, Paul describes his ordination into the ministry. Prior to conversion he was hostile toward Christ and his work. He did not like him until he met him along the Damascus road. When he really learned to know Christ, he turned to the other side, and we see him helping others and trying to lead them to Christ. From the time of his conversion Paul delighted in preaching the Gospel.

The speaker then called attention to the many times the Israelites came to hard places in life—all because they failed to put their trust in God. It is the same with us today. We become discouraged too easily and give up just when we should strive the hardest. We must keep on until we overcome all obstacles.

After Paul became a follower of Christ, he encountered many hardships, continued the speaker, but in the face of all trials, he constantly looked to God to give him strength for the battle, and at the end of the journey he said, 'I have kept the faith; I have fought a good fight. . . Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

We can do the same to win this crown of righteousnes. Just as Paul met Jesus, his life was changed, and he worked for the Master thereafter, it is also our privilege to live for Christ and thereby win eternal happiness.

Rev. Mr. Seymour then asked the boys to think about Jesus as he went about that far Eastern country doing good. No one was so wicked but that Christ held out a helping hand toward them. He is doing the same today. He is offering mankind the finest thing in the world—eternal happiness—and all we need to do is to realize that the Christian life is the only life worth living, and Jesus is able to guide us even as he guided Pual many years ago.

Just as with all of the great men of the world, Paul attained his greatness through service. We see the gospel of a finished work when we read of Christ on the cross. His work on earth was completed, but he gave to his people the charge to carry on the work. Hence the challenge comes to us to ever be on the alert to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

Paul preached the Gospel because he had been saved by it, and he so loved people that he wanted to make it possible for them to be saved also. He wanted to lead them to a higher plane of living.

Rev. Mr. Seymour stated in conclusion that the greatest blessing that can come to man is to be able to look back on a life of service, and he urged the boys to so conduct themselves that they might be a blessing to the world.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.—Ruskin.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JULY

The figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1937.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Fletcher Castlebury 6
Letcher Castlebury 2
Robert Coffer 7
Lewis Donaldson
Horace Journigan 4
Felix Littlejohn 6
Charles Taylor 7
W. J. Wilson 7
Ross Young 2

—B—

Virgil Baugess
Burris Bozeman
Hobart Gross
James McGinnis
Alvin Powell

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Earl Bass 3
Fletcher Boggs 3
James Coleman 7
William Howard 6
Edward Johnson 2
Rufus Linville
Holdren Sweeney 3
George Shaver
Joseph White 3
Jack West 4

—B—

Frank Glover 5
Mark Jones
William Lowe
Walker Warr

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Charles Batten
Harold Bryson 2
James Burns
Baxter Foster 4
Charlton Henry
Andrew Lambeth
David Odham 3
James Penland
John Robbins
Mack Setzer 2
Eugene Smith
James Wilhite 4
William Young 3

—B—

Harold Almond
George Duncan
Jack Foster

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Ernest Hudspeth

—B—

William Hawkins 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Lake Cooper 3
James M. Hare 6
Charles Williams 7

—B—

James V. Harvel 6
Oscar Roland 4
Harvey Walters
R. L. Young 3

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Little 5

—B—

Norton Barnes
Hubert Carter
Arthur Craft 5
Paul Shipes 5
John Grider 6
Walter Hill
Robert Mims 2
Glenn Williams 4

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Fred Williamson 3
Marvin Wilkins

—B—

Spurgeon Dowless 2
Robert Hailey
Monroe Keith 3
William New 3
Albert Silas 4
Ralph Webb 3
Charles Webb 3

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending August 8, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Hoyt Hollifield 2
(10) Edward Johnson 10
(10) James Johnson 10
(7) Carl Kepley 9
(2) Edward Lucas 4
(10) Joseph Tucker 10
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Coleman 3
William Haire 7
(3) William Howard 4
(5) Henry Cowan 6
Horace Journigan 4
(6) Arthur Martin 8
(4) William Pitts 5
Howard Roberts 5
(3) Eugene Stallings 7
(7) R. L. Young 7

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 2
(2) Max Lindsay 3
(2) Clifton Mabry 4
Oscar Roland 2
Raymond Sprinkle 3
(4) Richard Wrenn 5

COTTAGE No. 3

(10) Neely Dixon 10
Coolidge Green 6
(2) Julian Gregory 5
Edgar Hatley 4
(3) Max Hedrick 3
John Hampton 4
William McRary 3
Kenneth Raby 2
William Smith 3
Allen E. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Garrett Bishop 6
Odell Bray 7
(2) Lewis Donaldson 6
Edward Fisher 4
(3) James Hancock 7
Ernest Hudspeth 6
(2) Ralph Johnson 4
(3) Thomas Little 7
(6) Robert Mims 6
(2) Charles Mizzell 3
Robert Orrell 7
(4) Lloyd Pettus 8
(6) Frank Raby 6
(5) Thomas Stephens 6
Leo Ward 5

COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen
Theodore Bowles 5
Marshall Bryson 8
(2) Robert Jordan 9
David Odham 4
Richard Palmer
(5) Jack Tate 5
Marvin Wilkins 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(10) Robert Bryson 10
(10) Fletcher Castlebury 10
(2) Robert Deyton 5
(3) Robert Dunning 3
Robert Dellinger 2
Thomas Doby 7
Columbus Hamilton 5
Leonard Jacobs 3
James Lane 4
Spencer Lane
Charles McCoyle 6
J. W. McRorie
Ray Pitman
(9) James Rackley 9

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 5
James Corn 6
(2) Blaine Griffin 3
Giles Green 6
(6) Caleb Hill 9
Hugh Johnson 7
N. B. Johnson 2
James Jordan 4
Robert Lawrence 4
Kenneth Messick 5
Wayland Morgan 2

Elmer Maples 7
J. C. Mobley 7
J. D. Powell 5
William Tester 6

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Charles Davis 5
Wilfred Land 5
Norman Parker 2
Charles Presnell 4
John Tolbert 4
Charles Taylor 8

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) J. T. Branch 5
Thomas Braddock 8
Edgar Burnette 5
(2) Gladston Carter 2
James Coleman 6
(10) Randolph Davis 10
(6) Reuben Duggins 9
Woodfin Fowler 9
C. D. Grooms 6
Robert Gaines 3
(3) James C. Hoyle 4
Odie Hicks 5
(3) Mark Jones 5
Glenn Richardson 2
(6) Homer Smith 9
(4) Earl Stamey 6
Cleveland Suggs 6
Thomas Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 4
Junius Brewer 2
(3) Edward Chapman 7
(2) Glenn Collins 6
(2) Jeff Gouge 3
(3) Mack Joines 5
(2) Rufus Linville 6
(3) Edward E. Murray 4
(3) James Nicholson 3
James Penland
(2) Jack Springer 3

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 2
Harold Bryson 6
Howard Clark 8
Earl Duncan 4
(6) John Drum 8
Albert Goodman
David Hodge 8
William Kirk 8
(2) Alton Morgan 4
Paul Mullis 3
N. C. Webb 6
(10) Fred Williamson 10

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Joseph Cox 4
Talmage Dautrey 4
(4) Frank Dickens 8
Marvin Edwards 4
Richard Honeycutt 3
(7) Hubert Holloway 8
(2) Frank Lewis 6
(3) Jerome Medlin 8
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 4
(2) Lonnie Sloan 6
(2) Horace Simmons 7
Ross Young 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Fletcher Boggs 9
Clarence Douglas 5
Willard Garrett 5
(2) Robert Hailey 8
(5) John Smith 9
(2) Claudius Pickett 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) Julian Andrews 8
(3) Warren Bright 6
(2) John Brown 7
(2) Granville Cheek 4
Hobart Gross 6
(3) George Gibson 6
Joseph Hyde 7
(2) Walter Hill 9
(2) L. M. Hardison 4
(2) Caleb Jolly 9
Raymond Mabe 4
(2) Alvin Powell 5
(4) Wilson Rich 8
James H. Riley 5
Wallace Sommers 5
Richard Thomas
(2) Carl Toney 3
Robert Wilson 5

Employment is nature's physican, and is essential to human happiness.—Selected.

C 364
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 21, 1937 No. 34

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TALK HAPPINESS

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth; so hurt by one continuous strain
Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt—
If you have faith, in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Or silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You canot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words, and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

UNSPOTTED

"Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman was ever arrayed with jewels. Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger or by the warmth of your palm all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be embroidered."—Beecher.

A MOST GENEROUS GIFT

The expression "still water runs deep" is time worn but true nevertheless. The old remark is often used to emphasize the attributes of a person, quiet and inoffensive, but full of good works.

Just such a character is that of Mrs. J. S. Efird, Albemarle, who lately has given expression to the fact that her desire is to give the money to build the much needed nurses' home, a most valuable acquisition to make complete the Yadkin Hospital.

Mrs. Efird thoroughly understands that the nurses' home has a two-fold significance—first more desirable quarters for the nurses, and at the same time the gift will broaden the services of the hospital, making it possible to minister to more patients who need the attention of physicians and nurses.

The main token of a strong character is not to make known every change and phase in thought, but to give to the world the finished

results. Mrs. Efird is of this mold, she has never cared for the front page, she has never given publicity as to her possessions, she has never been classed as a social leader, but has always shown immeasurable interest in her church, community and old friends all of which are strong characteristics.

Her life has been one of modest service to humanity, exemplifying the spirit of charity which is love in action. May she live long to see the fruits of her works, and that her life prove to be an inspiration to others to make the lives of all they touch sweeter and better.

* * * * * * *

NEW PRINTING EQUIPMENT

The boys of the printing class of the Jackson Training School are as proud of the new Model 14 Blue Streak linotype as a young child is of a new pair of red shoes. Perhaps the comparison is simply expressed, but the joy of a child in this instance is in the superlative, not a greater depth of joy can ever be realized.

With the addition of the new linotype machine and the old machine thoroughly reconditioned by W. B. Ankarstran,—a superb machinist having served the Mergenthaler Linotype Company over thirty years,—is now sufficiently equipped to teach a larger class of boys in operating this machine. This new machine is a most valuable addition to the equipment of the Swink-Benson Trades Building.

With additional equipment for the exclusive purpose of teaching the technique of a skilled craftsman, there is every hope of the state receiving greater dividends of fine citizenship.

The School has a fine record for training boys and with a vision of results when the Trades Building is equipped in every department, there remains a greater story to be told.

The finest and safest investment at any and all times is for the salvaging of the state's young citizenship.

* * * * * * *

THE BEARS OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

It is interesting at times to observe in animals the traits of the

human family. The North Carolina Christian Advocate writes of the bears of Yellowstone Park—the grizzlies and the blacks—telling the habits of each.

The Adocate states that the grizzlies, like the self reliant of the human family, take to the deep forest and provide for themselves, but the blacks with their cubs station themselves by the roadside expecting to be fed by tourists.

The traveling public is advised not to feed the bears, but this injunction is ignored and as natural consquence the hands of many have been bitten. The black bear like some people are too lazy to shift for themselves, and then too like many who are the beneficiaries of relief bite the hand that feeds them.

* * * * * * *

VALUE OF THE PAROLE SYSTEM

There have been many newspaper comments favoring the parole system authorized by the last legislature. As proof of the necessity of a parole officer records show that much of the crime perpetrated today is the work of many who have been paroled after a prison term. A parole officer also gives protection to society from the habitual criminal.

The object of the probation system is to keep close check on the activities of those who have received an honorable parole so as to help them establish themselves and gain the confidence of the people.

From experience and contact with the delinquents, we know that nothing helps more than to give one of these young parole men a cordial greeting and an occasional enquiry as to their welfare. Unless society extends a hand of sympathy to these unfortunates they soon feel they are branded for life and no one cares a "continental". So as a natural consequence they soon return to their "old wallows."

Our boys are not hardened criminals, but unfortunates, the victims of circumstances,—broken homes, poverty and other handicaps—but unless safeguarded after parole they are apt to renew old acquaintances and there lies the pitfall.

The good Old North State has made wonderful progress in everyway, but she has done nothing of greater importance than try-

ing to reclaim, and make law-abiding citizens of those paroled after a prison term.

* * * * * * *

DON'T TELL YOUR TROUBLES

Our social contacts are varied There are people who radiate sunshine in the midst of gloom, and there are others who revel in broadcasting hard luck stories. A cheery spirit is a most valuable asset in any phase of society. The grouchy business man is never popular and it is out of the question to make the grade socially if one's troubles form the basis of conversation.

For instance this short story taken from the Sunshine Magazine gives fully the reaction of hard luck stories:

A salesman joined a group of men in a smoking car but left hurriedly after a few moments. When asked why he left so hurriedly, he replied, "Those fellows were all busy talking about troubles and obstacles. There were so many of them expressing negative thoughts that if I had remained with them I would have been affected by their poison.

"They are like the loco weeds found in the west. When the animals eat those weeds they lose their muscular coordination. They stagger around and lose their sense of proportion. They will rear up and make a great effort to jump over small sticks as if they were high fences. Negative thinking men affect other men in the same way. Personally I prefer to associate with men who talk about what they can do and what they plan to do. They nourish me mentally far more than those who tell about what cannot be done, no matter how good their negative reasons may be."

* * * * * * *

SPELLING MATCHES

The broadcasting of spelling matches has revived interest in spelling. It is not unusual when a crowd is assembled to hear a discussion about spelling certain words. The broadcast proves the occasion of the discussion. To be a good speller is no longer considered essential, but back in the latter part of the nineteenth century it was a mark of distinction to be able to spell every word in the old "Blueback Speller."

In the one-teacher schools of the public school system of the yesteryears, also the private schools, the regular closing exercises of every Friday afternoon session was a spelling match, and there was rivalry and much pride exercised in standing the test.

The contesting members of each side stood alert, showing an ambition to be on the winning side. During those days of innocent fun—prior to the movies, automobiles or other ways of modern amusements to attract the students—the pupils stood in line as deeply interested to be on the winning side as we are today in the athletic sports. Spelling then was looked upon as an accomplishment. In fact one was not grounded in the fundamentals of an education if Webster's spelling book was not mastered.

The art of spelling, like mastering the piano, once an essential piece of furniture in the cultured homes, is a lost art, so we are glad the radio is awakening interest in spelling.

Very glad the popularity of spelling matches is on the increase. The public listens to them as they are broadcast; schools send representatives to compete for honors; individuals seek to spell down all competitors, therefore, the spelling matches are both interesting and helpful to the radio audience.

The comment has been made that it was surprising how a perfectly good speller went down when asked to spell words from the Bible. In view of the fact that Bible words prove to be unfamiliar with good spellers some one suggested it would not be a foolish announcement on the bulletin board of any church that on a certain date a "Bible Spelling Match" with other attractive features would take place.

GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN ONE OF WORLD'S OLDEST

By John F. Jonas, Jr., in Charlotte Observer

For many years Grandfather mountain near Linville has been known as one of the oldest, if not the oldest, mountains in the world. This information has been relayed to visitors at the top of the mighty old peak since the opening of the two-mile toll road to a point near the top and has naturally caused quite a bit of discussion as to just how this fact was determined.

In 1930 Wilbur Nelson, Corcoran professor of geology at the University of Virginia, came to Linville at the request of Nelson MacRae, president of the Linville company, to make a study of the company properties, which include 16,000 acres of land in this part of the country. The result of his work has been embodied in two reports, one a highly technical one concerning the topography, drainage, formations, geology, structure and mineral resources. the other being merely a geologic story of the Grandfather mountain region of Western North Carolina. It is from this latter report that the reason for Grandfather being called 'the oldest mountain in the world" can be obtained.

The geogolic story of the Grandfather mountain-Linville region is one that goes back to the beginning of historical geology, that phase of the science of geology that deals with ages and relationships of the rock layers and masses which make up the surface of the earth.

The oldest rocks exposed on Grandfather are known as pre-Cambrian, and are of three types, all of igneous origin. One type, known as the Cranberry granite, was solidified from a molten state far below the surface of the earth and is now at the surface due to the wearing away by erosion of the many thousand feet of overlying rocks in the millions of years which have elapsed since it solidified by cooling.

In all geologic processes one must use a yardstick for measuring geologic times of approximately 100,000 years, or even a million years, instead of the yardstick of minutes, hours and years which we use in ordinary history.

So this Cranberry granite which forms much of the surface of Grandfather was solidified from a molten mass, and became a surface rock even during pre-Cambrian time. It formed part of the land surface of the earth during this geologic period when all ife on the earth lived in the oceans and only life of the lower forms existed.

Then came a period of intense surface igneous activity during which molten lava flowed out on the surface of the earth, not from volcanic cones as one sees it today in many parts of the world, but welling up from great rifts or cracks in the earth's surface until many thousands of square miles were covered. Then this flow stopped.

The great surface flows were of two types, one known as the Linville metadiabase, the other as the Monte-

zuma schist. But both have been altered and changed due to the heat and pressure of the mountain-forming forces to which this region has been subjected. The original structure has been lost and the rock-forming minerals greatly altered. The only visual evidence left in this work to show it was originally a surface lava flow is small. round, filled cavities, some of which have been mashed flat or elongated. They were formed by gas bubbles in the flow. The smaller of these cavities have been filled by white quartz, green epidote, or red jasper.

This great flow came at or near the close of the pre-Cambrian period and ushered in a period of great earth movements which resulted in the settling and submergence of the land. Probably for the first time the area of Linville and Grandfather mountain changed from a land to a water surface of the earth.

To the east of this region, in the area now known as the Piedmont, there still existed land, composed of high mountain masses which lasted into Cambrian time. Their wearing away produced the great thickness of sandstone, conglomerates, and shales which total several thousand feet. The sediments washed off the mountains to the east were deposited in the newly-formed sea, extending from the region just east of Grandfather westward so that during that time this area was in the eastern edge of a great epicontinental sea.

From the depositions made in this area from the mountains to the east geologists have concluded that from the close of the Cambrian period, known as the beginning of the Paleozoic era, to the present this region has been a continuous land area; a land area, however, which has not been stable but which has gone through one or more great cycles, uplift, deformation, and down-warp, and has also been subject to erosion, which resulted in the deposition of at least 40,000 feet of sediments in the Paleozoic seas that existed to the west.

At the close of the Paleozoic era, in Permian time, a great earth movement took place along a line roughly extending in a southwest direction from the maritime provinces of Canada to Alabama, movements which resulted in breaking folding, or faulting of the rock layers. This period of mountain-making, which took place many millions of years ago is known to geologists as the Appalachian Revolution, caused the flat-lying sandstones, conglomerates, and shales to be folded, compressed and faulted, due to the movement of the surface rocks from the east to the west against an immovable segment of the earth's crust. So was produced a crumpling of the surface rocks much as one would crumple the leaves of a book or magazine by shoving from the unbound edge toward the bound edge of the book.

At the end of the great period of folding at the close of the Paleozoic there came into existence a magnificent mountain charm, with towering peaks and masses. much higher than at present, for from that day to this, the action of heat and cold, wind and rain, have altered and combined to continously wear away these rocks.

With the aid of the rivulets, creeks and rivers these eroded particles of rock and soil have been carried away, some toward the Atlantic, some toward the Gulf of Mexico, until the mountain peaks as we know them came into being.

The harder, less soluble rock, being more resistant to erosion, formed the mountains such as Grandfacter, while the softer rocks formed the valleys and low ridges of this section. It is this differential erosion at work through the millions of years that have elapsed since the close of the Paleozoic, plus a gentle uplift or warping of this region several times since then, that has added the final touch to the mountain scenery.

Even today Grandfather towers above his neighbor peaks to the height of nearly 6.000 feet above sea level, while the valleys have a general elevation of 4,000 feet. It is because of this that the view to be obtained from the top is one of the most beautiful to be found anywhere in eastern America.

SUNBURN AN ALLY FOR CHANCER?

To Dr. Frank L. Rector, of the American Society for Control of Cancer, the mahogany-brown backs of children and certain beach habituees are anything but healthful. Instead, he sees in them "a beautiful future crop of cancer."

"We know that too much ultra violet light is a cause of cancer," he is quoted as saying in a recent address before an association of nurses. "I tremble to see the little children that we see every summer, brown as mahogany from too much exposure to the sun. In 25 to 30 years they are going to have a beautiful crop of cancer. It is too bad that it is fashionable to be too brown. Let's be sensible."

Doctor Rector goes on to explain that when the skin is subjected to too violent exposure to the sun it sets about to portect itself against future exposures. And in this effect to protect itself the skin lays the groundwork for future production of uncontroled reproduction cells which eventuate in cancer. This result, however, is not likely to appear until the time of life arrives when these children are likely to have cancer.

This is a surprising sidelight on the suntan craze. If there is an element of danger, as is here set forth, the public should be informed generally so that it can take its sunbathing moderately and in such manner as not to endanger health in the years to come.—Concord Daily Tribune.

TWO MEN ENJOY LIFE ON MOUNT MITCHELL

(Charlotte Observer)

Two men live together in a small cabin near the crest of 6,684-foot-high Mount Mitchell the year around.

They are Ed Wilson, veteran fire and park warden, and Charles W. Thomason. Both are United States weather observers there.

Weather on the highest mountain in eastern America is so unusual, the pair says, that the U. S. Weather bureau established a so-called second order station on the peak last winter and pays the two men to make daily readings at six-hour intervals the year around and dispatch them to forecasting bureaus.

The observers say few persons realize the problems connected with weather reporting there, especially during the winter.

Warden Wilson had been a co-operative observer for more than 10 years before the regular station was established last September. He had used self-recording instruments and made reports only once a month.

That, he said, enabled him to spend most of the time during cold winter months with his wife and children at Busick, eight miles by precipitous trail from the top of Mitchell.

Now, Wilson and Thomason must stay on the mountain winter and summer except for occasional weekends when they double up on observations to allow one or the other to visit his home. Thomason, who lives at Taylorsville, also is married and has two children.

The two men explain that they cannot bring their families to live with them, because their cabin has only one bedroom.

Wilson and Thomason said it frequently is necessary in winter months to cut away ice from the weather instruments with an axe and to replace parts with defrosted ones.

The ink in the pen of a thermograph froze on one occasion, they said, and often ice as thick as a man's thigh forms on the guy wires holding the wind instruments in place.

Wilson said the lowest temperature on Mitchell's peak since he became a co-operative observer in 1926 was 25 degress below zero in 1937. The lowest last winter was six below zero.

Wilson said also that Mount Mitchell had a heat wave this summer when the mercury rose to a peak of 75 degrees one day, while Asheville was sweltering in a 93-degree heat wave.

The mean temperature on Mitchell for June was 56.4 degrees; in Asheville it was 72.6 degrees. The lowest reading on the peak during the month was 36 degrees.

The barometers at the Mitchell station are in the warden's cabin, 150 feet from the top. The thermometers and rain gauge are in a shelter a few feet from the observation tower at the summit. The wind instruments are on a pole extending up from one corner of the observation plaform on the tower, at an elevation of 6,731 feet.

In addition to their duties as weather observers, Wilson and Thomason are fire and game wardens and must be constantly on the lookout for forest blazes or hunters invading the State game refuge on the peak. They also often serve as guides for visitors, they said, and occasionally are called upon to help revive persons who faint because of the altitude. Wilson said that twice during the 14 years he has been on the mountain, he has had to help bring down the trail elderly men who died of heart attacks.

During five months each year that a civilian conservation corps unit is stationed near the summit Wilson and Thomason eat noon and evening meals at the camp but cook their breakfast. During winter months, they do all their cooking, and when the roads become impassable because of snow and ice they have to carry food supplies on their backs up the eight-mile trail from Busick.

The principal objection of the two men to visitors. they said, are that "they whoop and holler too much."

Thomason said: "Folks who come up here seem to take a great delight in yelling at the top of their voices. We've got a lot of small animals that come around when there is nobody up here but us, and they would be interesting for visitors to see, but most folks scare them off by acting like wild Indians."

SLAVE OR MASTER

I know, my friend, the task seems hard and long,
  I too, have felt the pang of slow despair;
But where there is no sacrifice and care
  There cannot be reward nor victor's song.
You are but one among a countless throng,
  Breathing alike this same oppressive air
And cursing changeless fate, quite unaware
  That destinies are moulded by the strong.

So persevere, for labor is designed
  To bring you happiness instead of rue;
The sweetest satisfaction you will find
  Comes, not in doing what you like to do,
But liking what you have to do
  The mind is slave or master, friend, it rests with you.

—W. R. Parker.

THE INS AND OUTS OF FROG FARMING

By Mabel Worth

Commercial frog farming is a comparatively new industry in some quarters. Those who are in a position to know emphatically advise that this is not a "get-rich-quick" undertaking and far from the popular belief, the "crop" does not raise itself or just grow, "Topsy-fashion."

Possibly the raising of the frogs is the easiest part of the business. The marketing of them is the most technical, since frogs are not easily marketed, or just anywhere. Certain large cities are known to be "frog markets," possibly because they have a goodly population of European born residents who have a taste for this delicacy. But other markets will not buy frogs at all.

So a thorough knowledge of markets is important before one embarks in the bussiness.

Furthermore, those interested are warned one cannot expect to prosper in the business done on a back-yard scale.

Many people eat only the hind legs of the frog while others have learned to eat the whole frog. The meat is tender and white, and the flavor is said to be somewhat between that of a chicken and fish.

A successful frog farm is managed somewhat in this manner: A farmer, living not far from a known frog market, will devote five acres to the industry. He should have some six large ponds varying in depth from an inch or two at one end, to six feet at the other. Eggs are hatched into tadpoles in the first pond—a natural process, taking from two to three days at average temperatures.

The tadpoles are them put in another pool where they develop into frogs in about five months. Then the young frogs are moved to what is called a "growing pond" where they remain about a year. Then they are ready for sale and are transferred to one of three ponds for the "big fellows."

On some farms the giant frogs may stretch to a length of 28 inches and some are from 25 to 26 inches.

The female frog lays from 10,000 to 20,000 eggs a year during egg laying season which is May, June and July. The eggs are tiny. black flat things, about mustard seed size. They sink to the bottom of the pool in a slimy mass and in about a week elongate and "wigglers" emerge, a bit longer than round, and not much larger than a pin-head.

Many of the large commercial producers ship their frogs alive in grass to the commission dealers in the large cities. They are not fed there as they naturally eat but once in two or three days and can live out of water for three weeks without eating.

The pollywogs eat vegetable food, but the grown ones are carnivorous and inclined to be cannibalistic. They eat bugs, flies, minnows, and pollywogs.

From about the size of three inches long and upward frogs catch bugs,

flies and butterflies. It is said when they reach eight inches in length they will catch week-old cottontail rabbits, mice, wood rats and small snakes. Frogs will swallow small animals as large as themselves!

One type of frog grown in California has a green head in summer when the moss is green, but this green on the head turns black in winter.

An interesting thing about frogs is their constant changing of skin. There is an old story told that a frog skins himself and swallows the skin rolled up in a tight ball. Experts say there is no truth in this tale, but that frog's skin flakes off in bits up to two inches in diameter, these flakes being white, and about as thin as tissue paper.

Some of the commercial frog farms hatch as many as 20.000 growing frogs a season, but the crop of a successfu operator should be goverened entirely by his market and the number of frogs he can profitably market in a season.

If one were interested in the outlook for frog farming he would do well to investigate it thoroughly before embarking on the enterprise.

500TH ANNIVERSARY—

This year is believed to mark the five hundredth aniversary of the use of movable metal type.

In other words, the art of printing as we know it today, saw its beginning about the year 1437 through the ingenuity of Johannes Guttenberg, German pioneer in this business which has grown to mean so much to civilization.

Incidentally in this connection, it is important to note that a New York University professor has also satisfactorily settled another problem which has worried modern men of the craft as much as how Guttenberg happened to originate the use of movable type. Heretofore, it has always been assumed that in keeping with the custom of his time this patriarch must have worn a long flowing beard. Consequently, much debate has been raised as to how Guttenberg succed in preventing his beard from getting caught in the press with which he experimented.

The learner New Yorker now assures us that Guttenberg being a member of a patrician family was smooth-shaven, inasmuch as men of the aristocracy in Rhenish cities did not wear beards in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.—Selected.

THE STORY OF THE VIOLIN

By Harry K. Hobart, in Lutheran Young Folks

One of the oldest precursors of the violin as we know it today is an instrument, which like many things, was named after the person who invented it. History tells us that about 7,000 years ago there lived on the island of Ceylon a king whose name was Ravana. King Ravana was quite a musician and invented the instrument, still to be found in India and Eastern countries, called the Ravanastron. This was probably the first stringed instrument to be played with a bow and for this reason may be said to have been a forerunner of the violin. But in all other details it bears very little resemblance to the violin.

In tracing musical history we find that many of the instruments known to the world today found their origin in Eastern countries and traveled westward with the course of commerce, being improved upon by the people of western lands. It is therefore, surprising that in the ancient records of the Syrians and Babylonians and also of the Egyptians we find no trace of any instruments resembling the Ravanastron or the violin. In fact we find that all these countries preferred instruments such as the harp, psaltry, flutes, drums and tambourines, though we know that they carried on commercial relations as well as wars with India.

Since music in the countries of Egypt, Assyria. Phœnicia and Babylonia was in the hands of the ruling class, and since the records show that in the majority of cases these people performed alone, rather than in concert, it may be for this reason that the bowed instrument was not to their liking as it was awkward to play while walking or dancing. The harp or lyre could be handled in a natural, graceful way, and its use had been sanctioned from time immemorial by religious tradition. An Egyptian maiden could play the harp while walking, standing or lounging, and her pretty hands and personal adornments could be displayed to advantage, while the bright tinkling tones suited admirably the ears and musical tastes of these light-hearted Southerners. Music and religion were inseparable and the instruments which could not be easily assimilated by the cult or made to conform to traditional ideas and restrictions, were rejected.

It is to the Persians, ancient half-brothers of the Hindoos, that we must look for further development of bowed stringed instruments. The lapse of time from the supposed date of the invention of the Ravanastron to the first appearance of a similar instrument in Persia is very long, over three thousand years. But we do find stringed instruments played by a bow being used by the Persians about the time of the conquests made in India by Darius, from 600 to 510 B. C. Next we see the development of this peculiar instrument in the Arabian Rebab which appeared about 700 A. D. When the Arab turned Mohammedan. and carried his victorious arms through Egypt into Spain, we trace the appearance of the fiddle

in Spain and Southern Europe. Musical historians have concluded that it came from its Eastern home on the wings of war. The Arabian Rebab was a pear shaped instrument, having two and sometimes three strings, tuned in fourths, often elaborately carved, and ornamented with two half-moon sound holes in the sounding box. Not a few musicologists, however, credit the Welsh Crwth (pronounced crud) as being the first representative of the violin family. Fortunatus, Bishop of Potiers, about 600 A. D., mentions the Crwth in a Latin poem and speaks of the ability of the instrument "to sing" like the human voice.

The Troubadours or wandering minstrels played an important part in furthering the popularity of the bowed family of stringed instruments. It was possible to carry these instruments more comfortably than a harp, and it is easy to imagine how these strolling players attracted attention with this weird-toned box and bow. Toward the middle and end of the eleventh century, Western Europe was nearing the great romantic movement associateed with the troubadours and minnesingers. Now we find a new kind of body, consisting of a back and belly with sides or ribs connecting them and more or less accentuated curvatures. Adding the bow to these features we have unmistabably the forerunner of the viol.

In Germany the fidel appeared, the gaudock in Russia. the fidla in Norway, while the Southern countries called their violin the "rebec" and "gigue" or "geige." At any rate, the wandering musicians had climbed up the social ladder through the development of this bow-played instrument and were now admitted amongst knights and kings and the playing of music became the fashion and pastime of the great, for even kings deemed it an honor to be reckoned a "King of Song." Richard the Lion Hearted and Thibaut of Navarre may be cited as the best examples of musical royalty of the time. The rebec reached the peak of its popularity when in 1235 Charmillon, a clever performer on the instrument, was created King of Ribonds, as players of the rebec were called. From that time on its popularity declined; some say it was used only by the commonest street fiddler in France, and we lose track of it completely near the end of the 18th century.

The rebec had advanced to the stage of possessing a low bridge, which, at the time, was quite a novelty. The instrument itself was hollowed out of one piece of hard wood; body, neck, scroll and all, the fingerboard glued to the neck to leave a little aperture, and in addition to this opening. there were two large holes cut in the belly. Branzoli, a famous Italian writer, speaks of the tone as resembling the human voice. We know very little about the changes of the fidel or forerunner of the viol family, but from all evidence, it must have been in considerable vogue in the middle of the 13th century. There is in the archives of Bologona, a decree from the year of 1261 forbidding at the risk of a fine of 100 soldi, "the going about and playing the viol by night in the streets of the city."

In the succeeding centuries, the

viol with its many varieties of size, pitch, and number of strings, became the preferred bowed instrument. Polyphonic writing and choral singing received a great stimulus through the genius of Dufay and Dunstable and the early Netherland contrapuntists, and naturally this reached to instrumental music. Previous to this time, instruments had not taken part in the performance of art music; independent instrumental accompaniment to choral singing did not exist. Each voice part was doubled by an instrument, hence different sizes and ranges of pitch were called into existence. The story of the viol family as a whole is not the purpose of this article as it would take up a great deal more space than one article to tell about each instrument, but it is sufficient to say that from the time that the viol family as a whole came into general use for orchestral music, none of the larger instruments have undergone much change, neither have they attained to the pre-eminence to which their small cousin the violin has attained.

Among those who have been most diligent in reproducing the instruments of the viol family, and their music, is Arnold Dolmetsch of England. He has devoted his life to research in this field so as to carry on the tradition of this very interesting period in the world's musical history.

Actual credit for the modern violin has usually gone to Gasparo de Salo, a Brescian maker whose instruments are still in use. One of the best known of these was used by Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian virtuoso. But to Gaspar Duiffoprugar must go the credit for having created the modern violin form with most of its well-known characteristics; square shoulders, well-defined curves and corners, in the sides with the scroll and f holes. His violins number only six (all made previous to the year 1515) and were marvels of workmanship. The backs of the instruments were laboriously inlaid, adorned with oil paintings of madonnas and saints and coats of arms in colors and gold.

Needless to say, violin makers following him forsook the elaborate decorations and were content to produce instruments noted for their tone quality rather than as a feast for the eyes. Amati and his sons followed Jacobus Stamer in Germany. And finally we have the greatest of them all, Antonio Stradivàri, a Cremonese artist. The possession of a "strad" is, and ever will be, the goal of every aspiring violinist.

The violin as we knoow it today consists of seventy different parts, all of which. except the strings and the loop are made of wood. In playing the violin eleven different positions are recognized and the quality of the tone depends chiefly upon the method of bowing.

When you find yourself overpowered, as it were, by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody or other—Keble.

CHESTER, THE VERY IMPORTANT

By Ada Melville Shaw

Chester Collins strutted about the dining room. He felt very important. He was ten years old. He had brought home a perfect report card from school three months running. He was a triple A scholar. Marie, his sister, two years older, had not done that. Edith, still older, had a very low grade in history.

"Wouldn't strut, dear!" Edith gave her brother's curly head a pat. " 'Pride goeth before a fall.' "

"Who's going to fall?" shouted Chester. "Got a right to be proud."

Next he pranced into the kitchen, where Manny Jessum, the cook, was dressing chickens. He bragged about his perfect record.

"Dat's fine!" agreed mammy, smiling. "I'd walk softly, though, Mas'r Ches! Many a slip between the cup an' lip. Don' count chickens before dey's hatched. He laughs bes' who laughs las'. Too proud man stubs his toe an' bumps his nose!"

"Aw, mammy!" pouted Chester "What you mean? I'm not counting chickens!"

"I was jus' wondering how my honey chile would mark up if we kep' a report card on him at home, hey? Plum easy to get AAA's at shcool!"

"Aw, mammy!" Chester left the kitchen. Even mammy had failed him.

He strolled out to the front gate. The messenger boy, Ted Brooks, was coming. Ted and Ches were friends.

"Telegram for your grandfather, Ches. Is he in?"

"No. I'll sign."

"Against the rules. Your grandmother can sign for him. Take it to her, will you?"

Grandmother Collins signed and handed the book and telegram to her grandson. "Put the telegram on grandpa's desk, Chester. I am going out. On the desk. Understand?"

"All right, grandma!" Chester hurried to return the book to Ted.

"Got AAA again this month, Ted. Third time! 'Way ahead of the whole class!"

"Good work!" said Ted, tucking the book in his pocket. "Something to live up to, I'll say. Look out you don't stub your toe, young one!"

This was too much. What was the matter with everybody preaching at him? Stub his toe! He'd show them—all of them. He'd show the world whether those triple A's meant anything.

Twenty-four hours later Grandmother Collins remembered the telegram. "What was it about?" she asked grandfather.

"About? I haven't had a telegram in a week," answered the old gentleman. Explanations followed. Marie went flying to find Chester.

"Ches, what have you done now? Where's gran'pa's telegram?"

With hanging head the triple A boy pulled it out of a pocket, where he had shoved it for safe keeping and forgotten all about it. A boy had whistled to him just as Ted Brooks left. He had to tell that boy about his perfect record.

Grandfather read the message,

gave Chester a terrible look and went to the telephone, saying, as he passed the frightened boy: "Well, you have accomplished something great this time, young man!"

What could have happened?

Grandfather was doing business with a concern in New York City. If a certain big deal went through successfully, he had promised to celebrate by giving to Chester's father and mother a fine new car, latest model. Then Barth would inherit his father's runabout and Chester was to have Barth's bicycle.

The delay in the delivery of that telegram killed the deal. Dad and mother got no car. Barth had to go on with the old bicycle.

Marie found Chester crying in the tool shed. She tried to comfort him by talking about his triple A's, but he had other things to think about. Mammy Jessum was right. Edith was right. Ted was right. Barth was right. It was a lonesome world!

He had not noticed Barth standing in the doorway. Barth felt terribly not to get the runabout. "Yes," said the big brother, in stern tones, "we are all agreed you are of some importance. So's a match that set fire to a house. You've managed to burn us all up, young one! All you're good for is stacking up AAA's

"Don't tease him, Barth. He's sorry," interposed Marie. "And after all, he did make the AAA's. I wish I could get an A just once. I don't believe Barth ever did!"

"No, I never did," replied Barth. "And I'll take back what I said. You count a whole lot, Chester, even if you are the littlest frog in the family pond."

YOU AND I

It matters not when you or I may die;
  At most our toiling, struggling life is brief:
A little happiness mixed with tears and grief,
  And then the hand of death shall choke our cry
And blind our eyes to land and sky and sea
  And still our dauntless heart which beats for love
And dark our brain like ebon clouds above;
  Death's mighty angel shall not pass us by.
'Tis better to die a noble youth like Hale,
  Or like heroic Warren in our prime,
And slumber in a battle-scarred vale,
  Than reach life's highest peak of hoary time
With little done for country, self or peers;
  God measures us by deeds and not by years.

—Arthur Orison Dillon.

SYPHILIS WARFARE PROGRAM SUGGESTED

(Selected)

Now that the conspiracy of horrified silence on the subject of syphilis has been broken, Dr. Thomas Parran, surgeon general, United States public health service, has three suggestions for eradication of the disease.

First, he thinks, it is necessary to locate syphilis.

"In 1935 an estimated 518,000 new cases came to light," he writes in "Shadow on the Land: Syphilis," just published. "An equal number probably were unrecognized, untreated, treated only by the use of patent medicines or by the ministrations of advertising quacks.

"No matter what nostrum is taken; no matter how inadequate the treatment given. eventually early signs and symptoms of the disease disappear. When they disappear, thousands of syphilis victims think themselves cured, not realizing that instead of cure, this marks the end of the period when the best chance for it is possible."

Second step is to obtain public money sufficient to make certain all infected persons have adequate treatment. At present some states spend as little as 1-10 cent a year per capita; Delaware spends most, 3 cents per capita.

"Clearly, health departments must make more than their present gesture at the job if we are to root out syphilis. Yet the taxpayer need not shudder at the cost. To cite only one illustration: the total expenditure for the syphilitic blind is estimated at $10,000,000 per year, exceeding by $2,000,000 the total expenditures of the public health service in aiding states to prevent syphilis and all other diseases."

And the third step is one of education, for the physician as well as for the public. Dr. Parran thinks that if the private physician is to continue a leading factor in the fight on syphilis, he must not only assume more responsbiility, but must work amiably with his health officer.

Dr. Parran believes the 45 per cent of physicians who treat syphilis as such ought to be sure they know accepted drugs and techniques thoroughly, and ought not to undertake a case without being willing to see it through.

He believes the patient should understand that if he fails to live up to his obligation to continue treatment to the end, he will be reported by name to the local health department, and checked up from there.

A man has found himself only when he is engaged in that trade, profession, or art which stirs him with a constant desire to increase his energies, improve his technique, and expand his field of operation.—Exchange.

WORRY AND SICKNESS

(The New York Sun)

Dr. William I. L. McGonigle told the American Dental Association the other day that when the human body is thrown out of balance by worry and fear, the teeth may decay because the consequent upsetting of the thyroid gland prevents them from getting calcium needed to fight bacteria. Speaking at the fortieth annual meeting of the American Gastro-Enterological Association, Dr. Kenneth T. Tillotson, a psychiatrist of Massachusetts General Hospital, declared that "you really can think yourself into stomach ulcers, for constant thought on the subject restricts the natural processes." Dr. Heinrich Necheles of Chicago said that worry is causing peptic ulcers both among the well-to-do and the less fortunate. He added that this type of ulcer, which affects the duodenum and stomach, is found in high-strung persons regardless of their monetary possessions. Among the mechanically employed, chauffeurs are especially susceptible because they are under a heavy strain. Examination of the physical records of London busmen since their strike in May has disclosed that within certain ages they are more subject to disease of the digestive tract than other workers. According to Dr. Tillotson, emotional factors may be the underlying cause of digestive troubles, headache and feelings of general illness, anxiety and discouragement.

The chronic worrier tends to induce the very ailments that he fears. The problem is how to stop him from worrying. Certainly shouting "Don't worry!" at him will not do the trick. He must help himself by submitting to mental discipline. He may not be able to achieve the detachment of an ancient Greek stoic or an Oriental mystic, but he can, if he really desires it. acquire something of a philosophic attitude toward life. By deliberately reminding himself that most problems work themselves out with time, that most anticipated evils do not befall, he can avoid contributing to the breakdown of his physical resistance and can escape from the vicious circle.

A TRICK TO TRY

Did you know that your arm can move without your mind directing it?

Stand about a foot from a wall, and sideways to it; then, keeping your arm stiff as you can, raise it from your side and press back of your hand against the wall with all your strength for the space of a minute. Then step away from the wall. If you have pressed hard enough you will find your arm moving up slowly until it is stretched out at the level of your shoulder. It is by no will of yours that it does this; it is reaction from the pressure against the wall.—Exchange.

PICTURES FROM MEXICO

By Fred Cornelius

Back in the days when Mexico was still under the rule of Spain, the art of making feather pictures was started. An old Aztec Indian is said to be the first man to make a picture with feathers. He made a large peacock picture, using real peacock feathers for his work. It was so beautiful that he took it to the Spanish officials, who sent it to a museum in Spain. Everyone who saw the picture was amazed at its beauty, and the old Indian was urged to make more of these strange pictures and to teach others to do it. So he taught children, as well as grown-ups, and from that time till this, the art has been kept alive.

Perhaps the pictures are made a little differently now from the way the old Indian made them, but no doubt the change is only a small one, for Mexican Indinas have kept very close to the customs of their ancestors. That is one reason for the charm of their handiwork.

Here is how the feather pictures are made now. First a piece of dark-colored cardboard is secured. The background is painted on this cardboard. Then the design to be done in feathers, usually a bright-colored bird, is cut out of thin white paper and glued on the board in the correct position.

The various colors of the bird are written on this paper, after which it is covered lightly with glue. The feathers are cut up in small pieces and the artist holds these in his mouth while he works. He starts his picture by making the bird's tail, then he works up to the head. After the feather work is finished, he sticks on tiny beads or drops of paint for the eyes and paints in the legs and beak.

Sometimes, if the artist does not have the correct colored feathers for the bird he is making, he dyes them with vegetable dyes, but almost always the natural feathers are used. The feathers of peacock, parrots, owls, canaries, and many small tropical birds are used in this work; and, of course, a few chicken feathers may be slipped in occasionally. But, no matter what kind of feathers are used, the pictures are always pretty, and they always represent real birds.

Like all craftwork, making feather pictures takes a lot of skill and patience. It takes a fast worker a day to make three small postcard-sized pictures. But, as I have said before, Mexicans and Indians have a lot of patience.

Did you ever hear of beautiful pictures being made of straw? Perhaps you never have, so I shall tell you about them. Down near Mexico City live several tribes of Indians, and those Indians make some of the prettiest pictures in the world with straw. Does not that seem strange?

Out in the open country around Mexico City a kind of grass grows, the straw of which is just what is wanted to make these pictures. The stems of this grass are round and straight and as slender as a fine needle. The straw is harvested and cured. Then the stems are dyed in many colors.

Now, when an Indian boy or girl, or perhaps an Indian father or

mother, starts to make a picture, he takes first a piece of dark colored cardboard larger than the picture is going to be. Then, in the center of the board, beeswax is spread. When this wax, called "miel de colmena" by the Indians, is spread out evenly on a space exactly the size the picture is to be, the outline of the picture is stamped into the wax.

Now everything is ready for the picture to be started. The artist selects straws of the color he needs, cuts them into the required lengths and presses them evenly, side by side, into the beeswax where they stick tightly. Some of the straws used in making sky or foreground may be several inches long, while others used in the details of figures and the like are not over a sixteenth of an inch long. If a tree is to be in the picture, shades of brown and green straw is used. In the figures, houses, flowers, rocks, bright reds, purples, yellows, greens, blue-greens, and browns are used with touches of black. So skillfully are the colors blended and shaded that the finished pictures are real works of art. They look quite a bit like the embroidered pictures you may have seen your mother make.

Of course, this work requires a lot of patience. Much more, in fact, than most of us would have. But those Indians have patience and a lot of skill besides. Often it takes them days to complete one picture, but they do not hurry through life as we do. If they do not finish today they will, perhaps, tomorrow or, as they say "manana."

A BIG NEW INDUSTRY

More than five hundred different concerns are engaged in the newest of America's major industries. That is air-conditioning. The means of so building and equipping houses, offices, factories, stores and theatres that the temperature and humidity can be controlled at all seasons and under any weather conditions, has at last come out of the experimental stage and become a practical reality of everyday application.

It is in about the stage in whic hthe automobile was when Mr. Ford turned out his "Model T" thirty years ago. It will be years before an air-conditioned home will be as much a necessity for every family as an automobile is today but it is pretty nearly a certainty that that time will come.

As with automobiles, increased production will bring costs down. Today only the fairly well-to-do can afford to equip their homes with air-conditioning devices, but in a not far distant tomorrow a house not so equipped will be regarded as out of date and fit only for the very poor to live in.

Permanent prosperity is brought about through the successive development of new industries. Air-conditioning is the largest and latest of these and holds unlimited possibilities for Ametrica's future prosperity.—Gates County Index.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Alvis Browning, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School about a year ago, called on friends here last Sunday. Alvis, who now lives in Burlington, brought with him a certificate from the superintendent of public welfare of Alamance County, stating that he had been doing fine since returning to his home and has had a regular job in a reliable grocery store in Mebane, and is making good. She added that in her opinion, the lad merited his discharge.

We were very glad to get this report on Alvis, as he made a fine record while here, and we were happy to issue a final discharge.

We recently received a report from Mrs. J. Dale Stentz, superintendent of public welfare, of Haywood County, stating that Jack Carver, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who was allowed to leave the School August 30, 1936, had made an excellent record since returning to his home. She said that he had been working hard and living at home with his mother, and on the strength of this fine record Mrs. Stentz requested that Jack be granted a final discharge.

It was very gratifying to learn that Jack had done so well since leaving us, and we were only too glad to comply with Mrs. Stentz's request, the complete discharge being mailed the day following receipt of her report.

Lee McBride, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in October 1926, visited friends here from Wednesday morning until Thursday afternoon.

"Mac" stated that he has had steady employment ever since leaving the School. For the past three and one-half years he has been employed on "The Gazette," published at Alexandria, Va., as a linotype operator-machinist, but says he also spends quite a bit of time on floor work and reporting the proceedings of the District of Columbia midnight police court sessions, so it would seem that he is kept quite busy.

While he wanted to spend as much of his vacation as possible with his father, in Salisbury, and his sisters, who live in Kannapolis, "Mac" said he just could not pass up a little visit to the School, as it seemed like coming back home. He further stated that the four years he spent here have proved a blessing to him, and was most enthusiastic in expressing his gratitude for the many benefits derived from his stay with us.

Upon visiting the printing department and spying our new Blue Streak linotype, "Mac" lost no time in asking permission to set a few lines. It was his first experience with this newest product of the Mergenthaler Company, and he seemed as proud of the new equipment as are the boys now in the printing class.

It was a pleasure to see that sunny smile of "Mac's" again. While a little red-headed boy here, that broad smile made him a great favorite with both boys and officials of the School, and now at the age of twenty-seven, it is as much in evidence as

ever, and we feel quite sure that the same cheerful disposition will make many friends for him.

We were glad to learn that "Mac" is keeping up the good work and tender best wishes for continued success.

H. Erwin Cole, of Raleigh, one of our old boys, who left the School in 1924, called on us last Thursday. He is now thirty years old, has been married four years, and has developed into a young man of clean-cut appearance. One glance is enough to convince even the most critical observer that he has been living the right kind of life since returning to his home.

Upon leaving the School, Erwin obtained a position with a chain grocery store in Raleigh, where he worked for one year. In 1925 he entered North Carolina State College, taking an electrical engineering course, and was graduated in 1929. He then accepted a position with the General Electrical Supply Corporation and in a short time was transferred to the plant at Schenectady, N. Y., where he took special training in the incandescent light department.

In 1930 he returned to the Raleigh branch of the same company and was soon promoted to the position of warehouse manager, which he held until June 1, 1936, when he was made a traveling representative. He states that he likes his present position very much and has been getting along nicely.

This was Erwin's first visit to the School in thirteen years and he did not fail to express his appreciation of the many improvements made during that time. He also said that he would never regret the time he spent here, as he felt the training received really put him on the right track.

To many of the old-timers among the staff members Erwin will be remembered as "King" Cole. We never quite understood just why he acquired the nick-name, for there was not the least danger of getting him confused with the old fellow of Mother Goose fame. This particular "King" didn't call for his fiddlers three—he made his own music—playing the big bass horn in the School band which was making great progress at that time, but has since been discontinued.

We are all proud of the splendid record Erwin has made since leaving the School. His many friends here were delighted to see him again, to congratulate him and extend their best wishes for still greater success.

A few days ago the following letter was received from Joe Moore, one of our old boys, who was allowed to leave the School January 4, 1924:

Boston, Mass.,
August 8, 1937.

Dear Mr. Boger:

Many times since last Summer, I have longed to make another visit to the School and see all of you again, but that happened to be the last trip I made to Atlanta. You will never know how I enjoyed that visit, no matter how short it was; just to see those familiar grounds again and talk with some one who really understands and appreciates the ambitions

of young people, as you do. I hope that in a short time I may enjoy another chat with you.

Last evening, my wife and I were rambling through some of our belongings, and happened to run across the copy of The Uplift you so graciously sent me in Bridgeport, Conn. Although I have been a soldier, truck driver, and have seen the world for what it really is, which is supposed to harden a man to most anything, you can believe me when I say that a few tears came from my eyes, of which I am not ashamed in the least, for I remember Jackson Training School, not as a home for boys, but as a boys' home, and as such I shall always remember and revere it.

A few days after reaching Connecticut, on my last trip from the South, I received a position as terminal manager and dispatcher with the Rickenbacker Transfer Company and was located in Philadephia. From there I was transferred to Cincinnati, Ohio, in the same capacity. After staying there a few months I was again transferred, this time to Boston, where I am at the present time. This Cincinnati, New York City, Philadelphia, Pa., Boston, Mass., New Haven, Conn., Pittsburgh, Pa., Dayton and Columbus, Ohio and Baltimore, Md. We haul first, second, third and fourth class freight between these cities, and the work attached to my position is very interesting. There is never a dull moment, but quite a lot of responsibility—about which a boy from Jackson Training School schould have no worry at any time.

My wife sends regards and wishes to see you and your wonderful School some time, and I have promised her to arrange that some time in the near future. We have a bady boy, born to us December 4, 1936 and he is doing fine. His name, of course, is Joseph Moore, Jr.

I have not seen nor heard from any of the old boys who were in the School with me, but hope they are all doing well. I'm sure they must have the same high regard for you and the School that I have.

Sincerely yours.

Joseph Moore.

We were very glad to hear from Joe again. While here he made a fine record and was popular with both the boys and officers. He had the reputation of being our best elocutionist, and many of the older members of the staff will doubtless recall his favorite selection, "A Man May Be Down But He's Never Out," an article written for The Uplift by the late Dr. A. A. McGeahey, a former pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte.

On Sunday afternoon, August 8th, it was our privilege to enjoy a concert by the Franklin Concert Band. Under the capable leadership of R. E. Allen, this fine musical organization delightfully entertained our large "family" of nearly six hundred—including boys and members of the staff—and many visitors.

The officers of the organization are, J. M. Talbert, honorary president; C. W. Dabbs, president; J. H. Wade, secretary-treasurer; R. E. Allen, director. Mr. Talbert informed us that the band, which was organized ten years ago, is enjoying one of the best

years in its history. They have many engagements, averaging one concert a month, in various parts of the county.

The program rendered here was as follows:

March	"Reign of Rhythm"	Talbott
Overture	"Gibraltar"	Hayes
March	"Under the Eagle's Wing"	Brown
March	"G. A. R. Veterans"	Mackie-Byer
Serenade	"Sweetest of All"	McFall
Novelette	"Kitten Kapers"	McKinney
Overture	"Princess of India"	King
March	"Three Rings"	Talbott
Overture	"American Patrol"	Meacham
	"Star-Spangled Banner"	

Members of the band at the School on this occasion are as follows:

Trumpets—Billie Talbert, Hubert Foster, Y. M. McCachern, C. A. Yarborough, Billie McQueen, Shelton Smith, Floyd Richardson, Wayne Alexander.

Clarinets—Leonard Wade, Z. Z. Hadley, Charles Talbert, J. W. Hawkins.

Trombones—Bennie Wade, Curtis Alexander, G. P. Marlette, William Widenhouse, Woodrow Hudspeth, Robert Lavender.

Saxophones—Douglas Hopkins, W. L. Sloop.

Altos—G. W. Hargett, Bennie Honeycutt, M. L. Isenhour, J. Neal McQueen, C. F. Medlin, Albert Wade, Clyde Overcash.

Baritones—C. W. Williams, George Burke.

Bass—C. W. Dabbs, J. H. Wade, H. O. Bowers, H. O. Bowers, Jr.

Snare Drums—Pink Umberger, Olin Helms, Henry Price, James Wade.

Bass Drum and Cymbals—W. D. Alexander.

We are deeply indebted to our good friend, Mr. Talbert and his splendid organization, for one of the most enjoyable musical treats heard on our campus for some time. Both boys and officers join in tendering most hearty thanks for the delightful entertainment, and at the same time assure them a cordial welcome whenever they may find it convenient to visit us again.

From evidence uncovered by scientists concerning pre-historic times, we are convinced there were giants in those days, but on last Monday afternoon we realized that there are a few big fellows still hanging around.

This was brought about by a visit to the School by one Gilbert (Tiny) Reichert, of Cleveland, Ohio, who measures 8 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet. He was accompanied by his friend, Bill Selph, who is a member of the Concord Weavers baseball team, and doing a great deal toward keeping them in the Carolina League race.

Tiny and Bill are members of the famous House of David basketball team, a professional outfit which usually tours the United States and Canada, playing about 150 games each season. The team played a schedule of 150 games last year with semi-pro, professional and college all-star teams, and lost only ten games. Selph plays guard and is very proficient at passing the ball to his tall partner, Tiny, playing the forward position. Now that the center jump has been eliminated, Tiny is looking forward to an easy time on the court during the coming season—just hanging around the basket, dropping the ball in as his mates pass it up to him.

It was quite a treat for the Training School youngsters to see such a big fellow. They would just stare at him in pop-eyed amasement whenever he approached a group. As Tiny walked through the halls of the school building he was naturaly interested in what was going on in the various school rooms, so what did he do, open the door and look in? Not Tiny—he simply straightened up a bit and looked over the transom, making friendly gestures to the boys, causing no end of merriment.

Another thing about Tiny is that he is extremely good-natured. Being so large, he naturally has to answer a lot of questions such as, how tall he is, how many ordinary hotel beds have to be placed side by side to enable him to sleep comfortably, what size shoes he wears, etc., but he takes it all pleasantly and has a cheerful answer for all queries. When one lad was told that he wore a size 27 shoe, he replied, "Gee! All that guy would have to do would be to kill a cow and step in her hide, and have a nice comfortable pair of shoes."

We are very glad that our good little friend, Bill, was able to bring his large friend, Tiny, out to see us, and when our new gymnasium is completed, nothing would suit us better than to have their House of David basketball team stop off for an exhibition game some time when touring this part of the country. We'd like see the long-short, Selph-Reichert combination in action.

On Thurseday afternoon of last week Flowe's Store defeated the Training School boys by the score of 3 to 2. Aside from the seventh inning it was a scoreless game, both teams doing all their scoring in this frame.

Charlie Furchess was on the hill for the School and twirled a nice game, allowing but four hits, but his wildness enabled the boys from Flowe's to take the old ball game. In the seventh he walked Dorton and Williams followed with a triple; Green drew a pass and advanced to second, both runners scoring on Gray's single.

The School lads were able to secure but six hits off the fork-handed delivery of Hartsell, but bunched two of them, following a couple of errors in the seventh for their two tallies. Furchess was safe on an error, advanced to second on Goodman's single; both runners moving up on an infield out, and scoring on Kirk's single.

Gray, visiting right fielder, connected for two singles in three times at bat. Goodman, who patrols the right garden for the School, banged out two doubles and a single in four trips to the plate. The score:

		R	H	E
Flowe's	000 000 300	3	4	3
J. T. S.	000 000 200	2	6	3

The Kannapolis Juniors visited the local ball yard on Friday of last week and dropped a game to the school lads by the score of 7 to 4, in a game marked by plenty of hitting in bunches, costly errors, pitchers' wildness, in fact most everything, both good and bad, to be seen at a ball game.

Krimminger did the hurling for Kannapolis and the local lads got to him for an even dozen hits. He issued three passes and made two wild pitches.

Lawrence started on the mound for the School, and did very well until the fourth frame when four successive singles, a hit batsman, and two errors produced four runs. He was relieved by Furchess in the fifth, who held the enemy scoreless during the remainder of the game.

Trailing by a 4 to 1 count, the School lads went on a batting spree in the seventh. Seven singles, five of them in a row, a base on balls and a couple of stolen bases, together with a wild pitch and an error, netted six runs.

Holloway, catcher, was the only Kannapolis player to get more than one hit, pounding out four singles in five times at bat. For the School Lefty Williamson was the chief willow-wielder, getting three hits out of four times up, Myrick and Seawell knocked out two hits each. The score

		R	H	E
Kannapolis	010 300 000	4	8	2
J. T. S.	001 000 51x	7	12	4

Maud Ballington Booth tells us that when she was a child she used to take her toys and try to reproduce some of the experiences Noah had during the days of the flood. She had a toy Noah's Art, and many animal toys besides. With her bothers and sisters she selected the perfect animal toys and marched them into the ark. But the toys without heads and those with broken limbs were not admitted to the ark. Allowing time for the imaginary flood to abate, she brought all the sound and good animals out of the ark. Then she erected an altar, and offered, not the good animals, but the imperfect animals, and those not of much use in play as a sacrifice.

How earyy in life this habit of keeping the best for ourselves and of giving the cheap and the tawdry away manifests itself! The same practice was charged against the Jews not long before Jesus came into the world. If they owned maimed and deformed animals among their flocks and herds and knew they could not sell them in market for a good price, they would offer them to the Lord and retain the perfect and marketable ones for themselves.

The same practice finds a large place among God's people today. It isn't often we give the first and best to His work, is it? We see that the church gets something, but the chances are that something comes out of the fragments. When we grow to the stature of men and women we should put away childish things. The widow with her two mites, her all, for the Lord's work still stands as a shining example of what we ought to try to be and do.—Young Folks.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending August 15, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

J. C. Cox 10
(3) Hoyt Hollifield 3
(11) Edward Johnson 11
(11) James Johnson 11
(8) Carl Kepley 10
(3) Edward Lucas 5
(2) Dewey Ware 2

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) William Haire 8
(7) Arthur Martin 9
Blauchard Moore 3
Fonnie Oliver 2
(2) Howard Roberts 6
Albert Silas 5
Robert Watts 3
James West 8
(8) R. L. Young 8

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Jewell Barker 3
Earl Bass 2
Earl Barnes 4
(11) Neely Dixon 11
Charles Furchess 7
(3) Julian Gregory 6
(2) Edgar Hatley 5
(4) Max Hedrick 4
James Mast 6
James Mast 6
James McCune 5
(2) William McRary 4
Robert Maultsby 2
William New 2
Frank Pickett 8
John Piner 6
Burl Smathers 3
(2) William Smith 4

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver
(2) Odell Bray 8
Paul Briggs
(2) Edward Fisher 5
(4) James Hancock 8
(3) Ralph Johnson 5
Hugh Kennedy
John King 2
(4) Thomas Little 10
Thomas Maness 6
(7) Robert Mins 7
(2) Robert Orrell 8
(5) Lloyd Pettus 9
(6) Thomas Stephens 7
Melvin Walters 9
Leo Ward 6

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 2
Harold Almond 2
William Brothers 5
Colby Buchanan
(2) Marshall Bryson 9
(3) Robert Jordan 10
Monroe Keith
James Seawell 4
(6) Jack Tate 6
Ralph Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson 8
(11) Robert Bryson 11
(11) Fletcher Castlebury 11
Frank Glover 8
(2) Leonard Jacobs 9
(2) J. W. McRorie 2
Canipe Shoe 4

COTTAGE No. 7

Howard Davis
(2) Giles Green 7
(7) Caleb Hill 10
(2) James Jordan 5
(2) Robert Lawrence 5
(2) Kenneth Mesick 6
(2) Wayland Morgan 3
(2) J. C. Mobley 8
Wallace Smith 5
Percy Strickland 4

COTTAGE No. 8

(6) Charles Davis 6

Haynes Hewitt 3
(2) Wilfred Land 6
Edward McCain 2
(2) Charles Taylor 9
(2) John Tolbert 5

COTTAGE No. 9

William Brackett 3
(2) Edgar Burnette 6
Hubert Carter 4
(2) James Coleman 7
(11) Randolph Davis 11
Heller Davis 5
(2) Woodfin Fowler 10
(4) Mark Jones 6
Eugene Presnell 4
(7) Homer Smith 10
Thomas Sands 7
(2) Cleveland Suggs 7
(2) Thomas Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 10

Earl Atwood 8
(4) Edward E. Murray 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Howard Clark 9
(7) John Drum 9
(2) Albert Goodman 2
(2) William Kirk 9
(3) Alton Morgan 5
(2) Paul Mullis 4
William Martin 8
Filmore Oliver 7
Theodore Rector 8
Julius Stevens 6
(2) N. C. Webb 7
(11) Fred Williamson 11
Berchell Young 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Joseph Cox 5
(2) Talmage Dautrey 5
(5) Frank Dickens 9
James Elders 5
(2) Marvin Edwards 5
Joseph Hall 3
Charlton Henry 6
(4) Jerome Medlin 9
(3) Glenn O'Quinn 5
Andrew Powell 4
(3) Lonnie Sloan 7
(3) Horace Simmons 8
(2) Ross Young 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Fletcher Boggs 10
(2) Clarence Douglas 6
(2) Willard Garrett 6
Isaac Hendren 4
(3) Robert Hailey 9
Jordan McIver
Irvin Medlin
(3) Claudius Pickett 8

COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Coffer 4
Lee Dowless 4
Doyle Holder 8
Paul Shipes 5
Harold Thomas
Glenn Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

PRAISE AND FAME

Pity indeed the soul so blind
To worth and service to mankind,
To seek for praise where love is dumb
And feel no thrill at duty done.

Who fickle praise and fame would win
Where duty does not prompt within,
Let them behold how shy is fame
And dim the glory of a name.

—Leander L. Hershberger.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., [illegible] 1937 No. 35

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HOW TO REMAIN YOUNG

Strive always to be calm; be cheerful and sleep well;
Delight in music; much with little children dwell;
With moderation eat, salute the opening day
With glad "good morning!" be it rosy dawn or gray;
Thy burdens bravely bear, yet make thou no delay
To help a feeble brother all the rugged way;
Think not too much of self; nor idly fret and grieve
That thou must all earth's wealth and beauty some day leave;
Trust thou in God, and in the holy footsteps tread
Of those who live forever, though men count them dead,
Wise as the serpent, and yet harmless as the dove—
Be thou like Christ in heavenly patience and in love.

—Rev. Ferderick R. Marvin.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

BUSINESS AND MEN

Business is business, but men are men,
  Working, loving and dreaming;
Toiling with hammer, brush or pen,
  Roistering, planning, scheming.

Business is business, but he's a fool
  Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
  His love for friend and brother.

Business is business, but life is life,
  Though we're all in the game to win it;
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife,
  And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades, now and then,
  And slip from our golden tether;
Business is business, but men are men,
  And we're all good pals together.

—The Kalends.

THE GREAT COMING EVENT

The one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Constitution will be appropriately observed, covering a period from 17th, September 1937 to April 30th 1939. The meeting May 17th 1787, Philadelphia, was called to revise the Articles of Confederation under which the states were ruled prior to the Constitution. At this meeting Washington was present as a delegate from Virginia, and was named as presiding officer. The influence of Washington at this convention had much to do with the formation of the Constitution.

His address to the Continental Congress, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in part is as follows:

"Sir, we have now the honor to submit to the consideration of the United States in Congress assembled, that Constitution which has appeared to us the most advisable. In all our deliberations on this subject we kept steadily in our view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American, the consolidation of our Union in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence. We hope and believe that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness." The Congress sent this document to the thirteen state legislatures.

Within the period of nineteen months will occur the anniversaries of the signing and presentation of the Constitution; of the ratifications by the several states, beginning with that of Deleware on December 7, 1937; of the organization of the first United States Congress under the new Constitution, April 6th, 1939; and the inauguration of the first president under the Federal Constitution, April 30th, 1939.

At Independence Hall, Philadelphia, September 17th, where the engrossed parchment was signed, a great celebration will be featured; and on June 21st, 1938 the ratification of this constitutional charter by the majority of the states, thus actually effecting "an indissoluble union" and "indestructable states."

Special state celebrations are being planned by the thirteen original states on the anniversaries of the ratification by these states. This celebration should help every American citizen to better understand the system of federal and state governments, and to realize his privileges and obligations, his rights and duties as an American citizen also to appreciate the blessings of freedom in our great American Republic.

* * * * * * *

WAY TO KEEP PEPPY

Those of us who wish to improve our minds, but never have time, will be interested in the "culture budget" drawn up recently for busy persons by the American Art Dealers' Association. To follow it you must:

1. Make one visit to a museum each month, for at least two hours.

2. Visit six art exhibitions at a half hour each, totaling three hours.

3. Hear two concerts or recitals, four hours.

4. Listen to radio "classical" programs, four hours.

5. See two plays a month, five hours.

6. Read one outstanding non-fiction work—biography, memoirs, science, or history—every two months, five hours.

7. Read one important modern novel every two months, three hours.

8. Reread one classic every two months, three hours.

The cost of this program would average about ten dollars a month. It you haven't the money, substitute free lectures and the public library for some of the items. It won't hurt you—no matter how much you know—and it is better than doing nothing.

—Magazine Library.

* * * * * * *

CHILD WELFARE

A newspaper report of urgent concern of the Mexican government relative to child welfare is impressive that the subject is one of universal interest. The program is inclusive of corps of trained nurses, versed in maternity and the care of children, and recruited to staff free clinics in working class neighborhoods of the larger cities of Mexico. They make frequent calls upon new mothers in their territory. Also a free harboring service for boys and girls attending schools in the poor districts is supplied. To read between the lines it is clear that instead of Mexico curtailing activities for the best care of the youths the program is enlarged.

Never in the history of the universe has the subject child training been so widely discussed. The child under varied circumstances, regardless of class, elicits the interest of the general public. The child without a ghost of chance is a picture of pathos and should be considered not alone for humanitarian reasons, but to safeguard other homes from children who convey the germs of sin.

To know what to do for the welfare of childhood and then be in-

different is an unpardonable sin. To be chosen as a leader in such a campaign of reformation is one of the finest commendations that can be bestowed upon mankind. And to meet emergencies the same program of procedure used to safeguard one's own child must be, as far as possible, applied. Children must be taught by precept and example with teachers of high ideals, a clean life in the midst of an environment condusive to health and beauty.

Every other work of mankind perishes, but to train the immortal mind of youth we build upon that created in the image of God that will brighten to all eternity. Listen! "As the spring is the most important part of the year, so youth, the seed time of life, is the most important period of life. As the beauty of summer, the fruitfulness of autumn, and the support of winter depend upon spring; so the happiness and piety of middle-life and old age depend upon youth."

* * * * * * *

Said the Emperor Marcus Aurelius: "Live as on a mountain" There is something vibrant and inspiring about mountains. How can one be mentally small who associates with the magnificent bigness of mountains? Great men live on mental mountains. Their spirits tower above the storms; their minds are aobve doubt, cynicism, and despair; their horizons are expanded; their mental frontiers are broad; their visions are lifted above the fog of pretty things. They look out over the obstacles into the Promised Land of Tomorrow; they see the rainbows while little men battle with phantom shadows in the valley; they see the sun in the east while the valley dwellers burn their tiny lamps in darkness; their heads are in the clouds, but their feet are bedded in the solid rock of fact and reason; they dare the sky; they take the risks. Like the Alpine guide, mental-mountain men have as their eternal epitaph, "He died climbing!"—Wilfred Peterson, in Sunshine Magazine.

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HONESTY

Some one has written "honesty is the best policy". If not honest because of the love of truth, we should be honest for the reason it is the best policy. There are those who rate one as honest when

all financial obligations are met. That is all right, but there are many ways of being dishonest.

To take the advantage of circumstances, or swim by pushing another under is exploiting, and then, too, to bask in the sunshine of success when another is doing the work is an illegitimate gain, let it be in money or credit. The goal in life should be "play the game fair."

If the game is fair with our fellowman there will be no rebounds, or any steps to retrace to cover up wrong doings. The following lines from the "Recreational Leadership for Boys" by William R. LaPorte serves as a stimulus to be fair in every detail of sport or work:

"How did you play when the game was on,
When the odds were great and hope was gone?
When the enemy team with aim so true
Was dragging the victory away from you?
When strength and speed and endurance quit,
Did honor keep pace with determined grit?
Did you keep the faith with the rules of the game?
Did you play up square without fear or shame?
Did your smile of cheer make the team your friend
As you fought it through to the bitter end?
Did your self-respect rise a notch or two?
Are you a bigger man now, the game is through?"

THE BLACK WALNUT

By C. A. David

Did it ever occur to you that some trees quit being "just trees" and develop an individuality of their own? Well, it has always seemed to us that this splendid tree is more than just wood fiber, bark, and leaves; it shows so plainly its likes and dislikes, and there is something about it that we can't explain, that savors of more than plant life. There is certainly an exclusiveness, a kind of don't-crowd-me air, about a stately old walnut that other trees do not have. It seems to say: "I know I am just a tree, but there are trees and trees, and some are a little higher up in the scale than others, and, without meaning to hurt your feelings, I had rather you did not come any closer. Of all places, a walnut seems to like best the crest of a gentle hill, with close-cropped grass around, and for nearest neighbors a scattered company of pines and maybe a cedar and a family group of persimmons, with no oaks or other tall timber to interfere with its sweep of vision or to drain the soil of plant food that i might need.

The walnut wants plenty of room and distance to show to the best advantage its kingly crown and the beauty of its tapering trunk. It would be as much out of place in a tangled swamp or in a thicket of pines as would an old castle set down in a city street, with cars clanging past and elbowed by towering office buildings. As one has said: 'The walnut unites all the qualities desirable in a tree—beauty, gracefulness, and richness of foliage in every period of its growth." Along lonely country roads the green dome of its spreading top is a grateful landmark to the traveler, and in winter its bare branches, graceful and far-reaching even in their nakedness, make a picture that one never forgets.

We have in mind a certain ancient walnut that is the only living thing where once a human habitation stood. The house is gone, and only a heap of stones among the weeds tells where the chimney stood. Rank briers grow in the path, and blue-throated lizards bask on the stone that once served as a doorstep. But the old walnut still lives and, like a sentinel that never sleeps, watches ever the spot that was once a home. Juglans, a contraction of Jouis glans, Jove's acorn, is the botanical name of the species and is also the name by which the tree was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The English word "walnut" really means a foreign nut—one not native to the soil, brought from some other country.

The black walnut is at home to school-boys and squirrels from Ontario to Florida and west as far as Nebraska and Texas. Its height is from seventy to one hundred fifty feet, and the trunk measures from four to six feet in diameter. The wood is a rich brownish purple, with a silver sheen, and is hard, fine-grained and durable, and ranks with rosewood and mahogany in the manufacture of furniture. As peaceful as the tree seems, its wood has been present in all the wars of modern times. As the wood does not splinter

or warp, most of the gunstocks of the world are made of walnut. The nuts, when ripe, have a yellowish green husk, spongy and highly aromatic, the shell of the nut is deeply sculptured and very hard. The ordor of the bruised hulls is enough to roll back the years and revive memories of long-forgotten days, when as care-free children we pounded the nuts between convenient stones and incidentally dyed hands and clothing a beautiful and permanent brown with the juice of the husks. The wood of the roots where they join the trunk is often exquisitely beautiful, showing curly veinings of purple and silver that charm the cabinetmaker.

Black walnut timber is becoming scarce, and even old stumps are sold at good prices and cut up into veneering. The early settlers did not realize the vandalism they were committing when they chopped down whole walnut groves, piled up the logs, and burned then, simply because they were in the way and land must be cleared for planting. Then along came the buyer, and thousands of trees were sacrificed to supply the foreign and domestic demand. And the result has been that nature has not been able to keep up with her orders.

In Europe the governments took a hand in the walnut question and enforced stringent laws requiring the planting of walnut trees. Several centuries ago in some countries it was the law that a man could not get married until he could produce a paper showing that he had planted a certain number of walnut trees. Such a law in this country, properly enforced, in a few generations would make black walnut trees as common as ragweed or Canada thistle.

A NEGRO IN BRONZE

A bronze bust of Dr. George Washington Carver, the negro wizard of agricultural chemistry, is to be presented Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. Dr. Carver is still alive and busily engaged in the tasks that have made him famous the world over.

Dr. Carver was born a slave and in childhood was traded for a horse. He massaged athletes to help pay for his schooling at the agricultural college at Ames. Iowa.

The United Presbyterian epitomizes his work with the peanut as follows:

"His experiment with the peanut, from which he has extracted milk, chemical oils, rubber, paper, ink, and 200 other products, has not only brought him into great prominence in the chemical world, but has made him a public benefactor, by wonderfully increasing the value of this southern commodity. He has shown that peanut oil is of great value in infantile paralysis. He has turned all his products with the secret of their production over to the medical fraternity, without cost."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

(Selected)

Though March 4th was the date set for the formal inauguration of the new government, it was April 14th before Washington received word of his election and set out for New York where Congress was in session. He was inaugurated April 30th.

Fellow-Citizens:

Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that, if in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens; and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me; my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themslves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; or those of my fellow-citizens at large, less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible

hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And, in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many district communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none, under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

By the article establishing the executive department, it is made the duty of the President "to recommend to your consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The circumstances, under which I now meet you, will acquit me from entering into that subject further than to refer you to the great constitution charter under which we are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the objects to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances, and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me, to substitute, in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism, which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honorable qualifications I behold the surest pledges, that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views or party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye, which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests; so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and the pre-emience of a free government be exemplified by all the attributes, which can win the affiections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world.

I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction, which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established, than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the scared fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.

Besides the ordinary objects submitted to your care, it will remain with your judgment to decide, how

far an exercise of the occasional power delegated by the fifth article of the Constitution is rendered expedient at the present juncture by the nature of objections which have been urged against the system, or by the degree of inquietude which has given birth to them. Instead of undertaking particular recommendations on this subject, in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good; for I assure myself, that, whilst you carefully avoid every alteration, which might endanger the benefits of a united and effective government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience, a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen, and a regard for the public harmony, will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the question, how far the former can be more impregnably fortified, or the latter be safely and advantageously promoted.

To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will therefore be as brief as possible. When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required, that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments, which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive department; and must accordingly pray, that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble suppliciation, that, since he has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness; so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend.

"The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been supreme. It is that Superemness we know by the name of God."

—Sunshine Magazine.

CROWDS JAM SHRINE TO STEPHEN FOSTER

By John Selby, in Charlotte Observer

Probably the most complete, and possibly the most beautiful memorial ever erected to the memory of a composer is drawing a stream of visitors, 200 to 1,000 a day, through the new Stephen Collins Foster memorial on the Cathedral of Learning quadrangle of the University of Pittsburgh.

In this comparatively small building tucked under the lee of the university's pseudo-Gothic skyscraper lies the gist of Foster's life and work. The composer was born here in 1826, and is buried here.

Every week the memorial is visited by 3,000 persons who remember "Old Folks at Home" and "Old Black Joe" and make a pilgrimage of sentiment to the shrine of the man whose music lies closer to the American heart than any other. These find the memorial itself is the product of sentiment, however substantial its stone and steel may be.

The right wing contains an auditorium, and downstairs a chapter room for the Tuesday Musical club, one of the memorial's chief sponsors. The left wing contains the Foster shrine, the office of the curator, Fletcher Hodges, Jr., and the rooms and safes in which the 10,000 items of Johiah K. Lilly's Foster collection are stored.

This, by far the greatest Foster collection in existence, is likewise the product of sentiment—and frustration.

In the 70's Mr. Lilly was a boy in Greencastle, Ind. Serenading was popular in those days, and Lilly had two charming aunts who were forever attracting roving bands of musical college undergraduates.

The songs that sounded through the cool spring nights were often Foster's: "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair." The tunes stayed with Mr. Lilly through a busy life, until 8 or 9 years ago he heard an album of phonograph records of Foster music produced by Nathaniel Shilkret, and decided to know more about their composer.

He searched diligently, and was frustrated. Foster was, he found, just a name and a legend. This situation the inquiring Indiana manufacturer determined to alter.

He engaged a staff, began at once assembling Foster material. He wanted to gather every Foster source into one collection, and within human limits he has succeeded.

Lilly has had as high as 10 experts regularly employed in assemblying his material; in addition, dozens of others had minor shares. When finally these had done the bulk of the work (it continues today) Lilly built "Foster Hall," a little granite house for the collection on his Indianapolis estate—and then decided to give the whole thing to the University of Pittsburgh.

The $6,000,000 plant which now houses the collection is the work of Pittsburgh's famous Tuesday Musical clubs and many Pittsburgh contributors in addition to Mr. Lilly, who says now that the Foster episode in

his life is "virtually ended," and calls it all a unique adventure.

When Lilly's Foster "detectives" started their work they had a virgin field. Virtually every "fact" of Foster's life was dubious; the only extant Foster biographies were incomplete.

Morrison Foster, Stephen's brother, had made a list of the Foster songs in the 90's which he believed complete. It contained 158, and research proved that not only were there other original Foster songs. but that some listed by Morrison should not have been included.

Now there are known to be 201 original songs, and more than 100 others arranged, translated, or adapted by Foster. The actual work of determining this started when a batch of 800 old songs were bought late in 1930 in Boston.

Things often happen quaintly. Two original but forgotten songs turned up in a Salt Lake City trunk. T. D. Rice of the Jumping Jim Crow minstrels had asked Foster to write a pair of songs, which was done. But Rice was not able to use them because their anti-slavery tingle would have been bad in his business. The manuscripts were stored 80 years; in 1931 one of Rice's descendants found them and sold them to Lilly.

Only last month another unknown song was found among the effects of a Columbus, Ohio, woman, it's called "When Old Friends Are Here" and it's not much of a song, musically speaking.

Much of the newer material has been found in bound volumes— either collections of songs, or bound copies of old periodicals such as Demorest's Monthly magazine, a volume of which sent from central Wisconsin proved to contain a first edition called "Dearer than Life."

The "Athenaeum Collection of Hymns and Tunes" was also pretty valuable in the quest, for Foster turned to hymn-writing in his late years, composing at least 25.

Another unexpected find was a first edition of "My Old Kentucky Home" with a silhouette of Foster. And another was a letter in Foster's hand containing important biogiophical data from the library of the University of Rochester. Collectors do not often give away cherished material, the University of Rochester did.

Two large drawers in a filing cabinet are full of "derivata," the word used by Curator Hodges and his collectors to mean songs derived by others from a Foster source. To sort these out has meant years of work —the '49ers, for example, turned out hundreds of versions of "Oh! Susanna." These versions were as different as" Abramham's Tea-party," and "Oh! The Schoolroom."

The songs derived from "Old Black Joe" were equally odd. One was a temperance song called "The Ribbon White," another is a hymn called "I Love Him."

Lilly now has 180 first editions of the 201 Foster songs known to be original.

Both Foster's dictionary and Bible are in the museum, but far more useful is his manuscript book containing most of his original work for 10 of his most productive years—including such immortal songs as "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in de Cold Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Black Joe."

Most of the pages are filled with

serious work, many showing the changes undergone by a song between the time it was conceived and its complete form. The Swanee River, for example, was originally the Pee Dee river.

There is, however, other matter. One page shows his estimate of his library's value. It was $8.50.

The legend is that Foster was another of those hungry geniuses in a garret. Actually, he was probably the highest paid popular composer in pre-Civil war America. His account book, as of January, 1857, and covering 5 1-2 years, shows a total of $11, 550.06. To this must be added certain other money, so that his actual receipts from music sales alone were $12,386.91. "Old Folks at Home" earned most, $1,647.46. "My Old Kentucky Home," ran next.

Of the 25 Foster autograph letters known to exist, 19 are in Lilly's collection. It also contains many relics, one of which stands in the center of the Foster shrine.

This is the tiny melodeon Foster used when serenading—a rather graceful little instrument on spindly legs, with a compass of only 3 1-3 octaves. Foster's flute is in the collection, and so is the worn leather pocketbook he carried when, in 1864, he died in New York.

There were 38 cents in the pocketbook one "shinplaster" for 25 cents, two for five cents each, and three copper pennies, one much larger than the other two.

There also was a scrap of paper which remains a sad enigma to this day. On it was written five words, in Foster's hand: "Dear friends and gentle hearts."

Perhaps it was the title of another song—

FAIR TO TOMORROW

Every postponed task lessens our future value and output. The duty that we did not do today and that we must do tomorrow will cut into tomorrow's efficiency, and rob it of just so much of the value it might have had. A man who was preparing for a time of needed vacation prayed for "a vacation unhindered by things undone." We may well offer a daily prayer for tomorrow unhindered by things undone. Every time we go to bed leaving neglected duties still ahead we have robbed our future as directly as does the husband and father who borrows freely on the life insurance policy that he has taken to provide for his dear ones after he has gone. Tomorrow is going to have duties of its own sufficient to tax all the strength we then have. Let us strive to keep it free from the mortgage of present shiftlessness.—Selected.

A PAROLE CAN MEAN A NEW CHANCE

(Smithfield Herald)

There is usually plenty ado over the arrest, trial, conviction and commitment of convicted persons to prison, but the world hears little of the ex-convict as he returns to society unless he is a crime repeater. Crime is news and the crimial gets front page publicity whereas the fellow who turns over a new leaf sinks back into obscurity.

This week an ex-convict died in Raleigh and the list of honorary pall bearers included an ex-governor, high officials of the State of North Carolina, officials of Wake county and other prominent citizens. Twelve years ago the deceased left the State prison at the age of 50. He was on parole and was given a chance to serve Governor McLean in the capacity of gardener. His parole meant to him, as to every parole prisoner, a new chance in life. As he worked with flowers and communed with nature, he put a safe-cracking career behind him and was finally granted a full pardon. After serving four governors he came to his death not unhonored or unsung.

To the prisoner who has erred and who is conscientiously sorry for it, a parole can pave the way to useful living. It must be a hard thing to take up life again after a prison term, with the public still pointing a finger of suspicion, with no job, with no one to lend a helping hand to the path of rectitude. Parole cases like that of the governor's gardener ought to be the rule instead of the exception.

SERVICE

Service is the road to paradise,
And we reach it in no otherwise;
It leads us through the prison doors,
The naked await along for clothes.

The lonely sick, their call we heed;
The hungry host with joy we feed;
We water the thirsty sons of men;
We take the weary stranger in.

It's not to travel in pomp or speed,
But stop to do a kindly deed.
The Master said it and it's true:
We get a kingdom for the good we do.

—J. C. Wright.

R. F. D. FOUNDER MEMORIALIZED

(Selected)

The men who carry the farmers' mail have decided to make a national shrine at Thomson, Ga., the home of the "father of the R. F. D."

The tree-filled acres and the spacious house at "Hickory Hill" soon will be a mecca for ruralists wishing to pay respects to the man who secured the first appropriation for free delivery of their letters and catalogs if the Thomas E. Watson rural free delivery foundation has its way.

Gordon H. Thompson, president of the foundation, said they are raising funds to buy the homestead, restore the beauty the fiery Tom Watson gave it, and build a park.

Red-haired Thomas Edward Watson (he was named Edward Thomas, but reversed the order in early youth) won a seat in Congress in 1890 on a farmers' alliance platform. In 1893 he obtained the first money ($10,000) for rural free delivery.

The outspoken Georgian, who founded a New York magazine, (Tom Watson's magazine, in 1905) twice ran for President as a Populist and became a United States senator, was called "the incarnation of the agrarian revolt in the new south."

His home near here was a practical demonstration of his ideas of rural living. At 'Hickory Hill" he edited his 'Jeffersonian" weekly paper, through which he managed to keep embroiled in Georgia and national politics. He became known as the "sage of Hickory Hill."

The rural carriers want to renovate the place, plant more trees, Thompson says it will take some 40,000, which will be sought from rural carriers and those they serve.

Watson bought the plantation in 1900 from the son of the man who built it soon after the War Between the States. He lived there until he died in 1922.

FATIGUE RELIEVED

"The moment there is a feeling of fatigue in the eyes, close them, place the palms of the hands over the eyeballs, crossing the fingers above the eyeballs. With the hands held in that position, try and imagine a thick, velvety darkness. The strain will be instantly relieved.

"Another method is to fix the eyes on a very distant object, then suddenly look at a pen or pencil held up close to the face. This quick change of focus is most effective.

"It is a good thing to wash the eyes daily with a good tonic. This can be done with a small eye-bath, obtainable at any chemist's. A teaspoonful of boric acid powder dissolved in one-half pint of boiled water makes an excellent wash.

—Selected.

THE STORY OF THE OPERA

By Aletha M. Bonner

Opera, as we define it today, is a dramatic story wholly or mostly sung, with orchestral accompaniment, appropriate costumes, scenery, and acting.

Such a musical play was created in Florence, Italy, at the close of the sixteenth century, by a group of poets and musicians, better known as the "Camerata," who revived the old Greek plays, setting them to music, and calling this new form "opera in musica" (a musical work).

The first opera of any distinction was "Dafne" written in 1594, by Peri and Caccini, two of the Camerata group. Some six years later the same composers produced "Eurydice" in honor of the marriage of Henry IV of France and Marie de Medici.

The real opera movement is said to begin with the publication of this musical drama for it was produced all over Europe. Other composers began contributing to the new movement; among the number was Galileo, the father of the great astronomer Galileo. It is a matter of historic record that the first telescope was made from an old organ pipe. Such a tube in all probability belonged to the astronomer's musical parent.

Claudio Monteverdi, another opera pioneer, was born in the famous old town of Cremona, though most of his life was spent in Venice. He it was who introduced the first duet. Hitherto each opera voice sang alone. Alessandro Scarlatti also made artistic imporvements in the musical structure by creating the Overture—this being the instrumental introduction to the opera, as always played by the orchestra.

While "speaking" music was the original plan of the early writers, yet as the movement progressed in the hands of skilful composers it became less speaking and more musical; the orchestra was enlarged and the spoken (recitative) parts developed into solos, duets, and choruses. The book, or words (text), was called the score. Varied types of operatic writings were also created, such as, Grand Opera, a work of serious sentiment in which all dialogue is sung; Opera Bouffe, which deals with comedy; and Comique Opera. This last form, contrary to its name, often carries as serious a plot as Grand Opera, yet the difference lies in a less elborate score, and a spoken rather than a sung text.

Since Italy was the land of its origin the musical play was for a long time sung in the native language, but with passing years other countries began to translate the Italian text into their own languages, and the composers of these countries used various modes of expression more in keeping with their nationality.

There have been some thirty or forty outstanding composers of opera to whom all lovers of musical drama are deeply indebted. Richard Wagner, the German master, Giuseppe Verdi of Italy, and Charles Gounod of France, head the lengthy roll of honor.

The pioneer of modern comedy opera was Sir Arthur Sullivan of England, and following in his footsteps came Victor Herbert, an Irish-

man by birth, but an American by adoption. Another American to achieve distinction in the field of light opera was our own native-born Reginald Dekoven, and his rollicking "Robin Hood," with its farmers and tradesfolk, its outlaws and its sheriffs, its pompous Sir Guy its lovely Maid Marian, and its impetuous hero "Robin" himself, presents a musical picture of colorful charm.

RELIGION

Religion does nothing, is nothing, if it does not transmute a personality, if it does not lend dignity and deeper meaning to life, if it does not take hold of a piece of mud and translate it into a bit of divinity, if it does not by its own strange alchemy convert clayness into Christliness.—Charlotte Observer.

A SEAT OF THE MIGHTY

By Antonia J. Stemple

One of Rome's numerous churches, comparatively little known and visited by only a few tourists, is St. Mario in Cosmedin, which is one of the gems of medieval Rome and has many treasures of surpassing interest. One of these is the great stone episcopal chair, which stands back of the high altar. It is very ancient and curious in construction. Made of stone, with three wide steps before it, it is flanked by arms on either side, which represent huge lions' heads, crudely carved. The low stone back is surmounted by an elaborately carved circular stone. The whole chair is quite low, not especially grand in appearance and shows signs of age, being considerably worn down in the center of the seat. What makes it of especial interest is the fact that not only was the chair used by the high officials and ecclesiastics of the church but also by all the caesars, including Julius Caesar.

What thoughts and emotions are aroused in thoughful beholders at the sight of this ancient and historic stone seat, and what tales it could tell if it could only speak! The majority of visitors yield to the urge to sit in the chair where the mighty Julius and other Caesars sat and get quite a thrill out of doing so.

THE TREASURE IN THE TUNNEL

By Julius F. Seebach

The woods were ringing with the quick strokes of Karl Gartner's axe in the brisk December air of the year 1775. The sounds re-echoed gaily from the steep walls of the gap in the overshadowing Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania, through which the Schuylkill River poured its troubled waters. Magda, Karl's wife, was busy trimming the branches from the trees already felled, when Kurt, aged eight, and Greta, just overtaking six, romped noisily past toward the steep bank of Bohunoy Creek which flowed into the river near by.

"Don't go far, children," warned Mother Magda gently. "Remember wolves and the Indians."

But Kurt and Greta were not scared. The wilderness seemed friendly and inviting now that their wonderful new home was being built in it. Why, just beyond that crooked chestnut tree they could see the high stockade of Fort Lebanon, and its gates were standing open. Captain Morgan wasn't afraid. Early that morning they heard him say as he passed with his scouts,

"Hey Karl! A fine day to build a pen for your young catamounts. Make it strong, or they'll tear it apart!" Hadn't he laughed loudly as he caught them up in his arms?

And when father said quickly, looking at the scouts, "Any trouble, Captain?" he just laughed again.

"Just going to Northkill to see about building another fort there. Don't worry! Them Delaware Injuns is feared to come this far."

So Mother Magda's warning had not scared them. They went on, playing hide-and-seek with each other and the squirrels; scrambled over rotting trees; started some rabbits from their hidey-holes, and stalked an inquisitive young fox. And that is how they found their own hidey-hole.

Just as Kurt rushed forward to corner the fox, his foot caught in a vine, and he fell heavily. Then, when he regained his breath, he rose and leaned dizzily against the great-grandfather of all oaks, and his outstretched hand found the edge of a big hole just above his head.

There stood a gaint tree right on the edge of the creek. Its roots were partly uncovered on the stream side by the wash of the waters, and a litter of sticks and stones lay tangled between the roots. Keenly interested, Kurt and Greta promptly scrambled down to explore. But, when over to one side of the matted pile, Greta smelled a strang odor, she drew back hastily.

"That's where the fox went," whispered Kurt softly, so that the fox should not know it was discovered. "You crawl in and scare him out."

But Greta was doubtful. "Maybe the papa and mamma are home," she dissented earnestly. "You go."

Then Kurt had doubts of his own, so they returned to examine the upper floors of the fox's mansion, and, to their joy, Kurt found that if he lifted Greta ever so little, she could catch the edge of the hole and climb up.

"Ooh!" cried Greta softly. "Ooh! How big!"

"Let me see," urged Kurt impatiently, already sorry that he had weakly given Greta the first chance. "Here, let me go in."

But when Kurt looked into the immense cavity, its walls and depth hidden in darkness, he grew generous again, and proposed,

"You go in first, Greta. Maybe the place isn't big enough for me. I'll stand out side, and keep off the bears till you call."

"It's foxes," objected Greta stubbornly, not at all deceived by Kurt's generosity.

"Not upstairs," corrected Kurt firmly. "Foxes always stay in cellars. Besides, foxes don't bite girls."

At length, betrayed by her own curiosity, and by Kurt's clever praise, Greta ventured into the opening. Unfortunately she slipped, and falling into the cavity, she gasped to recover her breath, and choked on the dust she raised. Then she began to cry in terror,

"Get me out! Kurt, hurry! You got me in! Get me out!"

Kurt looked fearfully toward the clearing, but his parents were too far away to hear; so he climbed manfully to the rescue. Then it was his misfortune to find the hole a close fit because of his bulky clothes. Besides, his trousers caught on a sharp stub just below the hole, and firmly anchored him.

When the sharp, shrill cries of fear from the children reached them, Father Karl dropped his axe, and jumped for the bell-mouthed musketoon he had brought from Germany. Mother Magda, however, gripped her hatchet more tightly, and started to run toward the muffled cries.

"Indians!" she gasped, her white, set face showing the quick fear which women learned in the wilderness.

But when the hurrying parents came in sight of the huge, hollow oak, their dread gave way to laughter as they watched Kurt's sturdy legs flailing vigorously in the air. Father Karl shook them both in the reaction of his relief, and the dust flew in a heavy cloud from sobbing Greta. Curious black streaks mingled with the dusty brown of rotting wood on her face; but in their excitement this escaped the parents.

For several days the badly scared children stayed close by their parents in the clearing, and busied themselves gathering the lopped branches for burning. They counted the logs piling up for the new house, and watched Father Karl select the site.

"Right here, Magda," he pointed. "They have a spring under the house in the fort; we'll have one in ours."

"But the rocks are too big and too many here," objected Magda. "Better build here where it is flat."

While they argued from day to day, and disagreed, the children went back to the old oak. Now that the unknown was gone the fear was gone too. Soon Kurt and Greta were coming back with new discoveries.

"Father," said Kurt one day, "I cleaned all the dirt out of the tree, and found a hole that reached down deeper toward the creek."

"Mother," Greta informed Magda the next day,—for she had waited daintily till Kurt had cleaned house, —"I heard water running down underneath our tree-house, just like father wants it here. Do you think

the mamma foxes wash their babies down there?"

Then one day the children went down again to the drift of wood and stones; and now Kurt was not afraid to dig in, for he knew the foxes were gone. And that evening he told his parents.

"Water runs out from under the tree, and the stones it runs over are all yellow. Back in the tree-roots the water comes out of a big crack in some funny black stone that breaks off easy when you hit against it. I think it must come from our spring."

So Father Karl went over to the great oak, and crawled under to see what Kurt meant. And when he came back he said to Magda,

"Our boy's got a head on him. I see now what to do. The big rocks can keep their spring, but we'll have the water. So now the house goes where you say."

Then Karl followed a line carefully with his eyes between the spring and the great oak. When Magda said, "This is the place," he marked the corners for the foundations, and let Kurt drive in two pickets, and Greta the other two, saying in explanation to Magda,

"They scared us, but they found the way of water; it is only right they should have this pleasure."

Though the men came from the fort soon after this to raise the house, and made an easy task of it in a two-day's jollification, Karl worked many days afterward digging and walling the basin within the house for the waters of the spring.

"There is a wide break in the rock Magda," said Karl, when he had dug down to the flowing water.

"It was wide enough for me to go in twelve feet," cried Kurt excitedly, "and I could see it was wider beyond."

Karl became thoughtful; but when he returned from Fort Lebanon the next day, his thoughts were changed to action.

"Captain Jack says the Indians are coming nearer," he told Magda. "He thinks we should come to the fort."

The children were suddenly silent as they watched and listened. "Indians!" thought Kurt with a thrill that was not unpleasant. He was glad when his father continued,

"I said 'No'! We are as well off here, but now I shall make a back door."

Then he lowered Kurt into the water-hole, and handed down a dull axe, saying,

"See, Kurt, if you can find cracks in that dirty black rock, and break off what you can to widen the tunnel."

Then he went down himself to help. "It must be big enough for you and me to go through, Magda," he explained.

Soon, because Karl found an easier way to chisel through the soft black rock, and because willing hands make short work, the way was open at last to the great hollow oak. All this time, while the threats of danger were many, the raiding Delawares did not reach Karl's little clearing, though savage storms had broken on other valleys near by.

And so, one day late in March of the year 1756, while the sun was trying to coax pleasant little green smiles on the rigid features of the great oak, Kurt and Greta were given the honor of conducting their mother

through the tunnel to a comfortable room that had been hollowed out under the roots of the oak.

Then, when Father Karl had crept through a carefully concealed hole beneath the bank of the creek, to see that the way was clear, they all followed him out, and walked above ground to their home. Magda and Greta paused proudly beside the dingy black pile which they had carried out from the house during the winter, while Karl rubbed some of it thoughtfully between his fingers.

"Now let the Indians come!" shouted Karl when they entered the house. "I'll warm their hides well, if I'm at home; but if I'm not, you have a safe way out."

"Who's afraid of the Indians?" cried Kurt and Greta, racing around the big room.

But Mother Magda peeped fearfully out of the narrow slits of windows, and said,

"Make the inside shutters stout, and the bars heavy, Karl. And Kurt, you must always keep a sharp lookout, and never let Greta wander far from the house if I'm not here."

At that Kurt looked very important and masterful, and Greta pouted. But the whole family had lost its fear when spring and summer had come and gone, leaving a generous harvest of grain and fruits, without one Indian scare coming anywhere near Fort Lebanon.

November arrived with many rumors of Indian raids, but Captain Jack said,

"They are afraid to come near our strong fort."

So, when Karl was asked on November 3rd to accompany a scout party to Northkill, Magda went to the fort to spend the day with the other women. But, before she left, she said,

"You're big enough to get the meals, Greta. And you, Kurt, bring in the wood, and look after Greta."

When they were quite alone, Greta eyed Kurt for several minutes before she said, importantly,

"Now don't forget about the wood. I must have plenty to get dinner."

But Kurt hooted and snickered, "A six-year-old baby get dinner! Hoo!"

And Greta stamped her foot, but said with dignity,

"I'm not a baby. I'm a girl of seven. My birthday's in January. And you're still eight 'cause your birthday isn't till next July. And I can so get dinner, 'cause mother showed me how, smarty!"

But their bickering which was only fun anyhow, quickly faded before the day's freedom for play. During the morning they searched the woods for partridge berries. At noon they staged a defense against Indians. Kurt barricaded the door and lifted down the musketoon, which Karl left for the protection of the house while he carried his more modern rifle. Greta, in the meantime, peeked out the narrow windows, screaming "They're coming!", and then securely fastened the shutters. Then, in the darkness, they stole down through the trap door, and ate their lunch in the room under the tree, while they jeered merrily over the trick they had played on the Indians.

The late afternoon found them quietly resting from their active play, so they contented themselves with tossing a rag ball which Magda

had bound with buckskin. Finally Kurt threw wildly because he was trying to fill his mouth with the last handful of berries, and the ball went over Greta's head and out through the open door.

"You get it," suggested Greta lazily; "you threw it wrong."

"No, you," objected Kurt; "you should have caught it."

"No, you get it," urged Greta again; "you're bigger, and anyhow mother told you to look after me."

But Kurt only kicked his heels idly into the air, until Greta quite lost her patience, and pouted,

"All right, lazybones, I'll get it, but I won't make you any supper; and I was going to have something nice."

And she didn't, for in a moment she came flying back, and slammed the door, crying, "Oh Kurt! Indians!"

Kurt thought at first it was a trick; but he saw in her staring eyes that it was not, and he sprang quickly to help her bar the door. Fortunately the windows were still shuttered from their noon-time play.

"Which way are they coming?" demanded Kurt in a whisper, as he grabbed the musketoon.

"From the river," gasped Greta, her eyes filling with tears. "Where's mother? I want mother!"

"Don't be a crybaby," snapped Kurt nervously. "You know mother's in the fort, and the Indians will go—"

But just then they heard the Indians sneaking around the house, not yelling because they did not want to alarm the fort.

"Let's go to the cave," commanded Kurt with sudden firmness. "We must get word to the fort. Open the door quick."

They scrambled through hurriedly, and Kurt fastened the trap door. But when they came to the creek bank, Kurt changed his plan. He had better look first.

"You wait till I go up in the tree. There's a peep-hole big enough to fire through. That'll scare them; they'll think it's the men coming from the fort. After I fire, you run up the creek bed to the ford. Then start yelling as soon as you see the fort. They'll hear the shot, and know what's wrong. Now wait here!"

But Greta followed, and found a little peep-hole before Kurt reached the big one. "Ooh! They're all painted in red and white streaks," she called up softly.

"Didn't I tell you to stay down?" Kurt replied angrily. "That's war paint, and that one with the long feathers is the chief. Now get down, and get ready to run!"

"They're piling dry grass and branches against the door," cried Greta, her teeth chattering.

When Kurt saw the chief stoop and strike a flint, his fear burned up in rage.

"They want to burn us," he muttered savagely. "Run, Greta!" he shouted down, and waited till he heard her scrambling down. Then he poked the musketoon out, and fired.

The Indians fled in dismay, entirely surprised. But Kurt did not see them go, because the musketoon kicked viciously, and he fell until he landed in the room beneath the roots There the men of the fort found Kurt, still dazed, and covered with cuts and bruises, and bleeding at the

nose from the gun's kick. But the house they could not save. The Indians had done their work well before they fled, and Kurt had only the satisfaction of knowing he had scared them away.

When Father Karl found his family at the fort the next day he kissed them fervently, and held Kurt and Greta closer when Captain Jack said heartily,

"You have brave children, Karl. They saved the fort while we were away."

But Karl said soberly, as he stooped again to kiss the children, "It is enough that they are safe. As we came back from Northkill we found that the Indians had burned everything at the Finshers and the Culmores."

Later in the day Father Karl when with his family to see the ruins of the house he had built with so much pride. It was burned to the ground, and the ashes were dead. But in the pit the two shoulders of the tunnel still glowed in the draughty passageway.

"Oh, look!" cried the children "The tunnel is on fire!"

"Now that is strange," said Mother Magda.

But Karl looked thoughtfully. at his wife, and leaped down into the pit to throw water on the glowing corners of the tunnel. Looking up, he said,

"Do you remember Count Fritz von Eck? He was my lord's youngest son, and he always took me with him when he went hunting. He told me the black stone on our lands would burn because he had tried it. But I had forgotten about that until now. Besides, this is harder than the stone he showed me."

Just then Captain Jack came walking up. When he saw the corners of the tunnel still burning, he said excitedly,

"Why, man, that's coal! Over in Wales, where I came from, there was a man trying to burn that stuff in his house. We all thought he was crazy. Well, now, would you look at that! Say, Karl, you've got a treasure."

Karl looked up at his family, and grinned. "When we build this house again," he chuckled, "after we have chased the Indians away for good and all, we shall have fuel as well as water inside the house without going outside to get it."

"Oh, Father!" cried Kurt, with hopeful gladness.

"Aha, you lazybones!" jeered his father indulgently. "But I shall have to learn how to make it burn in the house first. Till then you carry wood."

Are you too busy to devote a little time each day to thought and the business of self improvement? How unfortunate! So are gold fish, minnows, and tadpoles.—Exchange.

OUR WORLD

(Catawba News)

In speaking before the North Carolina Federation of Home Demonstration Club women in Raleigh lately Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey outlined some of the ways to improve individuals and communities as a whole. The thought of her timely address carries a message especially to women and men of the leisure class who have nothing especially to do. She emphasizes the value of the home, interest in the community and the neglected child hungry for the care of some kind hear. It is impressive that Mrs. Hoey lives to make a life and not just make a living. Here for the benefit of our readers we give a brief of her talk:

"The world which I want to call "our world" is your home and mine. I think we should be able to plan, to guide and to shape who ever lives in it. I often feel we have been thinking too much about masses—mass meetings, mass production—and have forgotten the individual. If every neighborhood was working for its own families' upbuilding, that neighborhood would soon be like those families. For whatever the women in a home or in a community are, determines what that home or community will be.

"I believe we should have pride in this "our world"—not pride because our house is larger or better furnished, or because our children are handsomer or better dressed but rather we should have that pride which makes our world a place where friends like to come; where young people meet for good times; where the poor may find a sympathizing friend; and the sick may look for real help.

"I say frankly to you there should be no child in any community in North Carolina who lacks proper clothes for school, when you and I and your children and mine have plenty to spare.

"Hunt for and find these children and help the mothers. I have known of the gift of two wash tubs, decent clothes and a month or two of real help to one family, to put that family on its way to decency and gave it the desire for better living. Try something like this in your neighborhood.

"Then in this 'our world' I believe in control. First, I think we need self control and then control for our children. I see no reason for our world to be given over to things we know are wrong. Because the rest of the world does certain ruinous things is no reason for us to let our world go to pieces.

"I grieve to think of what drinking is doing to 'our world' and I believe in giving this great evil no quarter.

"Fortunately for me and mine, I am not affected no matter if ABC stores are here or if liquor is sold illegally. One thing I do know—if from a little child to maturity you will take every occasion to calmly tell your child of the horrors of drinking and strive by your own example to prove you are right, there are few in 'our world' who would have to be wrecked by it. You women from the farms and your world represent the very backbone of our state and I challenge you today to do your part."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farmers are setting up the new Apex ensilage cutter preparatory to filling the silos at the dairy barn.

Mr. Harold Liner, who hails from near Hillsboro, is the latest addition to the Training School staff. He comes well recommended and we extend him a most hearty welcome.

Mr. J. L. Query and his staff of young barbers have been busily engaged this week giving the boys a hair-cut. Because of many other pressing duties this had been deferred for some time and was badly needed.

James Jordan, of Cottage No. 7, developed appendicitis and was taken to the Cabarrus County Hospital last Tuseday, where he underwent an operation the following day. The latest report, coming from Dr. R. M. King, was that his condition was very satisfactory.

Last Thursday afternoon the boys were treated to a real watermelon feast, the product of our own farm. The dry weather early in the season has greatly curtailed production in this line, but it is expected that our late melon patch will furnish many more feasts.

The old shop building that served so long as the home of our shoe shop, carpenter shop and printing office, is now about ready for placement of machinery for a cotton mill unit, donated by the American Cotton Manufacturers Association. New floors have been laid, parts of the building painted, and connecting doors have been made through the several dividing walls.

A committe from the Cabarrus Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the School last Thursday afternoon, and was shown through the various departments by Superintendent Boger. We were glad to welcome these gentlemen on this occasion and trust their visit was a pleasant one. The members of this committee were as follows: Messrs. W. L. Umberger, chairman; M. G. Miller, W. W. Smith and F. M. Allison.

We feel that we owe an apology to Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, for not carrying an account of his talk to the boys on Sunday, August 15th. The member of the staff who usually reports the Sunday services was away from the School, and had failed to designate some one to write up the service for him. From what we could learn from the boys, Rev. Mr. Kallermeyer delivered a most inspiring and helpful address on this occasion, and we wish to assure him that it was not due to lack of appreciation that the report failed

to appear in last week's issue of The Uplift.

We learned with great regret of the death of Mrs. Matilda Winecoff Fetzer, which occurred at her home in East Lynn, Mass., on Tuesday, August 24th. The body of Mrs. Fetzer reached Concord at 8:20 Thursday night, and was taken to the Weddington and Mitchell Funeral Home, where funeral services were held at 9 o'clock this morning. She was 88 years old.

Mrs. Fetzer was once an employee of the School, serving as Cottage matron for a number of years. She was of the highest type of Christian womanhood and was dearly loved by both the boys and members of the staff.

We have been wishing for rain to break the severe drouth in this section nearly all summer. Numerous showers that fell in the county seemed to have missed this particular spot, which caused a great shortage in the growth and production of all vegetable crops.

During the past week rains descended in abundance, in some instances almost reaching the flood stage, and we are now beginning to wish for dry weather in order to harvest the fall crops.

From the above it would seem that we run true to the truth of that old adage about folks never being satisfied—when it's hot, we want it cool, and when it's cool, we want it hot. At any rate, the weather man has played havoc with our early crops, and we are hoping for better results from the later ones.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the Scripture recitation and the singing of the opening hymn, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Eugene Davis as the speaker of the afternoon.

Mr. Davis, who is one of Charlotte's most talented young singers, a member of the choir of the Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church, then delighted the entire assemblage with a solo number, at the close of which he led the boys in singing two choruses. He was occompanied at the piano by Rev. M. R. Moss, who also rendered some spirited piano selections as the boys filed into the auditorium.

In his talk to the boys, Mr. Davis called special attention to that part of Paul's message to the Romans as found in the opening verse of the first chapter—"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that there is no way to have peace with God except by having faith, and the one sure way to lose God's favor is to lose our faith.

He then mentioned the story of Lucifer and God's words to him—"How art thou fallen, Lucifer; thou was perfect until evil was found in thee." Lucifer had rebelled against God, saying, "I will be like the most high," and his downfall resulted.

Mr. Davis then told briefly the familiar story of Adam and Eve.

They walked and talked with God, and were happy in the garden of Eden. Then Satan tempted Eve by throwing a cloud of doubt around the truth of God's word. She listened to him, yielded and induced Adam to accede to his wishes, causing the downfall of both.

Satan comes to us in the same way today, continued the speaker. He places doubt in our minds; he makes his plans seem good, and if we accept them rather than follow God's wishes, we are doomed to suffer.

The speaker then told of Christ's coming into the world to save sinners. Though he came as a sacrificial Lamb to save men, he came not in pomp and glory, but was caused to be born in a stable. While Christ was a man, he was also God in man. While he represented the highest power on earth, he never lost the common touch. He walked and talked with men, dealing with the humble as well as with those in high stations. His mission was to save all who would believe on him and put their trust in him.

How can we have peace with God, asked the speaker. We can attain that peace only by right living. It is our duty to join the church; do good to those around us; refrain from lying, cheating, stealing and other evils; and never allow an opportunity to further the interests of God's kingdom on earth to pass by unnoticed.

Of course we have sinned, said Mr. Davis, but we can get rid of past sins through Jesus, the Lamb of God. If we give our lives to Christ all the gates of hell cannot prevail against us.

In conclusion Mr. Davis urged the boys to want to live for God, for with Him on our side, nothing will be able to lead us astray.

We were delighted to have Mr. Davis with us again. Because of his splendid singing he has long been a favorite with our lads, but the inspiring manner in which he delivered his message last Sunday proves conclusively that he also knows how to talk to boys.

A teacher told her class to write a four-line verse that showed action. One boy wrote

"A boy walked down a railroad track,
A train was coming fast;
The boy jumped off the railroad track
To let the train go past."

The teacher said the verse did not show enough action, so the boy revised it as follows:

"A boy walked down a railroad track,
A train was coming fast;
The train jumped off the railroad track
To let the boy go past."

—Boy Life.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending August 29, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) J. C. Cox 11
(12) Edward Johnson 12
(9) Carl Kepley 11
(4) Edward Lucas 6
Joseph Tucker 11

COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan 7
(3) William Haire 9
John Kellam 4
(8) Arthur Martin 10
Jack McRary 3
William Pitts 6
(3) Howard Roberts 7
(2) Albert Silas 6
Eugene Stallings 8
(2) Robert Watts 4
(2) James West 9
Preston Yarborough 3
(9) R. L. Young 9

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 3
Fred Seibert 2
Carl D. Shoffner 6
Richard Wrenn 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 7
(3) Odell Bray 9
Hurley Davis 7
(3) Edward Fisher 6
(5) James Hancock 9
(4) Ralph Johnson 6
(2) John King 3
Grover Lett
(8) Robert Mims 8
Hubert McCoy 4
William Surratt 2
(2) Melvin Walters 10
(2) Leo Ward 7
Odell Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Marshall Bryson 10
(4) Robert Jordan 11
David Odham 5
James Page
(2) James Seawell 5
(7) Jack Tate 7

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Lacy Burleson 9
(12) Robert Bryson 12
(12) Fletcher Castlebury 12
Richard Patton 5
James Rackley 10
Joseph Sanford 6
Hubert Smith 2
William Wilson 2
Woodrow Wilson 2
George Wilhite 8

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

Felix Adams
Warner Peach 2
Norman Parker 3
Harvey Smith
(3) Charles Taylor 10

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 4
Wilson Bowman
J. T. Branch 6
Thomas Braddock 9
(3) Edgar Burnette 7
(2) Hubert Carter 5
Gladston Carter 3
(3) James Coleman 8
(12) Randolph Davis 12
George Duncan 4
(3) Woodfin Fowler 11
C. D. Grooms 7
Odie Hicks 6
(5) Mark Jones 7
Elbert Kersey 4
(2) Eugene Presnell 5
(8) Homer Smith 11

Earl Stamey 7
(3) Cleveland Suggs 8
(3) Thomas Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 5
Floyd Combs 2
Rufus Linville 7

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 3
Harold Bryson 7
(3) Howard Clark 10
Earl Duncan 5
(8) John Drum 10
Lawrence Guffey 7
(3) Albert Goodman 3
(3) William Kirk 10
(4) Alton Morgan 6
(3) Paul Mullis 5
(2) William Martin 9
(2) Filmore Oliver 8
(3) N. C. Webb 8
(12) Fred Williamson 12
(2) Berchell Young 5

COTTAGE No. 12

Charles Batten 6
(2) James Elders 6
Hubert Holloway 9
Frank Lewis 7
(5) Jerome Medlin 10
(4) Horace Simmons 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) Fletcher Boggs 11
(3) Clarence Douglas 7
(4) Robert Hailey 10
Vincent Hawes
(2) Isaac Hendren 5
(2) Jordan McIver 2
(4) Claudius Pickett 9

COTTAGE No. 14

Fred Clark 5
(2) Lee Dowless 6
Spurgeon Dowless 5
James Stepp 4
(2) Paul Shipes 6
William Warf 5

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 9
Warren Bright 7
John Brown 8
George Gibson 7
Hobart Gross 7
Joseph Hyde 8
L. M. Hardison 5
Caleb Jolly 10
Raymond Mabe 5
Wilson Rich 9
Carl Toney 4
Robert Wilson 6

A FEW HOLDS

Hold on to your hands when you are about to do an unkind act.
Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.
Hold on to your foot when are on the point of forsaking the path of right.
Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.
Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do good throughout eternity.
Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.
Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

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LABOR DAY SONG

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SONG OF CHRISTIAN WORKINGMEN

Our Master toiled, a carpenter
  Of busy Galilee;
He knew the weight of ardent tasks
  And ofttimes, wearily,
He sought, apart, in earnest prayer
  For strength, beneath his load of care.

He took a manly share of work,
  No thoughtless shirker he.
From dawn to dusk, before his bench,
  He labored faithfully.
He felt just pride in work well done,
  And found rest sweet, at setting sun.

His Father worked, and he rejoiced
  That honest toil was his—
To whom was given the grace to know
  Divinest mysteries:
And shall not we find toiling good
  Who serve in labor's brotherhood?

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

OWN YOUR HOME

Often remarks register, yet the true significance of the same is not clear. It takes time and experience to see straight through the lessons learned before maturity. This remark seems paradoxical, but true, nevertheless.

We recall hearing conversation between host and hostess to the effect that a "certain piece of property be bought for a colored servant, faithful and honest, because of the hope of retaining the colored maid without a break in service."

The reply to the request from the head of the home was: "You cannot buy your servants, but by owning their homes they make better citizens."

Up to that date we had never lived among the tenant class, or rented property to any one, but time and experience reveal that renters, as a class, exceptions of course, take little interest either in the upkeep or beautification of property. The study of books give information, but experience is the source of wisdom.

We see now that the psychological reason for home ownership is it develops a personality that knows values, that has a greater interest in civic affairs, taxation, and other characteristics desirable in any community. Renters without pride in home have a roving, unsettled, irresponsible attitude leading to vandalism, and the children absorb the same nature. These characteristics are deep rooted in childhood and are apt to follow him throughout life. No time worn statement carries a greater truth than "the way the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Even the University News Letter takes cognizant of the fact, as this statement verifies: "that city apartment dwellers and renters or tenants do not have the pride of possession which characterizes the actual owner. They do not feel particularly interested in planting trees or flowers which may require a few years to develop, for they think, "Well, we may be moving on after our lease expires next year."

The same conditions exist in the class of the tenant farmer. He uses the land for what it yields the first year, because if a better proposition is offered, he knows the fall of the year is the season for him and family to flit. Therefore, the whole argument is conclusive of the fact that to "own your own home makes better citizenship."

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MRS. JOHN FETZER

This splendid woman, Mrs. John Fetzer, rich in eighty-eight years of faithful living, sacrificing so that she could do great and small kindnesses for others, has entered into eternal rest, loved and mourned by all who knew her.

After a lingering illness she quietly went to her last couch like

one who lies down to pleasant dreams. She lived with her daughter in Lynn, Massachusettes, but like the patriarchs of old she chose as her last resting place the southland, so lies entombed by the side of her soldier husband in the family plot in the cemetery near China Grove.

Mrs. Fetzer lived the life abundant, walking humbly, but bravely, radiating her sweet personality upon all who passed her way. She was a native of Cabarrus, and was affectionately known as "Miss Matilda Fetzer" by her numerous relatives and old friends of her native heath. She spent the major portion of her life elsewhere, but time never erased from the minds of those who knew her intimately her one consuming passion,—love for her fellowman—therefore, "none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

In her person nature seemed to have placed all of the feminine graces with the ideals of true nobility that make the charms of wamanhood. Her journey was long and not always through pleasant paths, but her trials, her sorrows and her joys molded a character that unconsciously reflected a strong faith, that will leave its impress and prove a benediction to the future generations.

Surely the poet must have envisioned just such a personality when he penned the immortal lines:

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of angelic light.

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LAND IN IDAHO SINKING

Out in Idaho the startling news is heralded of the sinking of a ten acre farm 175 feet. This phenomenon is marked by the appearance of huge holes that are widening the earth, making people apprehensive that the bed of a river in the same vicinity will be undermined.

To witness "terra firma" at any place in this country sink as low as 175 feet would give any of us the jitters. In fact it would prove to be an occasion for an old timey revival. For you know that people get powerfully good when scared by storms, earthquakes, floods

or other catastrophies that are beyond the control of mankind, and only God can control.

However, geologists say that the cracks over this ten-acre tract are due to the collapse of a lava tube, whatever that may be, created two or three millon years ago and continually softened by irrigation. This may be true. Science has made many revelations, but somehow, like doubting Thomas, we would prefer seeing down in the depth of the earth before accepting the cause,—a lava tube two or three millions years old. Perhaps all of us are passing over such daily without knowing. But the things we do not know neither hurt nor make us lose sleep.

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GAS PIPE LINE NECESSARY

The most important commercial development to be in the near future is the gasoline pipe line between Charlotte and Wilmington. The need for such a line was foreseen by the General Assembly of 1937. Doubtless there were some who saw the growing need for such conveyance of gas from the sea to the interior, because of the heavy pounding of tank trucks on the highway, wearing the hard surface that will shortly have to be rebuilt. The day is without doubt coming that heavy trucks and busses will bave to be routed otherwise than the main arteries of travel of today, because of congestion of highways made doubly dangerous to the travelling public by the number and size of tanks and busses.

With the increase of number of automobiles there will be an increase of quanity of gas used. Therefore the demand for relief on the highways from trucks and other large motor cars is imminent. If this pipe line is constructed from Wilmington to Charlotte it will be the first constructed in the southeastern states. That means North Carolina first again.

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JOHN H. RUTLEDGE PASSES

During late years death has laid a heavy hand on Concord and adjacent community, removing from our midst citizens of the finest calibre,—men possessing the characteristics to make the most of their own strength and capacity.

This time the grim reaper, death, no respecter of persons, visited the Rutledge home, Kannapolis, and claimed John H. Rutledge, a superb leader in business, church and civic affairs of the community, also the kind husband and father of an ideal home life, a true friend, and a most splendid citizen in every sense of the word.

Great as is Concord and Cabarrus county's loss in the passing of John Rutledge we do not fully realize that the textile world also shares the loss, particularly so in the manufacturing concerns he had so successfully developed.

Widely known for his straight-forward business realtionships with the multitude of co-workers he contacted, he brought back from them for his own enrichment of inner life their esteem and high respect for his simple, manly virtues of truth and honesty.

He touched the life of this community at many points. Wherever he touched it, his death leaves grief. This institution extends sincerest sympathy to the grief stricken home. We, too, feel the loss for he was a fine friend to the "forgotten boy", a cause that develops the best in the "inner-man."

* * * * * * *

So writes an exchange that the Loyalist Government of Spain has been doing other things besides waging war. Since the civil war began a year ago, the government has appropriated $14,000,000 for the establishment of new schools, $3, 200,000 to increase the number of school teachers and to raise their pay, and $1,000,000 to liquidate illiteracy.

During four months recently more than 4,000 new primary schools have been established. About 60,000 children, evacuated from Madrid, have been provided with well equipped school colonies along the Mediterranean coast outside the war zone.

The writer revolves in mind this question. If war did not exist it would be difficult to estimate the progress that would be made in the educational life of Spain?

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Sunshine Magazine)

It was a glorious summer day. The sky was a sapphire, the sunshine of gold. It was just such a day as inspires anyone to "dig in the dirt" and aid God's Nature in the miracle of life and growth.

And so it was that the man with the hoe was surveying the domains of his suburban home. Alongside a busy highway, he had the experience of coming in touch with nearly every phase of human life. All sorts of people came to his door—smiling, sobbing, scowling, joking, cursing—most of the younger ones wondering pitifully about life and its problems. "Hitch-hikers" with a nimble thumb; old men with disconsolate, pleading eyes; underlings with careless abandon in uplifted hands.

The man with the hoe was pursuing a clump of persistent weeds when steps sounded near by. He glanced up. There stood a tall, gaunt, dark man of perhaps thirty-five. "How far to town, Mister?"

"Seven miles," the man answered smilingly.

The stranger removed his tattered cap and wearily ran his fingers through a heavy crop of black, wavy hair. "Thank you." He hesitated, but was about to move on.

"Are you tired?" asked the man with the hoe. "Won't you sit down here on the porch and rest a bit?"

"Gladly," and he smiled.

The man with the hoe did not inquire if he was hungry—he knew. So he slipped into the house and quickly brought forth a platter of tempting edibles. The stranger ate ravenously, and when the last crumb had vanished, he remarked, "Now I feel better! I am indebted to you very much."

"What is your work?" the man with the hoe asked.

A cynical smile came across the stranger's face. "You'd never guess. I'm a painter. No, not a house painter, or decorator, but a real honest-to-goodness, gifted-by-the-gods artist. Educated abroad, polished in English. Is it unbelievable? Here are the remains," pointing to a dingy case in his hand.

The man was instantly interested, for his own father had been an artist of note, but poor. "No, it is not unbelievable," he answered.

"If someone had told me five years ago that I would be in this condition today, I should have laughed in his face. Homeless, friendless, alone. Me? Why, I had everything—wealth, fame, friends, a lovely home, and not a worry in the world. Take a look at me now."

The stranger was definitely sincere. "Speculation?" asked the man with the hoe.

The stranger nodded. "Swept clean as a whistle. Even my family deserted when there was nothing left. If they had only stuck with me, I might have kept my faith in something, but now I know there's nothing left to trust in."

The man with the hoe saw a desperate situation. He ventured, "Do you believe there is a God?"

The stranger's head drooped. "I once did—but I guess I forgot Him."

"You and I both are artists—you with the brush, I with the hoe," suggested the man. "It is given to us

more than any others to see the beauty in living Nature. I hoe the weeds out of my garden so that the plants may have the freedom to grow fruitful and beautiful. You add freedom and beauty to the spirit of Nature with your skillful hand. When we lose sight of our purpose—simply live from day to day with nothing in view but our pleasure, too many idle friends, too much flattery, look upon life as a flippant thing—then the weeds become rank and the garden becomes stunted, or Nature loses its inspiration and life becomes dull and worthless."

The stranger seemed to be in a trance. At length he spoke. "I sold many pictures in New York. They were different from the average—more daring. An elderly woman, a great lover of art, once told me she could point out my paintings among thousands. She said, 'I walk right into your paintings and become a part of them.' That was the finest compliment I ever heard, and from that day on I began to think I was unconquerable—and I also began to sink." The stranger sighed.

Perhaps it is better so," said the man with the hoe. "But nothing worth while is ever lost. Lost wealth, health, and material possessions may be regained. Perhaps they are the weeds—an obstacle to a new and healthy development." And the man wrote a note, and slipped it into the hand of the stranger.

"Give this to Mr. Steuben—a mile up the road, the white house on the hill. I believe these people will give you work on my recommendation. The pay will not be large. Forget you are an artist; make yourself useful feeding stock, cutting wood—anything you find to do."

"Me a farmer! Straight from Broadway!"

One week later the man with the hoe chanced by the white house on the hill. The artist appeared in clean new overalls, a foaming pail of milk on his arm; face ruddy of complexion, and piercingly bright eyes. He greeted the man with the hoe joyfully.

"These folks are wonderful!" he declared. "I never knew such real people existed. I never felt so jubilant in all my life. The sky is so broad out here, and the sun shines brighter than I ever knew. Every animal on the place is dear to me." With that he beckoned the man to follow him.

From a dark corner behind an improvised partition, the artist drew a canvas, and revealed an exquisite portrait of the man with the hoe. "You see," he exclaimed, in staccato, as he proffered the portrait, "I was lost, and you helped me to find myself!"

IT IS A POOR SORT OF—
Religion that makes a man quarrelsome.
Education that makes a man hate work.
Honor that can be defended only by force.
Success that enslaves a man to it.
Ambition that doesn't include a man's best.
Pride that will sacrifice sincerity for gain.
Success that costs a man peace of mind.—Selected.

R. DON LAWS, COUNTRY EDITOR, HAS HAD UNIQUE CAREER

By Kin McNeil, in Charlotte Observer

Perhaps there is no more unique and vitally interesting life story of an editor and publisher in the state of North Carolina than that of R. Don Laws, Moravian Falls, Wilkes county, editor of the Yellow Jacket, a political sheet which its editor says has the widest paid circulation of any political paper published. The story of R. Don Laws' own life and that of his paper are so closely interwoven that the two become one novel tale of how a country boy made good and stuck to the country.

One writer has said, in commenting upon Laws' life and the Yellow Jacket, that here is a case where truth is stranger than fiction; that the wildest dreams of our most imaginative novelists would appear tame when compared with the actual facts of the history of the Yellow Jacket Man and his paper. Writers have a habit of drifting off into the land of expletives and superlatives, you think insomuch as they may in particular cases. You may judge for yourself for here is the story of the man who put Moravian Falls, a two-hundreder village, on the map and spread the Yellow Jacket all over the face of the same map.

R. Don Laws' boyhood days were spent on a small farm in the mountian section of Wilkes county, where he was born on August 22, 1868. His parents were poor mountain farmers, and because of the fact he was unable to attend school more than one or two months during the year. But, as did Abraham Lincoln, young Laws studied by the light of a flickering night fire after working hard in the cornfields during the daylight hours. His father was the instructor at these nightly vigils by the fireplace.

Besides his regular studies, in which he excelled, he showed a desire for things of a literary nature. Very early in his life he began to write stories and other compositions. His unlearned parents were amazed at his aptitude, and he himself hardly realized the budding of a unique literary talent that was to make his name known to people in every county in the United States.

But the future editor of the Yellow Jacket was also mechanically inclined. When he was only thirteen years old he constructed a small wooden press from scraps of plank about his father's farm. He had never seen an actual press, and so did not know the principle of even the simplest type, but his construction was evidence of a creative nature. And it printed, too. With a font of wooden type, carved with his pocket knife, he printed his first composition on the press, using the extract of white walnut roots as ink. Both the press and the sample of printing may be seen in his editorial office today. The work was remarkable for a young boy who had never seen a press in operation.

The gap between his first composition and mechanical work to the birth of the Yellow Jacket covered a period of fourteen years. In the meantime he had been spending most

of his time until he was twenty-one on the farm, plowing, hoeing, and living rough. Then for a while he taught school, and found time in between to work on the railroads. But during all this the burning desire to become an editor and publisher lingered with him.

In this, as in every other story, there is a woman. Laws married in 1895, and he and his young wife settled down on an old farm not far from the vilage of Moravian Falls. In June, 1895, in the cellar of the humble farm home, R. Don Laws unloosed his desire to become a one-horse editor. The Yellow Jacket was the result of his efforts. It came out in its birth month as a small four page, three column sheet to be published at ten cents a year. The initial issue of this stingingly-named paper was not the least bit pitiful, and it holdly announced that its aims was to "swat liars and leeches, hypocrites and humbugs, demagogues and dastards" from one end of the continent to the other. The complete cost of this little foot press and other equipment was not more than forty dollars. He did his editorial and printing at night by lamplight after a day of toilsome labor in the fields.

The first copies of the Yellow Jacket found their way to the post office, which was more than a mile away, in the coat pockets of the editor. He had gathered a list of available names at random, and to all these he sent out a sample copy of the paper that neighbors laughed at. And it began to look like the neighbors were right, for the going was hard the first three or four years, and the Yellow Jacket was a dead loss.

In the midst of conditions that would have downed many people, R. Don Laws stuck to the pump handle of his little publication. He had a sincere belief that he had established something the public was waiting for, and he wasn't willing to give it up without a thorough trial. His efforts were rewarded. During the fourth year of publication the receipts for subscriptions began to exceed the cost of getting out the Yellow Jacket. Within another year the circulation had grown to such an extent that 'Editor Laws", as the neighbors called him now, had to abandon the old cellar shop on the farm and move to a new office at Moravian Falls.

The story of the Yellow Jacket for the next ten years is nothing short of miraculous. It grew by leaps and bounds. The subscriptions came in by the thousands, tens of thousands, and ran up to hundreds of thousands. From an humble beginning in a farm-house cellar to a stately place in the limelight of the public the Yellow Jacket Man made advancing strides. The Yellow Jecket grew so fast that during the course of these ten years the type of press had to be changed five times in order to accommodate the ever-growing demand for Yellow Jackets.

Instead of a dark cellar, the office and editorial rooms were now housed in a modern building. All the latest type of printing machinery was installed, and mountain people from miles around came to see the place where the Yellow Jacket was "put up at". A large crew of salaried workers was employed daily by the "country boy" who had hit upon a scheme that carried long beyond his wildest

dreams, to say nothing of the dreams of his neighbors.

All that may sound like a fairy tale, too, but the popularity of the Yellow Jacket today is evidence. Now, at the age of sixty-nine, R. Don Laws sits in his editorial office at Moravian Falls and slings the same old gab that carried his paper to the top in the first place. Each month copies of the Yellow Jacket are mailed to subscribers at every post office in the United States, he says. While a thousand other one-horse papers went to the dust in the recent depression, the Yellow Jacket stuck to its post.

And R. Don Laws admits he was just a country boy who made good in a unique venture of journalism—jorunalism that taught, tickled, and tiraded all who came in contact with it. He attributes much of his succes with the Yellow Jacket to the fact that he stuck to his job with a deep thoroughness that was unrelinguishing, and that he never lost faith in the ideals of his brain child. He said he tried to give the public what many had been wanting for a long time but didn't know how to get it. What he gave them was editorial material, eternally rooting for the under dog and certain political affiliations, the names of which are irrelevant to the story. All the pieces were written in a droll humor that smelled of one-gallus farmers and coal workers. That was what they wanted. They got it from the Yellow Jacket Man, and they ate it up from start to finish. They are still eating it by the column, and R. Don Laws is feeding it to them with the point of his prolific pen.

Although he never had more than eighteen months schooling during his life, the Yellow Jacket Man is regarded as one of the best informed men in his section. He has a spacious library, and during idle moments he touches upon his specialty, history. Of late he has become popular as a lecturer in North Carolina and adjoining states. A lecture entitled "High Spots of History from Adam and Eve to Amos 'n Andy", is the one he commonly uses. Here again his droll country humor enters in. He is a self-made man, and he seems to have done an excellent job at it.

TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN

Most of all one needs a moral spine,
  Erect, reliable and superfine;
Not horizontal, just to bear a load,
  Like beasts along the dusty field and road;
But vertical, to hold life's standards high,
  Like signals to the throngs passing by.
And whether men coax or smile or frown,
  It must not swerve nor cringe nor knuckle down,
If graft or flattery or fame beguile,
  That moral spine must back us all the while.

—Mary C. Curry.

LEAD POISONING KILLS DUCKS

By Cowl Rider

The number of ducks dying of lead poisoning each year has become a matter of concern to the State Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries.

And that isn't a trick sports department lead intended to convey the impression, in roundabout terminology, that the commission is apprehensive over the slaughter of the duck by nimrods. It's a matter-of-fact statement which means what it says.

It means, in brief, that the thousands of ducks who are missed by hunters burrow and bill about in their marshy feeding grounds and eat, among other things, the accumulated birdshot from thousands of exploded shells.

And it seems that it's just as fatal for a duck to eat pellets of birdshot as it is for him to get them between the eyes. Because, if he eats the shot, he dies of lead poisoning.

The problem of lead poisoning among waterfowl is just one of the many problems facing the State Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. The commission is now working in connection with the Section of Disease Control, Division of Wildlife Research of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, and with the department of metallurgy at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, in an attempt to remove this hazard to ducks.

This birdshot problem is a little unusual, but steps have already been taken toward its solution. It is known, for instance, that ducks could eat the lead shot, were it not for one thing. That one thing is the arsenic-lead alloy which most shot contain. An arsenic-lead alloy in a duck's stomach leads to unfortunate results.

What to do? According to the work proposed for 1937 by the Virginia Co-operative Wildlife Research Station in Blacksburg, under the direction of C. O. Handley of the V. P. I. department of biology, experiments have been made with a lead buckshot which does not harm the duck when eaten, but which also is superior in shot-forming properties to the common arsenic-lead alloy. The new shot is a sodium-lead alloy which disintegrates before poisoning becomes active in the duck which has consumed it.

Ducks are by no means the only thing worrying the wildlife experts. Some counties in the western part of the State have no wild turkeys at all, we are told by Carl H. Nolting, chairman of the State Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, who has a half-dozen black bass in the pond near the State Office Building which literally eat out of his hand. To raise and distribute turkeys is another part of the wildlife plans now being pushed by wildlife agencies in the State. Turkeys, by the way, are being raised at the State Game Farm in New Kent County near Providence Forge, and at Camp Lee at Petersburg.

The average hunter, when he buys his license, knows little of the numerous related projects being constantly pursued in his behalf. Under the subject heading "Forest Game," in the work proposed for 1937 by the research station at Blacksburg, appears "North River Demonstration." The purpose of this project is to de-

termine the practicability of the wilderness-type refuge in providing game for shooting. In line with this, the completing of a lease agreement is pending between the Federal Forest Service and the Blacksburg research station, designating 48,000 timbered acres in one of the Northwestern counties of the State, with the George Washington National Forest and the North River State Game Refuge, as a forest-game demonsration area.

Continued co-operation with the Federal Forest Service in their check of hunting and kills of game, with a food study of the game killed, has been planned. Examination of kills enables researchers to determine accurately feeding habits of wild game.

Under "Mountain Lake Demonstration" comes the study of methods of re-establishing deer and turkey in areas where they have been extirpated by the activities of man, and the producing of deer and turkey for restocking purposes.

"Deer management" studies are becoming more and more important. According to Mr. Nolting, deer in the State are on the increase and have been seen where there had been none at all 25 years ago. Mr. Handley's report for June says that deer released in Tazewell County several years ago have been seen recently at a distance of 30 and more miles from the point of release.

There is even a "grouse management" study in which the food habits of grouse are observed. By banding or by coloring their feathers, their range is determined.

Of interest to farmers is the "Farm Game Project." At the Blacksburg Quail Demonstration, the wildlife experts are showing the practicability of making quail a supplementary crop on the average farm in Southwestern Virginia and are making this bird available for study and shooting.

A new study this year hinges on the development of one or more muskrat marshes. Here the researchers seek to determine the income which could possibly be derived from muskrats as another supplementary crop for the farm, and, what is important to hunters, at the same time to experiment on the development of much needed game cover in pasture areas.

The possibility of increasing quail in the Virginia coastal regions is being demonstrated at the Camp Lee "quail headquarters."

Hunters and fishermen may not know it, but these wildlife researchers are also interested in—of all things—flowers. A floral survey project is well under way with a study of the distribution and ecology of Virginia's native plants. Ecology is simply the study of the relationship between a plant and its environment. A plant catalogue is being planned, as is a herbarium of State flora. Plants are being mapped according to soil types and the plant projects begun this spring by 4-H clubs are being continued.

Gathering information regarding the distribution, abundance and habits of all the State's vertebrate animal life, a long-term project, falls under the "Faunal Survey Project." This includes mammals—a study of the elk and an inquiry into food habits of the fox is included—as well as birds. The researchers wish to promote an interest in the conservation of wild birds and make available pub-

lications relative to the habits of Virginia birds.

Crow control comes under special studies. Thousands of these black, cawing marauders winter in certain wooded parts of the State. The Virginia Co-operative Wildlife Research Station is working out a shot bomb capable of killing crows en masse at their winter roosts. One reason why the State is reluctant to offer a bounty on crows is because the crows killed in winter quarters here may be crows which are doing damage in Pennsylvania or Canada and not in Virginia at all.

A reading of the June report submitted to the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries by Mr. Handley of V. P. I. will convince the sportsman and conservationist that one of the requirements for Mr. Handley's job is versatility. He not only travels about checking on the various studies now in progress, but gives lectures and conducts classes on wild life. Many youth organizations have heard him and have seen the motion pictures on "The Value of Birds and Means of Attracting Them About the Home," "Poisonous Snakes of Virginia and the Treatment of Snake Bite," "Game Bird Farming" and others.

Mr. Handley often shoots wild birds—with a motion picture camera—and bands them, enabling research stations and the Government biological survey to check on migratory habits of the birds. He must also know how to construct, and give instructions as to the making of, various traps for the snaring of birds or animals as well as advise regarding the construction of feeding stations and breeding pens.

A glance at his reports puts a definite end to sportsmen's speculations as to just what the station at V. P. I. or the State Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries do to justify their existence. Theirs is a constant and thorough service.

The attempt of conservation groups to contact youth organizations, such as the 4-H clubs, by means of lectures and motion pictures on wildlife, is in line with the feeling expressed by Mr. Nolting. He says that the hopes of the conservationists lie with the youth.

Conservationists know that all the game laws and all the game wardens can do nothing to conserve the game supply for the sportsmen unless the sportsman himself wishes to abide by the regulations which after all are made in his interests. With this in mind, plans for educational activities on the part of the researchers are being expanded. More extensive use of the radio, newspapers and periodicals has been planned. A regular syndicated column will be offered to several newspapers and the number of lectures is to be increase. Personal contacts with landowners, conservation organizations and youth groups completes a well-rounded program.

Within the next few years the sportsman who loads his gun to shoot ducks may quite unknowingly load it with shells charged with a lead which ducks can eat with impunity. He may, in a few years, find turkey plentiful in those parts of the State which now have none. If he does, he can thank the State Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries and such research stations as the one at Blacksburg.

GRANTING PAROLES

(The Sampson Independent)

The parole system frequently comes in for criticism, and especially when a paroled prisoner commits another crime. Taken as a whole, however, paroled prisoners who "make good" far outnumber those who violate the provisions under which they gain their freedom.

As might be expected, mistakes are made in granting paroles and pardons from prison sentences. As a matter of fact, they are made in every other worthy undertaking. Frequently a prisoner who has been granted a parole or pardon proves to be unworthy of the consideration given him. And on the other hand, hundreds of others prove worthy. That being true, the fear of making a mistake on the part of the powers that be should not be such as to make it impossible for worthy prisoners to get the proper consideration.

In his address in Clinton Tuesday of last week, Governor Hoey touched upon the matter of paroles and pardons, and in a measure, answered those who would critisise the exercise of the rights to parole or pardon worthy prisoners. The governor thinks, and we agree with him, that many who get into prison are victims of cricumstances and not any worse than many who escape the toils of the law. As he pointed out in his address, the prison system should be such as to hold out a ray of hope for the future for prisoners. The parole and pardon system, as being carried out in this state at the present time, is an incentive to prisoners to make the "honor roll" and look to the future with more hope and confidence.

Only recently an ex-convict died in Raleigh and the list of honorary pallbearers included an ex-governor, high officials of the state, officials of Wake county and other prominent Raleigh citizens. Twelve years before his death, at the age of 50, the deceased left the state prison. He was paroled and given a chance to serve the late Governor A. W. McLean in the capacity of gardener. The parole granted him, like that granted other prisoners, meant a new chance in life. He was one of those who proved worthy, and as he worked with flowers and saw nature at its best he put behind him a career of safe-cracking and later was granted a full pardon. He served four governors as gardener, and in death he was honored for the life he lived after leaving prison and not in keeping with his early life.

We know full well that the matter of granting paroles is one which must of necessity be handled with care and close study. Each case should be closely scrutinized before final action is taken. Very often relatives and friends of persons convicted of serious crimes are over anxious to secure their freedom, and frequently before they have paid sufficiently for such crime. On more than one occasion we have refused good friends when requested to sign petitions asking that certain prisoners be paroled or pardoned. That was in cases where we thought the punishment had not been sufficient at the time of the request.

Granting that mistakes are frequently made in the matters of paroles and pardons, it still remains that it is better to make an occasional mistake than to fail so many who should be granted their freedom from prison walls.

WORKERS OR SHIRKERS

Every worker counts—counts one. Every shirker counts —counts a cipher, naught or zero! Zero; no wonder a shirker would freeze to death, like the woodchopper who was waiting for sweat before he began to work! There is no neutral zone, no No Man's Land, between working and shirking We went in all over into the old swimming pool, or were kept out entirely—which was against either nature or desire. Did we stick one foot in the water and whine, "Ouch! it's cold"? Not much; we dove like frogs from the old tree roots, and came up warm and happy! Is it not even so with work? Do we not need to go in whole-heartedly?

Industry is a matter of choice; two roads stretch out before us, the Road of Industry and the Road of the Shirker. Just below my boyhood home the old road crossed, but a boy could not follow suit—cross his legs and travel both ways. Choice was necessary at the crossroads. Each road had its pleasures, its advantages, its beauty spots. Not so with these two roads, for the Road of the Shirker ends in the Desert of Nowhere.

To fare out on the Road of the Shirker is as sensible as it would be to go to the railroad station and ask for a ticket to Nowhere. Would not the agent look at us pityingly, and say, "I presume that you mean N—; the institution for the feeble-minded is there."

The Road of Industry leads to a comfortable home, to self-respect, to a bank account, and to large usefulness in life. The Road of the Shirker leads to a leaky roof, a no-account life, and a comfortless old age. Here are the crossroads; which way will you travel?

First you choose to be industrious, then you get the habit; then, lastly, the habit gets you in its grip, and industry becomes second nature—a very desirable conclusion. Then you pity—oh, how you pity—the poor shirker who did not have sand enough to choose the right road, nor grit enough to keep traveling toward the industrial goal!

Hope for the industrious! Oblivion for the idler! This is nature's handwriting on the wall of your life. A fig for the idlers of life! Who said. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"?—Selected.

DON KEEPS COOL

(Sunshine Magazine)

Dong, Dong, Dong!" shouted Don, racing across the lawn behind the mower. "Boys, she's a big one this time. Looks like a three-alarm." Then he ran for the hose. "Two lines here, men," he roared. "It's getting hot! Come on, but keep your heads! Keep cool now!" and he turned the water upon the five-red hollyhocks that leaned against the garden fence.

Just then Mrs. Fentriss, who lived next door, stopped by the driveway. "Oh, Donald," she called, "will you keep an eye on the house while I run down to the store? Janet and the baby are still asleep. I'll be back soon."

Don mopped his red face. "Sure, I'll watch 'em, Mrs. Fentriss, Don't you worry."

Don's father gave him twenty-five cents every Saturday for caring for the lawn, and Don thought it was the easiest money a boy could earn. Twenty-five cents just for playing a swell game! It was his dream to be a fireman when he grew up, and maybe even Fire Chief, like his grandfather, for whom he was named.

The lawn was finished, the flowers well soaked, and Don turned toward the house. "Gosh!" he said. It looked as if smoke was coming out around the chimney. Don did not hesitate. In the yard on the clothesline hung the laundry and grabbing two bath towels, he soaked them under the tap by the window. Wrapping one over his mouth and nose, he ran to the kitchen door. As he turned the knob, smoke poured out, and he dropped to his hands and knees, for he knew that the air is better and cooler next to the floor.

Don heard a cough, and Janet crying, "Mother."

He must not frighten her. "Hey, Jamet, come and play horsie with Don! Jump on my back, and say 'Giddap'! First put on this mask," and he threw the other towel about her mouth and nose. Janet grabbed his neck and rolled over onto his back, and the two crawled out to open air. Don then dashed into the smoke-filled house again, and threw a blanket around the baby, and ran low down the hall where the flames were eating through the wall.

Soon the firemen arrived and put out the fire.

The next day, when Don came down to breakfast, his mother said, "Don, if you will put on your blue suit, and a white shirt, we'll all go downtown this morning. Daddy isn't going to the office today."

"I'll say I will!" cried Don, eagerly; "there's some newreels at the Superior of some oil well fires!"

"First we must go to the City Hall," his father announced, "and if we have time, we'll go to the show."

Down in the square was a large crowd including the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the Fire Chief. They put Don on a platform and everyone shook hands with him. Then the Mayor spoke: "I'm glad to know that our city has boys as brave and cool-headed as you, and in appreciation of your rescue of two children from a burning house, I present to you, on the behalf of the city

of Darien, this gold fireman's badge, and inform you that you are an honorary member of fire company No. 1."

"And I," added the Fire Chief, laying a hand on Donald's shoulder, "wonder if you could tell the people what the first duty of a fireman is."

Don glanced down at the shining gold shield, and then at the Fire Chief. "A fireman's first duty," he said in a loud and clear voice, 'is to keep cool!"

There was great cheering at Don's clever answer. Just then a photographer moved forward and snapped a picture of Don polishing his badge with his sleeve.

PAYING THE PRICE

The creator sells us good things at the price of labor, effort, drudgery and renouncement; a price in just porportion to the real value of the goods we are to get. We pay for our high ideals, sometimes, with great loneliness. We pay for life itself in an effort to sustain it, in greater effort to train it into worthy channels, in unremitting effort to keep it there. We pay for our inevitable sorrows and losses and errors sometimes with anger and denunciation, sometimes with feeble complaining and protestation, sometimes with endurance and stoic quiet, or best, with tender and hopeful resignation; but whateve coin we give we know at least that nothing may be had for nothing.

What do we most desire to buy? Are we able and willing to pay the price?

If we choose to buy pleasure and ease and self-indulgence, somehow we must scrape together the purchase price. We may not eat our cake and have it. Haven't you noticed what a hgh price those pay, in the end who just drift through life, trusting to get the reward of labor and escape making the payments? But few things are higher.

On one occasion a lady said to a famous violinist: "I would give half my life to be able to play like you do." "That madam," he replied, "is exactly what I have given to do it."

And it was Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter and philosopher who exclaimed: "Thou, O God, dost sell us all good things at the price of labor."

Even to genius, rewards come as the result of work.

What do we most desire to buy? Are we able and willing to pay the price?—Selected.

THE NEW GIRL AT LEONARD'S

By Rose E. Parmele

Her name was Molly Blaine and suggested a jolly, friendly, attractive girl, as Dorothy Dayton said; but, instead, she was a plain little thing whose very shyness repelled the other boarders at Leonard's, rather than appealed to them. After one swift searching glance around the table, Molly ate her dinner in silence, while the other girls chatted among themselves quite oblivious, apparently, of the quiet stranger.

"I wonder where Mrs. Leonard unearthed her," said Nan Ridley later, as they loitered in the "parlor" after the disappearance of the new girl.

"She's evidently from some little country town, where she's known the whole population all her life, and is not used to strangers," offered Jo Lewis.

"She's anything but prepossessing in appearance," added Dorothy; "rather an inferior person, I should say."

"I suppose everyone has to study tonight," interposed Patty Reed; "but when you finish your brain gymnastics, come into my room and help me trim my hat. I have to make one new hat grow where two old ones grew before, which is economical, if not progressive, and I'll need your valuable assistance of your taste and cleverness."

The boarders at Leonard's were all out-of-town girls who had come to Castor Bussiness ollege. The four girls who had lingered below stairs a few moments had enrolled in the spring, and after living together for three months, had grown to be fast friends. All were bright, attractive girls with one ambition—to fit themselves for efficient work in the business world. They enjoyed their studies and the good times they had together in the evening, and had been the only boarders at Leonard's for so long that the addition of Molly seemed almost an intrusion. They knew that this feeling was altogether unreasonable, and realized, too, that if Molly had been pretty and winning she would have met with a happier reception.

One evening Dorothy came in waving a bunch of tickets gaily.

"Girls, I'll give you three chances to guess what I have," she flaunted tantalizingly.

"Tickets for the Madam Norse concert," hazarded Nan, who loved music.

"You don't expect much, do you?" retorted Dorothy. "Next!"

"They couldn't possibly be ice cream tickets?" asked Jo, longingly.

"Who ever heard of such things?" scoffed Dorothy. "But you're warmer than Nan, though ice cream may not sound like it."

"Do tell us, Dorothy, at once, and end this awful suspense."

"Well, since you are such poor guessers, I will. Each small bit of pasteboard which you see in my hand, ladies," informed Dorothy, grandiloquently, "is good for a delicious square meal at the Christian Endeavor banquet tonight. And there are four!"

"You extravagant creature," chided Nan. "Whatever made you do it?"

"But I didn't," protested Dorothy, mischievously. "I met Mrs. Wentworth on the street, and she said she had purchased a few extra to help

the C. E.'s, and could we girls all come? I lost no time in assuring her that we absolutely could, and thanking her for the opportunity."

"Shall we ask Molly Blaine to go with us?" asked Jo, doubtfully.

"We have no ticket for her, and she's so queer I don't believe she'd enjoy it anyway," objected Patty.

"I don't know that I care to take her out as one of us, either," put in Nan, thoughtfully. "We have asked her to go to Sunday school, and she prefers to stay at home and sleep. Then, in the afternoon she goes out with those girls from Green's, and you know they are a careless, noisy lot who make themselves conspicuous wherever they go."

"She's such a quiet little mouse of a thing here," said Jo; 'but I met her yesterday with her friends, and she was talking and laughing, and she actually seemed like a different girl. She is almost pretty when she is animated."

"She evidently feels more at home with them," remarked Dorothy. 'They are her kind of people, I suppose. I don't think she is our equal socially, and, for my part I wish she'd move out. It's awkward to have anyone around who is so different; she's a misfit."

One day, when the girls came in, Mrs. Leonard met them in the hall. 'There's a lady in the parlor to see one of you or all of you," she said.

"Who is she?" asked Nan.

"She did not give her name; she said she wanted to surprise you," answered Mrs. Leonard.

Wondering who the lady could be, the girls went to the parlor. There sat a perfect stranger with a covered basket beside her. As soon as she saw the girls she rose to meet them with outstretched hand.

"You are Molly's friends, whom she wrote me about," the stranger exclaimed. "Dorothy, Nan, Jo and Patty? You see I remember your names," she smiled engagingly. "I am Mrs. Blaine, Molly's mother. She has told me what lovely girls you all are, and I want to shake hands with every one of you," and she gave each girl such a warm handclasp it was like a caress.

They tried to be as friendly as she was, but a peculiar uneasiness made them somewhat abashed.

"Won't you sit down?" said Jo, politely, and they all dropped into the chairs nearest them.

"I have been so happy to know that Molly found such a good place to board, and that the girls here were the right sort," Mrs. Blaine went on. "You see, she has told me all about your belonging to the Christian Endeavor Society, and attending Sunday school. Molly has never been away among strangers before in her life, and it means a whole lot to a girl to get started right, away from home. Molly is a little bit hard to get acquainted with at first, she is so shy; but she dearly loves a good time, and is as lively as anyone when she is herself. I suppose you have discovered that," and Mrs. Blaine looked at the girlish faces about her with a fond smile.

"Yes," replied Jo, in a small voice.

"She was a great favorite at home, if I do say it myself," confied Mrs. Blaine, "and I knew she would be so lonesome here at first; that she would make friends with any persons who showed themselves friendly. I have prayed every day since she left that she might not be led astray, but that she would be led into good company,

and I think you girls are the answer to my prayers," she concluded with a grave, sweet smile that was almost reverent.

The girls sat quiet still, feeling too conscience-stricken to speak at first. What had they done to welcome the stranger in their midst or keep her in the right path? Oh, their neglect was criminal carelessness, and if Molly went astray, it would be their fault! And Mrs. Blaine believed that their association with Molly was in answer to her prayers.

"I hope we may prove to be what you think," said Jo, impulsively, who was the first to recover her speech. "Does Molly know you are here? She has not come in yet."

"No. I thought I would surprise her," smiled Mrs. Blaine. I brought a few little things for you girls. It is not much I can do to show how I love you, but I know, when girls are boarding, something from home is a treat," and she handed Jo, who sat nearest her, the laden basket.

"It certainly is, and just to say 'Thank you' does not begin to express our appreciation. You are very kind; kinder than we deserve," said honest Jo. Mrs. Blaine shook her head negatively.

The door opened and Molly entered.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed, rushing past everyone and embracing her mother as if she would never let her go. "When did you come?" she asked presently. "Have you met the girls?"

"I have not been here very long, and I felt like I knew the girls without an introduction."

Molly looked around the room doubtfully, stiffering a little unconsciously.

"We had a lovely visit," put in Jo, with a warm smile, "and see what she brought us. I can scarcely wait to explore this tempting basket; but I'll tell you what let's do. I won't even peep into it till you all come to my room this evening, and we'll explore together. Will you?" and she looked directly at Molly.

"Yes," chorused all voices but one. Jo's steady gaze still rested on Molly, and the apeal in it deepened. It was as though she repeated her question to Molly alone.

"Yes," assented Molly, hesitatingly, and Jo was satisfied.

The girls filed out of the room and left the mother and daughter to enjoy their brief visit without the restraint of outsiders. They stopped at Jo's door of one acord, and followed her in.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Dorothy, "don't you feel too small and wicked for anything? Who are we that we should have passed judgment on Molly? Her mother is a sweet, refined little woman, and has brought up her daughter as carefully as any mother could, and we have been cruel in our criticism. She has got a wrong start here, and it's our fault for not taking care of her when she came as a stranger."

'Nice missionaries we are, I'll say," added Patty, in bitter self-approach. "We have made a serious mistake that ought to be a lesson to us all our lives. Do you suppose we can ever make it right with Molly? These girls from Greene's are her friends now, and it may be impossible to win her from them."

"The only way is to take her with us whenever we can, and so monopolize her that we'll just naturaly cut

the other crowd out," declared Jo.

"I agree with you," said Dorothy; "but we've got a man-size job on our hands now, as brother Fred would say, where it would have been so easy to manage in the beginning. We'll start right at it tonight, by being just as nice to her as we can, and then, let's see," she added thoughtfully, "there's the hike of the C. E.'s tommorrow night. Let's invite her to go with us, and coax her, if necessary."

If Molly's presence among them that evening was a damper on their spirits, they succeeded admirably in concealing the fact, and Molly's shyness gradually lessened under the glow of kindliness and good will that prevailed. The "ohs" and "ahs" of delight over the delicious cake, doughnuts little pies and chicken fried to perfection were like music in Molly's ears, for she thought her mother the best cook in the world. What a glowing account of the feast she wrote her mother, and how proudly she added that she had been invited to accompany them on the hike, and that she was going!

That hike marked a turning-point in Molly's life, for she had grown to believe that people in a city church were cold and stiff, and never had any pleasure. The spirit of good comradeship among the girls and boys of the C. E. Society was a revelation to her, and reminded her of the organnization at home. With friendly faces all about her, who took pains to make her one of them, and not a bystander, she toasted marshmalows and told stories with the rest. Jo looked at her in admiring approval, for Molly was no longer a "plain little thing," but, with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes, she was actually pretty.

On the way home, several of the young people urged her to come to the C. E. meeting the following Sunday, and Jo gave a great sigh of thankfulness when she promised to be there. She retired that night feeling that their "man-size job" was well started.

But in the morning a new difficulty appeared. She was a little late in getting off to the business college, and the other, girls, including Molly, had gone on ahead. Mrs. Leonard met her in the hall with a serious air.

"I want to speak to you about Molly Blaine," she began. "I noticed you girls took her out with you last evening, and, from what I have seen of the company she keeps, she is not the kind of a girl you are used to associating with. I've always been very careful about the girls I board, and have about decided to ask Molly to go somewhere else. Not that she would do anything actually wrong that I know of, but I don't like those girls at Greene's she runs with. I'm disappointed in Molly, for I thought she was different, but I felt that I ought to warn you."

"It's real good of you to care," said Jo, "and you are right in thinking Molly is different from those other girls. It's our fault that she goes with them, and we are going to make the effort of our lives to reclaim her. Won't you please, as a favor we'll all appreciate, let her stay with us?"

"Certainly, if you put it that way," responded Mrs. Leonard.

Jo went on with a very thoughtful face.

"Oh, how our mistakes may ruin another's life," she reflected. "If we had not come to the rescue, Molly would have been turned out of here, and where would she have gone? I am

so thankful our eyes were opened before it was too late. I think we have put Molly's feet on the right track, and we must see to it that they stay there," and her emphatic little nod showed her determination to carry out her words at all cost.

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR

But I think the King of that country comes out from his tireless host,
And walks in the world of the weary, as if he loved it the most;
And here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead;
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread;
He puts his hands to their burdens, and enters their homes at night;
Who does his best shall have as guest the Master of life and of light.

And courage will come with His presence, and patience returns at His touch,
And manifold sins be forgiven those who love Him much;
And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer,
For the toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince of Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work;
This in the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, and the blessing of earth is toil

—Henry van Dyke.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The following beautiful composition was captured during the War Between the States, in Charleston, S. C., by a brother of Mrs. S. B. Helmer, of Kendalville, Ind. It is printed on very heavy satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.

Thou, to the mercy seat our souls do gather,
to do our duty unto Thee—
To whom all praise, all honor, should be given,
for Thou art the Great God—
Thou, by the wisdom, rul'st the world's whole
frame forever, therefore—
Let never more delays divide us from Thy
glorious grace, but let—
Let Thy commands, opposed by none, but Thy
good pleasure, and—
And let our promptness to obey, be even the
very same—
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray, Thou
would'st be pleased to—
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
sufficient raiment, and—
With every needful thing do Thou relieve, And
of Thy mercy, pity—
All our misdeeds for Him, Thou didst please
to make an offering for—
And for as much as we believe that Thou will
pardon us—
Let that love teach wherewith Thou dost ac-
quaint us to pardon all—
And though, sometimes Thou find'st we have
forgot this love to Thee, yet help—
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
nor let earth's gain drive us,—
Let not the soul of any true believer fall in the
time of trial—
Yea, save them from malice of the devil and
both in life and death, keep—
Thus pray we Lord, for that of Thee, from
Whom this may be had—
This world is Thy work, its wondrous story to
Thee belongs—
And all Thy won'rous works have ended never,
but will remain forever and—
Thus we poor creatures would confess again
and thus say, eternally, Amen.

OUR FATHER:

WHO ART IN HEAVEN,

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

THY KINGDOM COME.

THY WILL BE DONE,

ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

GIVE US THIS DAY,

OUR DAILY BREAD,

AND FORGIVE US

OUR TRESPASSES,

AS WE FORGIVE

THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

AND LEAD US NOT

INTO TEMPTATION,

BUT DELIVER

US FROM EVIL,

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

FOREVER.

AMEN.

(Charleston, S. C., July 4, 1823)

ANOTHER INDUSTRY BECKONS

(Suffolk News-Herald)

The opening of a pulp mill at Franklin means another new industry not only for the people of that town, but for a wide community in Tidewater Virginia and North Carolina. To the farmers and other owners of timberland it brings another opportunity for the marketing of the products of the soil—a cash crop upon which they have not hitherto realized.

The local demand for pulp wood is going to be heavy. The price commanded for it will be attractive. And right here we want those who will supply this demand to stick a pin. Should they by the hope of reward be tempted to go into their woods and cut and slash mercilessly they will soon exhaust their supply and thereby kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Because it is feared that this course will be pursued by the thoughtless, the state extension forester has called upon the county agents in all the counties adjacent to the central plant to instruct land owners how to cut and market this valuable raw material. They will point out the danger of cutting the timber faster than it grows or faster than the market can consume it.

Meetings will be held in Southhampton, Isle of Wight, Nansemond and other sections which will be called upon to supply the pulp wood. The News-Herald hopes that all owners of timber lands will attend these meetings at which a definite policy will be outlined. The object is to adopt a course of procedure that will build a permanent and prosperous industry for the land owner, not merely a temporary boom.

The News-Herald is today printing the first of a series of articles bearing on the subject. The purpose is to point out to farmers how they can handle their forest lands on a crop basis and take from them a steady income without depleting their capital investment. Other articles will appear from time to time.

Foreign countries have conserved their pulp wood while we have wantonly destroyed ours. As a result they are selling paper to this country cheaper than we can produce it. We can meet this competition by adopting the same method. There is a way to eat our cake and have it too, paradoxical as it sounds, and it lies in intelligent cutting of growing timber.

It lies in not cutting it before it matures, thus keeping a constant supply coming on. The Franklin pulp mill will be a blessing to the farmers but only in proportion to the manner in which they handle and husband their timber. Learn how to do this and then proceed methodically and intelligently. In that way only can a permanent timber industry be established. It is for the land owners to save or squander their substance.

Hitting the high spots has landed many a man at the bottom.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have completed the erection of a much-needed wagon shed, to care for several new wagons recently purchased.

James Jordan, of Cottage N. 7, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Cabarrus County Hospital about ten days, ago, returned to the School last Wednesday. He is now in the "little white house," and is convalescing rapidly.

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, mechanical engineer with the State Budget Bureau, visited the School last Tuesday. The purpose of his visit was to inspect the refrigeration and sterilization equipment recently installed at the dairy.

Dr. E. A. Branch, head of the department of oral hygiene of the State Board of Health, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday morning. The genial doctor is a great favorite with the lads in the printing class and they are always glad to see him.

"Buck" Winkler, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School four years ago, was a visitor here last Wednesday. Since leaving us Buck has spent quite some time in C C C camps. At present he is employed at a Charlotte service station, but hopes to soon re-enter one of the camps.

We recently learned that James Watson O'Quinn, a former member of our printing class, who left the School in 1925, has been employed as shipping clerk for the Hollywood Lumber Company, near Miami, Florida, for the past three years. This information came from his father, who says Watson is getting along unusually well.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Longhurst, of Concord, for their gift of about thirty volumes, biography and fiction, to the King's Daughters Library here. This is a most welcome addition to our supply of reading material and we take this opportunity to express appreciation for our good friends' kindly interest in the youngsters at the School.

The dental clinic which has been going on at the School for several weeks, was closed today. Dr. L. E. Buie, under whose direction this work was done, stated that the teeth of every boy at the School was in excellent condition.

Dr. Buie, who has been conducting these clinics for several years, has

become a great favorite with both boys and officials of the School, and it is with regret that we announce his departure today.

Mr. Paul Caldwell, of Staten Island, N. Y., was a visitor at the School last Wednesday. "Dr. Paul" has been resident pharmacist at the famous Sailors' Snug Harbor for more than thirty-five years. He is a native of Cabarrus County, and on his annual trek to the Southland to spend his vacation with relatives, he seldom fails to include a visit to the School.

He is a great lover of children, and for many years has has kept up what he calls his private mailing list, sending comic and rotogravure sections of the Sunday editions of various New York papers to several institutions in this state. The Training School boys are very glad to be included in this group.

The Kannapolis Juniors furnished the opposition for the Training School ball tossers on Friday of last week, and received a real shellacing in a five-inning game by the score of 13 to 0.

Charlie Furchess attended to the pitching duties for the School lads and turned in a fine performance, allowing but two singles, and causing seven Junior batters to retire via the old strike-out route.

McDaniels started on the mound for the visitors but was driven to cover in the third frame, Holloway taking his place. Both pitchers were wild, issuing six free tickets to first base and turning loose a couple of wild pitches.

The School boys connected for eight base knocks, including a home run, triple and three doubles. Mobley, center fielder, headed the local hitters, crashing out a round-trip blow and a double; Furchess hit a double and single. The score:

		R	H	E
Kannapolis	0 0 0 0 0 —	0	2	3
J. T. S.	2 6 5 0 x —	13	8	0

Under the direction of Mr. R. D. Goodman, county farm demonstration agent, the Cabarrus County Educational Farm Tour got under way yesterday morning. This program was planned to cover the leading farm enterprises and better farming practices in the county, and visits were made to a number of outstanding farms. The purpose of this tour was to give interested farmers an opportunity to observe the prominent features at each farm.

The Jackson Training School farm was the first stop on the schedule. Here the members of the party took special note of orchard management and poultry range shelter.

The tour lasted all day, ten farms being visited, and the following features studied:

Reclaiming waste land. Permanent pastures. Dairying. Corn raising. Producing farm work stock. Cotton variety tests. Ten years continuous grain and lespedeza demonstrations. Results of proper pruning, spraying and orchard management. Care and management of poultry flocks. Silage corn. Phosphate demonstrations.

Growing pigs on pasture. 4-H calf club products.

Rev. L. I. Echols, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Calling special attention to the words of the Master, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost," Rev. Mr. Echols made a most interesting and helpful talk to the boys.

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker told a story of a man who was lost out in the woods. This man was helpless and it was hard for him to recognize the things which would lead him safely home. As he went about in the woods he came to a crooked hickory tree. Taking this as a starting point, he began his journey, hoping to reach home in a short time. He traveled for hours and then found himself back at the bent hickory tree. He had been traveling in a cricle. This was repeated ten times before he found his way out. It is very hard for a person to find his way out of dense woods. People in such circumstances often fail to recognize their own homes viewed at a distance.

The people of today are very much like the man lost in the woods, continued Rev. Mr. Echols. Many of them are wandering aimlessly about. They are traveling in circles, getting nowhere, and fail to recognize and take into consideration the things necessary to lead them home to God. They are so absorbed with the scenes and occurrences of everyday life that they forget the opportunity of that great salvation and home that is prepared for them in heaven.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Echols stated that the only way for us to find our way out of the jungle of false teachings which infest the world today, is to follow the course laid out by Jesus, who came into the world to save those who are lost.

YOU

When troubles seem to be piling,
  And everything seems to go wrong;
Instead of the frown, keep smiling,
  Change that grumble to a song.

Should you think some one dislikes you,
  Place that thought upon a shelf;
Have you ever stopped to think, it's true
  That it could be yourself?

—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending August 29, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) J. C. Cox 12
(13) Edward Johnson 13
(10) Carl Kepley 12
(5) Edward Lucas 7

COTTAGE No. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Kenneth Conklin 3
Neely Dixon 12
Charles Furchess 8
Julian Gregory 7
Max Hedrick 5
Edgar Hatley 6
F. E. Mickle 3
Robert Maultsby 3
James McCune 6
William McRary 4
William New 4
Frank Pickett 10
John Piner 8
Burl Smathers 5
Allen Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 2
Garrett Bishop 7
Paul Briggs 2
Lewis Donaldson 7
(6) James Hancock 10
Hugh Kennedy 2
(3) John King 4
(3) John King 4
Thomas Little 11
Thomas Maness 7
(2) Hubert McCoy 5
Thomas Stephens 8
(2) William Surratt 3
(3) Melvin Walters 11
(2) Odell Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 5

Colby Buchanan 2
(2) James Page 2
Richard Singletary
(8) Jack Tate 8

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Lacy Burleson 10
(13) Robert Bryson 13
(13) Fletcher Castlebury 13
Robert Dunning 4
Robert Dellinger 3
Thomas Doby 8
Frank Glover 9
Roscoe Honeycutt 3
Jack Harward 4
Leonard Jacobs 10
Clinton Keen
(2) Joseph Sanford 7
Canipe Shoe 5
(2) William Wilson 3
(2) Woodrow Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 3
Archie Castlebury 5
James Davis 2
Fred Dysen 6
Giles Green 8
Caleb Hill 11
Lloyd Hite 3
Hugh Johnson 8
Robert Lawrence 6
Kenneth Messick 7
J. C. Mobley 9
Milton Pickett 4
J. D. Powell 6
Wallace Smith 6
William Young 7

COTTAGE No. 8

Wilfred Land 7
(4) Charles Taylor 11

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Wilson Bowman 2
(2) J. T. Branch 7
(2) Thomas Braddock 10
(4) Edgar Burnette 8
(4) James Coleman 9

(13) Randolph Davis 13
(4) Woodfin Fowler 12
(6) Mark Jones 8
(2) Elbert Kersey 5
(3) Eugene Presnell 6
(9) Homer Smith 12

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 6
Earl Atwood 9
Glenn Collins 7
Edward Chapman 8
William Knight 6
Edward E. Murray 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Bryant 4
(4) Howard Clark 11
(9) John Drum 11
(2) Lawrence Guffey 8
(4) Albert Goodman 4
(3) William Martin 10
(3) Filmore Oliver 9
(4) N. C. Webb 9
(13) Fred Williamson 13

COTTAGE No. 12

Marvin Edwards 6
Charlton Henry 7
Richard Honeycutt 4
(2) Hubert Holloway 10
(2) Frank Lewis 8
Asbury Marsh 4
Ewin Odom 6
Lonnie Sloan 8
Charles Williams 4
Ross Young 6

COTTAGE No. 13

(5) Fletcher Boggs 12
(4) Clarence Douglas 8
Harry Flowe 7
Willard Garrett 7
(5) Robert Hailey 11
(3) Isaac Hendren 6
Irvin Medlin 2
(5) Claudius Pickett 10

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell 4
(2) Fred Clark 6
(3) Lee Dowless 7
(2) Spurgeon Dowless 6
Doyle Holder 9
James Kirk 6
John Robbins 7
(2) James Stepp 5
(2) William Warf 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 10
(2) Warren Bright 8
(2) John Brown 9
(2) Hobart Gross 8
Hoyt Hollifield 3
(2) Caleb Jolly 11
Connie Michael 9
(2) Raymond Mabe 6
Alvin Powell 6
Wallace Sommers 6
Richard Thomas 2
(2) Robert Wilson 7

THE HAPPIEST MAN

The happiest man in the world is the common, every-day chap who makes his own living, pays his bills, has little money as he goes along, but doesn't strive to get a corner on the local output, and is a slave neither to ambition nor society. He loves his God and his fellow man, thinks "there is no place like home," the haven of rest, prefers the company of his family to that of anyone else, never has to sit up nights to poultice his conscience, believes in the doctrine of live and let live, and when he encounters one of the needy he doesn't stutter with his pocketbook. The plain man is happy to be satisfied and does not spend the best of his life yearning for things four sizes too large for him.—Selected.

SEP 17 1937

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 11, 1937 No. 37

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FLOWERS OF LOVE

Give the living the flowers of love,
  Let their perfume fill the air,
And their sweetness and beauty cheer
  Hearts that are hardened with care.

Give the living the flowers of love,
  Let each day hold in store
Some memory of kindness done,
  To those who go before.

Give the living the flowers of love;
  Oh, bitter the tears that fall
For thoughtless acts and cruel words,
  When death has ended all!

—Jennie L. Lyall.

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A DAY'S GIFTS

I know a lovely lady, and her name is Every Day;
Each morn she comes to greet me in her pleasant, gracious way.
She always leaves a package that's securely wrapped up tight—
It's her gift of hours and minutes that she loans me until night.

I open up my gift as soon as sleep can leave my eyes,
And usually each hour of it contains a nice surprise.
Not more than one gift at a time am I allowed to see,
And it's fun to guess and wonder what the next is going to be.

The first hour brings my breakfast and a bird's sweet morning song;
And then I go to school and take my package right along.
If I've been good, my next few gifts are lessons all well learned;
At last, when school is over, my playtime gift I've earned.

If there is one gift I don't like, I am never sad,
For nearly all Day's packages hold things that make me glad.
And when I go to bed at night, I don't forget to say,
"Thank you for gifts of happiness you've brought me, Lovely Day."

—Naomi P. Jones.

PARENTS TO BLAME

In the press, lectures, sermons and elsewhere parents are severely scored for the misfits of childhood. The premise of all arguments holds to the fact that parents over-indulge in social activities to the extent of overlooking the fundamentals of a useful and heathful life.

A social welfare worker and a school teacher of California, Berdina Anderson, who for several years has been assigned to the motion picture studios, Hollywood, to supervise the education and

physical well-being of children in pictures, thinks ambitious parents (ambitious in the superlative and broad sense) are to blame for exploiting children.

Instead of giving children their rightful inheritance,—training in the essentials that qualify them for the necessary activities in the home, community and church,—time and talents are dissipated for a good time so there is neither adaptability nor endurance to meet emergencies. The long experience of Miss Anderson with parents of children who depend entirely on the earnings of their children in movies, or other work, convinces her that the ambition of parents and not the activities of the youths, hamper and retard the natural developments.

Miss Anderson does not mind parents living off the revenue realized from trained dogs, penguins or movie parrots, but when they train children specifically to support them, she sees red. The natural conclusion drawn from the argument of the Hollywood teacher is that children are far better off engaged in some wholesome work than roaming the streets, and thinks rightful place for children is the home, engaged in back yard sports, under the direct supervision of parents.

Play is essential for all children, she emphasizes. She enlarges on the subject in the following words:

"No little child needs a trip to Hawaii half as much as she needs sunshine and play in her own back yard. The parents may have enjoyed the trip, but the money to go there now would be of educational and cultural value to this girl."

As for their school work, Miss Anderson says that movie children are smarter, with a quicker perception, than average children. They pass intelligence tests with flying colors. But later on they fail to stand the grind of "higher education."

"Probably this is because during their impressionable years, they learn to expect everything to be easy," she explains. "As adolescence slips up on them, they usually leave pictures and enter a regular school. But they are not fitted to mingle with their normal school-mates who likely regard them with envious curiosity.

"I feel only pity for these children, only contempt for their short-sighted parents."

SCRAP IRON

Doubtless the United States will learn to conserve much that is going to waste if the thrift of Japan is observed. There has been a constant buying of scrap iron in this country and used in the manufacture of armanents by Nippon. If this scrap iron can be used by Japan in emergency cases of defense why could not the United States conserve waste material for some purpose?

Since the first of the year 60,000 tons of scrap iron were shipped from Tampa; since the first of the year, Boston reported that nearly 45,000 and Charleston shipped about 16,000 tons sent to Japan.

During the last congressional session, there was agitation to stop exports of such material, on the ground that it was needed in the United States, but nothing resulted from the movement. From statistics one learns that Japan is pretty well stocked with scrap iron and steel. Why worry? Few know little as to the questions of national issues, and less about the international affairs. We do know though that Japan believes in preparedness and never misses an opportunity to know existing conditions in other countries.

* * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF WALNUT SHELLS

It is not unusual to hear the expression that meat packers use everything except the squeal. After learning of the many valuable by-products of the walnut, one will comment that the walnut folks use all of the walnut except the crack.

It is surprising these days to learn of the useful and valuable by-products manufactured from what was once merely waste, and what even seems scarcely worth working over. For example the California walnut growers' cooperative find walnut-shells, usually thrown to the trash heap, have commercial value. The inquiring mind of the scientist finds that finely ground walnut shells can be used as the abrasive part of toothpaste and as the cohesive quality in plastics and roofing materials.

The defective kernels of the walnuts also have value. The oil is pressed from them which is sold to soap and paint manufacturers. Furthermore, it is discovered the walnut kernal is rich in nitrogen-

ous protein, therefore, when properly treated can be used for livestock feed.

Each day the progress of science reveals startling facts which, when developed contribute to the essentials of life. The by-products of the walnut is just one of the many by-products, now essentials, realized from vegetables, and other fruits of the soil too numerous to be written.

* * * * * * *

Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury under three presidents; a staunch Republican; a leading figure in aluminum industry; made a fortune on oil and aluminum; one of the wealthiest men of the world, passed away last week at the age of eighty-two years and known to be a man of few words but accomplished much.

His one ambition was to live to see the completion of the building of a national art gallery recently presented to the United States government, the nucleus of the gallery will be priceless paintings of great artists for which he paid more than $50,000,000. This art gallery would eventually overshadow the famous ones of Europe.

The city of Pittsburgh owes much to him, having been a pioneer in that city of all industrial interests and developments of the country. His benefactions ran into the millions. Doubtless he received great satisfaction in amassing his fortune and at the time of his passing there was much joy in realizing he had contributed to the advancement of civilization in a cultural as well as other ways that will never be known.

* * * * * * *

We hear of occasional dancing classes in the many cities, and small towns of the many communities without any estimate of the number of children and young people who are availing themselves of the privilege of becoming artists in the many special dances in vogue.

Just lately the "Dancing Teachers Business Association" has just held a convention in Park Central Hotel, New York. And are they pleased with results according to reports?

The statistics show that more than 6,000,000 adults and children

are even now through the summer heat enrolled in some dancing school, of which 3,120,000 are children. This boom is attributed to the ambitious parents anxious to place their children in the movies, ballets and similar enterprises. And would you believe it that more $100,000,000 is spent annually by the American public for dancing lessons?

Never before has dancing for pure enjoyment had such tremendous vogue. Tap-dancing by far has the lead of all others. Just register the thought if you wish—anxious mothers have a dream of exploiting their children as stars in the movies or something similar.

* * * * * * *

THE EDITOR'S JOB

Most anyone can be an editor. All you've got to do is sit at a desk 12 months in the year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek, let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Piletown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday."

"Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week, looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square."

"Ike Trimmer, of Running Creek, was playing with a cat Firday when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. Frond, while harnessing a horse last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib."—Selected.

TELLS OLD LEGEND OF BROWN MOUNTAIN

By Miriam Glover

Shepherd M. Dugger, author of "The Balsam Groves of Grandfather Mountain" and "War Trails of the Blue Ridge," called at Pinnacle Inn last week and told many interesting stories of the history of the mountains, among them a little-known legend of the famous lights of Brown mountain.

Mr. Lugger, who will soon celebrate his 83rd birthday, is spending the summer in Banner Elk which has been his home since childhood. He is an authority on the mountains, and his books of this section are widely read for their rich content of history and descriptions of mountain life as he knew it in the past. His parents before him lived here, and he can remember farther back than almost any other citizen of Banner Elk. He receives many letters of inquiry about this section every year.

Sitting on a porch of Pinnacle Inn and looking across the hills to his favorite mountain, Beech, Mr. Lugger told a legend of the Brown mountains lights, which may have been proved by myth but are watched for by hundreds of interested people every year. The legend does not attempt to explain the lights, but is simply an accident said to have occurred long ago in connection with them, and told in the mountains.

"Over on Jones Ridge (several miles from Banner Elk near Linville Falls) a man killed his wife about 60 years ago," Mr. Lugger said. 'That is she disappeared, and everybody thought he killed her. The whole community helped to search the mountain side but they couldn't find the body of the woman. One dark night while they were searching the hills, some strange lights appeared right over Brown mountain. They weren't like any lights anyone had ever seen before. Those who hadn't seen them wouldn't believe the ones who said they had, but pretty soon nearly everybody had seen them for themselves. Some got scared and said that the lights were the spirit of the dead woman come back to haunt her murderer, or to keep people from searching for her. The search ended without anyone's seeing any trace of her except some blood stains on a stile. Her husband said that they were from a pig he had butchered a few days before.

"A little while after that, a stranger in town left with a fine horse and wagon that had belonged to the missing woman's husband. The husband said that the stranger had bought them, but everyone knew that he had no money. He was never heard of again, and folks assumed that he had helped with the murder or known of it, and had been bribed to leave.

"The lights have been seen ever since, they say. No one had ever seen them before that time. They weren't car lights, as some believe, because that was long before the days of automobiles in this country."

Was the body of the woman ever found? Yes, said Mr. Lugger, they found her bones under a cliff long years after. That's the end of the

story, which is still told by the people of that section.

Besides giving this account of the Brown Mountain Lights, which he believes exist, Mr. Dugger told interesting stories of the past here. It is with regret, he says, that he has seen civilization come into the mountains to change them from their state of 50 years ago when the only vehicles that could traverse the hills were ox-carts, and when the forests were not yet destroyed by ax or five and were filled with every sort of wild game.

Speaking of the hunting here in the past, Mr. Dugger described the time when grouse and wild turkeys were common, and bears were not an unusual sight. There are now many grouse at Banner Elk to attract sportsmen, but in the past there were also wild turkey. With a smile, Mr. Dugger told of a winter day on which he hunted turkeys on Beech Mountain. "There was deep snow on the mountain," he said, "and I took my gun and started to he top. I didn't get any turkeys that day, but I did find out that there were many turkeys there. So I got up at 4 o'clock the next morning, and climbed back up Beech. It was cold, and I froze the toes of both feet—but killing some of those turkeys was worth it."

SUCH QUAINT NOTIONS

We keep thinking about those Amish and Mennonite farmers in Pennsylvania who traveled down to Washington to ask the government not to help their community build a $125,000 PWA consolidated school.

They don't believe in borrowing money, or taking it as a gift, even from the government. They have nobody on relief in their township, and they don't want anybody to go on relief. They don't want luxuries and conveniences, pleasure automobiles, radios, movies. They don't want their children riding in busses to consolidated schools—would rather have them walk to old-fashioned schools nearer their homes, because the children "will grow up to be farmers and they must have strong legs."

We keep smiling at the quaintness of such notions. These Amishmen and Mennonites, clinging to strict observance of ancient beliefs, are depriving themselves of so many modern advantages. The more progressive rest of us can't help feeling a little sorry for them, as well as amused by them. And yet, while in Washington, they seemed very cheerful. They kept smiling, and their smiles were broadest when they started home. It suggests a faintly disturbing thought:

Maybe they think we're funny, too.

New York World-Telegram.

BLOOD ON WHITE MARSH ROAD

By Daisy Nurney, in Richmond Times-Dispatch

Winding out from Suffolk, toward the South, is a road of battle and blood, mystery and romance, two centuries old, along which have traveled the statesman, the warrior, the lover, the murderer with hands red with the life blood of his victim, the miser, and the staid Virginia farmer — The White Marsh road, leading down to North Carolina.

Far back in the infancy of this country, this old post road was the main thoroughfare between the colonies of Virginia and North Carolina. All down the years it has teemed with commerce, and now with a recent hard surface, is again coming into its own.

Upon its rough and sandy surface have rolled the wheels of the coach of the wealthy planter, of the early seventeen hundreds; over it rode the Father of His Country in his early manhood; down this highway traveled Tom Moore, the great Irish poet, bound to Lake Drummond, where, inspired by is mystic beauty, he penned his immortal poem, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

Out on this road in 1803 or just before, lived a young man and his sweetheart who died. He lost his reason and disappeared from his friends. As in his ravings he had frequently said that the girl was not dead, but had gone to the Dismal Swamp, the lover was supposed to have wandered away and to have perished in its dreadful morasses.

This story was told to Tom Moore on his visit and on this theme he wrote the lines:

"They made her grave too cold and damp
For a soul so loving and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"He saw the lake, and a meteor bright,
Quick over its surface played—
'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light'
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

"Till he hollowed a boat of birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far, he followed the meteor spark—
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp
And paddle their white canoe."

Over this road came the fishermen from the North Carolina sounds with their cartloads of herring, stopping at each door and landing at the markets of Suffolk, Portsmouth and Norfolk. They came with gay song and laughter, in their "covered carts," many of which had covers of patchwork quilts, making, along the old road, a kaleidoscope of color, with their loads of fish for the "city folk."

Their return was another thing. They purchased, with other merchandise, a consignment of liquor, and the return trip over the White Marsh road was often a saturnalia which caused the quiet residents to stay within doors.

Far back in Colonial days, when along the White Marsh road lived the aristocrats of the county in their spacious country homes, bordered by

miles of fertile farm lands, with lively slave quarters in the rear of the great house, to the present day, it has been a land of mystery.

Perhaps the fact that every home was but a scant distance from that great, tangled wilderness, famous all over the country for its dark jungles, and having as its center a lake of surpassing beauty, has made the White Marsh Road unlike any other that traversed this section.

From the Dismal Swamp would be heard on clear nights, the shrieks of the catamount, the growls of the brown bear, the mad laughter of thousands of owls, the cries of queer birds and animals—and the same condition exists today.

One hears from old residents stories of battles fought along this roadway; of terrible crimes that have sent frightened messengers scurrying away to Suffolk in search of help; or hidden gold believed to be buried on these old farms; of strange tales of happenings that border on the supernatural.

Col. William Byrd, founder of Richmond, traveled over the White Marsh road in 1728. Colonel Byrd was in charge of the detail of engineers and their helpers who were surveying the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. He rode horseback until he reached the point now known as Corapeake, where his men came in from the Dismal Swamp and the Ore-Peake Swamp (now spelled Corapeake) his wagon trains of provisions trailing behind him.

These swamps, formerly the bugbear of the traveler, who knew that after heavy rains they would have to be forded, are now bridged and conditions are modern. But there are persons who remember when one drove through the deep amber water, characteristic of this section, bordering on the Dismal, with feet tucked high in the buggy, water coming over the hubs of the wheels.

Along the side of the road was a single board used as a foot path, and here walked the timid maids and their swains, in those faraway days, when Virginia was young.

Over the White Marsh road in 1730 traveled Governor Everhard of North Carolina, and his family, in their lumbering coach, on their way to visit the Meade family who lived at Mount Pleasant, near Suffolk. Governor Everhard was then living in Edenton, North Carolina.

It was on this visit to the Meade home that Susanna Everhard met and fell in love with a younger son of the Meade family, and when the vessel came which was to take the Governor and his family back to Old England, Susanna and her lover begged for permission to marry and remain in the new country.

This permission was given and the wedding was celebrated with the pomp and ceremony of the day, Susanna Meade was the ancestress of Everhard Meade and others of that illustrious family, and she too, traveled the White Marsh road on her visits to her father's State, North Carolina.

No less personage than George Washington himself was a constant rider over the White Marsh road; in 1763 when the Dismal Swamp Company was organized and George Washington was sent down to survey the canal by which their lumber was to be shipped out of the swamp over to the mills, the great Virginian rode horseback to the head of the ditch which at that time and for many years, crossed the White Marsh, and then went on straight as

an arrow, into the very heart of the wilderness, to the lake.

Lake parties who desired to get to the swamp by the Washington ditch, used to drive out on the White Marsh road to the home of the late James H. Holland, where they walked down a rough path to the head of the ditch. Years ago they took their canoes and flat bottomed boats at this point, and on to the lake.

Around 1763 to the head of the Washington ditch stood a settlement called "Dismaltown," composed of more than one hundred houses, in which lived the workers of the Dismal Swamp Land Company.

"Dismaltown" is shown on a map of this area, drawn by French engineers attached to the American cause, during the Revolution, and kept in the archives at Paris.

Even today, the diligent historian might dig up some of the old logs of the foundations of Dismaltown.

There lived Col. John Washington, one of the promoters of the Dismal Swamp Land Company, and a distant relative of George Washington, who left Dismaltown and went into the American forces in the Revolutionary War.

Churches sprang up in this section of well-to-do planters, and not only the Church of England, but those of other denominations were prosperous and well attended.

In 1780, over the White Marsh road went two men, destined to wield an influence, not only within their own States, but over all of their country.

These two men were Bishop Asbury, great exponent of Methodism, and James O'Kelly, the founder of the Christian church.

These two men, whose names are venerated today in hundreds of churches all over the United States, met after a ride over the White Marsh road, at Cypress Chapel.

James O'Kelly, declaring the right of the church to govern itself and disclaiming the authority of bishops, founded a church which is growing and becoming a power in religious life all over the country, and which is especially strong in this section.

The time of the Revolution saw many skirmishes occur on this road between the British and the milita and one of the notable farms on the White Marsh received its name. 'Soldier's Hope," from one of these skirmishes.

This old farm is still a monument to the age and history of the old highway.

The handsome home was burned in the days when Longstreet's army retreated from Suffolk, and the Federals advanced. Enormous cedar trees which once marked the approach to the house are standing in solitary grandeur; the remains of the sunken gardens where the wealth and culture of another generation played are still visible; the bricked-in graveyard is over grown with bamboo vines and tangled shrubs.

On the blackened stones are the names of the Riddicks and the Whiteheads dating back to 1796.

The White Marsh road has been the scene of terrible murders. In 1873, all Suffolk was horrified when a breathless rider dashed into the then sleepy village with the news that Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Dozier, two prominent women living on the White Marsh road, not far from Cypress, had been murdered. Crowds flocked

to the scene of the crime. The luckless victims, both on their kness, were found with their heads crushed with an axe.

The family had gone to church, and the two ladies, mother and daughter, with their Bibles on their laps, remained at home for quiet devotion. The crime was committed on June 1, 1873. After two days suspicion centered on Jim Brown, a trusted Negro servant, who had been most active in his grief and zealous in his efforts to help the amateur detectives.

He was apprehended, tried and convicted, and executed in the old jail yard in Suffolk, all within the space of forty-one days, showing that justice was less laggard then than now.

On this same road, in the early seventies, William Brothers, a wealthy planter, was attacked by Jim and Harvey, two Negroes. His hand was cut from the wrist and he was left for dead.

Another frightened servant, who saw the dripping hand, picked it up and running to the house, threw it at the horrified mistress with the cry —"Here's Marster's hand—but where is Marster?"

Mr. Brothers recovered consciousness and managed to make his way to his brother's home, where he was restored to life but never again to health.

Here lived another Virginia character of those days, whose duty it was to apprehend runaway slaves. This man, whose descendants still live in this part of Virginia, was called by the Negroes the "paterole." He is said to have found a slave once hidden in a clump of grass in the Dismal Swamp. But the water was high about him, neck deep, and the "paterole" did not want to try it.

When he returned with the warrant he wrote on it some words that for generations have caused a smile to come to the lips of attorneys who have found them in searching old records—"Seeable, but not Comeatable.

On August 7, 1920, Charles Wolfrey, a farmer of the White Marsh Road coming to his home from the Suffolk market, with the proceeds of his day's sales in his pockets, was shot to death. His lifeless body was found early Sunday morning, by his bachelor brother, when the mule, with the cart containing its gruesome load was found standing at the barn door.

Stories of the strange life led by the two brothers who toiled day and night, and who were believed to have considerable money buried on the farm or hidden about their persons, are thought to have furnished a motive for this crime which remains an unsolved mystery.

In 1932, tragedy again stalked on the White Marsh road—Mrs. Mary Hyatt and her son, Jesse Hyatt, were burned to death, in their home, which caught fire, and the two, trapped in the blazing home, or else stupefied with smoke, were rendered unconscious and were unable to escape.

Old stories of hidden gold bring back the old days of Blackbeard the pirate—and a story is told of one of the old farms on White Marsh Road, where it is said, the family sitting around the big kitchen fireplace, saw a sheepskin bag fall from one of the rafters, and breaking open as it struck the old brick hearth, spilled a lot of old Spanish gold coins about the feet of the astonished and terror stricken group.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

(The Lutheran)

You recall Paul's reference to past events in the history of the Jewish people and his statement, "These things were written for our admonition." In a sort of parallel we recall to your memory that lesson which God taught His prophet Elijah when after the mighty wind, the earthquake and the fire, the counsel he needed was given him in "the still small voice." We suggested that for most of us the best of wisdom is the fruit of quiet meditation. Noise, clamor and confusion rarely do more than warn.

We state the occasion for that assertion. On September 6 (Labor Day) one could, by means of newspapers and radio, come to the conclusion that the world is in a terrible and terrifying situation. The awful internal conflict in Spain, the threats of war in the adjoining countries in Europe are before everybody's eyes. Less vicious but none the less disquieting are the rival claims of partisan political leaders each of whom foresaw national chaos, unless his group was entrusted with government. Economic debates, growing in bitterness among the disputants as each accuse the others of broken promises, exploiting policies and destructive designs, suggesting the possibilities of civil war. And not the least disheartening to the observer were the careless crowds traveling madly from resorts of extravagant pleasure, dissipating their energies as well as their hard-earned money and producing accidents more destructive of life than actual combat. Unreasoning partisanship, hate-making prejudices and unrestrained, reckless passions are the storm, the fire, and the earthquakes of a social world. How shall one find God? How shall one find himself?

It is on September 6 that we are writing. In our part of the country all nature smiles upon man and his doings that day. The blue of the sky, the leaves of the trees and the warmth of the sun first provided and then pointed to the reign of order and peace. Noise and confusion were superficial, man-made and man-sought. And when one's meditations turned from the testimony of nature to rest upon the contents of mind and heart—if one went deeply into his soul—he became independent of the discordant noises and contending forces that disturb both faith and courage. One man's thoughts were turned to a loved one to whom an incurable disease was bringing that conclusion we call death. But beyond consciousness of gnawing pain and the interruption of plans for kinfolk and friends, there was the assurance which God gives to His children in their lives—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, thou art with me." Of what importance are political campaigns and international problems when that still small voice whispers. "Lo, I am with you alway"?

Even one's routine of work has its soothing messages. We sometimes think cynically of the trouble to which people go in order "to enjoy themselves." On the nights of September 5 and 6, at summer resorts folk slept on beach chairs and in automobiles

and elbowed each other on the crowded walks. Doubtless home and job were attractive by contrast when each slipped into his or her accustomed duties. The habits needed for industry, if rightly formed and appreciated, isolate and insulate us from much that is meaningless and aggravating.

But nearest and clearest and dearest to one's soul is the wisdom of God brought to us in quiet hours spent in thinking of His truths. How marvelous in a noisy world is the sanctuary of the spirit! Here to a greater degree than anywhere else is one at complete ease with himself. And if he has that gift from on high which enables him to recognize the language of the Master Who has come to visit him, nothing else matters. Ah, here is where knowing the Bible is the "gift of tongues" to the believer. Between God and man, the latter knowing the Word and sincere in his faith, there is a communion so close that unto the finite comes from the infinite "What eye hath not seen nor ear heard," yet it is the voice that inspires the prophet, supports the martyr, beckons the sufferer and greets the servant done with his toil.

God does not take us out of our world. We shall not escape the clash of the street, the noise of the crowds nor the babbles of confused leadership. We need not expect dictators to be silenced, demagogues to become reasonable and visionaries to correct their descriptions of distasters or utopias. (But what we can have in the midst of it all is access to the quiet place where the still small voice will guide us along the pilgrim path to God.) To turn folk toward this is, the first, though not the last, duty the greatest though not the only privilege, the required though not the sole concern of the church. When a person knows how and when to hear and understand God's still small voice coming with meditation on His Word, then that man is safe. He can be tempted, but not destroyed. He can be driven back, but not defeated. He can make mistakes but with God's help, he will correct them.

And the fascinating beauty of it all is that under proper guidance anyone, and everyone everywhere can hear and be inspired by this still small voice. For with God there is not respect of persons. It is the blessed commonness and wide distribution of hearing Him that justly urges suspicion of persons who claim to have the ear of God to an exclusive degree. Generally speaking, divine truth is so closely at hand, and God's presence is so easily found that when we hear a man claim that he and he alone is in touch with God, we are sure he has either mistaken his own impulses for guidance or he is trying to make us the victims of our desire to know Him.

Friendliness pays in a material as well as a spiritual sense. It pays whether one be prince or pauper, minister plenipotentiary, or the most menial servant. None can afford to be without it. Friendliness is not a lone star; it is one of a constellation. Its sister stars are kindliness, neighborliness, and cheeriness; they are scarcely less luminous.—Selected.

SHALL OUR HIGHWAYS BE SCENIC OR SIGNIC?

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Shall Virginia's highways be scenic or signic?

That's the question thousands of Virginia clubwomen are asking nominees for the general assembly today. And woe be unto the politico who hesitates to come forward with an emphatic vote for unmarred nature. The women promise, like the goblins, to get him if he doesn't watch out.

And a score of organized groups, many of them for men only, are patting the determined women on the back and lending substantial support where needed in the war on unrestricted billboards.

The reason the state's clubwomen after the solons just now is that they are after the solons just now is that they intend to present a bill before the 1938 General Assembly similar to the measure defeated at the 1936 session.

Two years have changed conditions considerably and the women will be as well organized to press for passage of their bill as the outdoor advertising interest will be for opposing it. Since the 1936 defeat the billboard's foes have organized themselves into the Associated Clubs of Virginia For Roadside Development. The organization is as impressive as its name.

Backing the billboard control movement are such state agencies and organizations as the Virginia State Planning Board, State Commission on Conservation and Development, Automobile Club of Virginia, Inc., an AAA branch; State Federation of Business and Professional Women Clubs, Virginia Nurserymen's Association, Citizens Road League of Virginia, Virginia Federation of Negro Garden Clubs, Virginia Chapter, American Institute of Architects, Albermarle Art League and Fairfax Chamber of Commerce.

In addition to these organized groups the clubwomen have the backing of a men's executive committee headed by C. O'Conor Goolrick, of Fredericksburg and containing a dozen outstanding leaders in as many phases of Virginia life.

If the above groups have any influence at Richmond, the subcommittee of the senate's judiciary committe will not get by easily by failing to report the proposed billboard control bill.

Here's what the associated clubs want in the way of legislation Their bill would require: 1. Written permission from property owners must be obtained before a permit for a sign is granted. 2. Billboard companies must pay a state license fee and permit fee for each sign erected. 3. Signs must be set back from right-of-way, particularly on curves and at intersections. 4. The bill is to be enforced by the State Highway Commissioner.

The association is quick to point out that they see regulation only on the roadsides corporate limits. Cities and towns already have the right, through action of their city and town councils, to regulate signs and billboards within city or town limits. The

association is interested in the countryside. Their bill would not bar signs advertising products sold on the premises.

Through this section of the state the anti-billboards bill is being given the hearty support of the section's strongest women's organizations. The potent Federation of Home Demonstration Clubs are actively behind the measure in the counties while the cities fine garden clubs and the federated Women's Clubs actively supporting the measure and the Business and Professional Women lending support.

Organized women already are writing to Senator E. E. Holland while Suffolk and Nansemond women are giving E. Jordan Taylor a sample mail from his constitutents-to-be. In Isle of Wight the women are telling Delegate A. E. S. Stephens and in Southampton newly renomiated Delegate John M. Britt, of Boykins is beginning to get letters.

The women mean business about the billboards. They are calling attention to the fact that tourist trade is the second largest of the Old Dominion's industries and, with fair treatment, the traffic may be increased far beyond the 16,000,000 who came here last year.

How many of those 16,000,000 came to see a bill-board plastered highway? the women ask. The answer has not been heard. But the question goes on and will continue to be asked until the 1938 General Assembly does something about the unwanted billboards.

MY NEIGHBOR'S ROSES

The roses red upon my neighbor's vine
Are owned by him, but they are also mine;
His was the cost, and his the labor, too,
But mine as well as his the joy, their loveliness to view.

They bloom for me, and are for me as fair
As for the man who gives them all his care.
Thus I am rich, because a good man grew
A rose-clad vine for all his neighbors' view.

I know from this that others plant for me,
And what they own, my joy may also be;
So why be selfish, when so much that's fine
Is grown for you, upon your neighbor's vine.

—Abraham Gruber.

FAITH

By H. J. Nitzsche, in O. P. News

What is faith? A confidence in nature's hints of a better day; firm belief that beyond this veil of mortality there is an abiding home. Faith carries on where reason is halted by its limitations. Faith, as we understand it, is not contrary to reason but above it, as the heavens are above the earth. Without faith there would be no progress.

The rainbow, spanning the skies after the summer storm, is a promise of coming fair weather. We have faith in promises that invaribly are kept. We have faith in our friends because we have found them to be honorable and thus worthy of confidence.

Even when we place one foot before the other with the intention of going somewhere, we act thus because we have faith in our locomotive power. There's hardly anything we do but what the factor of faith comes into play. When we listen to the teacher's instruction and profit thereby, it is because we have faith in his ability to guide us. When we listen to a lecture, undoubtedly we feel that the lecturer knows what he is talking about, and he wins our confidence by means of the faith we have in him.

How aptly Quarles says: "Faith evermore looks upward and describes objects remote; but reason can discover only things near—sees nothing that's above her." We must never forget that mere human reason is finite in scope. And has not our own Emerson spoken wisely in saying "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen?"

When we embark on a long journey across the sea, do we go because we feel that we shall never reach our destination? Not at all. We have faith in the ship and its captain and crew. We feel that they are competent in their profession, that they know where they are going, how to get there, and by what means. And when and if we encounter a serious storm, the captain knows how to bring his ship to safety. Why do we place faith in him? Because the prestige of the transportation company stands behind him. This would not be so if the shipowners lacked confidence in the captain's character and ability.

We have no confidence and consequently no faith in a deceitful person. There is always the suspicion that he may try to deceive us again. But when we meet a man who loves the truth and follows it, we also feel safe in concluding that he will be honest with us, since he is honest with himself, with his better nature.

Our faith in God's trustworthiness banishes every doubt from our mind. Thus whatever afflictions may overtake us we recognize as things that will pass and leave us unhurt. We mean that the real self cannot be hurt by external things; the only real, injury to be afraid of us that which we inflict on ourselves, either by thought, word or deed.

When the farmer sows his crop, does he lack faith in the coming harvest? He tills the soil, cultivates the crops he has sown that he may reap the increase. He evinces a lively faith in his own knowledge of agriculture, and in his ability to profit by this knowledge.

The college graduate feels confident

that he will be successful in life because of his superior education which lifts him far above unlearned man in degree of intelligence. The college man attended a particular school because he had faith in the teaching faculty of that institution.

With many, the notion called to mind when faith is spoken of, is—believing something that is untrue. But this is not faith, it is simple-mindedness. No sensible person cares to believe in an untruth. Faith, as we understand it, does not signify an over-readiness to believe in everything. When we receive a reliable report from a dependable source it would be folly to reject the information. For thus doing we question a man's truthfulness. He has eyes and ears, he sees and hears. If he is honest he will tell the truth; and, because we know his character we have faith in him.

We can and should distinguish between a trustworthy or untrustworthy source.

How often we have heard a man remark: "I have no faith in so-and-so." Others look on faith as somehing akin to a mirage, something wholly visionary. The trouble with such people, is, they do not look beneath the surface of things. A glance, a word; and all seems settled in their minds until a subsequent phenomenon proves them in error.

The greatest natural forces are invisible; we see the effects they produce. Seeing the effects but not the cause or causes, we cannot logically maintain that it is foolish to have faith in things which we can neither see, hear, touch, taste nor smell. Out in distant space a world collides with another. We do not see the catastrophe. But astronomers tell us that such things happen and produce photographs to prove it. Still we doubt their veracity, merely because our organs of sight are so feeble that we cannot see for ourselves. We imagine that they are laboring under a delusion. Nevertheless, they are right and we are wrong—or for the sake of euphemism, let us say mistaken.

True are the words, "the experience of life nearly always works toward the confirmation of faith. It is the total significance of life that it reveals God to man; and life only can do this; neither thought, nor demonstration, nor miracle, but only life, weaving its threads of daily toil and trial and joy into a pattern on which, at last, is inscribed the name of 'God'."

The greatest enemies of the social organism are those who seek to destroy the faith of men, who deride every noble aspiration and kill hope ere it has time to ripen. Those who attack the moral code seek to break down the strongest pillar upholding the nation.

Without faith there can be no hope; without hope, no achievement. Love cannot thrive if faith in either party is wanting. Indeed, faith is necessary for man's welfare—not a blind faith in chimeras, but a faith that enables us to look beyond the travail of the now.

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress that one can wear in society.—Selected.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Alice Cook Fuller

My ten year old brother Freddy, thin, freckled and red-haired, pranced wildly around our big old ranchhouse living room in an imitation Indian war dance, his mouth spread in a joyful grim. Daddy had been explaining how, if he sold the cattle that fall he'd almost have to give them away —prices were so low—and had asked how we'd all like to stay on the ranch this one year. In this way we'd save the cost of a house in Denver and our school tuition, which amounted to quite a lot.

I was delighted, too. I adore the ranch. I could see a succession of picnics, horseback rides, helping drive cattle, fishing trips, all kinds of fun. It ought to be grand in winter, too. Tobogganing, skiing, bob-sled rides—

I sat staring out of the wide windows at the slopes of the mountains which, I knew, rose tier after tier until they seemed to touch the blue, blue sky.

You could see that mother liked the plan, too. Her gray eyes shone as she said, thoughtfully smoothing back her wavy brown hair, "And the children can go to Pine Grove school."

Daddy's eyes, blue like mine and Freddy's beamed approval. "The teacher, Miss Carson, did some fine work in Windmere school last year."

"It'il be grand starting to school here in the fall," I crowed, "when the mountains are all brown, and gold, and red."

Mother shook her head. "They have summer school here, Nancy. In late winter the snow is too deep for the children to travel through. School begins next Monday and lasts well into January."

I fairly gasped. "But, Mother, it can't! Why, that's only the first part of June! And school closed in Denver only a week ago."

"I know," mother said, "but if you get all of next year's work, you'll have to start with the other children."

I groaned dismally.

"Oh, come on, Nancy!" Freddy protested. "School's fun."

I brightened up. "Well, anyway, that new girl on the Niles' place will be in the eighth garde too. I'll get to know her."

Freddy didn't say anything. "Don't you like her?" I asked. And to his "Too glum," I giggled. I meant to make friends with her. We almost never agree about things, but I keep right on asking Freddy's opinion. He dragged down the corners of his mouth, supposedly to look like Glenna's, and with appropriate gestures, chanted:

"Her eyes turn up and her mouth turns down,
And her forehead wears a suspicious frown."

"Nonsense!" I snapped. "How could anybody's eyes turn up? I'd like to know."

"A Chinaman's can. But I put that in to make the rhyme." I shrugged, and he added: "I think she's a growley-grump."

Monday morning came. Freddy went to school on Old Roan and I rode my own special pony, Prince. Glenna, riding across the hills, joined us near

Tollie Hirsch's house, and we rode side by side, getting acquainted. Freddy straggled along behind us, whistling, and mocking the birds that whirred up under our horses' feet.

"I'll like being the oldest pupil in school," said Glenna, smoothing down her blue lace blouse.

"You'll not be the oldest here," I said. "Tollie Hirsch is fourteen." I shouted the last few words for Freddy's horse made a great clatter right then, pretending to be scared of a clumsy, waddling porcupine beside the road. Glenna, too, raised her voice.

"Tollie Hirsch doesn't count. He's a—a—" she looked around, saw the porcupine, and finished, "an old porky. Nobody likes—"

"S-sh!" I warned. "He's right behind us. He may look dumb but you can't always tell." I hate hurting people's feelings, and added in a low voice, "I do hope he didn't hear you."

Gelenna hunched one lace shoulder "What if he did?" But she lowered her voice. Her red lips drew down at the corners, spoiling the round prettiness of her dark-eyed face. Suddenly I recalled Freddy's ridiculous rhyme and almost giggled.

As Tollie rode furiously past us I could see how red his dark, heavy face was. He had heard, I knew. But he didn't even look toward Glenna. Just saluted with a lifted hand as he passed. "After all, maybe he didn't hear," I thought.

"You're here in time for the spelling contest, Nancy," Glenna said, changing the subject abruptly. "The winners in the mountain schools couldn't get to the county contests in March, to try out for the state finals. Had a terrible blizzard. So the county superintendent has arranged a special contest for us. I think I'm pretty sure to win. You were in town and had your chance," she added.

Tollie had slowed his horse, but didn't seem to be listening.

Glenna went on. "I went to Windmere school last year. The two winners from there couldn't spell 'cat' if you'd ask them suddenly. And Don West can't be so awfully good, he's been out of school a lot. So there's only me in Pine Grove school—"

"There's Tollie," I reminded her, but she just shrugged.

"Give prizes?" questioned Freddy, riding alongside.

"Yes. First year high school tuition in any town school, or forty-five dollars in cash. I want a new saddle, and I need some new pumps. The heels of these are too low. Besides, I know where I can get a perfectly ducky bracelet for seven dollars. So I mean to take the cash."

Freddy whistled under his breath and Tollie's brown face flushed a deeper red. He looked pretty mad. I broke in hurriedly.

"They say the teacher, Miss Carson, is pretty good."

Splendid. We had her at Windmere last year. She's a wizard at making you understand things. Pretty, too. Slim, gold-brown hair, white teeth, and a dimple in one cheek."

"Expect she'll favor you in the spelling match?" It was the first time Tollie had spoken directly to Glenna, and he growled it.

"Not Miss Carson." Glenna frowned. "You've got to earn what you get from her." She didn't look any too pleased.

Tollie said "Huh!" and trotted on ahead. In a few minutes we were unsaddling our horses under the group of wind-stirred pines which gave the school its name.

Miss Carson wore a pink dress and a sparkly smile, and I adored her from the minute she tapped the first bell for us. So did Freddy, only, being a boy, he thought he oughtn't to own up to it.

School was really fun. We were a mile and a half above sea level, so it wasn't hot. Walls and desks had been refinished. Bluebirds flashed past the windows, and a meadowlark sat on a high post that held up the wire fence and sang his sweet thrilling song over and over again. Bumble bees hummed around the windows and one big fellow flew into the room between crisp, blowing curtains, and bumbled contentedly along the ceiling. Outside, from the level grounds of the school, the mountains rolled, range above range, to far off snow-capped peaks.

Miss Carson had everything all planned out, study and recitation programs in plain view above the blackboard. So we set right to work. Not until time for to school to close did she say anything about the spelling contest. It was to be held at our own school the very next Friday. You can believe the seventh and eighth graders studied hard the next four days. Glenna was aggravatingly confident; Tollie, dogged and grim.

It was the night before the contest and as we rode along home, I dropped my pencil box and its contents spilled into the long grass by the road. The others were on ahead and didn't notice, but Tollie, coming up behind, stopped and helped me find them. As he swung himself into his saddle a book in his pocket caught on the horn and dropped to the ground. A spelling book! He really hoped, then, to win the contest! Looking terribly sheepish he swung Pinto around, set him into a lope, leaned far down from the saddle, and scooped the book up on the run. Tollie can ride!

As he dropped back beside me I looked at him wide-eyed. "Do—do you really think you can beat Genna?" I burst out.

"No-o-o," he said, then shut his teeth hard. "Yes I can, too. I've got to." He looked red and mad. "I mean to have my chance at high school and this is the only way. Dad won't pay tuition anywhere." He rode in silence for a while then burst out, "Glenna doesn't need it. But I do—even if my heels are high enough," he mimicked resentfully, viewing the high heel of his stirruped boot. "And somehow," he drawled, waggling a limp wrist, "somehow I'll manage for a while without a bracelet."

I giggled, lifting Prince's reins, but checked the pony sharply as Tollie's words sank in. "But, Tollie," I urged breathless, "you wouldn't do anything that was—that wasn't square?"

"Oh, wouldn't I?" he jeered, then looked ashamed. He jabbed Pinto with an angry heel. "I don't know what I'd do," he threw back across his shoulder savagely, "if I got the chance."

I slowed Prince's prancing to a walk. Would Tollie really be dishonest—a cheat? Could it possibly mean as much to him as that? I had caught the look of desperate longing on his dark face and found myself wishing miserably that he might win. But he couldn't. He was good, but Glenna seemed to know how to spell words whether she'd ever heard them before or not. And the final lists were terrors. I looked at Tollie and was certain he knew how small

his chance was. A lump came up in my throat and I rode on looking straight ahead.

The first hour and a half of the next morning dragged endlessly by, and we were all as fidgety as a mother hen with a brood of ducklings. I worked an interest problem over four times before finding out that I'd said five nines were fifty-four. Freddy got up to recite his memory verse but forgot and started out on the ridiculous one he'd made up like it. Tollie dropped books and pencils all over the place. Even Glenna was restless. I could tell by the way she kept brushing out of her eyes the hair that wasn't there to brush. Miss Carson felt the strain, too, for just before recess she dipped her chalk into the ink to write on the blackboard. She looked at it, laughed and put it down. "Let's sing," she said. At the end of ten minutes we were dismissed to go out and meet the contestants from the other schools.

The two girls from Windmere, dressed in riding clothes looked brown and jolly but, I decided, not exactly "spellish." I couldn't quite decide about the boy from Grant—Don West. He looked clever, and might really count against Tollie.

When the little folks had been dismissed and we began writing the words Miss Carson pronounced, I noticed that Tollie looked worried and, for him, terribly white. The Windmere girls had settled down with a "do or die" look, and Glenna's cheeks were like fire. Her brown eyes were defiant. The new boy worried me, too. He looked calm as a pan of milk. He might be good.

I'd had my chance in town, but Miss Carson let me write anyhow. She knew I'd come out somewhere in the 80's, probably.

There were three lists of words. Seventy-five in the first, twenty-five each in the second and third. While Miss Carson checked our first list we went outside, sat down, and watched the boys "skin the cat" on the turning poles while we talked about the contest.

"I don't want to brag," Glenna said airly, "but I think I'm pretty sure to win. That is," she added and her mouth corners went down, "unless that Tollie Hirsch found some way to cheat. You never can tell what a boy like that will do."

I looked at her wonderingly. "No," I said "you never can tell," and wished and wished with all my heart that Tollie would win. "But, Glenna, Tollie wouldn't cheat."

"Huh! A lot you know about him. You think, just because he once pulled Freddy out of an old well—Anyhow, I've heard plenty about Tollie Hirsch—" She stopped and turned away with her nose in the air. I've wondered since if she thought getting him mad would make him miss words in the contest, for Tollie had at that minute swung himself off the pole and over close to where we sat. He stood, simply glaring at her, black eyes snapping, black hair rumpled by the wind. His hands were clenched tight at his sides.

I gave a sigh of relief. The bell rang and we trooped back into the schoolhouse. While we were outside Glenna kept asking what words were in the final list in Denver, and I had told her a few. When Miss Carson opened the second list I saw the name of the state superintendent of the big envelope, and wondered.

The two Windmere girls and I were eliminated in the second contest. The minute we got settled Glenna got out her dictionary and began copying from it down on the seat beside her. I was curious but couldn't see what she was doing. Tollie was curious, too, and could. A quick breeze sent papers whirling from desks and everybody scrambled around, laughing, to collect them and anchor them with a book on a vacant desk. All except Glenna! She didn't even look up from her work.

Before she started with the last list Miss Carson said earnestly, "I know what this contest means to all of you. You want to win, of course, but you want to win fairly and honestly. I wondered if it is quite fair to make thin 'e's' and dot them." She looked down at a paper on her desk, "so that they may be taken for 'i's' if 'e' is wrong. Let us not make our 'a's and 'o's so much alike that they may be counted right when they are not. Let's be square. You might possibly win the contest that way—though I doubt it—but you would lose infinitely more than you would gain. Remember that keeping friends with oneself is very much more important.' she smiled, "than winning a big prize of money or honors." She put a period to her little lecture with a nod of her head.

Under the stir of restless feet and the rustle of papers. Glenna whispered to a Windmere girl, "I'd like to see inside Tollie Hirsch's pockets right now." Tollie was mad as a hornet but didn't say a word. He just looked grim and kind of determined, while Miss Carson checked the results. A big bee gave a final thump against the ceiling, circled our heads and settled on Tollie's sleeve. Quick as a flash Tollie cupped a big hand over it and dropped the handsome thing plump into Glenna's pale blue lap.

Like a flash Glenna was out of her seat brushing frantically at her light skirts. "Oh, he'll sting me!" she cried. "He's in my skirts! I know he is. Oh—oh!" Tollie got all red and ashamed looking as Miss Carson came quickly down the aisle.

"Tollie set the bee to sting me!" Glenna still shook her skirts distractedly. "And it will. I know it will."

"The bee's there by the window," Tollie growled.

Miss Carson patted Glenna and quieted her. She started to brush down the turned hem of her skirt, then stopped with a sudden, unbelieving look. I craned my neck. There, on the underside of her skirt hem, Glenn had penciled the Denver words I had told her. She slumped now into her seat, head on arms, and began to cry. "There were none of them on the list," she sobbed over and over.

Miss Carson looked soberly at the words Glenna had written. "No," she said, and turned back to check the lists still on her desk. She looked so sorry and hurt that we all sat still as the silent pines outside the window, all but Freddy. He grabbed his tablet and began writing like mad. More of those terrible verses, I knew.

In a minute he slid the paper on to my desk. It fluttered down to Glenna's seat in front of me. She must have read it before I could rescue it. It ran:

"There's a girl in our school that
obeys every rule
And she thinks that her wings
are most sprouted;

But she found out today, in a very queer way,
How unpleasant it feels to be doubted."

So Freddy had heard her little wordy jabs at Tollie! He knew what she had been trying to do. But it hadn't worked. Or rather, it had, but against herself instead of Tollie. Miss Carson announced that Don was out of the contest and that Tollie and Glenna had tied. In the final, given to work off the tie, Tollie won by three words.

"I'm awfully glad, Tollie," I told him as we rode home in the yellow sunshine. "I didn't believe—I was terribly afraid you couldn't beat Glenna."

"I didn't," Tollie said soberly. "Glenna beat herself. She tried to make me mad— and she did," he grinned, "but," seriously, "look what it did to her."

"I nodded agreement. "You never can tell how doing mean things will really work out," I said.

LIFE

If you get blue and things seem hard,
Just go out in your own dooryard
  And hear a robin trill,
  And see a flower, until
You feel lighthearted as a singing bird.

Or ride clear up to the very top
Of yonder hill, then park and stop.
  Tall mountains rise to view,
  Green prairies, blue sky, too.
You'll feel this life-renewing, sturdy prop.

Or better yet, ride up the stream
That roars down canyon walls. You seem
  To get its power and thrill.
  You drink and drink your fill
Of life. You get its pattern and its theme.

—Ella Waterbury Gardner.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. H. I. Glass, pastor of Front Street M. E. Church, Burlington, was a visitor at the School one day last week.

On Labor Day the boys enjoyed another watermelon feast. About 225 melons were cut on this occasion. These feasts are always enjoyable events and there is much speculation among the boys as to whether this will be the last one of the season.

There will be quite a few weeks of continuous mowing for our farm forces this Fall. We are eager for the coming of suitable weather to start this work as recent rains have hurried the growth of the grass, and some of the alfalfa is now ready for cutting.

Mrs. Leslie Bell, of Concord, recently delivered a large number of leading magazines for the use of our boys, contributed by the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church. We are grateful to these good ladies for their kind thought of the boys at the School.

Between recent showers every effort has been concentrated upon cutting a thirty-five-acre field of corn to put in our silos. One silo had been completely filled and the other considerably more than half-filled before rain put an end to operations. The recently purchased ensilage cutter did fine work, keeping several wagons busy hauling corn.

George Gurganus, formerly of Cottage No. 1, called on us the other day. He is now twenty-two years old and has been living in Baltimore, Md., for some time, where he is employed as chef in the Coney Island Cafe. He resides in the Lincolnton Heights section of that city. For about one and one-half years after leaving the School, George was employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, Asheville.

Bill Barnhardt, of Charlotte, who has assume the responsibility of giving to each paroled boy a handsomely bound Bible, recently shipped us one hundred more Bibles.

He has been doing this for several years, and the boys greatly appreciate the gift. On many occasions they have written him personal letters expressing their gratitude.

The recent parole of eighty-two boys had almost depleted the stock of Bibles on hand for this purpose, but a note to our friend, Bill, was sufficient and the order was placed immediately.

Roy Cruse, formerly of Cottage No. 15, who was paroled in July, and has

been making his home with Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Earnhardt, St. Claire Shores, Michigan, visited the School last Tuesday.

Dr. Earnhardt and wife are visiting friends in Cabarrus County and brought Roy with them. The main object of Roy's visit was to secure a rcord of his class room standing in order to enter school in his adopted home.

According to Dr. Earnhardt's statement, Roy is one of the best boy workers he has ever seen, and Roy seems very well satisfied in his present surroundings.

Bynum Williams, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School about seven years ago, recently wrote Superinentendent Boger. The following excerpts from his letter would indicate that he has made a good record since leaving us:

"For the last few years I have been roaming here and yonder, but have been fortunate so far as securing steady employment. For a while I was an enrollee of the Civilian Conservation Corps, rising there to the rank of lieutenant and later went into the U. S. Army as an enlisted man.

"Before leaving home I was Scoutmaster and at the same time a noncommissioned officer in the North Carolina National Guard. Since leaving home I have been a member of the Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. Army, on active duty with the C. C. C., and am now stationed at Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.

"I intend to drop by and see you the next time I make a trip back home. Please give my best regards to all whom I know at the School."

Our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, prominent textile executive of Concord, is always on the alert for something that will be beneficial to the boys of Jackson Training School. His latest contribution was the gift of 105 volumes of fine literature, published especially for young folks by the Bible Institute Colportage Association, of Chicago, in connection with the Dwight L. Moody Centenary, 1837-1937. The titles of these books are as follows:

'Men of the Bible'"—Dwight L. Moody; "The Little Shepherd"—Anna Potter Wright; "The Crew of the Dolphin"—Hesba Stretton; "Forty-Eight Bernard Street"—Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark; "The Way Home" —Dwight L. Moody; "A Peep Behind the Scenes"—Mrs. O. F. Walton; "Rosa's Quest"—Anna Porter Wright; "Burton Street Folks"—Anna Porter Wright; "Nobody Loves Me"—Mrs. O. F. Walton; "Short Talks"—Dwight L. Moody; "Talking With God"—Norman H. Camp; "Phil Tyler's Opportunity"—Frederick E. Burnham; "Probable Sons"—Amy LeFeuvre; "Whiter Than Snow"—Mrs. O. F. Walton; "'Christie's Organ"—Mrs. O. F. Walton.

This is a fine contribution and the books will be a splendid addition to the King's Daughters Library here. They are now ready for distribution, and we feel that our boys will derive much benefit from them.

Rev. W. B. McSwain, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon, substituting for Rev. R. S. Arrowood, regularly scheduled speaker for the day, who

was unable to be present because of having to attend a funeral.

Rev. Mr. Swain is a new-comer to Concord, recently moving from Mecklenburg County. It was his first visit to the School, and from the manner in which his message was received by the boys, it is safe to assume that he will soon become a great favorite with them. It is no easy task to make a talk which will interest a group of more than five hundred boys, but from comment coming to us from several sources, we feel sure his message was most helpful and interesting.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR EVERY DAY

We should cultivate wisdom and strength so that nothing can disturb our peace of mind sufficiently to destroy our happiness and health.

We should look at or for the beautiful and sunny side of life and work to make our desires and optimistic views and ideas come true.

We should talk happiness, health, success and prosperity on all convenient occasions, then act to bring these to pass.

We should give our loved ones and friends to know that there is something in them and for them, and cultivate mutual loyalty.

We should be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as we are about our own, sentiments and interests being mutual..

We should spend so much time for the improvement of ourselves that we will have no time to criticize or gossip about others.

We should forget the mistakes of the past (or only remember them to our benefit) and press forward to greater achievements.

We should be too brave for fear to dwell in us, too wise and strong for folly to foil our aims, ambitions and purposes.

We should be too occupied and happy to permit the presence of trouble to linger long, and should proclaim our merits in deeds, not words.

We should think the best, expect the best, do our best, and trust God for the rest.—Albert A. Riggs.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST

The figure following boy's name indicates number of times he has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1937

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Virgil Baugess 2
Burris Bozeman 2
Lewis Donaldson 2
Horace Journigan 5
Felix Littlejohn 7
Charles Taylor 8
Ross Young 3

—B—

William Burnette
Fletcher Castlebury 7
Letcher Castlebury 3
Hobart Gross 2
Hubert Holloway
William Martin 3
Charles McCoyle 5
James McGinnis 2
Garland McPhail

SECOND GRADE

—B—

Earl Bass 4
Fletcher Boggs 4
Floyd Combs 6
Frank Glover 6
William Howard 7
Edward Johnson 3
Rufus Linville 2
Theodore Rector 3
George Shaver 2
Holdren Sweeney 4
Walker Warr 2
Joseph White 4

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Burl Allen 2
Shelton Anderson 2
Richard Honeycutt 2
Weaver Penland
John Robbins 2
Eugene Smith 2

—B—

George Duncan
Raymond Sprinkle
John Tolbert 3
Thomas Wilson
Albert Goodman

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Marshall Bryson 5
Richard Thomas

—B—

Heller Davis 3
Ernest Hudspeth 2
Eugene Presnell
Howard Roberts 5
Harvey Smith 5
James Stepp 4
William Warf 5

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Ralph Carver
James M. Hare 7
James Kirk 3
Charles Williams 8

—B—

Grady Allen
James V. Harvel 7
Oscar Roland 5
Harvey Walters 2

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Wilson Rich 3

—B—

Arthur Craft 6
Ralph Johnson 2
Arthur Martin 5
Paul Shipes 6
Myron Whitman 6

SEVENTH GRADE

—B—

Caleb Hill 2
Albert Silas 5
Fred Williamson 4

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending September 5, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

James Bridgeman
(4) J. C. Cox 13
(14) Edward Johnson 14
(11) Carl Kepley 13
(6) Edward Lucas 8
Joseph Tucker 12

COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan 8
Carrol Dodd 6
William Haire 10
Arthur Martin 11
Jack McRary 4
Howard Roberts 8
Albert Silas 7
Eugene Stallings 9

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 4
John Capps 3
Samuel Ennis 4
Lindsay Jones 2
Floyd Lane 2
Raymond Sprinkle 4
Carl D. Shoffner 7
Richard Wrenn 7
Brooks Young

COTTAGE No. 3

Frank Crawford 4
(2) Neely Dixon 13
Coolidge Green 7
(2) Julian Gregory 8
(2) William McRary 5
James Mast 7
(2) James McCune 7
(2) Frank Pickett 11
Kennth Raby 3
William Smith 5
(2) Allen Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Wesley Beaver 3
Odell Bray 10
(2) Paul Briggs 3
Hurley Davis 8
Edward Fisher 7
Ernest Hudspeth 7
Ralph Johnson 7
(2) Thomas Little 12
(2) Thomas Maness 8
Robert Mims 9
(3) Hubert McCoy 6
Robert Orrell 9
Lloyd Pettus 10
Leo Ward 8
(3) Odell Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 5

Marshall Bryson 11
James Seawell 6
(9) Jack Tate 9
Ralph Webb 5

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Archie Castlebury 6
(2) Fred Dysen 7
William Estes 6
(2) Giles Green 9
Lacy Green 7
(2) Caleb Hill 12
Houston Howard 4
(2) Lloyd Hite 4
(2) Hugh Johnson 9
(2) Robert Lawrence 7
(2) Kenneth Messick 8
Wayland Morgan 4
Elmer Maples 8
(2) J. C. Mobley 10
Loy Stines
Dewey Sisk
William Tester 7
Joseph Wheeler
(2) Wallace Smith 7
(2) William Young 8

COTTAGE No. 8

Charles Davis 7
Junius Holleman 2
(2) Wilfred Land 8
Fred May 3
John Penninger 3

(5) Charles Taylor 12
John Tolbert 6

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 5
(3) Wilson Bowman 3
(3) J. T. Branch 8
(3) Thomas Braddock 11
(5) Edgar Burnette 9
Hubert Carter 6
(5) James Coleman 10
Heller Davis 6
George Duncan 5
(5) Woofin Fowler 13
C. D. Grooms 8
Odie Hicks 7
(7) Mark Jones 9
(4) Eugene Presnell 7
Earl Stamey 8
(10) Homer Smith 13
S. J. Watkins 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Glenn Collins 8
(2) Edward Chapman 9
Felix Littlejohn 3
Jack Springer 4

COTTAGE No. 11

Harold Bryson 8
(5) Howard Clark 12
(2) Albert Goodman 5
William Kirk 11
Alton Morgan 7
Paul Mullis 6
(4) William Martin 11
(4) Filmore Oliver 10
Julius Stevens 7
John Uptegrove 3
(5) N. C. Webb 10
(14) Fred Williamson 14

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 5
Joseph Cox 6
Benn Cooper 5
Frank Dickens 10
James Elders 7
(2) Charlton Henry 8
Clarence Mayton 6
Jerome Medlin 11
(2) Lonnie Sloan 9
(2) Charles Williams 6
(2) Ross Young 7

COTTAGE No. 13

Arthur Ashley 2
(6) Fletcher Boggs 13
Norman Brogden
(5) Clarence Douglas 9
(2) Harry Flowe 8
Jack Foster
(6) Robert Hailey 12
(4) Isaac Hendren 7
(2) Irvin Medlin 3

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Clyde Barnwell 5
Robert Coffer 5
Felmond Lane 3
(3) James Stepp 6
Desmond Truitt 3
William Thore 4
(3) William Warf 7
Garfield Walker 8
Henry Walters

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Warren Bright 9
(3) John Brown 10
George Gibson 8
(3) Hobart Gross 9
Joseph Hyde 9
(3) Caleb Jolly 12
Cleo King 2
John Mathis 7
(3) Raymond Mabe 7
(2) Alvin Powell 7
Wilson Rich 10
(2) Wallace Sommers 7
Harold Walsh 4

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of tricks and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother knave or with a fool. than with an honest man. He can combat a fool with management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptation. But the honest man is to be neither bamboozled nor bribed.—Colton.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, SEPTEMBER 18, 1937 No. 38

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FAULTY VISION

Many people seem to be afflicted with faulty vision. They suffer from the kind of eyes that see flaws, faults and mistakes in others rather than note the good intention, the struggles, indications of personal growth and development. They cannot overlook the faults, foibles and errors of others. Change of glasses will not correct this trouble. The treatment must go deeper and involve a change of heart. They must learn to see their companions through eyes of love, to recognize not only their personal appearance but their ideals, ambitions, strivings and learn to love them not for what they are but for what they hope to be.—Fred A. Young.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD

Some botanists were one day hunting for specimens of mountain plants in the Highlands of Scotland, and observed several scarce and beautiful plants growing at some distance down the face of a steep precipice, fully two hundred feet down.

They saw a boy near, and offered him a handsome present of money if he would allow himself to be lowered by a rope and fill a small basket with the flowers.

The boy shrank back at first, but he remembered that his parents were poor, and that the money would be of great use to them. So he bravely said. "I will go if my father holds the rope."

And then, with unshrinking nerves, and his heart strong and bold, he suffered his father, when he came, to lower him down the precipice.

It was only the boy's trust in the strength of his father's arm, and in the love of his father's heart that enabled him to take the risk.—William Moodie.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE STATE

Happy are we to learn that women of the calibre of Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey, wife of our Governor, also sister of Ex-Governor O. Max Gardner, are taking a lively interest in penal institutions for women. While Mrs. Hoey is sharply digressing from the traditional customs of wives of former Governors,—giving state affairs a wide birth—she is setting a precedent worthy of the consideration of other women, able and competent to help the unfortunates of their sex. Mrs. Hoey has demonstrated her interest in such institutions by her frequent visits to prisons, ever since the inauguration of her husband last January.

It was during the recent visit of Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt to eastern North Carolina that Mrs. Hoey discussed the subject, penal prisons

for women, with Mrs. Roosevelt. The call in this line of welfare work since the contact with the first lady of the land has made a greater impression upon Mrs. Hoey.

The information gained was that West Virginia had the finest system, the "cottage or family system," for women confined in prison for some misdemeanor.

As a result of this exchange of viewpoints as to prison life Governor Hoey is thinking of having Dr. Mary D. Harris, Alderson, W. Va., authority on prison life, to survey conditions in this state and assist in plans for model prisons for women. That is a fine gesture upon the part of Governor Hoey. He is beginning at the bottom and working to better things in reformation. Impossible to reform by punishment altogether. There must be a sweet home life, a good environment supervised by christian workers before lifting anyone from the old wallows.

The cottage system was chosen for this institution after visiting many schools of other states for delinquents. There was a strong conviction upon the part of those who managed when the J. T. S. was established that the "family system" under the guidance of spiritual workers was the only way to introduce the youthful of the land to a new world with the highest ideals. There is not a doubt that the possibilities of such plans are far reaching if such a program of activities is conscientiously pursued.

* * * * * * *

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM STAGED BY THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Following soon after the pageant, "The Lost Colony", at Manteo, North Carolina, commended for the history of the fate of the early settlers, and the cast that impersonated the different characters, comes the historical pageant, "On Wings of Time", given to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Battle of Antietam, from the 7th to 17th of September, in historic Hagerstown, Maryland.

The Antietam battlefield derives its name from a small stream that courses its way nearby, and is twelve miles from Hagerstown. During this event that will attract interested parties from the North and the South, the Stars and Bars as well as the Stars and Stripes will be displayed.

During the War Between the States there was a 50-50 area near Hagerstown including friends and families divided in their allegiance to the North or the South. This will prove a colorful as well as an interesting event with troops in the cast wearing the gray of General Robert E. Lee's forces and others wearing the blue of General George B. McClellan's legions.

Elsewhere in this issue is a short resume of this bloody conflict, especially given for the loyal sons and daughters who continue to exercise interest in the cause lost, but never forgotten.

* * * * * * *

DOES IT PAY

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dwight L. Moody is being celebrated this year. Many interesting stories have been told about his remarkable career. We are told, for instance, that he had in his possession two pictures which he prized very highly. He had them hanging in his dining room. The one was a picture of his first class of Sunday school boys in Chicago. He had gone out and gathered them off the streets, and they were rough, ill-clad and unattractive. The energetic young man who had recently come to the growing city from Boston to make something out of himself was a Christian and very fond of boys. He brought these street waifs into the school, formed them into a class and taught them. He had their picture taken, wrote under it, "Does It Pay"? and hung it on his wall where he could see it often.

Years after he had another picture taken, and it was of the same group now grown to manhood, and under it he had written, "It Does Pay." It was a fine group of spendid-looking men, most of whom had been prosperous in the business world. He had seen them develop from neglected and half unclaimed wanderers of the streets into clean living, upstanding spiritual forces in the community, because a consecrated leader had taken enough interest in them to bring them under the saving power of the Gospel. It is useless to speculate what these youths would have become had not a friend appeared in their midst and shown them the better way.

The above clipped from Young Folks tells a human interest story. It was the neglected child that elicited the interest of the greatest evangelist the world has ever known. A similar story—a neglected

thirteen-year-old boy, incarcerated for theft, tried in the courts of this county in 1890, and sentenced to the chain-gang three years and six months with hardened criminals, inspired the establishment of the Jackson Training School. And we, too, ask in behalf of every woman, man and child who contributed to the establishment of this most worthy institution, "Does It Pay?"

* * * * * * *

EDUCATION FOR ADULTS

Sir Richard Livingstone, president of Corpus Christin College, Oxford, England, maintains that if adults hold their own in the industrial and official world they must be given the privilege of going back to school with full pay so as to keep abreast of the times. This is not a bad idea at all because there are many self satisfied or wise in their own conceit who are stand-patters and just vegetate or words to that effect. Then, too, there are some who would revel in having the privilege of continued educational advantages.

The educator knowing that doctors and the teaching profession are always in quest of the developments in science and the new methods of teaching asked, "are medicine and teaching the only professions in which knowledge grows and methods improve."

The recommendation or suggestion has been made that proper curricula for post graduate students be arranged and publicised showing the necessity for adults to attend so as to keep whetted the imaginative and intellectual vigor.

Age does not preclude the possibilities of mental achievements. There is no limit to the extent to which one may learn. Learning does not have to be given up when happy school days end. The skeleton for greater achievements has only been formed and there rests the responsibility to develop mentally or just vegetate.

Scientists maintain that the ability to learn is just as keen at fifty as at twenty. We know Michael Angelo did his best work at the age of sixty, and Edison at the time of his death was completing a process for making synthetic rubber. Other examples of active lives after passing the age limit that incapacitates for service, could be related. One of the best ways in the world to ward off old age is to keep mentally alert.

Adult education is the finest remedy for the chronic intellectual

ill-health from which one is likely to suffer with the advancing years. However, to give the old man or woman a second chance through a free course of study at some institution would surely curtail the number of dependents.

* * * * * * *

CAPTAIN SAMUEL ASHE

Captain Samuel Ashe, editor, legislator, historian, and filling other places of trust, has lately celebrated his 97th birthday, with the hope of realizing the 100 mile-post.

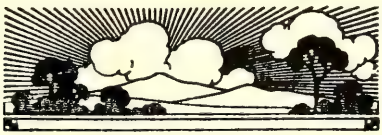
There is not a more distinguished and highly honored citizen in the State than Captain Ashe, who has served faithfully, and boasts of the fact that he continues to remain a Southern rebel.

The lives of such men are a benediction to all who have passed their way. It would be a joy to have this honored citizen visit the Stonewall Jackson Training School and have our boys salute him.

* * * * * * *

WONDERFUL WORK

Today completed at San Francisco stands one of the wonders of the world. It's the largest single-span bridge; it contains 6 lanes of traffic and sidewalks between the two 746 foot high piers, or towers, the autos are 200 feet above water. The towers are 500 feet taller than the Bunker Hill Monument. The bridge is almost one and three-fourths miles across.



A PILGRIM FATHER GOES BACK HOME

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

On September 16, 1620, the Mayflower sailed slowly out of Plymouth, England, bound for the distant and uncertain land of America. To people who knew of the sailing, it must have appeared very foolish indeed, and there must have been many who shook their heads sadly at such foolhardy risks. Today a whole world of history readers acclaim the courage and steadfastness of that little band of Pilgrim Fathers. Behind them lay almost a lifetime of persecution that filled their days and nights with dread lest they be thrown in jail for their beliefs. Before them, because they were so lacking in knowledge of their voyage, lay "not the ghost of shores," but "only shoreless seas." Three perilous months lay between them and their destination, and rough and tempestuous seas added to the daily hazards. The ship became disabled and had to be repaired with great danger, in mid-ocean. Food was none too plentiful and disease added to their many hardships. But they sailed on and on to this land of brighter promise and, late in December of 1620, the welcome cry of "Land!" was raised and they disembarked at the now hallowed shrine of Plymouth Rock, which must have looked better to them than it has ever looked to man since.

Grateful as they were to be at the end of a hard voyage, there was little time for rejoicing. The winter was upon them; homes must be built and food procured, and the ever present menace of Indians presented a problem of life and death. Homes were quickly built and hunting provided a means of subsistence. The Indians, for a while, proved friendly. There were no means, however, by which they could guard against sickness and one after another of the Pilgrim Fathers succumbed to disease brought on or made worse by the rigors of an unfamiliar climate. By the time of the first spring, more than half their number were dead and buried, with maize planted over their new graves so that the Indians might not know the extent of their loses and thus be more bold to attack them. A winter, a spring and a summer, and still the little band persevered. Gradually they made a settlement and perfected means to protect themselves. Their crops flourished and their numbers were added to by new settlers from England. A form of government was devised and a new nation, conceived in liberty and freedom from persecution, was begun.

1620 to 1937! The printing presses have been kept busy recording the growth of the nation they started and libraries are full of volumes recording the advances civilization has made since that day. We, ourselves, are amazed when we go over the old files of a magazine or newspaper and note the lives of people only a generation ago. What would be the amazement of a Pilgrim Father if he could come back to this America of 1937 and look at it through the eyes of 1620!

To begin with, he would probably arrive at New York instead of a New

England port and, as he steamed past the Battery and up the Hudson, it is easy to believe that the skyscrapers and the general immensity of New York City would fill him with more fright than the expectations of Indians did on that bleak day in 1620. Surely buildings couldn't be that high and still stand and any sober thinking man would rather take a chance on a tomahawk thrown by an Indian than have the Empire State building fall on him!

The boat has already filled him with awe for man's mechanical achievements, and he has probably gotten over that just enough to be able to withstand the further shocks that await him at the pier. He needs a conveyance, of course, for himself and his belongings. Back in the days of Plymouth, he would have walked and carried his possessions. Now, he is put in a gasoline burning contrivance that goes speedily down the street to his hotel and, still breathless, he is carried on a fast elevator up and up and up. Dizzily, he alights and goes into a luxurious room where every fixture is a marvel and a mystery. Hot and cold water by turning a faucet! We see nothing amazing about it, but to him it's magic. And, if that is magic, and it surely is, what words can describe the radio and the telephone in his room. He is properly speechless while someone picks up a strange looking gadget and talks to someone miles away and arranges for his trip to Plymouth on something called a train. In his day, he didn't know much about Manhattan Island and a trip there would have been a long and dangerous one on horseback with a good chance of losing his horse or his life or both. It would have taken days and days, and now they are telling him it is a matter of five hours.

Presently, he is again on the street and riding through canyons of tall buildings amid the terrifying noise and excitement of a great city. He was curious enough, once, to go about finding a new world that few persons had seen, so we can well imagine that he is curious enough now to do a lot of "rubber-necking." And, then on the train! The taxi was bad enough, but this monster on wheels would again be more of a shock than anything he had encountered in 1620. Through the countryside he would feel more at home. This is land and soil and those things he had known well once upon a time. He catches glimpses of farm machinery that he is eager about. He sees tractors that turn more ground in a day than his whole company would in several days. Immense barns for the storage of crops—barns that would have seemed like castles in 1620. And dairy farms —how could they milk all those cows, he would want to know? More machinery, you explain, while he shakes his head in bewilderment. And homes, large and small, but all constructed to keep out the rain and cold and snow that used to creep into his.

An airplane zooms overhead carrying mail from some distant point and he would probably feel a little rueful about that business of communication carried out by a near descendant of his named Paul Revere. Why, with telephones, radio, telegraph, and airplanes, the message would be anywhere and everywhere before Paul had saddled and mounted his horse.

It's all very amazing and wonderful and more than a little terrifying

to him and more than likely he would yearn a bit for the quiet and spaciousness of his very early days here. Life is much safer now and the conveniences of these descendants of his are indeed like nothing he can describe. If he had had their marvelous hospitals, for instance, in the bad winters in 1620 and 1621, it would not have been so hard to bluff the Indians in the springtime. Yes, this people of his had performed wonders out of the wilderness he had known and his mind would be filled with eager questions. Maybe on the next Thanksgiving, which would be an extension of that very grateful observance he had started, his amazement might be tempered with chagrin when he would realize that the large crowds traveling by rail and car and plane were not going to church (and he could so well remember going to church on that day—in single file, with primed gun, warily awaiting the Indian) but were traveling, instead, to a football game!

As the train would roar on into Boston with his companions telling him of the many great things we have done, we could forgive him were he suddlenly to shed his modesty and remark with the true bluntness of his character, "Yes, you have done wonders with this land of mine and I am glad we made no mistake in finding it for you!"

THE SMALLEST SLAVES

Ants are, in general, both courageous and pugnacious. Many battles take place among them, both between individuals and large parties; and after a battle, combatants may be found locked in each other's arms, as having died together in the struggle. Some species of ants go out regularly and capture ants from other species.

It has been a curious thing to note that the kidnapers are red or pale-colored ants and the slaves are jet black. The slave-taking excursions take place only at a particular period of the year, when the nest of the black ants contains the neuter brood. The army of the red ants marches forth, the vanguard, which consists of eight or ten only, continually changing; and on arriving at the nest of the black ants, a desperate conflict ensues, which ends in the defeat of the blacks. Then the red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the now undefended ant-hill, enter it, and emerge, carrying the pupae in their mouths, with which they return in perfect order to their own nest. The pupae are there treated with great care, and spend their lives among the red ants, excavating passages, collecting food, carrying larvae as if this had been their original destination.—Robert Bruce.

BLUE AND GRAY TO STAGE WAR

By Jesse S. Cottrell, in Charlotte Observer

The first 75th anniversary of a battle of the Civil war is soon to be celebrated near the national capital. It will be in commemoration of the battle of Antietam, Md., with official government sanction. It begins September 4 and closes September 17, when the President will quit his vacation and be the chief speaker.

Already the first stage rehearsal of "On Wings of Time," the historical pageant that is to be given at the commemoration of the bloodiest battle of the Civil war has been held at Hagerstown, with a cast of 15,000 people.

A quarter of a million visitors are expected to attend. They will find historic Hagerstown displaying the Stars and Bars as well as the Stars and Stripes, for, during the War Between the States, that was a 50-50 area, with friends and families fiercely split in their allegaince to the North or the South.

The President will speak from a grandstand near what once was called the Sunken Road, but which, after that memorable September 17, 1862, was to be known forever as Bloody Lane. Here the Confederate dead lay from two to five deep after three attacks by the Union forces and an enfilading artillery assault.

The Antietam battlefield, which gets its name from a creek that courses through it, is outside of Sharpsburg, 12 miles from Hagerstown.

The day before the re-enactment 2,000 infantry and artillery of the Twenty-ninth division, mobilized in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, will arrive at Sharpsburg under command of Major General Milton A. Rockford.

On the next day, the troops will divide, some to wear the gray of General Robert E. Lee's forces and others to wear the blue of General George B. McClellan's legions.

As the two armies clash at Bloody Lane, Major Joseph W. Byron, West Point, 1914, will stand in a high stone tower and broadcast an explanation of the battle.

Antietam was perhaps the most crucial battle of the war. Had Lee won it, France and England might have given their support to the South, thereby breaking the Federal blockade of southern ports and opening the way for a flow of cotton to European markets.

Had McClellan trapped Lee's army cutting off its retreat across the Potomac, the war might have ended there, and not at Appomattox three years later.

The fighting was so fierce, the firing so concentrated, that, after the battle, a field of corn looked as though it had been attacked by a gigantic scythe. McClellan went into the battle with 87,000 men, and lost 12,000 in killed and wounded, while Lee started out with 37,000 and lost 9,500 killed and wounded.

Twenty-seven generals were either killed or wounded.

The battle was remarkable for the number of men, later to become famous, who took a part. Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President, was wounded at South Mountain, scene of a hot prelude to Antietam. Wil-

liam McKinley, who also was to reach the White House, was in the fight at Burnside's bridge.

Four famous men of letters had sons in the battle—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Daniel Webster, and James Russell Lowell.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the younger, who was to become a celebrated member of the United States Supreme Court, was badly wounded at Antietam. The story is that, while his father was searching the battlefield for him, the young man was being taken to Hagerstown in a wagon. Seeing another soldier more grievously wounded than he, Holmes gave up his place in the wagon and walked beside it until he fell exhausted.

President Lincoln visited the Antietam battlefield after Lee's masterful retreat, and a famous photograph showns the Emancipator sitting at the entrance of a tent with General McClellan. Lincoln was disappointed in McClellan for not pursuing the Confederate leader, and it was not long thereafter that McClellan was supplanted by Burnside.

WHY NOT?

When you are weary of the world, and lonesome for a friend,
And if you don't know anyone on whom you can depend,
And if you are disappointed, and weak and sore at heart,
Why not turn your face to Jesus, and let Him take your part?

If you are most discouraged, and your soul's a lump of lead,
And if you just hate ev'rything, and wish that you were dead,
And if you have lost your honor, and your hope and patience, too,
Why not make a try with Jesus, and let Him help you through?

For Jesus will defend you, and always be your guide,
And He will love and bless you, too, and stay right by your side,
And when you see one in trouble, you'll pass it on again:
"Just put your trust in Christ, my friend, for 'twill not be in vain.

—Rachel Conrad.

DO YOU KEEP YOUR CHILD TOO BUSY?

By Ruth Arnold Nickel

"I just ran in to tell you that I won't be at the meeting tomorrow," said Mrs. Mitchell, as her neighbor came out on the porch to greet her. "I'm going to take Lillian to the museum."

"How nice," commented Mrs. Gracie, giving her a chair.

"Well, it's rather a hot trip," Mrs. Mitchell admitted, "and Lillian isn't very enthusiastic, but I think she ought to take advantage of such things. Besides, she never knows what to do with herself during vacations. I simply have to arrange a program for her, or she would waste her time or mope. How did you manage to get Gladys interested in so many worthwhile things?"

Mrs. Gracie smiled. "Gladys? Oh, she and I take truns in choosing special undertakings now. I used to insist that she work out certain projects. When she was twelve years old—that was two years ago—I decided that the time had come to teach her all sorts of things. She learned to sew a little and loved to make doll's clothes, but I wanted her to make something useful. I bought some fine white cloth and started her on a slip."

"Well, that sounds sensible enough," approved Mrs. Mitchell, "though I'd be afraid to trust Lillian with anything that I expected her to wear."

"Gladys never wore the slip," said Mrs. Gracie ruefully, "at least not until I had made it over. She disliked working on it. This started a kind of struggle between us."

"What did you do, let her drop it?" asked Mrs. Mitchell with interest.

"Oh no, she finished it after a fashion, but it was done grddgingly and poorly."

"But she sews now, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she sews beautifully," said Mrs. Gracie. "When the slip was finally finished, I said nothing more about sewing. I didn't want to fix the dislike that I had started. Then the next summer she begged me for a pink tennis dress. It was early in the season and the ones she liked were too expensive. Then she said, 'Mother, I think I could make one, if you'd help me with the binding around the neck.' I tried not to show my delight! We found a remnant of goods and she made the dress with very little help from me; you see she wanted it. She read the directions and made it carefully."

"But that implies that mothers shouldn't try to direct their children," objected Mrs. Mitchell.

"I wondered about that," said Mrs. Gracie, "and I talked it over with Tom. He had been trying to improve her reading, but when he brought books home from the library she never seemed to care for them. Then we concluded that we weren't accomplishing our purpose. We were selecting for Gladys the things we wanted her to like."

"Maybe you are right," said Mrs. Mitchell. "Tell me what you did."

"We decided to stop imposing our tastes upon Gladys and let her develop

her own. We had kept her too busy. As I thought about it, I remembered my own early summer vacations. I had regular work to do, but I was allowed to create most of my own pleasures. I remembered long hours of reading—discovering books that I learned to love, hours of play, and gardening in the back yard. Whenever I got bored, I began to look around for something new and interesting to do.

"I told this to Tom and he remembered the same conditions with regard to his own childhood. We decided that we had been supervising Gladys too much. So we planned to be ready to share experiences with her part of the time, but to leave her many hours each week when she would be entirely free.

"Gladys had to do some housework, of course, and that kept her busy in the mornings. During the first week she seemed a little bored in the afternoons. Then one day she asked me to teach her to knit a sweater! The next week she began voluntarily looking for something to read, and before long she was interested of her own aclord in some of the very subjects her father had hoped she'd like!"

"But wasn't she ever idle?" asked Mrs. Mitchell.

"Yes, she used to lie in the hammock on the porch sometimes for hours. One day she said to me. 'Mother, I love to lie and look up at the sky in the summertime. In the winter I'm too busy to think and get things straightened out in my mind."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Mitchell, rising— "I think I'll drop the museum outing. Perhaps if I drag Lillian there on a hot day when she doesn't want to go, she will dislike it."

"I'm afraid Gladys would," laughed Mrs. Gracie sympathetically. "She often joins me in my enthusiasms if I don't try to force them on her. But she's an individual, too, and I can't expect her to be exactly like me. We take many trips together and take turns deciding where to go. A museum trip is always the result of an urge to see some special thing. Both of us enjoy it, but I am always careful to bring Gladys home while she is still interested, and before she gets tired."

WHEN YOUR SHIP IS LOST

Don't sit and mourn your ship of dreams
That may be lost at sea;
The world still moves, the sunlight gleams,
Success is yet to be!

Don't waste the years in vain regret
For joys that passed you by;
The future's yours, there's promise yet,
Great things before you lie!

—Agnes Carr.

IF ONE REFORMS

(Lexington Dispatch)

It does seem that authorities charged with keeping prisoners or apprehending those who escape would do well to bend more effort toward keeping or catching the bad ones, and make less noise about finding one of the long lost goats who may have turned into a respectable sheep.

An example is the young husband and father down at Rockingham who found a new life, a wife and children under a new name and who over a period of years built up for himself a deserved reputation as a good and law abiding citizen. He had done part of his term before the chance came to make a getaway, and so far as has been reported he did no one injury when he darted out of a prison gang in Pennsylvania. Only the accident of an automobile wreck that caused him to be fingerprinted revealed the man he once was.

Here in North Carolina we parole many prisoners after they have done part of their term if they have good records in prison—often when they had very risky records outside besides the crime for which they were caught. Just now the state is getting ready to try out a probation system, under which first offenders may have proper oversight outside prison walls until they demonstrate that they can become citizens. The state expects to save men and money.

In view of these things, it would seem that the state would go rather slowly in releasing to another state some man who had given convincing evidence of a reformed life. And the state that insists too strongly on getting its "pound of flesh" is not being well served.

Courtesy may not be the king of virtues, but it is certainly one of his noblest aides. It is so valuable a human commodity that we are justified in extending ourselves mightily to promote it. If it comes freely we are fortunate, but when it is stingily offered we should not be afraid to demand a more generous share.

Its true function is to lubricate the surface of those countless casual human contacts in which our deeper emotions are not called into play.

Courtesy is cheap. . .it costs nothing save a bit of thought and consideration for the other fellow. Perhaps he is resentful of his present predicament. Perhaps he has had bad news from home. Perhaps he is worrying about the disposition of his case. Give him a break. A growl invites a growl in return. No court has ever repealed the Golden Rule!—Selected.

A DEBT TO KATE

By Ethel W. Clarke

Teakettles, mussy neckwear and rubber aprons," grumbld Kate Dimski as she prepared her bargin counter for the day's work.

Across the aisle, Martha Howe deftly removed the white covers from the long array of books and placed a sign "Give Books to June Graduates" in a conspicuous position.

"Whew! It's going to be hot, Martha." Kate came over to the other girl. "Take a look at my new summer dress—only $3.98 in the basement sale."

"It's ever so gay," Martha could honestly say and inwardly shuddered at the salmon pink eyelet dress as a background for a frizzly yellow bob, carmined lips and vivid fingers nails.

"But I don't feel gay. I'm tired. A crowd of us went down to that new amusement park last night—"

"You ought to have more rest. I've noticed how thin you are getting."

"Oh, rest! That ain't no fun—fun's what I come to the city for."

At the approach of Mr. Gray, the floor walker, Kate went back to her counter.

While Mr. Gray looked over the books, he mentally approved the dainty little clerk with her eager brown eyes, the brown braid neatly coiled about her small head, and her smooth olive skin. Even the tan linen dress, with its white collar and cuffs, set her apart as superior in taste and refinement.

"An excellent choice of books for graduation gifts, Miss Howe," the floor walker commended. "It takes a librarian like you to be so discriminating."

Martha dimpled in a quick smile. "Thanks. Perhaps, it's once a librarian, always a librarian, although I had only eighteen months of service in my home town. Then, for lack of funds, the trustees had to curtail—"

"Tough luck! But when times are better, you'll get placed again. In the meantime, we are glad to have you here."

All through that hot June morning, in spite of Mr. Gray's words of approval and encouragement, Martha wondered if her college training in library work had been in vain. She might get rutted in a department store clerkship.

At lunch time, the cafeteria, in the basement of the store, was cool, and Martha found a quiet corner where she could enjoy her vegetable salad.

"Oh, here you are!" Kate bore down upon her and shoved her tray of food close to the salad plate. "I was afraid I'd missed you. Say, you ain't got no water—I'll get some for both of us."

For one wild instant, Martha was tempted to flee. Just to get away from that silly chatter! What, she thought frantically, does that Polish girl see in me that she persists in seeking my company so much! Our minds live at opposite ends of the earth, but she jumps across the whole distance and lands in the midst of my private affairs.

Kate took big bites of her roast beef sandwich, made soggy with trickles of gravy, and was soon ready for her jelly doughnut and coffee.

"Why don't you have a doughnut? They're awful good."

Martha shook her head. "A salad satisfies me on this hot day."

"You're just like Mrs. Hartley. She was always talking about them viata —vitamins. Up in Vermont, where my home is on the farm, I went out to housework for Mrs. Hartley. I learned to cook real swell, too. She didn't want me to leave, but there wasn't nothing doing up there."

"I have lived in a small town all my life and I love it. The only reason I left was because I had to get work wherever I could."

Kate began to laugh. "Everything you like, I don't and yet I like you. Now can you beat that?" She looked up at the clock. "We got twenty minutes. Please go up to the coat department with me. I want to show you something."

It was stifling on the third floor. One of the saleswomen was evidently expecting Kate. At once, she went into a back room and brought out a sealskin coat.

"Cast your eye on that, Martha," Kate beamed. "I bought it last February in the mark down sale, and it took me until this week to get it paid for. I could of worn it all of March, but I wouldn't take no chance of hurting it before it belonged to me. I wanted to look at it this once before it's put into storage for the summer."

For the first time, Martha felt a pang of pity for the Polish girl. To think that she had sacrificed and worked for a sealskin coat of such inferior quality! The same amount of money would have purchased an excellent cloth coat which would have been serviceable long after the sealskin had become very shabby.

"Well, Kate," she tried to act enthusiastic. "This is a huge surprise. A sealskin coat! What do you say if I slip it on and parade in front of the mirror. Then you can get the effect of so much elegance. I expect your friends will be envying you—"

"I'll say so. Mamie Hennessey would of bought it if I hadn't—it was such a bargain."

Kate fingered the fur lovingly while Martha, with perspiring face, slipped out of the garment.

"Many a day," Kate confessed, on the way down stairs, "I pinched my stomach so's to have the weekly payments ready. Now I can catch up on my eating and be ready for a grand time next winter."

The glorious freedom of Saturday night! Martha opened the door of her little blue and white bedroom in Mrs. Larson's rooming house and rejoiced in this weekend opportunity of doing exactly as she wished for the next twenty-four hours.

It was a treat to be Mrs. Larson's breakfast guest on Sunday and to sit down in the spotless kitchen to enjoy the delicious Swedish coffee bread and the perfect coffee.

The big Swedish woman, in her starched white uniform, with her flaxen braids neatly coiled into a bob, had the mothering instinct for all her roomers. Neither intrusive nor gossipy, she was always ready with friendly interest and assistance.

Martha found it easy to confide the week's annoyances to her.

"It too bad," she sympathized, "when you work so hard. That girl, I see, she have respec' for you—you fill out something she needs."

"I doubt it," Martha shrugged. "She craves an audience, and I happen to be nearby."

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon. Martha was aroused from a nap by a knock on her door.

Still dazed with sleep, she managed to call: "Who is it?"

"It's me—Kate. A woman let me in and told me where your room was."

The visitor, in a grass green rain cape, held out a package.

"There's nothing doing outside today. So I thought I'd look you up and we could have a party. I brought ice cream and candy. My! You got a swell room. That dressing table with the spotted muslin over the blue is cute."

"Mrs. Larson, who runs this house, allowed me to paint the furniture. I made the dressing table myself. But we must eat the ice cream before it melts. I have some paper plates and spoons. What a quantity you bought! Can we eat all of it?"

"I'll say so," Kate giggled. "I'm hungry. Instead of Sunday dinner, I got these things and—"

"No dinner" Martha interrupted with a frown. "That's not right," and produced a chicken sandwich and pear which she procured for her own supper. "You must eat this sandwich before you touch the dessert."

The unwilling hostess, cooped up in her small room with the chatterbox, had a quick inspiration.

"Mrs. Walker, one of the roomers, offered me the use of her radio while she is away. So, let's go down stairs and listen to the 'Hymn Sing' program."

"O. K. It will sound like the church at home. Ma made all of us six kids go to church and Sunday school."

"Your mother has the right idea. I'm glad that my mother, who left us when I was eight, started me in the church going habit. Tell me about your family—you never mentioned them before."

Kate suddenly sobered. "My mother"—she choked over the word—there ain't—isn't any better mother in the world. She's had a tough time, too. She's a real Yankee, born and raised on a Vermont farm. Pa was born up there, too, but his father came from Poland. When my kid sister was only three, pa. died and my mother had to run the farm. That's why we all had to go to work as soon as we could—Sometimes, I wished I had got educated more, the way you did."

Martha was genuinely touched. She reached over and patted the other girl's hand. "I have been fortunate in my chance to go to college, but one of the most cultured women I know had little schooling. She taught herself from books and travel and from contacts with educated people."

"I guess I'll never be cultured, then." She clung to Martha's hand. "I hate to study, but anyhow, I'm smart enough to like one college girl named Martha Howe."

July was a hot and sultry month, and in spite of an air conditioned store, the clerks found it very wearing.

"I'm dead tired all the time," Kate confided to Martha on one scorching morning. "I can't wait for my vacation—the last two weeks in August. When's yours?"

Martha hesitated. "Mine comes at that time, and I planning to go away with the librarian of my home town."

"I'd like to see ma. She writes all the time for me to come home, but Mamie Hennessey's crowd have hired a house at the beach—"

"Go back to the farm and get some

rest, Kate. You've grown so thin this summer. That mountain air with plenty of country milk and eggs will put new life into you."

After a late lunch hour, that day, Martha came back to her department. Mr. Gray was waiting for her.

"Miss Dimski fainted a short time ago and has been carried to the rest room.

"Miss Hunter, the nurse, has revived her, and she keeps calling for you. I'll stay here while you go upstairs to her."

In spite of the nurse's restraining hand, Kate lifted her haggard face from the pillow when Martha came into the room.

"Please let me go to your rooming house, Martha," she begged. "I promise I won't be a bit of trouble to you and—"

"There, there!" The nurse eased her back to a reclining position and felt her pulse. "The doctor will be here soon and he'll advise you as to what is best for you."

The sick girl grabbed Maratha's hand. "He'll say—go to the hospital and I just won't—"her voice rose hysterically—"I'll be all right in a few days if you'll only take me in."

Martha's mind told her that she could not undertake such a burden, but her lips managed to say: "If the doctor and Mrs. Larson approve, I'll let you have my room. I can use a vacant one across the hall."

Later, the nurse came down to the book department and reported: "The doctor's vedict is rest and the proper food. The girl is anaemic and cannot work any more this summer. If she stays in bed for a week or two, she will then be able to go to her home—a farm in Vermont, she tells me. She won't need special care and she'll be able to wait on herself."

"I have telephoned to Mrs. Larson and she will be ready for us as soon after five as I can get a taxi," Martha explained.

"Let me send her to the hospital," Mr. Gray who had been listening to the conversation, urged. "It's an imposition on you, Miss Howe."

Martha shook her head. "She's so averse to the hospital that she could not recuperate there. It's only a question of carrying upstairs three trays a day. Mrs. Larson is kindness itself. She will give me needed assistance."

At closing time, Mr Gray had his machine at the back entrance, and with the aid of the nurse, Kate was made comfortable on the back seat of the car.

While Mrs. Hunter was putting her patient to bed, Mr. Gray took Martha to the cluttered ill-smelling rooming house where Kate had occupied a cubicle on the third floor.

"It's no wonder the girl is sick," Martha told Mr. Gray, after she had packed Kate's clothes, and the suitcases were placed in the automobile. "I could hardly stand it up there for ten minutes in that stifling poke hole of a place."

Fortunately, Kate required little attention, but even so, Martha, in order to relieve Mrs. Larson, arose from her hard cot an hour eariler than usual and prepared the invalid's breakfast. Again, at night, the same duty had to be performed, and then Kate, who had been alone all day, was ready to be entertained with news of the day's happenings at the store.

The sick girl seemed perfectly content. She made no complaint of her

enforced idleness, nor, apparently, did she worry about the expenses of her illness.

But Martha, too tired and worried to sleep much during those hot nights, thought constantly about the bills which had to be met. Mrs. Larson had insisted that no charge should be made for the cot in the vacant room, but even so, the kind hearted woman must be fully paid for all the cream, milk, eggs and chicken, in addition to the nominal board for Kate, the stipulated sum being far too small to compensate for the extra work entailed.

In the same mail which brought Martha her check from the vacation club, the tangible result of her last year's savings, there came a letter from Elsie MacCann, her librarian friend. Elsie's mother had broken her arm, and so Elsie would have to postpone her vacation for another month.

"So that's settled," Martha told herself and slumped down upon her cot. "I'd like to have a good cry, but Kate would see my red eyes, and I simply can't bear to talk over my disappointment. Anyhow, there's money enough now to pay all the bills."

Changing into an old sleeveless dress, she went down to the kitchen to get ready for the supper tray.

Kate was seated in a chair by the window,

"Hello, Martha!" she greeted gaily. "I'm up and dressed and hungry, too." She looked at the food. "Fruit salad and cream toast! Just what I like! But say, Martha, what did you have for your supper? I've never asked you about your eats and—"

"Oh, I ate at the cafeteria, as usual," Martha interrupted and began to tell about the dollar day sale at the store.

"Mamie Hennessey ran in to see me this noon," Kate remarked casually. "The store outing is tomorrow afternoon, I heard, and if you stay at home from it so's to get my supper, I'll—I'll walk out on you. You've done too much for me already."

"Where would you walk?" Martha laughed. "Of course I'll go if you feel that way about it. I'll plan with Mrs. Larson tonight."

The long cool sail and the fine lobster dinner acted like a tonic for the girl's tired nerves. It was nine o'clock when she returned to the rooming house.

"Is that you, Miss Howe?" Mrs. Larson called. "I have some news—Come into the kitchen and have a cup of tea with me."

"What's happened now? Is Kate worse? I ought not to have gone—"

"It's good news, child, for you, after you work and wait on that girl. She ask me for my bill for what she eat and your room and she pay every cent. The doctor—he came today for the last time and she pay him, too."

"But where did she get the money?"

Mrs. Larson shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. When she come here, she give me her pocketbook to get her some medicine. She had six dollars in it. She go home to the farm next Sunday when your vacation is."

Kate's door was open, and she was waiting to hear about the outing.

When every detail had been discussed, Kate announced her intention of going home the last part of the week.

"I've got it all fixed. A friend of

mine is driving down here one day and take me back the next. The doctor says I can walk downstairs now—So you don't have to bother with me any more. You can get ready to go away. When's your friend coming for you?"

"She's obliged to change her plans. Consequently, I think I'll go to the Y. W. C. A. camp."

"A mean shame! I wish you could have a nice vacation—you deserve it."

The following night, Mrs. Larson had arranged a supper for the two girls, in honor, as she said, of the invalid's return of health.

Martha tried her best to be enthusiastic over the appetizing salad, hot coffee buns and ice cream, but her mind was on the urgent necessity of making some plans for her vacation, since she had found out that the Y. W. C. A. camp had no vacancies for the following week.

"You eat not much," Mrs. Larson complained when Martha refused a second helping. "You get so thin and—"

"I know where you can feel like eating," Kate broke in eagerly. "Up in Vermont, near my home, there's a damdy place where they take summer boarders. It's a lot nicer than a camp. I—well, you think I am bold to do it, but I phoned "Resthaven" this morning, and Mrs. Marchant says she's got a front room where you can see the mountains—"

"Oh, Kate!" Martha expostulated. "You shouldn't have spent so much to telephone for me. It's very kind of you, but—"

"I think you beeter go," Mrs. Larson interrupted. "Kate and myself—we plan it for you."

"Honest, Martha," Kate explained. "The people there are your kind—they play tennis and golf and climb mountains. Truly, it's great."

"I'll go," Martha suddenly decided, "and thanks for doing it for me."

The next noon, during her lunch hour, Martha placed a screen around a couch in the rest room and gratefully relaxed on the cool rattan upholstery. She was presently awakened by voices nearby.

"I'm the lucky girl," a voice was saying. "I got Kate Dimski's fur coat. She paid one hundred and twenty-five for it and she's never had it on, neither. She offered it to me for fifteen dollars less'n she paid for it because she's sick and needs the money. You bet I snapped it up quick at that price."

Soon, the two clerks left the room. Martha, recognizing the voice of Mamie Hennessey, made no sound, but the tears came to her eyes as she realized Kate's supreme sacrifice in giving up her long sought treasure in order to pay her bills.

Early Saturday morning, the girls were packed and ready for the day's long ride.

John Swaine, the young farmer who came for them, was most anxious for Kate's comfort. He helped her into the front seat of his car and placed a pillow at her back.

"The front seat rides easier," he told Martha, "and Kate—I can't let her get sick again. Wait till she breathes our Vermont air. It'll put back the roses in her cheeks."

At his evident admiration, roses bloomed at once in the girl's cheeks and she said soberly: "I run away from Vermont air, but now I've learned different. I owe a lot to Martha here—I watched her and I'm trying to do like she does."

"I thank you, Miss Howe," John

Swaine held out his hand. "I hope Katie's coming home to stay. I—we want her."

"I hope so, too," Martha agreed. "Any little service that I've been able to render is a joy to me if Kate has learned that home is best for her."

Eyes, long tortured with blistering city pavements, were raised gratefully to the peaceful grandeur of the Green Mountains.

Martha lost her last vestige of misgiving when she saw the wide, elm shaded village street with its comfortable white houses, set back in their own green lawns. The white pillared church was a gem of colonial architecture.

"There's the library. Isn't it grand?" Kate pointed out a large stone building, partially mantled with ivy. "Old Mr. Drake gave it and the Drake Seminary Buildings. You can't see them yet. They're on a hill beyond the village."

"Mr. Drake was born here," John explained, "and he lives here now in the summer, but he made all his money in a shoe factory in the city. He's mighty good to the village all the time—pays for the library and gives a lot to the church besides."

Resthaven was well named. Martha revelled in her cool airy room and the satisfying country food. The ten boarders, meeting on the large screened porch, were like one happy family. Although there were no young people, Martha and a middle aged school teacher enjoyed long hikes together.

The second day of her vacation, the girl went to the library and introduced herself to the librarian.

"I am Martha Howe, and since I have had eighteen months' experience in this work, I am eager to inspect your lovely building."

"And I am Florence Godfrey. We have many summer visitors who like to inspect the library, but it's not often that I have a chance to show it to a real librarian. You'll appreciate our fine equipment which equals that of a city library. It's a boon to the three hundred seminary students as well as the people from the large mill district about a mile from the village."

"What an opportunity for them! The small town library where I work was meager, indeed, compared to this one, but we also had a large foreign born mill population. It was my privilege to have an Americanization class two evenings a week throughout the winter."

"I'm interested to hear about it since Mr. Drake came in a few days ago and suggested some such plan. In fact he has somebody in mind to assist me along those lines."

In the middle of the week, Kate telephoned an invitation to supper for the next night.

"I'd love to come," Martha said. "I've been waiting to hear from you, and I had decided that I'd find my way to your home tomorrow, anyhow."

"Ma and the rest of the family wanted me to ask you the first thing, but I reckoned that you got enough of me for a while and should have some fun with folks like yourself."

Kate was waiting at the door when John Swaine drove up with the visitor and all the Dimskis, evidently dressed in their best clothes, were right behind her.

The old red farmhouse, tucked away in a secluded spot, showed the results of thrift and hard work in its sleek cattle and well kept fields.

Martha marvelled at the shining

neatness of the shabby home, which had been made festive by the flowers placed in every room.

"I'm pleased to meet you. We'll not forget how good you been to my Kate." Mrs. Dimski's rough hands pressed uncomfortably against the visitor's soft fingers, but Martha did not wince. She liked the honest brusquences of this tall thin woman with her burned brown skin and her close cropped gray hair .

The table ought to have sagged under its load of food. Roast chicken; two large platters of yellow corn as a complement to the other vegetables; square pans of soda biscuits with three kinds of home made jelly.

When the peach ice cream and four tiered layer cake were brought in Martha leaned over to Kate:

"How could you stand city scraps after you had been reared on this delicious food?"

Kate colored quickly as John and her brothers began to laugh.

"Scraps is the right name for a lot of the junk we had to eat, but I guess I had to try the city life before I'd ever be satisfied."

After supper, Kate took her friend to the barn to see a litter of tiny pigs.

The two girls, seated on a flat rock in the barn meadow, watched the afterglow of the sunset.

"Well," Kate confided, "I got some sense at last, thanks to you. It's the country for me. John wanted to marry me before I went to the city, but I wouldn't listen to him. Now we're going to get married at Thanksgiving. He's got a swell farm and he's going to have the house all fixed up—steam heat and a bathroom and everything."

Martha squeeezd the other girl's hand. "That's wonderful. I am so glad for you both because I'm sure that you have found real happiness."

Kate begged to hear a full account of Martha's days at Resthaven.

"What do you think of our library?" she wanted to know.

"It's perfect, not a thing lacking. Why, they are even intending to conduct Americanization classes this winter. In fact, a teacher has been picked out for the place."

"What's Americanization?" Kate inquired.

"If it is similar to the class I taught in the Melford library, there will be a group who will study English and another, the duties of citizenship."

Several days later, Kate telephoned and asked Martha to meet her at the library and choose some books for her.

"John loves to read," she confessed, "and I guess I need to learn something, too."

While the girls were busy at the library shelves, Miss Godfrey came up to them.

"Miss Howe, there has been a director's meeting and Mr. Drake is here. Wouldn't you like to meet him?"

Kate gave her an excited push. "Go ahead, Martha, I'll wait here."

Mr. Drake, who was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Hartley, was a small, bald-headed man with the keenest of black eyes. Martha felt sure that his glance of appraisal missed no slightest detail.

After a few minutes, he went away, and Mrs. Hartley invited the girl into the director's room.

"Let's get acquainted," she smiled in friendly fashion. "I've heard a good deal about you from Katie who

used to be my cook. She's been to see me twice since her return from the city and her whole conversation has revolved around you. There's a miracle of improvement in the girl's deportment and language. Now, it's not hard for me to understand the reason."

Martha blushed hotly. "Please—I don't deserve the credit of it. When Kate was taken sick, she was like the prodigal son who yearned for the worth while things of home."

Presently, Mrs. Hartley began to talk about the library.

"This library which my father built is my pet hobby. I hear that you were a librarian. Do tell me about your work. I'm always looking for new ideas."

Martha shook her head. "New ideas! I cannot mention anything to compare with this ideal place. The townspeople are fortunate indeed to enjoy the privileges of a city library. Even a class in Americanization is to be started this winter, Miss Godfrey tells me."

"But Miss Godfrey dosn't know the sequel," Mrs. Hartley laughed. "The teacher who was tentatively engaged, by reason of her letter of recommendation, was not satisfactory when he interviewed her. So Katie and I have chosen you for the position, provided you would like it."

"Why I—" Martha gasped— "I'm so surprised—And Kate! She mentioned me! How could she possibly know anything about my qualifications?"

"Katie's belief in your goodness and capability is limitless," Mrs. Hartley answered soberly. "In fact, her eloquence so moved me that I took the liberty of writing to the Melford librarian. The latter's endorsement, now that I have seen you, makes me very hopeful that you will want to work here with us."

"I cannot imagine anything I'd like more," Martha replied earnestly.

Later, Martha rushed back to Kate and threw her arms around her.

"Oh, Kate! You are my fairy godmother. Think of being privileged to work in this wonderful library! What a debt I owe you!"

"Nonsense!" Kate flushed in embarrassment. "I wanted to keep you near me. You see you can't get rid of me, after all."

"I don't want to—I need a friend like you."

A FRIEND

A friend is one to whom we turn
When joys o'erwhelm or sorrows burn;
One who will stand life's acid test
And true remain though storms infest.
A friend like this is seldom found,
Though we may search the world around.
Discovered, we'll not lose our grasp,
But with deep love weld tight our clasp.

—Pierson Mettler.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have completed rebuilding our large poultry house. This building was very much in need of repair and the job has been done in first-class shape.

The School has purchased a new mowing machine especially equipped for cutting lespedeza. We now have several mowers of this type, and when all of them are being operated in one field at the same time, there is some grass cut in a day.

Now that the baseball season is drawing to a close, we notice quite a number of footballs flying through the air as the boys gather on the campus daily. It won't be long now until they may be seen grouped around radio sets each Saturday afternoon, as the various big college football games throughout the nation are being broadcast.

Frank Parrish, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School in January 1934, dropped in to see old friends last Tuesday. For quite some time past Frank has been working in a cotton mill at Rockingham, but has now secured employment as weaver in Mill No. 3, North Charlotte.

Frank, who is now twenty-two years old, seemed glad to get back among friends and acquaintances here, and spoke very highly of the School and how much his stay here had been of benefit to him.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Governor Clyde R. Hoey, expressing his appreciation of the bound volume of The Uplift, sent him some time ago. He commented most favorably on the quality of the book, also the manner in which it was bound, the latter work being done by a group of WPA workers, under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Gibson, of Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross B. Lovingood and son, Thomas, of Murphy, were visitors at the School last Tuesday. Ross is one of our old boys, coming here from Cherokee County in 1917 and being paroled in 1919. While here he was in Cottage No. 3 and was a member of the barn force.

Shortly after being paroled, Ross went to Akron, Ohio, where he was employed in a tire factory for about eight years. He then returned to his native county, where he has since resided, working in his father's grocery store the greater part of the time. About a year ago he opened up a cafe in the town of Murphy, and he reports business as being very good largely due to the fact that many workers employed on the large dam now being constructed near there, are taking their meals with him regularly.

Ross stated that his stay at the School had been most beneficial and

was undoubtedly the best thing that could have happened to him at the time. He seemed quite enthusiastic over the many changes and improvements made here during the past nineteen years. At the time of his parole, Ross said there were but four cottages at the School, as compared with the sixteen in operation at the present time.

We were glad to see Ross and his family and to hear that he has done so well since leaving the School.

To state that a horse ran away with a boy wouldn't be any news, as such things often happen on a farm, but when a boy runs away with a horse, well, that's news. Last Saturday morning, Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, had business down in the watermelon patch. Having business over in the patch, he asked Leonard Jacobs, an 11-year-old youngster from our "baby cottage," to hold his saddle horse until his return, leaving him a generous portion of a large melon to dispose of while performing this service.

Having finished his repast, "Jake" decided that he was tired of being a hitching-post, and, mounting his steed with considerable difficulty, took off across the fields. Shortly thereafter the wife of a farmer residing about two and one-half miles from the School, telephoned that a Training School boy was riding a horse through their orchard.

Two School officials immediately drove to this neighbor's farm, and, turning into the lane, met the horse (minus its youthful rider) heading toward home. The horse was captured, and upon inquiry at the farm house, it was learned that Jake had been seen headed toward the railroad. Just about that time a youngster of that neighborhood appeared with the missing Jake, and both horse and rider were returned to the School.

Upon being questioned concerning his destination, Jake's only reply was, "I don't know," so it is assumed that the boy, being a lover of horses, just had in mind the idea of an early morning horseback ride, rather than an attempt to escape from the School.

Since July 1, 1937, the beginning of our fiscal year, 86 boys, having made good records during their stay here, have been conditionally released. Most of them returned to their home communities, where they have either enrolled in the public schools or have secured regular employment, while others have been placed elsewhere. Following are the names of these lads and their present location:

JULY

Jack Gunter and James Finley, Marion; Charles Freeman, Guilford County; Robert Allen, Ellerbe; Sidi Threatt, Monroe; Roy Cruse, St. Claire Shores, Mich.; Eugene Green, Concord; Robert Blevins, Grassy Creek; Henry Fredere, Kelley; James Andrews and Walter Blevins, Sparta; Joseph McPherson, Laurinburg; John and Nelson Daubenmeyer, Winston-Salem; Henry James, Lumberton; Edward Carpenter, Fayetteville; Albert Andrew, Wilmington; James Boyce, Farmville; Percival Shuler, Bryson City; M. C. Cranford, Troy;

Sam Belk, Waxhaw; Robert Teeter, High Point; Fred Davidson, Asheboro; Wilburn and William Suites, Lake City, S. C.; William Stephens, Lumberton; June Malone, Sanford; John Elliott, Laurinburg; Walter Taylor, Winston-Salem; Fred Wheeler, Terre Haute, Ind.; James Ferrell, Reidsville; F. M. Younger, Hemp; Jesse Holleman, Mt. Airy; Morris Starnes, Taylorsville; Frank Wilson, Lexington; Henry Hallman, Draper; Ralph Rainey, Rockwell; Lake Cooper, Purlear; Harlis Triplett, Ronda; John Grider, Kannapolis; Roy McAbee,, Gastonia.

AUGUST

Edward Martin, Reidsville; Albert Newton, East Rockingham; Albert Beaver, Statesville; Roy Pope, Charlotte; Reuben Duggins, Madison; David Hodge, Ridgecrest; James Corn, Salisbury; Andrew Powell, Valdese, Glenn Williams, Morganton; Walter Hill, Rockwell; Burl Smathers, Asheville; Jesse Cleveland, Hendersonville; Coy Green, Lumberton; John Smith, York, S. C.; Glenn Richardson, Thomasville; Edgar Merritt, Winston-Salem; Talmage Dautrey, Four Oaks; Percy Strickland, Selma; Boyce Watts, Waynesville; John Drum, Gastonia; Colby Buchanan, Asheville; Lee and Spurgeon Dowless, Council; John Piner, Lakedale.

SEPTEMBER

Randolph Davis, Charlotte; Charles Furchess and Howard Cook, Winston-Salem; Walter Merritt, Wallace; John Kellam, Olivia; Max Hedrick, Charlotte; Glenn O'Quinn, Lillington; James L. Singleton, Marion; Marvin Edwards, Roanoke Rapids; Williard Garrett, Jamestown; George Gibson and Frank Lewis, Laurinburg; Robert Maultsby, Hamlet; Myron Whitman and Franklin Hensley, Rose Hill; Curtis Coleman, Mayodan; William Mickey, Lexington; Edgar Hatley, Stanfield; Thomas Doby, Salisbury; Robert Mims, Spencer; Giles Green, Lowell.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the third chapter of James, and in his talk to the boys on "Life's Great Ocean," he called special attention to the fourth verse—"Behold also the ships, which though they be so great and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, withersoever the governor listeth."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hughes told of seeing in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., a number of different boats. Most unusual among these was a round boat which looked like a large basket, tarred on the outside to prevent leaking. This type of boat was never used in this country, but was in common use in England many, many years ago.

We read, continued the speaker, that it was hard to manage this round boat. To propel and steer it was a most difficult task. Men began to look about for easier means of transportation by water. They noticed the shape of a fish's body—generally quite long and pointed at head and tail—and how easily it traveled through the water, and decided to shape their boats in like manner. Thus we see the gradual evolution of boat-build-

ing, from the small row-boat to the modern ocean liners, all of them having the general shape of a fish.

Men then began to travel greater distances by water, said the speaker, and it became necessary to have something definite by which boats could be guided in order to reach certain places. In early days a great star, called the Polar Star, always in the North, was used by sailors to guide them in the desired direction. This was all right when traveling by night, but for sailing in the daytime or on nights when this star was not visible, something else was needed, so the mariners' compass, giving accurate directions at all times, came into use. By means of this instrument and a chart showing how to avoid dangerous places, ocean travel became quite safe.

Another thing about steering a ship, said the Rev. Mr. Hughes, is that all-important part of the vessel known as the rudder. By this the helmsman can guide the ship, even against the wind. On sail boats during a storm, it sometimes requires three or four men to hold the rudder so the boat may be kept true to its charted course.

As we sail out on the great ocean of life, continued the speaker, a rudder is most essential. The rudder in our lives is a determined resolution to do the right thing at all times. To the old sailor, the Polar Star or compass would always be the right guide. In life, the compass to follow is our conscience. It always knows whether we do right or wrong, and when we are tempted to lie, cheat, steal, curse or do other things of an evil nature, we will keep in the right path if we listen to the still, small voice of our conscience.

As boats were built larger, said Rev. Mr. Hughes, it soon became impossible for one man, or even several men, to hold the rudder true to its course, and great chains were fastened to either side of it and were connected to a steering wheel. Aided by this additional power, one person could easily steer a huge vessel. Science advanced and ships were built still larger and the rudder-chains needed greater power, so they were made much stronger and connected with the engines, and today one man at the wheel, with the help of tremendous motor power, can keep the most powerful ocean greyhound in its regular course.

So it is in our lives, continued the speaker. The forces of evil encountered on the ocean of life, are so strong that man is entirely too weak to overcome them by himself. More power is needed, and the only thing which will save us is that great power which is God. If we will pray to God, asking for His aid, and really mean it, He will keep us in the right way.

The speaker then stated that when the sea is calm, it is an easy matter to steer the ship, but when storms arise, the task becomes much harder and more power is needed. The same things happens on the sea of life. Our conscience may sometimes get wrong. Storms in the shape of temptations to do those things which are evil in the sight of God often appear upon the horizon, and, like the sailor we need additional power. The only power that can prevent our becoming a wreck upon the shoals of sin, is God's holy spirit.

Sometimes the man at the helm of

a vessel loses control and lets the rudder go, said the speaker. Then the ship rides with the storm, with no way of being guided, and the fury of the tempest may carry it to destruction. People often act just that way. They seem to be cruising along safely when suddenly they loose their grip on the rudder of good resolutions, and drift along the pathway of sin toward dangerous rocky shores. When we lose control of ourselves, we become the easy prey of the forces of evil.

A pilot of a vessel, said Rev. Mr. Hughes, must guide the ship according to the way mapped out on the chart. This chart tells him how to avoid rocks, shoals and other dangers, and by this method only can he bring the ship safely into port. On the voyage through life our chart is the Holy Bible. Here we learn of the dangers lurking along the way, and here we are told how they may be overcome.

In conclusion the speaker stated that all boats must have power. In olden times boats were propelled by oars in the hands of slaves; next came sails enabling the vessel to get its power from the wind; then steam was the next power—stronger than all other sources of power. As vessels were made larger, the power to drive them was increased accordingly. So it is in life. God gives us power day by day as we sail on the sea of life. Tempests may arise which sometimes make it appear that we are certain to be lost, but we have the power of God to guide us, and if we follow His guiding hand, we are sure to ride safely through the storms and finally come to anchor in the harbor of eternal happiness.

THREE LAMPS

Three lamps there are that light the human heart:
The iron lamp of Faith by which one learns
To see a lustre on sepulchral urns,
The silver lamp of Hope whose beams impart
New radiance to days that soon depart,
The golden lamp of Love that brightest burns
Whene'er the loving thought of others turns
To deeds of kindness, love's own counterpart.

For thy Lord's coming, keep forever bright
And clear these precious lamps within thy breast;
Neither the day nor hour ye know when He
Shall come—perchance the middle of the night—
And summon thee to stand at His behest
Before His throne, beside the crystal sea.

—Prof. John D. M. Brown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending September 12, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) James Bridgeman 2
(5) J. C. Cox 14
(15) Edward Johnson 15
(12) Carl Kepley 14
(7) Edward Lucas 9
Mack Setzer 10
(2) Joseph Tucker 13
James Wilhite 10

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Henry Cowan 9
(2) William Haire 11
(2) Arthur Martin 12
Fonnie Oliver 3
(2) Howard Roberts 9
(2) Eugene Stallings 10

COTTAGE No. 2

William Burnette 4
(2) John Capps 4
George Goodman 3
Julius Green 5
Melvin Jarrell 2
(2) Lindsay Jones 3
Fred Seibert 3
(2) Carl D. Shoffner 8
(2) Richard Wrenn 8

COTTAGE No. 3

Kenneth Conklin 4
(3) Neely Dixon 14
(3) Julian Gregory 9
John Hampton 5
(3) William McRary 6
William New 5
(3) Frank Pickett 12
(2) Kenneth Raby 4
George Shaver 2
Fred Vereen
(3) Allen Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 8
James Bartlett 2
Garrett Bishop 8
(2) Odell Bray 11
(2) Edward Fisher 8
James Hancock 11
(2) Ralph Johnson 8
Grover Lett 2
(3) Thomas Little 13
(3) Thomas Maness 9
Charles Mizzell 4
(4) Hubert McCoy 7
(2) Robert Orrell 10
(2) Lloyd Pettus 11
Frank Raby 7
Melvin Walters 12

COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Almond 3
(2) Marshall Bryson 12
Ernest Beach 2
Burman Holland
George Ramsey
Burl Rash 2

COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson 11
Robert Bryson 14
Robert Deyton 6
Robert Dunning 5
Robert Dellinger 5
Thomas Doby 9
Roscoe Honeycutt 4
James Rackley 11
Joseph Sanford 8
Canipe Shoe 6
Woodrow Wilson 4
George Wilhite 9

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 6
(3) Archie Castlebury 7
James Davis 3
Fred Dysen 8
(3) Caleb Hill 13
(2) Houston Howard 5
(3) Lloyd Hite 5
James Jordan 6
(3) Robert Lawrence 8
(3) Kenneth Messick 9
(2) Wayland Morgan 5

(3) J. C. Mobley 11
Milton Pickett 5
J. D. Powell 7
(2) Dewey Sisk 2
(2) William Tester 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) C. D. Grooms 9
Robert Gaines 4
Elbert Kersey 6
(5) Eugene Presnell 8
(11) Homer Smith 14

COTTAGE No. 10

Earl Atwood 10
Jack Carter 3
(3) Glenn Collins 9
Floyd Combs 3
(3) Edward Chapman 10
James Wilhite 4
Edward E. Murray 7
Dewey Ware 3

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 5
(6) Howard Clark 13
Earl Duncan 6
Lawrence Guffey 9
(3) Albert Goodman 6
(2) Paul Mullis 7
(5) Lilmore Oliver 4
(2) John Uptegrove 4
(6) N. C. Webb 11

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Joseph Cox 7
(2) Ben Cooper 6
(2) Frank Dickens 11
Hubert Holloway 11
Filman Lyles
(2) Clarence Mayton 7
(2) Jerome Medlin 12
Ewin Odom 7
(3) Ross Young 8

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Arthur Ashley 3
(7) Fletcher Boggs 14
(2) Norman Brogden 2
(2) Jack Foster 2
Harry Flowe 9
(2) Isaac Hendren 8
Jordan McIver 3
Eugene Patton 5
Claudius Pickett 11

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Clyde Barnwell 6
Harry Connell 6
(2) Felmond Lane 4
Troy Powell 5
(4) James Stepp 7
Paul Shipes 7
Harold Thomas 2
(2) Desmond Truitt 4
(4) William Warf 8
James Watson
(2) Henry Walters 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) John Brown 11
Hoyt Hollifield 4
(4) Caleb Jolly 13
(3) Alvin Powell 8
Richard Thomas 3
(2) Harold Walsh 5

A LESSON

Time to me this truth hath taught—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought
Than from want of feeling.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 25, 1937 No. 39

WORK

To-day I am wondering what would happen to me by now if fifty years ago some fluent talker had converted me to the theory of the eight-hour day and convinced me that it was not fair to my fellow workers to put forth my best efforts in my work. I am glad that the eight hour day had not been invented when I was a young man. If my life had been made up of eight-hour days I do not believe I could have accomplished a great deal. This country would not amount to as much as it does if the young men of fifty years ago had been afraid that they might earn more than they were paid.

—Thomas A. Edison.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

BACK IN TOWN

From the mountain glen and the salt sea fen,
By trail and eke by train,
A cry rings up to the autumn sky:
It's "Hey for the town again!"
We have had enough of things in the rough,
Of the rural moon and star;
We'll be glad to hear, though it may sound queer,
The gong of the trolley car!

We have trouted and trolled, we have barcaroled,
Where the long lake's ripples gleam;
We have scaled the height of youth's delight,
Dreaming the olden dream;
Now the echoes come, with their haunting hum,
From the opera and the play—
From the gray frou-frou of the avenue,
And the deep din of Broadway.

That we long to march in the grip of starch
All proper, precise and prim,
With a "howd'ye do?" and a "how are you?"
Is true, though it's somewhat grim.
Back from the free of the open sea,
From the green of garth and lane,
To the round and rack of the treadmill track—
Yes, it's back to the town again!

—Selected.

OLD BELLS OF ENGLAND

A dispatch from London, published in The New York Times, gives the following story of bells:

"This year marks the tercentenary of foundation of the first body of bellringers in the world. The Ancient Society of College Youths

was formed in London by noblemen and City Aldermen in 1637.

Bells have played their part in English history, states Sherman A. Boyce, manager of the American Express Travel Service, having been used in early days to call or rouse the burghers to arms. In early times they had the Seeding Bell to tell the farmer when to plant, and the Harvest Bell to make ready for threshing, and every week Oven Bell, when the church wardens had prepared the spacious communal facilities of the parish oven, sending each housewife with her daughters and small sons scurrying with pans of dough.

"They had the Gleaning Bell to tell the poor to begin gathering corn in the fields and the Mote Bell to summon those Vualified to attend court.

"The Curfew Bell still survives in many places, but the Waking Bell has but lately fallen into disuse."

* * * * * * *

DANGER IN UNIVERSAL EDUCATION

Again the tocsin has sounded as to the danger of mass education. The whole truth of the matter is one never knows when doing the right and best thing for the people. The sum and substance of the argument is that the opportunities offered in the public schools are more frequently abused instead of used for profit.

However, one outstanding educator, President James I. McConanghy, Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., in a perpared address under auspices of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, said "democracy would be wise if it could curb the education of our present school population; that high school training is largely a waste of time and public funds and that we are so educated minded as a nation that we refuse to see education may be a waste and not an asset for all". This is a broad indictment from the educator of one of the New England states.

However, this statement was modified somewhat when the educator stated,—"at the same time freedom of education is an essential in a democracy, but there must be an understanding of the limitations imposed."

Perhaps like the Prophet Joshua who led the Israelites into the land of promise the educator sees the need of "hewers of wood and drawers of water".

Despite the fact we may be created equal from the date of birth there is a great difference in capacity and promise. To have a wholesome diet mentally as well as physically things must be taken with "a pinch of salt", therefore, classification according to adaptability must be considered in the individual before mass education measures up to expectations. Education means more than book learning, implies skill to apply results of a long school term.

It is evident the dawn of a new day in our public school system is "breaking" because adaptability of the child in public schools is being freely discussed. When the aptitude of the child is considered there will be less waste of time and funds.

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THRIFT OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

When speaking of the "Latter Day Saints" or "Mormons", little is known other than the founder was Joseph Smith, accepted as a prophet, and that the church permitted plurality of marriages. And for some years this practice prevenetd Utah, the stronghold of Mormons, from being admitted into the Union as a state. Later a Manifesto was issued by one of the high rulers of that faith that discontinued plural marriages so Utah was later recived into the Union.

Laying aside all prejudices and misgivings as to the doctrine and practices of the followers of Joseph Smith, it is interesting to note that in and around Salt Lake City they are working on the theory of Joseph, who laid up stores for the lean years of Old Testament times. They are observing, as directed by those so ordained, a monthly fast day and giving the equivalent to the regional storehouse so as to safeguard against a rainy day. They are taught not to go in debt, but live at all times close to shore. The objective of which is to take all of their believers off relief roll.

They are different entirely from the average citizen who spends all and more too before the week end envelope is received. Therefore, many fine lessons of thrift may be learned from the thrifty adherents of the Latter Day Saints.

It is opportune to state here that this year marks the centenary of its advent, Mormonism, into England. A bronze tablet, just lately was unveiled at the spot on Ribble River, near Preston, where

about six missionies from this country settled in 1837. During the century since Mormonism has succeeded in establishing a present membership of 9,000 persons, a fine nuclous for a healthy development.

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EDUCATION AS BIG BUSINESS

The Stanly News-Press shows that the school system of the state, when we realize the number of pupils enrolled, and the cost of maintaining the same, is a big business. The following we give as an item of interest because these schools touch nearly every home in the state, radiating an influence that is vital:

The average daily attendance in North Carolina last year was 765,000 pupils, or an increase over the previous year of 6,000. Doubtless there will be a like increase this year, and it can be easily understood that looking after the educational needs of three-quarters of a million children is no small task.

State school officials will have 4,100 school buses in operation before the middle of the month in transporting children to and from consolidated schools, the largest school transportation system in the country. The safety record maintained during the past few years by this system has been excellent, and one of which parents and tax-payers should be proud.

Now the state is furnishing textbooks in the elementary grades, and this is no small expense.

When we look at the job of providing teachers, books, and transportation, all will readily agree that education in North Carolina is a big business. And no effort should be spared to keep this big business in the hands of and under the direction of men who are capable of doing the job in an efficent and economical manner.

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The superintendent of Industrial School for Boys, Beaumont, Virginia, states that children should be taught that there is a dignity to labor, beauty of service, the highest respect for authority with the spirit of "nobless oblige", which broadly interpreted, means "the greater the opportunity, the greater the obligation."

The superintendent thinks it more honorable to have work-

hardened hands and sun-tanned skin than it is to have the flabby hands and pallid skin of idleness. The head of this Virginia institution for maladjusted children emphasizes knowing some vocation, the lack of which he thinks is the cause of many social ills existing today. He teaches that the blacksmith, farmer, carpenter and day laborer are very essential and without them there would be no building. Without the laboring class,—the foundation of all industrial activities, progress would be halted in different interests that means a livelihood for myriads of people.

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The expression "Janus faced" means about the same thing as "carrying water on both shoulders". Either expression means some one is playing double, not true, leaving a feeling of mistrust. A two faced, or Janus faced person does not inspire confidence.

Janus is one of the mythological gods. He is pictured with two faces, one looking forward and one seeing backward. It is said that our month of January was named for this ancient Roman deitiy, primarily god of gates and doors, hence, of all beginnings. The first month of the New Year was called January because it looked back upon the past and looked to the future. However, to be called Janus faced is not a pleasing epithet.

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When the way of life seems hard it is encouraging to dwell upon the wise saying that "the best inspiration comes from desperation while in a state of perspiration." The inference is that the one who is the hardest pressed and plugging away earnestly at his task, is at the same time generating ideas of high voltage and will in the end come out on the top. To wait for inspiration,—despite the fact the general opinion is that talent is temperamental and waits for inspiration,—before doing the things contemplated one seldom succeeds. The spirit of waiting for some unseen something usually results in a "do-less person."

BUCKET BRIGADE!

By W. Henry Boller

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," wrote Benjamin Franklin in 1735, and proceeded to give minute directions for the handling of live coals and the care that should be taken to prevent fires. Having once been forced to leap from a window "to avoid being over-roasted," Franklin knew at first hand the danger of fires and the need for fire prevention.

In 1735, as today, the fire problem loomed large in every American city and town. Although not exactly numerous, fires in those days were unnecessarily destructive. Practically the only fire fighting appliances then in use were the bucket, the ladder and the hook, the latter being used for tearing down the burning buildings.

It was in Philadephia, in 1736, that Franklin and four friends organized the first volunteer fire company in the American Colonies. Members of the Union Fire Company, as it was called, agreed to furnished at their own expense six leather buckets and two stout linen bags. The buckets were for carrying water to extinguish the flames, while the bags were to hold rescued property that was in danger of theft.

When a five started in those old days it was usually the watchman who was the first to raise an alarm. Trudging through the dusty streets, a small pot lamp in one hand and a tinkling bell in the other, the night watchman made his rounds. At the first sign of a ruddy glow against the midnight sky he raised the cry of "Fire!" and with his fire rattle sounded the alarm.

Then, aroused by the clangor of the watchman's rattle and the bells of the nearby churches and town hall, the volunteer firemen would come running. Bucket and hook in hand they would dash through the unlighted and unpaved streets; for it was not until fifty years later that the streets were lighted and paved at public expense.

Arriving at the scene of the fire the firemen and other nearby inhabitants formed long lines, and the full buckets of water were passed from hand to hand until their contents reached the flames. Down another line the empty buckets sped to be quickly refilled. Hook in hand, other firemen attempted to save valuable property and dispose of burning material. Standing nearby, the fire captain gave directions through his speaking trumpet.

By the middle of the eighteenth century volunteer fire companies had been organized in most of the important cities and towns throughout the colonies. Many of these companies by this time drew hand-operated pumping engines with them to fires, and hand pumps were in use which, when placed in the leather buckets, threw a short-lived stream of water.

In 1730 "Old Shagrag," a hand pumper built in England, had been brought to this country. "Old Shagrag" boasts the distinction of being the first piece of fire fighting machinery in America. The "Darby Ram," another famous old colonial hand-pumper, boasted of a mounted ram's head for ornamentation.

Brave figures indeed must have been

cut by the early fire-fighters. Their uniform consisted of a high hat, trim breeches, and a blue, green or gold cape, depending upon the company to which they belonged. Keen rivalries developed between the various metropolitan fire companies, and street fights between their members were frequent. Damage from these fights was frequently worse than the damage caused by the fires themselves. Conditions grew so bad that the companies finally had to issue orders against street fights during fires. Fire fighting in those brave old days had many rewards, and the company which arrived first at the scene of a fire usually considered that it had the sole privilege and the sole right to put out the fire.

Colonial America fairly speaks in the names of some of the early volunteer fire companies. Philadephia, among others, boasted of the Good Intent Hose Company, the Hope Hose Company, the Excelsior Hose Company, the Hibernia Engine Company, and the Hand-in-Hand Fire Company, The Philadelphia Hose Company was organized in 1803, and prided itself in the possession of a $78 hose-carriage. One of the outstanding feats of this organization was "the fighting of the fire at Israel Israel's stables in Whalebone Alley," a description of which is in the company's annals.

Besides organizing the first fire company in the Colonies, Benjamin Franklin also participated in the organization of the first fire insurance company in America, the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire—or, as it was generally known, the "Hand-in-Hand," because of its house-mark showing four hands clasping at the wrist. This company was organized in 1752.

Although there was no direct connection between the many insurance companies which soon sprang up and the volunteer fire companies, the insurance companies in many cases contributed largely to the financial support of the volunteers.

These early insurance companies used fire-marks, which were placed upon the fronts of the houses insured in the company. These fire-marks were small plaques, usually bearing the seal of the company. Among the most famous ones are the "Hand-in-Hand" of Franklin's company; the eagle of the Insurance ompany of North America; and the "Green Tree" of the Mutual Assurance Company of Philadelphia. The fire-mark of the Fire Association of Philadelphia showed a full stream of water gushing from a hose attached to an old-time fire plug. Other fire-marks carried pictures of lions, salamanders, sun gods, fire engines, and ships under full sail.

In Philadelphia the volunteer fire companies flourished for a period of 134 years, from the organization of the Union Fire Company until the advent of the paid fire department in 1870. One year later, in 1871, horse-drawn fire engines were first used. Today the story of the old time fire fighters is relegated to the pages of history and the halls of our museums.

There was recently unveiled in Philadelphia a plaque which reads: "In this alley, called Grindstone, was located the Union Fire Co. . . . (the first organized group of firemen in America) founded by Benjamin Franklin, 1736."

DOCTOR URGES QUIET EVENING HOUR FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

(Suffolk News-Herald)

"One hour of complete quiet in the home after supper will accomplish as much towards helping a child to master his school work as almost anything the family can do," declared Dr. Robert A. Fraser, Chief Medical Director of the New York Life Insurance Company, in commenting on ways in which parents can assist their children at the beginning of a new school year.

"It is unreasonable," said Dr. Fraser, "to expect that a child can concentrate on his lessons in the midst of the ordinary distractions common in most homes. Not only are school grades likely to suffer, but the child's nervous and physical condition can be affected. Whether we realize it or not, the radio, laughter, conversation, singing, any and all of these constitute disturbances that are almost insurmountable for the average child when he has school work to do."

Fathers and mothers should cooperate with the child, Dr. Fraser feels, and see to it that a quiet hour is strictly and regularly enforced. Let it began about a half an hour after the evening meal, after the dishes and other household tasks are out of the way, and then for the space of one hour the radio should be quiet, there should be no conversation between members of the family, no singing or piano playing, no noise of any kind that the family can avoid. Under such conditions the child will be able to concentrate on his school work and get the greatest benefit from the time spent on his books.

"Strangely enough," Dr. Fraser added, "in families where the quiet hour is put into effect, the adults are usually the ones who derive the most actual satisfaction from it. Mother and father discover that during that period they relax physically and mentally, and they enjoy the opportunity for undisturbed reading and rest."

A child should study in a room by himself, when possible, and Dr. Fraser recommends giving the child a desk of his own, where he can keep his belongings with the understanding that no one will molest them. The desk need not be an expensive affair. Even a couple of packing cases, with simple alterations and a little paint, can be made to serve. Epuip the desh with good light and a suitable chair, and have the child use it for all his studying and homework.

"Most parents," says Dr. Fraser, "make a mistake in offering too much help with the child's homework. Don't try to be a teacher. The chances are you will be doing more harm than good. Methods of teaching have changed markedly in the past twenty years, in both elementary and high schools, and in all likelihood the parent will not understand what system is being used with his child and will attempt to explain the subject as it was taught to himself.

"The result is inevitable. Either the child is bewildered and unable to understand, or there is a clash of wills between parent and child over which method to use. Either

way, the outcome is detrimental."

The wise parent, according to Dr. Fraser, gives a minimum of actual help, but backs up the classroom teacher and lends her all the moral support possible. A visit to the school will frequently result in parents having a much better understanding of what is being attempted, and they can find out how they can be of greatest help both to the teacher and the child.

Parents should have their children examined by a physician either before school starts or as soon thereafter as possible. Diptheria inoculation, which usually is not compulsory, is strongly advised for children starting school. Eyesight, hearing and teeth should be carefully checked by doctor and dentist.

Frequently parents will note telltale signs indicative of defective hearing and eyesight, and in such cases a doctor should be consulted at once. If the child squints when reading, holds the book markedly close to his eyes or complains of headaches, there is a strong possibility of impaired vision. If the child seems inattentive and indifferent and must have remarks repeated before replying, his hearing should be tested.

Above all, see to it that school children get plenty of sleep. Not less than ten or eleven hours for the youngsters; not less than nine hours for the boys and girls in middle and later "teens". Remember the old saying, that "every hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after twelve."

VICTIMS OF THE DEMON, HURRY

A local citizen sat in a car parked in front of the school building on a recent afternoon as school turned out. His testimony is that only two cars out of a dozen slowed down at the stop sign at the school zone. He watched the children start across the highway, then dart back as an oncoming car bore down upon them. They were conscious of their rights as they hurled after the speeding drivers the question: "Can't you read?"

Yes, they could read, but the demon, hurry, was dominating them and there was no time to slow down for school children to cross the road safely.

That same speed demon claimed five victims in Johnston county last week and hundreds of others in North Carolina during the past year. Motorists may be in a hurry to arrive at their destinations; they may think they can't drive at a slow speed behind some car not in such a big hurry until they reach a suitable place to pass; they take many a chance and get by without mishap. Then comes the one chance too many —the fatal chance—and a life, two lives, nay three lives, at one fell swoop are snapped off, victims of the demon, Hurry.

—Smithfield Herald.

THREE HISTORICAL SAMPLERS IN AMERICA

By Julia W. Wolfe

Who made the first sampler? They have now been traced to the sixteenth century. Old ones have been found in Venice and other Italian cities, but we know positively that samplers were made in England as far back as 1614. There is one in the British Museum, worked before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Many of the patterns on the earlier samplers were such as would be found on bags or handkerchiefs, but in later times the designs do not seem to be so closely linked with other contemporary work, and patterns often give the impression of progressive exercises rather than of storehouse designs. Many of the older ones were worked in gold and silver thread and silks of various colors. To add the worker's name was a later practice; as the sampler tended to become more and more a record of the worker's skill, the commendable custom of adding both name and date arose.

Samplers were generally the first needlework given to girls who must have been a patient and clever lot, for it took many, many months to make a sampler. The work done in the Quaker schools in England as late as the middle of the nineteenth century shows that young children could still learn to do the most skillful work at a tender age, and it seems amusing that there were some strait-laced people in those days who considered time wasted on "this vain and idle occupation." One writer exhorts thus:

"Fear God and learn women's housewifery,
Not idle samplery or silken follies."

Besides flowers, birds and beasts, mottoes were worked in the early samplers. One aged one in the Metropolitan Museum bears this motto: "The feare of God is an excellent gift." Many Bible verses were also used in making samplers.

Such intricate stitches are found in the old samplers! It is a study in itself to trace the origin of the various stitches; some from Spain; others from the Dutch; and dozens from the English needleworkers. Poets even wrote sonnets about the numerous stitches.

Sampler-making was carried from England and Holland to the American colonies, but the materials used by the colonists were often cardboard or "cutout" paper. They did not have beautiful linens and silk as did the European girls, so it is hard to imagine the patience, the diligence and the time it took to space their design. It was about 1740 that a loosely woven woolen tammy or "sampler-canvas" was manufactured. This was used for nearly a century for sampler work. It would seem that sampler-making was about the first needlework American girls were permitted to do. On them they worked the Lord's Prayer, the alphabet and the Ten Commandments. Many were more personal and were quaintly rhymed and even ludicrous. We smile at some of the sentiments but admire the careful work. One old one in the writer's possession has this rhyme:

"If all mankind would live in
mutual love
This world would much resemble
that above."

It is well known that Mistress Anne Gower, who came to the Colonies as the wife of Governor Endicott, started the work of sampler-making in the Massachusetts colony. And it is related that Loara Standish, daughter of Captain Miles Standish, finished the first one that history records. Thus the sampler period began in 1644; the time of the greatest production was between 1725 and 1840.

Under the direction of the women who conducted the "dame" and early "finishing" schools the sampler outgrew its name and became a running commentary on the times—sidelights on history—from which many facts have been gleaned. In some cases, as in the "Old Scotch Wedding Party" and the "Porter Family Register" samplers are the sole remaining records of the events and history they commemorate.

The genealogical type was evolved in 1730, by Ann Robins. Not content with crossstitching her name and the date, she added the family dates and so established the first American family tree. The trees kept growing throughout the "Sampler Era."

The sampler made by Hannah S. Porter, in 1823, is a fine example of this and is one of the famous three. The thirteen-year-old Hannah tells us all she knows of life—her parents' names and the date of their marriage, sisters and brothers, and the family home (she remembers the window on the stairway). She uses the symbols immemorially honored—the evergreen tree for life, stars for immortality. She tries her best to soften the mortuary urn by filling it with flowers. The genealogical sampler records are final and are as impregnable as the family Bible, indeed, the latter records were infrequently copied from old samplers. This famous one is now on exhibition in the Salem Institute, Salem, Massachusetts.

The map sampler is rarely seen today, and because of its vast demands on patience and stitchery skill never was commonplace. The design was tedious, difficult and not particularly attractive for little girls, as it lacked the picture quality. Indeed, it has been suspected of being a disciplinary measure. Usually this task was confined to outlining boundary, with little attempt at ornamentation.

But little Mary Iverson not only must have loved her work but also Wales and England, for she chose to undertake this difficult piece of needlework. This sampler was made shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. Quaintly she has united the mother country with the new republic daughter. The Stars and Stripes are floating bravely from some of the sailing vessels that appear to be holding a regatta all around England. The glorious flag was very new when this sampler was begun, which is probably the work of the five years between the close of the war and Mary's thirteenth birthday in 1788. The Union Jack also appears on some of the ships. This sampler is now on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and is well worth looking for when visiting there.

This piece of work is unusually well done, each crossstitch name being as clear as print, and there are many important towns denoted in each shire. It is brown-dyed, the dyes probably

made from the butternut tree, as was the custom of those days. This dye was rubbed over the linen for cloud and shadow effect. The sampler is framed in a very ornate frame and is beyond question the most intricate sampler to be found in America.

The early samplers were worked in crosstitch and bird's eye, with occasional petit point for buildings and satin stitch, which became fashionable after the Revolution. This was commonly used for the white slabs in memorial samplers— and that was another vogue of early days. The stitches employed in these three famous samplers are reminiscent of the poems we told you about above, "tent-worke, laid-worke, frog-worke, cut-worke, Purles and net-worke" may all be picked out on close examination. Little Mary Iverson must have read her "pattern booke" thoroughly, for she has the whole combination in her "map".

The third famous sampler in America is a rare and beautiful one; it may be seen in the Antiquarian Society collection of Worcester, Massachusetts. It shows the Old South Church as it stood in Colonial days. This sampler cannot be excelled for local color and quaintness. Techanically, it is a needle-point sampler, a bit of a hybrid, for it has attributes of both sampler and needle-point picture. The entire canvas is worked, which is considered a distinguishing mark of the picture, but the date being given authorizes its being mentioned among the samplers, especially as the family whom it concerns has preserved it as a sampler of the wife of the renowned Gardiner Chandler of Boston, commemorating a family event. This was evidently a festive occasion and is said to represent the wedding of Mary Chandler to Benjamin Greene. How a little girl could have remembered the details of the event is marvelous! Additional steeds appear on close scrutiny, more doves and eagles in the sky and the puzzling animal in the lower left-hand corner. And the white-faced bride in the "chaise," the decorated whip and harness, the footman and the coachman! How ever did the lady in hoop-skirt get through the church door? If we mistake not, here is one of the family, possibly the groom, assisting the dismounting "hooped" ladies. Is he not bravely attired? Mark well the stable groom in livery, silver shoe buckles and turban. His presence is the seal of fashion, for it was then considered "elegant" to have blacks in Boston. This particular Negro and the black horse he is holding were familiar sights in Colonial days on Beacon Hill.

Thus this sampler combines the historical, the architectural and the commemorative. It is an extraordinary example of skill and a precious reminder of those long-ago days of repose and ingenuity. Its pictorial qualities are uppermost, but, whatever it possesses, it is absolutely unique and we shall not see its like again.

Anybody who expects something for nothing is all the better for being disappointed, because he learns something.
—Henry Ford.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

(Selected)

Most of the institutions are more or less deeply interested in work that must be done by hand. All the inventions of the world have not put the human hand on the rubbish heap. It is still useful and it is still important that it be trained to usefulness and to accuracy. Liberty is taken to print a recent letter from Mr. W. Irving Mayo, Jr., the director of the New England Gurn Hattin Homes at Westminister, Vermont. Perhaps many would be interested in his expression of his views upon this subject.

"I know that you are serving a rural section much as we are here. I cannot understand why you have not felt the need for more vocational training in your program. It seems to me that that is the great call to the institutions and the opportunity of these days. Up in these parts particularly, boys and girls have no way of learning trades. The old-fashioned plumbers, carpenters and mechanics that used to be so plentiful in each village have either moved away or died off. The summer people who come into the section and those who live here all the year around are calling all the time for skilled labor which is not here, or if it is, it only pretends to be skilled and does not really know anything about how to do the innumerable things that are now being done about our homes, such as the care of mechanical refrigeration, the upkeep of automobiles and the piping and installation of modern plumbing. The children read the advertisements in the papers of many bogus schools in the cities, and often save up money to go away in an attempt to learn something about these things. The average rural community cannot raise enough money from its taxes to support vocational training in the public schools. Even if it could do so it would not be a practical move from an economic standpoint because there are so few in each community who could avail themselves of the facilities were they placed there. In other words, the average child in a rural community will for a long time to come have to go away from home if he is to get any trade instructions whatsoever.

Now turning to our dependent child, and I agree with you when you say that the need is far greater for those who are not orphans but who come from broken families, we find that they usually go to work at an early age and obtain little help from relatives and friends in getting established. College is generally out of the question for them and to state it frankly they are often not of the mental caliber to profit from the training given in our usual academic institutions. They generally are of the type who do things very much better with their hands. I do not mean that they are subnormal, but that they rather have a different type of mind. This is due partly, of course, to the family background. It seems to me that this type of child of all persons should be furnished vocational training in addition to academic work. Such being the case it would seem to me to be a very urgent duty of the institutions to provide this kind of training. If in addition

the institution is to be located in a rural environment which is really the best kind of all, it will have to add academic training because the average rural school is not big enough to absorb one hundred or more extra boys and girls, but even should it be it would still be unable to furnish a vocational program unless it had some help from the institution.

I have prophesied in connection with our work here that we may someday be furnished such a good program of vocational work and trade training that we might be called upon to take care of some day pupils from surrounding rural communities and thus be rendering a double service."

"I HAVE LOST FAITH"

"I have lost faith in everything," he said;
Then stepped into a train and went to bed,
With no thought of the engineer whose skill
Speeded him onward over plain and hill.

"I have no faith," he said. With majesty
The ocean liner carried him to sea.
The captain was courageous, and he knew
The way of tides and how the big winds blew.

"I have lost faith." An airplane bore him high
Above the little earth. A star rode by.
The pilot knew the way. There was no breath
Of danger for this man of little faith.

He had no faith in any one, but there
Was not a day when some one did not bear
Responsibility to keep him just
As safe as if they shared his boundless trust.

—Anne Campbell, in "Our Paper."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN JEWRY

By Rev. Paul I. Morentz, in the Lutheran

In an interesting pamphlet on "Marriage in Judaism," by Rabbi Isaac Unna, a modern writer is quoted as having said that a culture of people may be judged by three considerations: their appreciation of human life, the position of the stranger among them; and the position of their women. With the first two we have nothing to do in this article. The third, the position of women, is vital if we are to have the right understanding of the subject.

We are particularly grateful to Rabbi Unna for pointing out that many misunderstand, putting it rather mildly, the position of women among the Jews because they confuse the Jews with other Oriental peoples and Jewish ideals with the general psychology of the East. The fact is that Jewish life, both ancient and modern, is more influenced by its religion and its own unique interpretations of religion than by environment. Thus the position of women among the Jews is always at least a step ahead of the age and the surroundings among which they live. Since this article concerns itself merely with one side of the position of women among the Jews, namely, the marital question, we may profitably limit discussion to the position of the Jewish wife.

Traditional Judaism does not encourage bachelorhood and is not very complimentary to bachelors. A Talmudic saying has it: "Whosoever lives without a wife is without joy, without blessing, without happiness, without Torah, without bulwark, without peace; who lives without a wife is no man at all." The ideal of marriage, as we see from the Biblical narrative of the creation of the woman, is companionship. "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a help meet for him." The basis of marrige is the preservation of man created in God's image. The principal aim therefore is children. According to the Talmud, "peru urebhu (Be fruitful and multiply), is the first of the 613 commandments enjoined on all pious Jews. As to monogamy, it is sufficient to quote the original ideal, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." If polygamy was practiced by the Jews in the Old Testament time, and it certainly was not practiced to the same extent as among contemporary nations, it was only permitted 'for the hardness of heart."

The Rabbis like to point to the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca as the ideal marriage. First comes the importance of getting the right kind of a wife, and here blood and environment count most. The aged Abraham makes his trusted servant, Eleazar, swear that he will not permit Isaac to be married to a Cannaanitish woman, but will go to Aram and bring one of Abraham's own kindred as wife to Isaac. Second, when one knows how not to choose one's wife the real choice of a life companion must be left to providence. And here

again the choice of Rebecca as a wife for Isaac is a splendid illustration.

Eleazar did not follow his nose, but his master's orders, and Rebecca did not happen to drop in by accident but came his way in answer to prayer. Third, the bride to be has the last word on the subject. In case of Rebecca, the consent of the immediate family was first obtained, which is as it should be, but the last word was Rebecca's.—"We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth," is commented on by the Rabbis, "We learn from these words that a maiden is not to be married without her consent." Fourth, love and mutual respect are the only safeguards for a happy married life. And in this again the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca may be cited as a fine example. After all was said and done it was a case of love on first sight with both of them. What can be more beautiful than this conclusion? "And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebecca, and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Marriage customs of course differ. The Bible, except for a hint or an implication here and there, has little or nothing to say about wedding ceremonies. The Talmud, on the other hand, has much to say concerning preparations for marriage and the ceremony proper. Negotiations for marriage, in the Hebrew, "shidduchim," among orthodox Jews, often begins very early in life. Marriage in the early teens was very common among European Jews even in the lifetime of this writer. Engagements, in our sense of the word, preceding marriage, were unknown to the ancient Jews. Marriage consisted of two parts, the betrothal and the marriage proper. The betrothal was marriage in every sense of the word, for its relation could only be dissolved by divorce. Some distinguish the one from the other by saying that the betrothal represented the civil part of the marriage and the culminating ceremony the religious part. But whatever the interpretation may be it shows the seriousness in which the old time Jews viewed marriage, for the interval between betrothal and marriage was, for a virgin, twelve months, for a widow, thirty days. The completion of the ceremony is made by "chuppah" (the bridal canopy), a strictly religious ceremony which requires the presence of ten males, a "minyan," same number that is required for a public worship service. The presence of a Rabbi is not necessary, although here in America it must be someone authorized by law to perform marriages. A part of the ceremony is the "kethubah," the wedding contract, which in substance says, in the words of the bridegroom to the bride: "Become thou my wife according to the law of Moses and Israel, and I shall serve you, honor you and provide for you according to the manner of Jewish men, who serve, honor and provide for their wives in truth."

The Old Testament law on divorce is found in Deuteronomy 24: 1-4. According to that law, divorce is permissible on rather general grounds, "if she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some unseemly thing in her"; the divorced party is permitted to remarry, but if she is divorced again the first husband may

not remarry her. A rather unsatisfactory law, and we need not be surprised to learn that the rabbis were sharply divided and that the stricter rabbis insisted on interpreting this phrase in the law "becaues he hath found some unseemly thing in her" as meaning a case of unchastity. We are all familiar with our Lord's comment on the Mosaic law of divorcement: "For your hardness of heart he (Moses) wrote you this commandment."

Divorce among old-time Jews, and we are not thinking of ancient or medieval times, was very rare, and it is not common even among modern Jews. Perhaps this fact will put the subject of divorce among the Jews in its proper light. A Rabbi is not needed to bring a Jew into the world. A Rabbi is not needed to take a Jew out of the world. A Rabbi is not needed to perform the circumcision ceremony; it is done by a "mohel," one who is particularly adept at performing such operations. A Rabbi is not needed to make a child of Israel a "bar mitzwah," "a son of the commandment" (similar to our confirmation). A Rabbi is not needed to marry people or to officiate at funerals. A Rabbi is not needed to conduct a service, even on the sabbath or other High Days. A Rabbi is needed to grant a Jewish divorce, and in some countries it is in the hands of a "Beth Dim," a "house of judgment," consisting of several rabbis.

In conclusion, permit this writer a bit of moralizing. It is not accidental that the Jews as a people have persevered and remained on the map while other nations, apparently more vigorous than they, perished or dwindled to an insignificant number. Aside from the providential intervention, in accord with the promises to their fathers, the fine family life among the Jews is largely responsible for the survival of the Jews, as a race, as a people and as a great factor in both our ancient and modern civilization. Let the Jewish missionary have the last word.—We see in Jewish family life, even under the ever-changing conditions, a religious stabilizer that will some day result in the complete evangelization of that people, for in this regard they come nearer to the Jesus ideal than many professing Christians.

IN LOVE IS STRENGTH

In love is strength; it holds the universe
Secure from every injury and wrong,
And from that strength each one of us grows strong.

In love is life; there is no earthly power
Can ever thwart the soul's security;
So may we know our rightful destiny.

In love is peace, the peace that far transcends
All human joy and every wordly gain;
That peace is ours—and easy to attain.

—Amy Bower.

THE MARSH CONTEST

By Agnes Barden Dustin, in Lutheran Young Folks

"Well, Jack, want to go to work, do you?"

James Hanson looked at his stalwart son with marked disapproval. "Spent all your earnings on a year of college. Think it's done you much good?"

"I hope so, Dad. Now I must earn enough to go on with."

"Huh! Know what you cousin Dave's been about this year?" Mr. Hanson brought his brown, calloused hand down on the table with a mighty slap. "He's what I call a sensible chap. This last year he's put a good lump sum of money in the bank—sold one of his thoroughbred Holsteins. He's getting quite a herd. You don't catch Dave spending a red cent on colleges. He'll have a farm of his own before long. His father was bragging about the boy only yesterday, and I don't know as I blame him."

"I'm glad he's getting on so well," said Jack.

"And you've spent all you had and are looking for a job. What you want to do, something easy?"

"Whatever you have on hand, Dad."

Mr. Hanson looked at the square shoulders of his son, and there was a mixture of exasperation, disappointment and pride on his face. "I s'pose you could put up the marsh fence," he allowed. His gray eyes twinkled. "There's a stunt for you Jack. Let you see how a college feller matches up against an honest-to-goodness working chap."

"What are you going to fence the marsh for?"

"We're going to sell it. Least ways, Amos Kinne's putting up a dicker. He's offered five hundred for that old sinkhole and your Uncle Martin says to let him have it and good riddance—it's half on his farm and half on mine, you know. But what Kinne wants of it is more than anybody can puzzle out. I held out to have a stout new fence along the boundary before we sell, anyhow.The posts are cut and down there, and the barbed wire is under the shed. It ought to have been fenced before now, for many a cow has been mired in that sinkhole."

"All right, Dad. Glad of the work."

"And another thing." Jack's keen eyes noted the wistful look on the weather-beaten face. "Dave'll be on the same job, and of course will beat you all out putting up their half of the fence; but if you'll spunk up and not let him skunk you—Martin brags so—I'll make it worth your while. And if you could manage to beat him, even it 'twas no more than by a foot, there'll be an extra ten in it for you. Yes, I say, I'll make it twenty-five. But I guess I'm safe enough in offering it—Dave will see to that," with an impatient sigh.

James and Martin Hanson were brothers living on adjoining Vermont farms, and for years had maintained a certain rivalry as to the merits of their dairy herds, the weight of their fat hogs, the size and quality of their potato yield, but more particularly they loved to boast of their only sons, Jack and Dave. Or had so boasted until Jack had insisted upon going to agricultural college. Since then Jack's aggrieved father had ruefully admitted that his brother Martin had

worsted him on the son proposition.

The July sun had scarcely brightened the treetops the following moring when Jack, fencing tools over his shoulder, and whistling as blithely as a meadow lark, strode down the pasture hill and to the edge of the Hanson marsh. His cousin Dave, brawny and deep-chested, was already on the job. "Huh! huh!" his breath exploded in time to mighty blows on the post he was driving into the soft earth. Jach eyed him with deep respect. "Guess there's not much chance of winning dad's bonus," he thought ruefully, "but I can try," grimly.

"There! that stake marks the middle of the marsh boundary," Dave declared, ignoring Jack's greeting. "You can measure it over if you want to, but I know that's right. Don't suppose it'll do for you to hurry the job," he suggested craftily, "you being kind of soft. Best to harden up gradually, you know." He eyed a young Holstein heifer browsing on the hillside with the home herd and grinned as he recalled his father's promise that the heifer should be his if he beat his cousin handsomely.

"Suppose we couldn't work together," Jack proposed. "It would be easier and more sociable."

"I'm no hand to visit while working," Dave denied hastily. He collected his tools and swung away down the border line of the marsh.

It was a hot summer morning but soon the vigorous blows of axes sharpening tough ash stakes set the hill echoes ringing and caused the herds in each pasture to raise their heads in wondering curiosity. The fencing stunt was on.

At noon Jack brought over his lunch pail to the maple tree on the hillside in whose shade Dave had thrown himself down to rest. Dave's ruddy face looked parboiled and his blue work shirt showed dark patches of sweat under his overall straps. Jack's sun-browned bare shoulders glistened like those of a bronze statue.

"Whew! that sun's a scorcher!" Dave panted. "Guess you didn't get all that tan in school," he added in surprise.

"Oh, baseball and some rowing," Jack said carelessly. "Good training for your wind, you know. What I came over for was to ask you why Amos Kinne is buying this old marsh. I can't make it out. What's it good for, Dave? It's worthless as pasture, treacherous as sin in the spring; and there's no wood or—"

"There ain't nothing," Dave declared succinctly. "But if Kinne wants to pay for a bog, that's his business. What do we care? His loss is our good luck. Crazy, I should call him."

"Not Amos Kinne!" Jack snorted "Shrewed as a horse trader! Look at the irons he has in the fire! Look at his bank acount!"

"Well, what do you think—he wants to raise bull frogs?" Dave grinned.

"You don't suppose there's something in that marsh worth more—much more—than the price he offered, do you?" Jack propounded.

Dave stared.

"Suppose we take an hour or two off and look around a bit," Jack suggested. "It might pay."

"We've been through that old marsh a hundred times," Dave scoffed. "But stroll around all you want; all you'll get will be mosquito bites." He bolted his last sandwich and got yawningly to his feet. "Guess I'll mosey back to that fence."

It was a lively curiosity that sent James Hanson after the cows late that afternoon, that chore usually being relegated to Hiram, the hired man. Quite by accident, he met his brother Martin on the hilltop and both men sat down on the stone fence that divided their pastures for a chat.

"Been a pretty hot day. Time your boy let up for supper," Martin said casually. "Being soft, he don't want to get all petered out the first day."

"That's right," admitted his brother. "I might give him a yell. S'pose they'd be in sight if we went over the brow of the hill a mite? Maybe the cows are down that way."

"Might be so."

Both men strolled over the hill, each cognizant of the fact that their herds were peacefully wending their ways down deep-trodded paths to the familiar barns, and scanned the marshy flat keenly.

"There's Dave! I say if he hasn't set a line of stakes clear to the birch stub! How's that for a day's work?" exulted Martin, as he brought a horny hand down on his brother's shoulder.

But James Hanson was staring down at a distant, half-naked figure that seemed to be tamping the earth around a post in no great haste, for the words of a lively college song were rolling blithely up the hill. James Hanson sighed with relief. His boy hadn't made such a bad showing. Not so good as Dave, maybe: that was not to be expected, but a good fair day's work.

The shadows were lengthening across the marsh. Below, the farm bell, its rope jerked by Hiram's strong hand, pealed its summons to supper. Dave came plodding wearily up the hill. Jack pulled on a shirt, deliberately strolled off into the swamp and was soon lost to view behind its border of alders and gnarled willows.

"Well, he don't seem to be tore to pieces much," Martin Hanson observed in mild surprise. "But where's he going, Jim?"

His brother's laugh held amused vexation "oh, probably to explore the marsh. He can't figure out what Kinne wants of it, and Jack always has to know things."

As his father had said, Jack had an inquiring mind. As he dug post holes that day he had gone over again and again in his mind the resources of the seemingly worthless tract of land that Amos Kinne was desirous of buying. There was no water, no view, no outcroping of minerals. Could there be anything of value in the bog? Forgetting supper, he set off to explore. He found that he could walk over much of the marsh dry-shod, although he sank to his ankles at every step in the spongy moss that covered the whole area.

Jack found the moss interesting. Some was vivid green, some shaded from dark red tips into pink that merged into dead white toward the root. He pulled up a handful of the long shoots to find more moss growing below. He dug deeper and unearthed moss, dead and brown. How far down the peaty moss descended he had no means of knowing.

"Haven't I heard that dried moss is used for something?" Jack dimly recalled. He stood frowning at the marsh until a whippoorwill began his twilight chant, then with a pocketful of moss he went thoughtfully away down across the pastures

to the quiet, lakeside village where he knew Professor Wallace, his university botany teacher, was spending his summer vacation.

The boys were at their fencing before sunrise the next morning, and before noon it was plain to be seen that the job would be done by supper time that night, if not before. Lusty axe strokes, the heavier pounding of sledges, and the brisk tap of hammers, driving home the wire staples, kept the echoes busy.

That afternoon Jack took a little time off to keep an appointment with a solitary visitor to the marsh. The two inspected the bog for a short time, a sheet of paper from the professor's notebook changed hands, then Jack was back at work again, stepping about more briskly than ever to make up lost time.

Just before supper time James Hanson and his brother Martin met at the old stone fence at the top of the pasture slope. Without even the pretense of calling the cows, they sauntered down toward the marsh.

"I say!" James Hanson ejaculated a few minutes later. "Haven't either one of them got more than a few rods to go."

"Well, I'll be—" his brother stared at the hard-working boys beside the marsh without further words. It would be hard to say which of the two men was more surprised at the closeness of the outcome, though Martin had admitted the night before that Jack had "considerable spunk and endurance for a college chap."

The Hanson boys were fast approaching the center stake of the fence. The posts were all set, three bright strands of the new barbed wire were stretched taut and nailed in place and the boys were coming down the home stretch of the last and highest strand of wire as fast as lusty hammers could drive in the staples. The finish would be nip and tuck.

Suddenly there was a strangled shout from Dave; he reeled away from the fence, both hands to his head, and abruptly sat down on a hummock.

Jack reached him first. Blood was trickling through Dave's fingers from a bad cut on his head.

"It was that confounded hammer head," Dave said thickly, as the two older men came panting up. "It flew off and hit me a bad clip. I knew it was loose but didn't want to stop to fix it."

"Gave you a nasty dig," his father admitted, anxiously swabbing away at his son's whitened face with his handkerchief.

"Lucky it missed his eye," Dave's uncle ascertained, refief mingling with his concern.

Jack came runing back, the water jug he had carried afield that morning in hand, and a worn, clean shirt which he had slipped off before beginning the day's work.

"Here, we'll have you fixed up in a jiffy," he assured, tearing up the shirt. "Stretch out here on the knoll and we'll stop that bleeding."

When his head had been bathed, a pad and bandage applied, Dave, still rather white beneath the tan, propped himself up against a rock and grinned across at his cousin who was wiping his hands on the remnant of the shirt.

"You win, Doctor Jack."

"Nonsense! There didn't either one of us win the stunt," Jack insisted. "Anyway, it isn't important. What I have to tell you folks will surprise

you. Look here." Jack sat down on the knoll and extracted a folded sheet of notepaper from his pocket, while the assembled group looked at him in astonishment.

"I got to thinking about that old bog and went down and got Professor Wallace up to see it," Jack related. "He declares it to be the finest sphagnum moss bed in the state. He said that sphagnum is valuable, for nurserymen use it to wrap the roots of the trees and shrubs they send out, because its spongy nature makes it capable of retaining moisture a long time."

"I guess that's so," his uncle agreed slowly, "but I never thought of that kind of moss growing around here."

"Is that what Amos Kinne got wind of?" James Hanson wondered.

"Sure," Jack said. "I telephoned last night to the Sealey Brothers' Nursery Company in the next county —Orrin Sealey was in my class at college—and he told me Kinne had required their price per carload for a good quality of moss."

"Well, well! Trust Amos to smell out a profit, even from a bog-hole," admired Jack's father. "S'pose there's moss stuff enough there to pay?"

"Yes, and pay well," Jack assured. "Orrin Sealey said to cut it in blocks with a hay knife, dry in the sun, and press it with our hay press. He said it took about two hundred bales to fill a car and they paid from a dollar up a bale, depending on quality."

"Why, there's a small fortune in that old bog!" gasped Dave. "And we never knew it!"

"Professor Wallace gave us this recommendation as to the quality of the moss," continued Jack, passing the notebook leaf, "and that will carry weight with nursery companies, for the professor is well known all over New England."

"Guess the Hansons will work their own marsh." James looked at his brother a trifle dazed. "We'll put a flea in Kinne's ear when he comes around to dicker."

"What say we hand the old bog over to the boys, Jim, and let 'em make what they can out of it?"

"All right with me," agreed his brother James. "Guess you can pay your college bills, after all, Jack. I kind of think college hasn't hurt you any, son," he declared. "Maybe training in farming is necessary these times, and getting out and making acquaintances and learning other folks' ideas surely does help out—or did in this case, anyhow."

"When you go back this fall I'm going along and take that course in dairying you told me about," Dave stated with a determined nod.

Men and women of rich attainments and ability are usually modest and unassuming, while the empty-headed people all too often feverishly lift themselves above the crowd as if afraid they may not receive the attention they think they deserve. One of the surest evidences of true greatness is a humble spirit.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The interior of our bakery has been given a new coat of paint, making it look spic and span.

The latest addition to the School staff is Mr. Sam S. Carpenter, who hails from Peachland. He took up his duties here last Monday.

William Downes, of Cottage No. 2, had the misfortune to fracture his collar-bone while playing football last Saturday. He was treated by Dr. R. M. King, the School physician, and is getting along nicely.

Richard Honeycutt, of Cottage No. 12, who has been going to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for some time for treatment of ear trouble, is showing considerable improvement.

Part of the machinery for our textile department was received last week and was placed in the building formerly occupied by the printing office and shoe shop. Two loads of this machinery came from Greensboro and the other from Rockingham.

The late planting of string beans have begun to bear and they are being gathered, and our cannery is running at top speed. This will give Mr. Walker, who is in charge of the canning, an opportunity to try out the new sealer, recently purchased. The beans are of excellent quality and are in just the right condition for canning.

Doyle Cherry, of Durham, who left the School in 1919, was a visitor here last Sunday. Shortly after being paroled he enlisted in the United States Army and served three years. At the expiration of his enlistment Doyle returned to Durham, and went to work in a meat market and has been following the butcher's trade ever since. Doyle is now thirty-three years old, weighs around 170 pounds, and has been married since May 1935.

Our good friend, Mr. Paul Caldwell, who is resident pharmacist at Sailors Snug Harbor. Staten Island, N. Y., recently sent us the rotogravure section of a Sunday edition of the New York Herald-Tribune, containing an historical sketch and two full pages of pictures of interesting scenes around the Harbor. This is a most interesting institution and we appreciate Dr. Paul's kindness in sending the splendid pictures.

We learned the other day that Fred Costian, who was paroled about twenty years ago, had been appointed manager of the Postal Telegraph Company's office in Danville, Va., and

would move to that city at once.

Since leaving the School, Fred has been engaged in various kinds of work, but for the past six years he has been connected with the Postal Company in Charlotte. His transfer to Danvile is considered quite a promotion and we are glad to take this opportunity to tender congratulations and best wishes for continued success.

Lee Broadway, formerly a house boy in Cottage No. 9, who left here about eight years ago, visited The Uplift office last Wednesday. Upon leaving the School he engaged in farm work, spending three years down in Eastern North Carolina. He then went to Thomasville, where he was employed in a chair factory for one year. About four years ago he secured employment in the Efird Cotton Mill, Albemarle, where he is still working. He states that he likes textile work and is getting along nicely. He has been married four years and has two daughters, aged three years and nine months, respectively.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then called attention to the fourth class of actor on the stage of life—the money-crazed person. That person seeks to get money and keep it. He makes great riches his god and worships it. He is of no value to the world becaused he is selfish. The uppermost thought in his mind is to get all for self and leave nothing for others.

All of the world is a stage and we are the players, said the speaker in conclusion. What part are we going to take? Will we choose the serious drama or will we play our part in the follies of life? We must choose between playing the fool and being a real man. More than at any other period in the history of mankind, the world today is looking for real men, and the only way to measure up to that standard is to live as God wants us to live, and play our part on the stage of life according to His teaching.

Howard Atkins, of Chadbourne, formerly a boy here, dropped in to see us last Saturday. He came to the School from Whiteville and was given permission to leave about nine years ago. He finished high school in Whitevile, after which he attended Oak Ridge Military Academy, Greensboro, for two years. He then obtained employment with the Columbus Manufacturing Company, working in the office, and is still employed by that firm. Howard also has a little produce business of his own on the side, operating two trucks in buying and selling produce. He has been married several years.

Howard was quite enthusiastic concerning the work of the School and stated that would never regret the time he spent here. He said that he didn't know what kind of a fellow he might have been had he not been steadied on his feet here and given a different outlook on life.

At the time he left the School, Howard weighed 140 pounds, but he now tips the scales at 240 pounds. He broke his leg playing football while here, but says he has played consider-

ably since leaving without experiencing further injury. He also played semi-pro baseball in the Tobacco State League for some time.

Rick Dalton, one of our old boys, visited the School last Tuesday. He was paroled nearly nine years ago, and has been employed by the United Cigar Stores since that time. His first position with the company was that of clerk in the Asheville store. After about a year he became quite proficient in the art of window-dressing and was transferred several times, working in the following places: Chattanooga, Tennessee; Orlando, Jacksonville and Miami, Florida; Augusta, Georgia. He was recently sent back to Asheville as assistant manager of the store there.

While at the School Rick was in Cottage No. 2 and spent quite some time as attendant at the "little white house" (our infirmary), and as furance boy at the Administration Building.

According to reports received here from time to time since leaving us, Rick has made a good record, and from the way he talked to a number of School officials, we believe he really means to continue the good work.

The Training School boys (with the exception of a few who came here from Kannapolis) are quite jubilant over the fact that the Concord Weavers took four out of five games from the Kannapolis Towelers in the final play-off for the championship of the Carolina League. Last year the boys were guests of the Weavers at many games, and Manager Bobby Hipps and his players soon became great favorites with them and they would yell continuously for a Weaver victory at every game.

During the season just closed the games were played at night and because of the lack of transportation facilities the boys were unable to attend. This did not lessen their interest, however, for following each game, those of the official staff attending the night before, were plied with hundreds of questions the next morning, and daily sport sheets were much in demand. The youngsters were interested in the playing of favorites they had seen last year—Hipps, Culler, Redfern, McCall, Tally and others. Two outstanding players in the eyes of the lads here were Ken Chitwood, ace right-hander of the Weaver pitching staff, and Whit Guise, who throws 'em with the fork-hand, each of whom had a very successful season.

The entire personnel of the Weavers was of the highest type of young men we have been privileged to see on the diamond in many years, and the local management is to be congratulated upon being able to secure such a group of clean-cut athletes to represent the city of Concord during the 1937 baseball season.

Edgar Rochester, of Charlotte, paid The Uplift office a brief call last Tuesday afternoon. This lad, a former member of our printing class, has been making a splendid record since being allowed to return to his home about eight years ago. He first obtained employment in a small job

printing establishment, where he worked for one year. He then took a position as pressman in the Charlotte News job department, being promoted from time to time, until he was placed in charge of five presses about a year ago. Ed stated that he was getting along fine but had to keep moving in a hurry lately because of an unusual rush of job work. Frequent reports coming to us from those associated with him at the News plant have been very commendable.

Since his mother's death several years ago, Edgar has been caring for two brothers and two sisters, all quite small. He has been married two years and took great delight in giving us the information that he was the father of a baby girl, two months old.

Ever since his return to Charlotte, Edgar has been a regular attendant at the First Baptist Church and Sunday School, and seems to be very much interested in the work being carried on by the young people's organizations.

Edgar always seems glad to visit our printing department and never fails to express his appreciation of all the opportunities offered him during his stay at the School. He has developed into a fine young man and we were glad to see him and to learn that he has been getting along so well since his return to his home community.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 12th chapter of Proverbs, and in his talk, "Players on the Stage of Life," he called special attention to Proverbs 12:15—"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that the Bible has much to say about fools, quoting several instances. He also said there are many fools in the world today. We see them performing on the stage of life, and from their actions, we cannot help wondering just what is in their hearts.

There are four prominent players on the stage of life today, said the speaker: The idler, the comedian, the sensualist, and the money-crazed person. Speaking of the first, the idler, we see a person who is seeking to have his own way in life. He is perfectly content to live his life without ever thinking of such a thing as service; he lusts after laziness. If that person has a talent, surely it is buried in a napkin.

Anyone seeking to make any worthwhile contribution to life should realize that it cannot be done without work, continued the speaker. The things appreciated most are those for which we have worked the hardest. Those who want to accomplish things without work should always have this motto before them—"Don't be a dead one, you work!" The worthwhile man is not afraid of work and is always willing to lend a hand in order that something may be added to life, while the idler just drifts along, doing nothing.

Down through the ages we have had many fine examples in men and women who have given their lives to accomplish something worthwhile, always alert for an opportunity to serve

their fellow-men, and there are many of that type of people in the world today. How much better it is to be classed as one of these, rather than be one of those who are mere players —wearing their lives away as idlers. Jesus never called men to discipleship until he found them busy working at something else. He could not use idlers to help carry on the work he came to earth to do.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then referred to that class of people known as comedians on the stage of life—those who laugh their way through every phase of life. There is a certain amount of laughter that is very fine, but life is something far better than clowning. We cannot make a real contribution to life in that manner. Such folks make too light of the serious things of life and are bound to lose out. We even have preachers in pulpits today who are clowning rather than seeking to lead people to God. They are not worthy of holding positions of such high character, and really do God's cause much harm, when they should be trying to extend God's kingdom here on earth.

The third class of actors on the stage of life are those known as sensualists, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. Their aim in life is to "eat, drink and be merry." The Apostle Paul, when writing to the people of Corinth, warned them against that class of people, telling them to put away from themselves those wicked persons.

We need the same warning against sensualists today, continued the speaker. People sometimes celebrate various events by getting drunk. That seems to be their idea of a proper celebration, but it harms them both physically, mentally and morally. The sensualist places the values of life far too low. He misses the mark in life by placing emphasis at the wrong place. He is a fool because he lives on a plane where he misses the true vision of God.

IF DEWDROPS WERE PENNIES

If dewdrops were pennies, I'd never be poor,
I'd go to my garden and open a store.
A bag of sunshine would sell very high—
Ten dewdrops for that and a yard of blue sky.

Five drops for a pansy, but eight for a rose,
While folks would be saying, "How fast money goes."
If dewdrops were pennies, no folk would be poor—
Why, they could just gather them right at my door.
But would Mrs. Merrick believe in dewrops,
And take them, I wonder, for her lollipops?

—Jennie Klawan.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending September 19, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) James Bridgeman 3
(6) J. C. Cox 15
(16) Edward Johnson 16
(13) Carl Kepley 15
(8) Edward Lucas 10
(2) Mack Setzer 11
(2) James Wilhite 11

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 3
(3) Henry Cowan 10
Carroll Dodd 7
(3) William Haire 12
Horace Journigan 5
(3) Arthur Martin 13
Preston Yarborough 4
R. L. Young 10

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes 5
(2) George Goodman 4
Clifton Mabry 5
(2) Fred Seibert 4
(3) Richard Wrenn 9

COTTAGE No. 3

(4) Neely Dixon 15
Henry Floyd
Coolidge Green 8
(4) Julian Gregory 10
(4) William McRary 7
(2) William New 6
(4) Frank Pickett 13
(3) Kenneth Raby 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Odell Bray 12
Hurley Davis 9
(3) Edward Fisher 9
(2) James Hancock 12
Henry Harris 6
Ernest Hudspeth 8
(3) Ralph Johnson 9
John King 5
(4) Thomas Little 14
(5) Hubert McCoy 8
(3) Robert Orrell 11
(2) Frank Raby 8
William Surratt 4
(2) Melvin Walters 13
Leo Ward 9
Odell Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Marshall Bryson 13
(2) Ernest Beach 3
J. C. Branton 2
Robert Jordan 12
David Odham 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 7
(4) Archie Castlebury 8
William Estes 7
Blaine Griffin 4
(4) Caleb Hill 14
(3) Houston Howard 6
Hugh Johnson 10

COTTAGE No. 8

John Penninger 4
Charles Taylor 13

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood 6
Wilson Bowman 4
J. T. Branch 9
Thomas Braddock 12
Gladston Carter 4
Hubert Carter 7
Heller Davis 7
George Duncan 6
Woodfin Fowler 14
(3) C. D. Grooms 10
Mark Jones 10
(2) Elbert Kersey 7
(6) Eugene Presnell 9
Earl Stamey 9
Hubert Short 4
(12) Homer Smith 15

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 7
(2) Earl Atwood 11
(4) Glenn Collins 10
(2) Floyd Combs 4
Felix Littlejohn 4
James Martin 5
(2) Edward E. Murray 8

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Bryant 6
(7) Howard Clark 14
William Kirk 12
(3) Paul Mullis 8
Willliam Martin 12
(6) Filmore Oliver 12
Julius Stevens 8
(3) John Uptegrove 5

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Joseph Cox 8
Joseph D. Corn
Charlton Henry 9
Richard Honeycutt 5
(2) Hubert Holloway 12
(2) Filman Lyles 2
(3) Jerome Medlin 13
(2) Ewin Odom 8

COTTAGE No. 13

Burris Bozeman 2
(8) Fletcher Boggs 15
(3) Norman Brogden 3
Clarence Douglas 10
(3) Jack Foster 3
Robert Hailey 13
(3) Isaac Hendren 9
Douglas Mabry
(2) Eugene Patton 6
(2) Claudius Pickett 12

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe 4
(4) Clyde Barnwell 7
(2) Harry Connell 7
James Kirk 7
(2) Troy Powell 6
John Robbins 6
(2) Paul Shipes 8
(5) James Stepp 8
(3) Henry Walters 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) John Brown 12
Hobart Gross 10
(2) Richard Thomas 4
Robert Wilson 8

THE HILLS AHEAD

The hills ahead look hard and steep and high,
Often we behold them with a sigh;
But as we near them, level grows the road,
We find on every slope, with every load,
The climb is not so steep, the top so far;
The hills ahead look higher than they are.

And so it is with troubles, though they seem so great
That men complain, and fear, and hesitate.
Less difficult the journey than we dreamed;
It never proves as hard as once it seemed.
There never comes a hill, a task, a day,
But, as we near it, easier the way.

—**Selected.**

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 2, 1937 No. 40

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U. N. C. Library

PURITY

"The little ermine carefully avoids besmirching its white hairs, and men who try to capture it take advantage of this fact. They will watch it when it leaves its home and then they will bank up fresh mud about the entrance. When the ermine returns, it will not enter, but will lie down and die in front of its entrance rather than besmirch its fur . Such a passion in mankind for purity would result in a beauty that would transform the world."—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LEARNING TO WALK ALONE

Probably the most difficult thing for a college student to learn is to be a kind master of himself. The home restraints have been cast off. He now can choose his own way. He must learn to walk on his own moral legs. And he may be tempted to revel in his new-found freedom by choosing ways contrary to those formerly chosen for him by his elders. The matter of attendance at church and church school is a case in point. Religious workers on American campuses tell us that the persons hardest to reach are those who are in the last half of the freshman year or in the sophomore year. They are reacting from the compulsion of their high school days, when home conditions dictated that they should attend church and church school. When they become upperclassmen they become interested in religious discussion groups and are apt to take advantage of opportunities to work in the church society or in the college church. They have learned by that time that they can really do themselves good by accepting what religion offers. The upward urge gets a new hold on them.—Exchange.

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL LIBRARY

All things of value have a small and often insignificant beginning. Such is the story of the library, one of the most valuable contributions to this institution. There would be many dull days, especially on rainy, cold days, for the boys and officers, if there were no books available to help pass the time.

A resume of the library perhaps will elicit the interest of outsiders, therefore, will repeat the old story, that each time shows the value of small things.

It was on a cold afternoon that the associate editor of The Uplift happened to stop in the City Library, Concord and while chatting with the librarian, Mrs. Richmond Reed, by chance we happened to notice a box of worn and torn books. The first question was,

"What are you going to do with those books?" "No use" replied the librarian, "they are for any one who wishes them."

To make a long story short will conclude, saying they were solicited for the J. T. School, and delivered there in a short time. Then it was an editorial comment followed as to how the boys rushed out and picked out their special book. Yes, they were really hungry for something good to read.

This editorial was read by Mrs. E. E. Peele, Charlotte, then president of the local King's Daughters. She became interested and instantly begun to solicit books. The library now numbers over 4,000.

This library was established in 1933, making it four years old. During the time it is natural to expect that the books have been used and abused. The condition of the books was made known to Mrs. Peele. She instantly started on a campaign for money to put over the project of rebinding the books. Some of the money was raised by small contributions from various counties, but not enough, and it will take $200 more, the amount estimated by Miss Elizabeth Gibson, Concord, who is now supervising the rebinding of the library books, a WPA project.

Every penny spent in this library rebounds to the glory of boyhood of the state for a good book is the finest companion any one may choose. The benefits of this project are twofold—the library has new books and at the same time the boys who assist in this work have become experts in the art of book binding, therefore, learning a very worthwhile vocation.

The following is the Library Report from September 17, 1936 and ending September 1, 1937, given by W. M. Crooks librarian.

1. Loans

Class	Number
Magazines and Papers	1262
Reference	174
Children's Literature	1865
Philosophy	12
Religion	86
Sociology	41
Philology	25
Science	17
Useful Arts	38
Fine Arts	11
Miscellaneous Literature	23
Fiction	5527

History	132
Biography	51
Geography	22
Total Loans since Sept. 1, 1936	9286

2. Accessions

From Charlotte (Mrs. E. E. Peele)	289
From Concord (First Presbyterian Church)	35
From Concord (Mrs. J. P. Cook)	74
From Concord (Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Longhurst)	32
From Concord (Mr. J. J. Barnhardt)	105
From Monroe (Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Caldwell)	100
From Kannapolis (Womans' Club)	33
From Hendersonville (Womans' Club)	23
From Mount Gilead (Womans' Club)	10
From Jackson Training School Boys	19
Bought by Jackson Training School	10
Total Accessions since Sept. 1, 1936	760

3. Other Improvements

Number of Books Repaired (WPA)	1250
Book Pockets (Bought by Jackson Training School)	5000
Cards Printed by Jackson Training School	5000

4. Total Number of Books in Library Sept. 1, 1937 4098

W. M. Crooks, Librarian

* * * * * * *

TEACH AND PRACTICE HONESTY

The command "Thou Shalt Not Steal" implies theft in the broadest sense, and not as some think, taking something clandestinely that belongs to another. Such acts pale into insignificance when meeting the designer who defrauds and dead-beats at the expense of the other fellow. It is "sad but true", there are many walking the highways of the social strata who are perfect parasites.

To be honest implies fair play in thought as well as act. For instance not to pay for what is earned; to receive compensation for duties when loafing on the job; unfair advantage though it smacks as a legalized right; to use public funds without results or to take credit for work other than your own,—all of these things before God are dishonest and break His commandment as much as does the kidnapper, or hold-up man. As measured by the laws of man there are different degrees of punishment, but in the sight of God trickery and deception are prompted by the spirit to steal in some way, let it be for financial purposes or for social or political position.

If not honest for the love of this noble trait then it is wise to practice honesty because it is the best policy. Children of honest parentage have a noble heritage, one that money cannot buy.

Play the game fair, be honest. These principals, the fundamentals of an honest life, should be taught every student in the public school system due to the fact these institutions are assembling grounds for children from homes of all kinds and conditions. The old saying "my word is my bond" has been thrown to the four winds, and no time is better than now to incorporate this old maxim in the curricula of all schools and emphasize the same.

* * * * * * *

OLD-STYLE DRUGGIST HAVE A HOPE

The following, selected from a reliable and much interested paper in all affairs that materially pushes to the wall a substantial business, will be read with a hope by all old-time druggists:

"Dr. E. F. Cook of Philadelphia's School of Pharmacy told the American Pharmaceutical Association convening in New York. "The old-style druggist is coming back." The chain drug store, which sells everything under the sun and only incidentally fills prescriptions, is gradually losing its prescription business to the professional pharmacy. Dr. Cook predicted that this would finally result in a natural division here between the commerical drug store and the pharmacy, a condition which already exists in many European countries by law. This change will increase the opportunities for registered pharmacists, and tend to raise the standard of their professional dignity and importance."

* * * * * * *

The rumor is again afloat that Colonel Charles Lindbergh, now residing in some sequestered spot in England, far removed from public gaze, will in due time renounce his American citizenship and become a British citizen.

It is true during the terrible ordeal of Colonel Lindbergh, when his baby boy was snatched from his home under the shadows of night, he drunk the dregs of the cup of sorrow. But at the same time during and after his agonizing hours no American citizen

ever received such universal recognition and sympathy, and other babies have been lost, from the people of the United States.

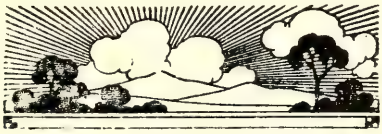
There has been always a mixed feeling about Colonel Lindbergh, but not being able to see deep down in the soul of the man, there is no comment, only "judge not that ye be not judged". Perhaps others would do the same thing, hie away from the scene that brings memories of the most horrible crime ever committed in the wide world.

* * * * * * *

Before repeating or transmitting any piece of news, especially if detrimental to an individual or business, know that the source of information is correct. To talk for the pleasure of hearing your own voice, or to be the first to know every thing, good or bad, thinking you are entertaining, is a dangerous habit.

There are two sources of information,—one that you read and the other by word of mouth. The articles read have been publicized, and should be true, but go slow about telling what you hear. There lurks the danger. People often tell just what they want to happen.

Any way it is better to be a good listener than a rattle trap, telling nothing that will improve mind or soul. To listen attentively is an art that few have. That art can be cultivated. The power of concentration is essential in a good listener, and adds charm to any one.



THE LIFE OF HELEN KELLER

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

Heler Keller was born June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Alabama. For ninteen months her life was that of the ordinary child. Then came the disease which was thought to be congestion of the stomach and the brain, which left her without sight or hearing.

She would feel along the hedge near her home to find by their fragrance the first violets and lilies. Roses were her chief delight, and she thought in after years that none were ever so sweet as those about her childhood home.

A little colored girl named Martha Washington became her constant companion. They spent a great deal of time in the kitchen making dough balls and helping with the ice cream, but hunting eggs out in the grass was more fun. She would always insist on carrying the eggs and would tell Martha that she might break them if she let her carry them.

One day while playing with scissors she snipped off one of Martha's curls, and Martha cut off one of Helen's and might have done more damage had not Helen's mother come just in time.

She spilled some water on her apron and tried to dry it before the fire and would have been burned to death had not a blanket been thrown around her to smother the flames.

One morning she locked her mother in a room where she had to remain three hours before servants heard the pounding on the door. Helen tried the same trick on Miss Sullivan when she came to teach her, and this time she hid the key so that her father had to take the teacher out through the window.

When her little baby sister came Helen was jealous of the attention bestowed upon the new arrival and one day when she found the baby sleeping in the cradle in which she was accustomed to lay her favorite doll she pushed over the cradle, and might have killed the baby had not her mother caught it as it fell.

Helen's parents were most fortunate in securing Miss Sullivan as her teacher. Never perhaps has greater devotion been shown to a pupil than the love and care of Miss Sullivan for Helen, and Helen was a most apt and appreciative pupil, and when Miss Sullivan died Helen was at her bedside.

The first lesson was placing of a doll in Helen's hands and spelling d-o-l-l on her fingers. She ran to her mother and repeated the motions of her fingers but did not yet know that they spelled a word. The next lesson was to place her hand upon a stream of flowing water and spell w-a-t-e-r. Then followed other words and Helen was led from mental darkness into the light of communicating with the world about her.

The next great event in Helen's life was learning to speak. Miss Fuller of the Horace Mann School in Boston was her first teacher. She began by letting Helen feel her lips and tongue as they formed sounds, and in an hour a few simple sounds were learned, and with the patient aid of Miss Sullivan she went on to her later wonderful achievement of being able to speak before an audience. Once

she was asked if she knew that men were in the room. She said that she knew there were men present because she could smell the tobacco, and she could tell her friends apart by different kinds of tobacco used by each of them.

Many stories were read to her by friends, and years after one had been read she re-wrote it, believing it was her own, and when she found out that it was written by another person, it was with the deepest regret, for she was sincere in writing it as her own, the thoughts having entered her mind so as to have really become her own thoughts.

The World's Fair of 1893 was a fairy land to her. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was her companion at this great exposition, and she was also favored by others who knew her wonderful history.

She was a student at Radcliffe and surmounted great difficulties in learning without sight or hearing the studies laid out for those gifted with both. Some of her favorite books in her school days were Little Lord Fauntleroy, Heidi, Little Women, and Robinson Crusoe.

She wisely loves the great outdoors and delights in rowing or going in a sailing vessel.

She is now on a world tour and was enthusiastically welcomed in Japan.

Happiness is like jam—you can't spread even a little without getting some on yourself.—Selected

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THE GREAT FACE

By Rev. Charles A. Davis, in The Lutheran

A nuture lover will find many interesting things when he travels through the New England States. He will find beautiful lakes and high mountains, but nothing quite so unique as the Old Man of the Mountain, or the Great Stone Face, which is located in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. Last month I again visited that face which was carved through the centuries by Mother Nature, who used for her sculpturing tools the winds and the rains. When I looked on that face I thought of the prayer of the Psalmist who pleads the invitation which God addresses to His people, "Seek ye my face," and the Pslmist's response on his own behalf, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

The first day I visited the Great Stone Face I was not able to see it. The mist hung over the mountain view, I knew the face was there, I had seen it before; but this time it was the mist which kept me from seeing it.

In the life of every Christian there is a Great Face which we want to see, the face of Jesus Christ. Many times when we travel down the highway of life that face is hidden from

view, it is covered by the mist of our sins. Try as we will, we cannot see that face because sin has come between us and Jesus Christ. In London there is a picture by Frank Dicksee entitled, "The Shadowed Face." It shows a cathedral lighted by the pale light of a late afternoon, a nun kneeling before the life-size figure of Christ outstretched upon the cross. Her pale face is uplifted in spiritual anguish, her hands clasp entreatingly His pierced feet, but the face of the Redeemer of the world is hidden from view. The light streaming in through the stained glass windows so falls that it casts a shadow on the face of Jesus Christ. Whenever sin enters your life or mine, it casts a shadow on the face of Jesus Christ and He is hidden from view. We know that Christ is present, but we cannot see Him because of our sins.

If there is something you really want to see or find, you will keep seeking until you see it or find it; like the Good Shepherd who left the ninety and nine and searched until he had found the lamb that was lost, or the housewife who swept until she had found the lost coin. Such is the attitude of a scientist who continues to search until he finds what he is after, and when he reaches the goal he cries out like Archimedes of old, "Eureka—I have found it." Having the scientific attitude, I went back a second day to see the Great Stone Face, which was first seen by the white man in 1805. This time my quest was successful. I saw the face which was carved out of stone, and whose expression had not changed very much down through the centuries. I enjoyed seeing the Old Man of the Mountain again, but after all it was only a face of stone, a face which would not change very much if I saw it a hundred years from now.

When I look upon the face of Jesus Christ I see the divine as well as the human face. Christ's face is not of stone, one whose expression does not change. The face of my Christ is ever changing. He has the meriful face, which was seen by a woman taken in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." He has the forgiving face, which was seen on a cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He has the tearful face, which was seen by Mary and Martha at the death of Lazarus because the account tells us that "Jesus Wept." He has the judicial face as He sits in judgment, "Depart from me ye cursed, I was hungry and ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink." He has the transfigured face which was seen by Peter, James and John on a mountaintop, "And his face did shine as the sun." He has the loving face, which was seen by little children when He gathered them into His arms and blessed them. He has the compassionate face, which was seen by a leper, "And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him, and saith unto him, I will, be thou clean." He has the submissive face, which was seen in the twilight of a garden, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." And He has the glorified, redeemed face, which was seen on Easter morn by Mary Magdalene. My Christ has many expressions on His face. You will be able to see them if you do not permit sin to come between you and Him, and if you have the attitude of

the Psalmist, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

After I saw the Great Stone Face I went back to my automobile, and there I saw cars from many different places, Florida, California, Ohio, Ontario, and Quebec. In fact, people from all parts of the world go to New Hampshire to see the Great Stone Face. I wonder how far those same people would come to see the face of Jesus Christ, who should mean so much to them. Would they be willing to travel over the hot and dry sands to see the face of Christ as a Mohammedan is willing to do in order to see the holy Kaabe in Mecca? Surely Christian people should be willing to travel many miles to see the face of Jesus Christ; but are the people of this day and age willing to make the sacrifice? We have time for anything else, but how little time and how little effort we are wiling to give in order to see the Great Face of the Redeemer of the world.

May you never let the face of Jesus Christ be hidden from your view by sin. Always seek Christ's forgiveness. Then you will see His Great Face, which is loving, merciful, and forgiving, because you have carried out the advice of the Psalmist, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

"I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led,
Until one day in a quite place,
I met my Master face to face.

"With station and rank, and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body none for my soul,
I had entered to win in life's big race
When I met my Master face to face.

"I met Him, and knew Him, and blushed to see
That His eyes full of sorrow were fixed on me;
I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away;
Melted and vanished, and in their place
Naught else did I see but my Master's face.

"And I cried aloud, "Oh make me meet
To followed the steps of Thy wounded feet."
My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again;
Ere since one day in a quite place,
I met my Master face to face."

TRUE GREATNESS

We best see the real character of a man revealed when he can wield the sceptre of authority without losing his mental balance; when he displays his magananimity toward an enemy; when he is far sighted yet broad minded; and, what is of paramount importance, when he can take fate's buffeting with a calm equanimity. These "habits of greatness" constitute the only true and lasting greatness of any man, past, present, or to come. And the greatest, most enduring momument that any man can leave behind is that of a generous, noble, sublime character.—H. J. Nitzche.

FINDING LIVINGSTON IN AFRICA

(The Canadian Baptist)

Henry M. Stanley: "Dr. Livingston, I presume."

David Livingston: "Yes."

Henry M. Stanley: "I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you."

David Livingston: "I am most thankful that I am here to welcome you."

These were the first words spoken by Stanley and Livingston when Stanley found Livingston at the native village of Ujiji on the shore of Lake Tanganyaka, 900 miles from the coast.

David Livingston, as every one knows, was a medical missionary to Africa, yet he was an explorer as well as missionary. In 1868 he had set out from Zanzibar obsessed with the idea of discovering the source of the Nile. For five years he had not been heard from and men wondered whether he were dead or alive.

Henry M. Stanley was a newspaper correspondent and something of an explorer himself. He was now in Spain, writing up a revolt. One day he received a dispatch from James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, asking Stanley to meet him in Paris. He did and this conversation followed: "I have important business on hand for you," said the publisher. "Do you think Livingston is alive?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

"Have you seriously considered the great expense?" he asked.

"Yes, draw a thousand pounds now, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and then another thousand; and so on. But find Livingston. That is all. Find Livingston —and God be with you."

In February, 1871, Stanley left Zanzibar with 31 armed natives and 153 porters to find Livingston. The trip through the jungle was terrible. Stanley himself, sick; his native helpers sick and mutinous; ants, insects, wild beast, lions and everything after them. Yet Stanley pressed on always onward.

"At last, on the morning of November 3, Stanley's expedition met a caravan from Ujiji. When Stanley asked for news, he was excited to learn that there was a white man at Ujiji.

"A white man?"

"Yes, like the master" (he, Stanley himself). "He has white hair on his face, and is sick."

"Hurrah!" comments Stanley in his diary. "This is Livingston. He must be Livingston. He can be no other." He called upon his men for forced marches to Ujiji. Like a hurricane the rescuer, the reporter, stormed across the wilderness.

And, November 10, 1871, the 236th day from the coast, the caravan entered Ujiji. A vociferous crowd surrounded Stanley, and a tall black, wearing a long white shirt, thrust himself forward, making himself known as Livingston's servant, Stanley told him to run fast to his master. The messenger raced off, his white raiment streaming behind him like a windwhipped pennant. The column continued on its way, beset on either flank by a noisy mob. They reached

the market place, where Stanley caught sight of the prominent figure of an elderly man. "As I advanced toward him I noticed that he was pale, with a wearied look."

When Stanley explained his mission, Livingston was astonished. It never occurred to him that any one cared whether he were dead or alive. The two men dwelled together for four months and Stanley set out to return to England, while Livingston stayed on and in eighteen months died on the shore of Lake Bangweola. His heart was buried in Africa, his body bound to a pole and by natives taken 900 miles through the jungle and finally buried in Westminister Abbey. Stanley was buried in Surrey. On his tomb is written Henry Morton Stanley—1841-1904 and the one word, "Africa."

THE RELIGION OF SONG

Christianity is a religion of song. The power of music in the church can hardly be overdrawn. The world is obligated to Christianity and its contribution in song. Where is there such wonderful singing as in our churches? A considerable portion of the Bible is in song. Faith keeps us singing even in the darkness. When Jesus had that last meeting with his disciples, they sang a closing hymn. After he had said what he wished to say, and had commended the infant church to the care of the Father, and had promised a Comforter, they sang a hymn and Jesus went out. He went out to the Garden and to the Cross.

The Hebrew people in captivity came to the place where they could not sing. They hung their harps upon the willows. It is a sad day for any people when they can no longer sing.

Singing in the time of discouragement is inspirational. David in the depths sings himself into the most triumphal trust and joy. More attention should be given to singing in our churches, especially congregational singing. It is a matter of regret that in some of our churches song books are sometimes used containing hymns, a few of which may be very good for choir numbers but for the most part these songs are too "jumpy" and "jazzy" for any sort of church use and no congregation could ever jump together in singing these songs. As a result there is no congregational singing. Choir numbers and other special numbers should be appreciated but in our opnion there is little worship and little inspiration in any service where the choir does all the singing.

Our churches should not turn away from the grand old hymns and the use of them by the congregation for "jumpy" songs that no congregation will ever sing. Worshipping congregations should be led to sing. Great singing will help to make great services and great churches. Sing songs of praise, of comfort, of victory, and joy. Let all of the people sing.

ANCHOR AND COMPASS

By S. D. Gordon.

A compass and an anchor aren't handy things to have at sea. They're essentials. No ship's captain will ever say that it's a good thing to have a chart and a steering aparatus. You have to have them.

The Old World is surely "at sea" just now. The statesmen agree on that much and the international financiers and educators and others. A good many of the statesmen are decidedly shaky on their chart and compass and steering apparatus. The magnetic needle that ought to point north wobbles. The North Star—has it shifted? or gotten lost? or is the bother with men's eyes, possibly?

That World War certainly did things, and big things, too. And the bother is, it is still doing things. The backwash is still on, and on strong. The suction behind the big boat is terrific in its swirl and sweep and engulfing suction. Everyone feels it—statesmen, publicists, economists, industry captains, teachers, preachers and just we common folks, earning roof and shoes, trying to get both ends together, somehow.

And the religious world is no exception to the rule. And, mark you keenly, this goes to the very root of things. For at heart everyone has the religious instinct. There is a pull-up toward God inside every one. If a man wobbles here, it affects his conduct. The moral fiber of life begins to unravel. And when that goes, what will be left at all in a little while? You needn't go far.

For conduct and creed are as Siamese twins. They can't live apart. You're intensely concerned with your fellow's belief about what is in your pocket as you push through the thick crowd. Creed controls conduct. What does he believe about the sanctity of your home?

A man's inside heart-beliefs touch the very vitals of all life, of every sort, everywhere. Every man has a creed, a belief. And it controls him. Whatever controls his actions—that's his creed. At heart it's really his religious belief. It's his response to that inside pull-up toward God. He may not recognize it but it is there just the same.

And the pendulum swing is on in our religious thinking, decidedly on, sometimes violently, unwisely, untactfully on. At one extreme are old statements of belief, sometimes very rigidly put, yet with utmost sincerity. The "i" must be dotted just so, and the "t" crossed at a certain angle; else one is an outcast.

Some are so absorbed, hugging a certain shaped anchor, with its flukes just so, that they don't see the poor fellow gasping and drowning right there at the side of the boat.

At the other extreme the anchor is dropped completely. The compass is overboard. The steering apparatus rusts. The boat's adrift. And the occupants are laughing gleefully. The rocks ahead, the storm gathering black on yonder near horizon, these go unnoticed. Dot your "i's" and cross your "t's" as you please, but don't bother us about it, they say.

Yet, all sane men are agreed that there must be an anchorage at shore, and compass and steering arrangements at sea. In business, in school,

in fraternal and social intercourse, in finance, in international undertakings, in traffic, even in pastimes—golf and tennis and ball—there are certain fixed things.

They are simple essentials, commonly recognized and accepted and respected . Or else one is ruled out of the game. These are the compass, the anchorage, the things we steer and steady by. They are very essential. They are simple and few.

Agreement on essentials gives freedom. Liberty comes only in obedience to a recognized sense of right. Creed, belief, controls conduct. By pretty common consent our Christian teaching leads all others in its ideals, and, more, in its power.

I hope this may help us get our feet, and keep our feet, and stand steady, no matter how strenuously the crowds pull and push the other way.

SALUTE TO THE TREES

Many a tree is found in the wood
  Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
And every tree for its use is good,
  Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
  And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;
Some for the roof and some for the beam,
  And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
  The trees have offered their gifts to man.
But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
  'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
  A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
  A shrine of song, and joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
  Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
  O'er his grave with a look of a loving friend.
I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
  I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
  I have found good rest and slumber's balm,
And now when the morning gilds the boughs
  Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house.
I open the window and make salute;
  "God bless the branches and feed the root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
  Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

—Henry Van Dyke.

A NEW CARILLON

By Eva M. Muma

The third largest carillon in the world has recently been completed at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the gift to the University of Michigan of Charles Baird, a former U. of M. graduate. It now ranks ahead of the famous Bok "Singing Tower" carillon, at Mountain Lake, Florida, sometimes called the Taj Mahal of America, which formerly held third place. In comparison, the Baird Carillon has fifty-three bells covering the range of four and one-half octaves, while the Bok Carillon has sixty-one bells with a four octave range. However, carillons are rated according to the range and size of their bells rather than by the number of bells, thus giving this newest carillon the precedence. It is surpassed by the carillon in Riverside Church, New York City, which is the world's largest, with seventy-two bells covering six octaves. It's largest bell weighs twenty tons with a low tone of C. The second largest carillon in the world is at the University of Chicago. It also has seventy-two bells covering six octaves, the largest bell weighing eighteen tons with C-sharp pitch. The Bok and Baird carillons each has a Bourdon bell of twelve tons.

The bells of the Baird Carillon were cast at Loughborough, England. The metal is a combination of copper and tin and they are so manufactured that they can never get out of tune. The clappers do not swing, and the bells are played by being struck on the inside by hammers operated from the keyboard. It is entirely mechanical with no electric current in use. The two rows of keys or "pegs" of the upper keyboard (representing the black and white keys on a piano) are struck with the hands, while the double row of pedals of the lower keyboard(which produce the low notes) are operated by the feet. When a key or pedal is pressed, an attached wire operates a mechanism that causes the "hammer" to strike the bell. The hammer is shaped something like a drum-stick with a projection to which the wire is fastened. In striking the bell, the hammer moves one and three-quarter inches, and as soon as the pressure is released it falls back to its original position. The mechanism is very finely adjusted and the Michigan carillon is the only one in the world equipped with ball bearings.

The task of playing a carillon requires considerable agility as well as artistic ability. The carilloneur (pronounced "care-i-lon-er" with equal accents on the first and last syllables) plays the upper keyboard by striking the pegs with the little finger side of his clinched fists, and great flexibility of the wrists is necessary. In operating the foot pedals, unless the carilonneur has long legs, he must slide back and forth on a bench in order to reach all of them. Carillon playing is a strenuous activity, not because of the force required to sound a bell, but because of the rapid use of wrists and legs. There are no stops or pedals on carillons such as pipe organs have to obtain tone effects, but these are achieved entirely by the touch of the player.

The University of Michigan carillonneur is a young graduate of the

only carillon school in the world at Malines, Belgium, and is a member of the faculty of the University School of Music. He is planning many fine concerts, some of which will be broadcast, and other appropriate programs for special occasions—favorite hymns on Sundays and religious holidays, and college songs for university festivals and athletic events.

The campanile which houses this fine new carillon is the new 192 foot Burton Memorial Tower, honoring the memory of Marion LeRoy Burton, University of Michigan's fifth presidnet, who died in 1925. The carillon is located on the tenth floor, the ninth being used for the carillonneur's studio, and the University School of Music will occupy the floors from the second to the eighth inclusive.

And so Michigan's beautiful "Singing Tower" takes its place among the musical wonders of the world, and extends a ringing welcome to all who come to this midwestern university city.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Middle Sea is again the crucial spot of the earth. For more than 2000 years it has been the meeting place of hostile nations. For a thousand years the ships of England have dominated those waters. Her warships and her merchantmen have had no serious rivals. Today the fleets of Italy demand recognition. France has joined with England in sending the greatest floating war machine that has ever plied those waters. They will find the war dogs of Italy and Germany there. The situation is tense. Russia hopes that the ships will bump into each other so that the guns will start to roar. In that case she is ready to help England and France. A bit of rashness or carelessness is all that is needed to start a war that would rock the world to its very foundations. Other lesser nations would get into it on one side or the other. The war would include the Japan-China struggle as a part of the general melee. The danger point is somewhere in the Mediterranean. Italy has challenged the trade of England there and England has reigned supreme for so long a time and has so much at stake that she is in no mood to let Italy get away with it. The powerful money interests of Great Britain see that their markets are menaced with Italy and Germany taking their trade away from them. The claim is that the warships are going there to destroy the pirate submarine but the real purpose is to keep those lanes of commerce open for England's ships. She will brook no interference from a pirate submarine nor an Italian or German warship. It is a tense hour.—Selected.

MISTAKEN SAVING

(The Lutheran)

When Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, was building St. Paul's Cathedral in London they say his finances begun to dwindle dangerously some while before the structure was completed. It called for a conserving of funds somewhere along the line of expenditures. And Sir Christopher decided to save at that point of the gignatic pillars which were set to hold up the walls. So instead of building them solid, as the original plans had ordered them, he had them hollow, and the inside stuffed with rubbish and waste and scraps. It worked out quite satisfactorily for about three hundred years. For they continued to stand up under their load all that time, looking grand and imposing and strong. And then one day it happened: they cracked; and the walls tilted; and the vast dome up there against the stars went sadly askew. Which was exactly as it should be. For the God Who presides over things as they are, refuses to tolerate cathedrals erected on hollow pillars, whether the catherdral be of stone, or of flesh and blood and spirit. And for us, too, the orginial plans call for their being solid. Only truth can stand up under the pressure of the years, and meet the demands of life's diversities, and answer to the pull of life's immensities. Only truth can carry a dome erect, if it's pointed to the stars. If I were you, I wouldn't fool myself on any matter. I wouldn't tell lies to myself about myself: telling myself that I am something, say, when I am nothing; or that I am nothing, when, under Jesus Christ a man can be worth the love of eternity. I wouldn't tell myself things about this life of ours simply because everyone else is saying such things to their hearts: that the Sermon on the Mount isn't practical, for example; that sacrifice doesn't pay; that ideals don't matter; that righteousness doesn't get you anywhere. "Let no man deceive himself . . . the foolishness of man is the wisdom of God." Nor would I dupe myself as so many do on the matter of escaping God and getting along quite well without Him. You can't. You can run away from Him, of course, as a man did once in a Garden, but in the cool of the evening He always comes and finds you, whispering, "Adam, where art thou?"

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," but they grind. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. . ." I wouldn't even try it, if I were you. It doesn't pay. Only truth pays. Only truth holds life, and holds against the facts of life. May someone under these words begin anew to speak truth with his own soul. May he begin to bridle his tongue to honesty, discipline his speech to facts, whenever he holds communion within his breast. What a religion that man will begin to have, —what a religion.

If you are not going to do your best, you had better not begin.—Selected.

CINNAMON AND NEAR CINNAMON

By J. Will Blair

Every one realizes how much of the pleasure we take from our food is the result of the spices with which the food is livened up, whether it be the commonplace salt or the glowing red pepper. A good cook can take an inexpensive cut of meat, or some rather tasteless vegetable, and transform it into what we call "fit to eat," or, perhaps, even "delicious." One of the preferred flavors for most people is cinnamon.

I suppose you have all seen cinnamon bark, or if you haven't, you are used to that squat tin bix of ground cinnamon on the pantry shelf, and you have tasted the flavor in food, candy, pickles, even in medicine. People who do not like the sting of peppermint often prefer cinnamon. In the old days, cinnamon bark was often found in confectionary stores, especially those in seaport towns to which it could easily be brought from its native Ceylon.

Not all cinnamon comes from Ceylon, however; it is also found in Malabar and other parts of the East Indies. But in Ceylon it is at its best. The tree grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, with oval leaves and pale yellow flowers, the last of which give forth an unpleasant odor. In order to make the tree productive, it is trimmed down, and some shoots are cut out to give strength to others. When these have attained a height of from six to ten feet, the bark is taken off. The best times in the year for this are in April and Novermber. The bark is put by for a day, after which the outer and middle parts are scraped away, leaving a very thin inner bark. Now tasters determine the different qualities of bark, and they are sorted in separate squills as they curl up under the action of the sun, the smaller pieces of bark being put inside the larger. The rolls are now ready to be packed for export purposes.

Cinnamon was known in ancient times there being several references to it in the Bible. However, it was only after the Portuguese had occupied Ceylon that it was extensively cultivated. Great cinnamon gardens were grown near Colombo. However, in recent years these have not been so carefully tended.

Ceylon cinnamon is of a light yellowish brown color and has a pungent odor. It contains from one-half to one per cent of cinnamon oil, for the extraction of which the coarser, less salable bark is used. The method of getting the oil is to soak the bark in sea-water for two days, after which the oil is distilled from the resultant mass.

But there is a near cinnamon which we often buy for cinnamon, that is the cassia bark. It is of the same genus, but quite a different species, and the bark is not nearly so strong and good. This tree grows without much cultivation in Southern China, in India, Borneo, Java, and other parts of the East. Much of what we call cinnamon is cassia.

We must differentiate this cassia from another from which we get, the drug senna, commonly used as medicine.

APPLES OF GOLD

By Lois M. Marmon

Paul looked about the white-washed walls of the cabin with a despairing hopelessness that clouded his mind and drained his body of all energy leaving him wilted and tired. More tired than he had been in all the weeks of hard work in the big surgical hospital in the city. He stared down at the wide pine boards of the floor whitened by many years of scrubbing and scouring. At his feet were piled a large trunk, suitcases, and a big packing box. They held all his worldy possessions—his clothes, his medical instruments and supplies, a doctor's case and a few books.

Dropping wearily down on the box he thought how quickly things had happened to him in the last few weeks. How unexpectedly his life had been changed from a busy doctor on the staff of a large hospital to—a man without work. He thought of the day he had been called into Dr. Carey's office and the understanding surgeon had told him in as kindly a way as was possible that due to lack of funds it was going to be necessary for the hospital to curtail all possible expenses. As Paul had been one of the last appointed to a position he was naturaly among the first to be let go.

"What are you going to do, Paul?" Dr. Carey had asked putting his hand on Paul's shoulder. "Your work here has been of the very best. Why not hang out a shingle here in the city and do general practice work? Oh—I know you would have to build up a following—that would take time, but you could do it.

'No," Paul had answered decidedly. "I don't know what I am going to do, but not that. My whole aim in life has been to be a surgeon and when I was taken on here at the hospital last fall I thought my dreams—but what's the use to talk about it. It's over now."

"I know how you must feel," Dr. Carey replied. "But you are too fine and too strong—the makings of too good a doctor to let this thing embitter or discourage you."

But Paul hadn't felt fine or strong. He had been resentful and sullen. After four years pre-medical, four more hard grilling years working for his M. D., a year's interneship, six months of successful work in the big hospital—all for nothing, crumbled to bits in the twinkle of an eye. He hadn't been certain, at first, what to do, where to turn. He had been too hurt, too bewildered. He considered the general practice work but it seemed so distasteful to him he gave up the mere thought of it. Even the big city, the crowds, the hurry, the noise that he had welcomed so joyfully but a few months before began to get on his nerves.

It was then he decided to leave it all for the little cabin home and a few acres of ground in the Cumberland mountians. It had been his parent's, whom he had lost when he was not quite fifteen years old, and was all he owned in this world save the trunk, the suitcase and the packing box on which he sat. There in the peaceful quiet of the surrounding hills he would plan where he wanted to take up his life's work again.

Paul was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a load knocking on the door. He was surprised that anyone even knew he was here. He stumbled hurriedly to his feet and opened the door; there stood a young man just about his age—deep blue eyes, dark red hair and a friendly grin on his face.

"Hello. Are you Dr. Paul Sheldon?"

"Y-Yes," stammered Paul puzzled. "I didn't know any one—."

The young man threw back his head and laughed heartily, a clear, clean good natured laugh. "Oh, news travels fast around these parts. No, it's just Uncle Ezra Short left the mail at our place and he told me he had brought you up here this morning, and, I just though I'd drop by and say 'Howdy' as the folks around here say and let you know you had some neighbors.

"I'm glad to know you," Paul replied wondering just who this evidently well-educated and cultured young man might be, for all his shabby clothes. "But won't you come in? I'm afraid I haven't much to offer in the way of comfort—I haven't gotten fixed up yet."

The young man accepted Paul's invitation and came in. He offered to help him unpack and put things to rights but Paul wouldn't hear to that.

"Anyway," the young man continued. "You won't have much else to do inside for Aunt Ailsie White was over here last week and swept and dusted. She says your grandma was her best friend and she has been coming here every few weeks to sweep and dust and air. Only last month she gave the house a thorough spring cleaning even to fresh whitewash inside and out."

"Aunt Ailsie White! I hadn't thought of her for ever so long," Paul said to himself but aloud he said: "Of all the kindly deeds! I thought everything looked unusually clean and in good repair to have been closed up so long."

"Do you intend to put out a garden?" the young man asked, but not waiting for a reply stepped to the back door. "You've got a fine place there and for a few chickens, too. I guess you'll make out the summer."

Garden, chickens! Paul had not thought of these things. He hadn't thought of anything beyond his bitterness at losing his place in the city This cabin was only to be a temporary shelter, a place to think things out, to decide where to take up life again. The young man at his side was talking as though Paul had come here with the intention of staying and practicing medicine among the mountain people. He, who had planned and worked and studied hoping to become one of the best surgeons in New York. He but dimly heard the young man's words, in his mind he was living over again his last few weeks in the city hospital and his crushing disappointment—until he was brought to earth with the realization that his visitor was holding out his hand toward him.

"Well, I must be going. My name is John Turner. My wife and I would be glad to have you drop in on us any time. We're at the Mission School you know. And I'll be around in a day or so to see if I can help you plow the garden."

John Turner; so, he was the minister in charge at the mission. A school that had been established years ago by Christian friends down in the level country who were inter-

ested in the welfare of the boys and girls in these isloated districts. It was this self-same school that had opened up a whole new world to Paul through the richness of books and learning. A whole new world had been lighted for him in that mission but he had almost forgotten it in the crowded busy life he had been living. John Turner is so friendly and jovial, so young and full of life to be here Paul thought. Maybe he too was hiding a disappointed plan to head a large influential church in some big city.

Somehow the friendly smile, the kindly handclasp of the young minister had helped chase away the gloom from Paul's mind and the inertia from his tired body. Then the thought of Aunt Ailsie and her loving care of her old friend's home popped into his mind bringing forth a half-spoken: "Maybe this isn't such a bad world after all." And he pitched into the work of unpacking his trunk, putting his few books on the wide mantle over the fireplace and his clothes away in the old cherry chest.

Paul was surprised to find himself whistling as he went about the two rooms of the cabin and up into the loft overhead as he put his few possessions to rights and looked and examined and remembered other years. Old memories, old pictures flooded into his mind of the first fifteen years of life in this very place, his grandparents, his own father and mother—all gone now, but how close they seemed to him here. There on the table by the lamp lay the big calf-skin bound Bible that had been his grandfather's and his father's before him. Paul opened the cover and noted the date and the English printer's name and realized that back in the city there were book dealers who would give a goodly sum to posses that Book.

The old cherry chest of drawers and the four-poster bed with its acorn leaf quilt over the high featherbed, the little split bottom rocker he realized were all priceless heirlooms brought by his Anglo-Saxon forebears as they wended their way by wagon and horseback from Virginia over the Cumberland Mountains into Tennessee many, many years ago. A tightness gripped Paul's throat, a tightness akin to homesickness. He rudely shook himself free from his musings. He must not let himself go soft—or let the sentiment for old things, and an old boyhood home stir him from his course. Quickly he built a fire in the wide fireplace and with the few provisions he had bought in the small village ten miles away, ten miles by creek bed in a jolting, lumbering wagon driven by Uncle Ezra Short, he prepared a light supper and ate. Weary and dog tired from his long journey he undressed and sank into the deep luxury of the featherbed to a sound sleep.

The next morning the bitter despair of the days and nights past had vanished. Things looked rosy and bright in the spring sunlight. The ordor of the fresh dew on the grass and rich brown soil was like a stimulant—a spring tonic for frayed nerves and mind. As Paul looked out the window to the wood covered hills beyond there came to mind the words, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help." And he wondered if such a thing could be possible that the solution for his present dilemma was in the surrounding hills. Last night he would have laughed at such a thought—but this

morning—well, somehow this morning things seemed different.

In the middle of the morning, John Turner came over with horse and plow and seeds. It evidently hadn't occurred to him that Paul had had no intention of making a garden. And so by nightfall the rich brown earth had been turned over, the ground harrowed and pulverized until it looked like coarse meal. Rows of brown ridges with little sticks at the ends marked where lettuce and onions, peas and beans had been planted—with room left for corn, tomatoes and all the good things that only a garden can hold.

The next day Turner came over with hammer and saw, nails and some scraps of lumber; four White Rock hens and a setting of eggs. One of the hens John explained to Paul was ready "to set."

"By fall you'll have all the chickens and eggs you will want."

Fall! again taking it for granted that he would be here then—and he was too weary to explain to John that he wouldn't.

In the afternoon Paul saw someone ride up in front of the little cabin. "Who can be coming now?" he asked himself. All he thought that he wanted was to be left alone to think.

His visitor was a woman, an elderly woman, dressed in black calico, made full at the waist, and wearing a big black sunbonnet. It was Aunt Ailsie White.

"Son," she said looking up at him with keen, piercing eyes and putting a gnarled, work-worn hand—a capable, loving hand—on his arm. "Son, hit's good to see you back under the old roof-tree of your own grandparents and their parents before them. Some as said you'd never come back onc't you got down in the city and all—but I allus said you would come back soon's you had gone to all them collidbes and larned to be a proper doctor. To the old is sometimes given the gift of second sight and many's the time I've saw you a-standin' here in the old home. And now its really true."

Again the supposition that he had returned with the intention of staying. Paul opened his mouth to say that it was far from what he intended to do but he looked at the happy face of the little old lady who had been so close to his people and he couldn't find it in his heart to disillusion her. Instead he thanked her for caring for the cabin and its precious old furnishings all these years.

"Oh, pshaw," said Aunt Ailsie, dismissing it with a wave of her hand. " 'Twas nothing. Caring for the things has been the delight of my life. Everything is just as she left it. Not a thing broke or mislaid or moved. I've took as good care on all as if 't'were mine."

After an inspection of the house and newly plowed and planted garden and the chickens, Aunt Ailsie turned to leave. As she opened the little wicket gate she turned to Paul.

"Son, as soon as you get settled I wish't you would come over and look at pa. He complains of a misery in his side. I've fixed him poultices and yarb tea but somehow it doesn't seem to help. Pa doesn't hold much to doctors and their ways but with you it would be different. There's doctoring a-plenty needed in these hills and glad I am you've come. Since the old doctor passed away people have done without rather than send clear to town."

There it was again. Thinking he had returned to practice medicine in his native hills—when he had been a well paid surgeon on a city staff. But he did not have the courage to tell Aunt Ailsie the real reason for his being here.

On Sunday morning John Turner invited Paul to the mission school for church services. Paul didn't really want to go to the little mission. He had been telling himself all through the busy, interrupted week that on Sunday when no one would bother him he would settle the question he was facing. But somehow, friendly John Turner, thinking the other fellow was going to be just as friendly and kind couldn't be refused.

Paul listened to the simple services for the boys and girls and those of the older folks who had come, and there were a good many, and he remembered the times when he sat in the same seats a tall rawboned mountain youth clad in blue overalls. John Turner gave a short sermon on "Let not your heart be troubled" and Paul wondered if John had seen what was in his heart and had prepared his sermon specially for him. It wasn't until John had finished talking that Paul realized how intently he had been listening. Another hymn was sung and John closed the meeting with a short prayer. The opening words so like the way his own father had prayed, had brought on that tight feeling in his throat again.

After the services were over the young folks who remained at the dormitory during the school term went to their rooms—the older folks rode away on horseback or walked to their homes over slender, beaten paths along the hillsides. Paul, hat in hand, was on the porch, anxious to get back to the security of the little cabin where the words of another could not stir sleeping emotions, when a man rode hastily up on horseback.

"Doc!" the man shouted. "Can you come right way. Something's terrible wrong with little Zeb?"

Something was wrong with little Zeb. Acute appendicitis. Aunt Ailsie had gotten there before Paul and was doing all she could to make the little fellow comfortable but it meant an operation if he was to live. There was no hospital. The nearest doctor's office was ten miles away. Ten miles over treacherous mountain trail by horse back—or in a jolting, lurching wagon down the rocky bed of the creek. There wasn't time for that, even if little Zeb's condition could have stood it. Thankful that he had brought his medical instruments along he ordered a fire built up with plenty of water put on to boil. He ordered the room cleared of everything save a pine board table on which to place Zeb and a chair to hold his instruments. He and Aunt Ailsie clothed in long white nightgowns of little Zeb's mother commenced their exacting task: Paul directing Aunt Ailsie just how to give the ether.

Little Zeb pulled through the perilous operation. Paul went to see him every day. Other calls came to attend the sick, any time of the day or in the dead of night—and Paul being a doctor always went. Sometimes it was as serious as little Zeb's—sometimes worse like the time he had to amputate the leg from a stalwart mountaineer because of a falling crushing timber.

Each day was filled with work from early in the morning until late at

night. And each day Paul planned, "Tomorrow I must decide what I am going to do. I can't stay here indefinitely." But tomorrow seemed filled with caring for his cabin, getting his meals, long rides to call on his patients. Now that the garden was growing so nicely it seemed a shame to neglect it so Paul spent several hours each day working in it. Then there were the chickens. And John Turner seldom failed to drop by some time during the day. Some times it was for only for a minute, others for long talks about things in a life that only he and Paul knew of in the world beyond the mountains. And, so, spring lengthened into summer and now there was faint whisper of autumn in the air.

One morning in September Paul was not a little bit startled and overwhelmed at receiving a letter postmarked New York City. With thumping heart and quickened pulse he tore it open. It was from Dr. Carey.

Dear Paul,

I am most happy to write you that owing to a recent bequest of several thousands of dollars the trustees of the hospital do not think we need to further practice such stringent economy to the extent of crippling our staff. Therefore you are considered once again as one of our assistant surgeons at the hospital, if you so desire.

Let me know by return mail when to expect your arrival in the city.

Sincerely,

Samuel Carey.

Paul sat down hastily at the table, letter in hand. He could go back and once again fill the position he had been so bitter about leaving. He could take up the old life just where he had left off. No longer would he have to say to himself, "Tomorrow, I must come to some decision." Three months ago the letter would have made him wildly happy. But now that it was here he was excited to be sure but uncertain about how happy it made him.

"It can't possibly be that I want to stay here?" Paul said severely to himself. "I know they need me, are thinking nothing else but that I've come to stay among them."

He looked out the open door to the garden, all green, gold and tan with spots of color shining in the sunlight. Round, firm, crimson tomatoes hung from the vines. The green-white cabbage and cauliflower reared their heads amidst the ferny background of the carrot tops. The rich yellow of a pumpkin gleamed between the swaying corn stalks.

Out beyond the garden was the chicken yard. Thirty-two pullets that only a few days ago had been fluffy, animated bunches of yellow down were scratching lustily away in their enclosure. Looking up he saw the everlasting hills which surrounded him in peace and quiet. "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills"—flashed across his mind.

"It's the 'line of least resistance' to stay here," Paul told himself accusingly. Life here seemed easier, less complex, less demanding. But he knew better than that. A doctor's work in the hills was the hardest kind of work. Battling against disease with lack of proper equipment, fighting age-old superstitions. And, precious little paid in actual cash, for money was a scarce thing back in the mountains.

Little Zeb's father had said wring-

ing Paul's hand in relief and joy that his young son was going to live, "Doctor Paul, I can't pay you money; but, I've got the pertest little Jersey heifer and she's yourn." Paul had protested but mountaineer pride would not take 'no' for an answer. Daisybelle had been delivered to him the next morning. Paul could see her now as she grazed peacefully away at the foot of the hill. In his mind's eye he saw little Zeb lying white and helpless on the pine table. Who would have saved his life had he not been here? Another time it was promise to pay as soon as the fall butchering had been laid by—that meant his winter's supply of meat. Another, as soon as they sold their corn they would have the money to pay and Paul knew he would get it too—a lot sooner than he could pry it loose from some he had known who had made glib statements about investments, incomes and future checking accounts.

"Well," Paul asked himself angrily, "if I don't want to go back to the hospital and I don't want to stay here, what am I to do?"

And a voice, the voice of an old lady with keen eyes, the voice of a little boy and of a strong man, the voice of a young minister of the Gospel who likewise had given up much said as in one voice, "We're counting on you, we need you."

That afternoon Paul rode down the trail to Uncle Ezra's cabin. It was the post office. He left the letter of refusal to Dr. Carey. Uncle Ezra would take it and the rest of the mail, if there happened to be any, into town in the morning to the depot, in the jolting wagon down ten miles of creek bed. On his way back Paul stopped to see John Turner and tell him what he had done.

John stood still for a moment as though he could not believe he had heard Paul aright. Then he grasped Paul's hand in a wincing grip and held it tightly—his eyes glowing with pride. In an oddly choking voice he said, "Friend, there's a verse of scripture that says 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Maybe you are doubtful now, but wait and see if this word of refusal to leave the people here does not win you golden apples—all through your life—here—where you belong."

DRIEST PLACE ON EARTH

Many places claim the distinction of being the driest place on earth but scientists have recently announced that, without question, the champion of all drys belongs to Payta, Peru.

This place is five degress south of the equator and if the inhabitants see a shower once in two years, they think they are very fortunate. Frequently, there is a lapse of from six to eight years between showers and the record is twelve years. When a shower does come, it lasts from twelve to twenty hours and everybody goes out and gets wet!—W. P. Knight.

INSTITUTION NOTES

During the absence of Mr. Alf Carriker, who is enjoying a vacation, Mr. Finley has taken charge of the carpenter shop force.

In spite of the fact that extremely dry weather in the early part of the season threatened to curtail hay production—and important item here—our large storage barn has been filled, as have several smaller buildings. With the coming of rain later in the season it now appears that our hay crop will be near normal this year.

While our boys derive much pleasure from playing football, they also get a lot of bumps. Since the beginning of the current season quite a number of them may be seen at the first aid station almost every day, for treatment of minor cuts, bruises and sprains. We are glad to report there have been no serious results, however, and that the football games go merrily on.

Howard Wilson, of Burlington, better know locally as "Puddin'head," a former member of our printing class, visited the School last Sunday. He was allowed to return to his home in January 1936, where he attended high school for the remainder of the term. He then secured employment in one of the Rose Stores, where he worked until about three months ago, when he obtained a position with the Dollar Store, Durham. Howard states that he likes his new place and is getting along nicely.

The congregation of Rocky Ridge M. E. Church, which joins the School grounds north of the Cannon Memorial Building, is erecting a parsonage. This will be an addition to the appearance of that section of the campus, as our property entirely surrounds that belonging to the church.

The School feels a special interest in this particular congregation as it attended their services in a body years ago, before our population reached such proportions as to necessitate the erection of a building of our own for this purpose.

The late string bean crop reached its peak last Thursday, when the canning outfit was fired up early in the morning and operated at top speed all day. The activities on Wednesday and Thursday consisted of picking, stringing and canning 8,000 pounds of beans. The boys in all school rooms were pressed into service to aid those of the regular outside forces in carrying on this work.

These beans are the finest we have had this year and will be a welcome addition to our daily menus during the coming winter.

Clyde Bristow, a linotype operator in our printing class about ten years

ago, continues to post card us quite frequently, the latest one coming from New Jersey the other day.

Soon after leaving the School Clyde served a four-year enlistment in the United States Marine Corps. Finding outdoor life more to his liking than working in a newspaper plant, he spent some time in a C C C camp as truck driver. About two years ago Clyde started driving for a large motor transfer company and is still working for the same firm. His headquarters are in Stanleytown, Va., and he makes many trips through the Northern states. The number of post cards sent to the School from time to time shows that he has not forgotten his many friends here.

William Corn, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 6, who now lives near Matthews, paid us a brief visit last Sunday. William came to the school from Clay county July 2, 1934 and remained here until April 21, 1937. He could not be located in his home county and was placed with Mr. R. L. Gaddy, prominent farmer of Mecklenburg county.

He seems to be well satisfied in his new home, and reports that he is getting along very well. Farm work seems to agree with him, as he has grown considerably in the short time he has been away from the School. A healthy coat of tan gives him the appearance of a rugged son of the soil.

This lad evidently has not lost the habit of attending church and Sunday school, for he stated that he has kept up regular attendance since going to make his home in Mecklenburg county.

In a recent letter to Superintendent Boger, Mr. Charles B. Vaughan, for the past seven years U. S. Probation Officer for the Western District of South Carolina, with offices in Greenville, made some very complimentary statements about our little publication, The Uplift. Following are a few excerpts:

"Having had several years experience in the newspaper game, I have been intensely interested in the progress of institutional publications. In fact, during my seven years work here as United States Probation and Parole Officer, I have accumulated a file of various publications that has proved to be a valuable source of 'inside' information. Stories and excerpts have been taken from this file and published in many newspapers in this state.

"Your magazine is one of the most interesting in my file. It is always full of helpful and inspirational news and stories. It is read by my entire family."

Such comment as the above is always pleasing and we thank Mr. Vaughan for these kind remarks. Since he will soon assume a position with the North Carolina Probation Commission, we sincerely trust he may find it convenient to visit us in the near future.. The latch-string hangs on the outside.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the Training School last

Sunday. After the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation he presented Gene Davis, popular young singer, of Charlotte, who rendered "When They Ring Those Golden Bells" in a most delightful manner. Gene, whose reputation as a singer is already established, showed the boys that this was not his only accomplishment, by whistling a couple of numbers. He was accompanied at the piano by Miss Ruby Allen, who played for the entire service. Another feature of the afternoon was the appearance on the program of two little boys, Steven Croft and Archie Broome, who sang "All My Burdens Went Rolling Away."

Bill McGarrahan, a gospel singer, now engaged in an evangelistic campaign in the city of Charlotte, was in charge of the musical part of the service, during which he taught the boys two choruses. He, too, showed his versatility by making a fine talk to the boys, telling them the story of Paul and Silas—many of the hardships they endured on their various missionary journeys.

It was a fine service and we are indebted to Mr. Sheldon and his group for taking such interest in our boys. Other visitors from Charlotte for the service were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Croft and Miss Gladys Horton.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES"

When first I saw the mountains' outlines dim,
  The words "whence cometh help" had sudden worth.
I looked upon their tow'ring rugged heights
  And breathed a prayer to Him Who made this earth.

A winding curve and matchless beauty lay
  Before my eyes, the ranges dusky blue
In crescents stretched, and from the valleys rose
  A shimm'ring pearl-white mist from fallen dew.

Just then the sun in its eternal climb
  Threw its first beams o'er highest peak, and spilled
Its golden light on this ephemeral scene.
  With gem-like fires the gauzy mists were filled.

Against this blinding loveliness I closed
  My eyes, and in that second felt the brush
Of wings unseen and knew that God was there,
  And on my heart there fell a holy hush.

—Gertrude Shisler Dupper.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending September 26, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) James Bridgeman 4
(7) J. C. Cox 16
(17) Edward Johnson 17
(14) Carl Kepley 16
(9) Edward Lucas 11
(3) Mack Setzer 12
(3) James Wilhite 12

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) William Haire 13
(4) Arthur Martin 14
Blanchard Moore 4
Howard Roberts 10
Frank Walker 5
(2) R. L. Young 11

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Clifton Mabry 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Neely Dixon 16
James Eury 7
(2) Henry Floyd 2
Norwood Glasgow
(5) Julian Gregory 11
James McCune 8
(5) William McRary 8
(3) William New 7
(5) Frank Pickett 14
(4) Kenneth Raby 6
Allen Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Hurley Davis 10
Lewis Donaldson 8
(4) Edward Fisher 10
(3) James Hancock 13
(2) Ernest Hudspeth 9
(4) Ralph Johnson 10
Glover Lett 3
(6) Hubert McCoy 9
(4) Robert Orrell 12
Lloyd Pettus 12
(3) Frank Raby 9
(3) Melvin Walters 14
(2) Leo Ward 10
(2) Odell Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 5

William Brothers 6
(4) Marshall Bryson 14
Theodore Bowles 6
(2) Robert Jordan 13
Monroe Keith 6
(2) David Odham 7
Richard Palmer 2
Thomas Suulivan 2
Jack Tate 10
Ralph Webb 6

COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson 12
Robert Bryson 15
Fletcher Castlebury 4
Robert Dunning 6
Robert Dellinger 5
Frank Glover 10
James Rackley 12
Canipe Shoe 7
Joseph Sanford 9
William Wilson 4
Woodrow Wilson 5
George Wilhite 10

COTTAGE No. 7

(5) Archie Castlebury 9
(5) Caleb Hill 15
(4) Houston Howard 7
(2) Hugh Johnson 11
Kenneth Messick 10
Wayland Morgan 6
Elmer Maples 9
Ernest Mobley
J. C. Mobley 12
Milton Pickett 6
J. D. Powell 8
Kenneth Spillman
Wallace Smith 8
William Tester 9

COTTAGE No. 8

Letcher Castlebury
Haynes Hewitt 4

Wilfred Land 9
Fred May 4
(2) Charles Taylor 14

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Hollie Atwood 7
(2) Wilson Bowman 5
(2) J. T. Branch 10
(2) Thomas Braddock 13
William Brackett 4
Edgar Burnette 10
(2) Heller Davis 8
(2) George Duncan 7
(2) Woodfin Fowler 15
(4) C. D. Grooms 11
(3) Elbert Kersey 8
Thomas Sands 8
(13) Homer Smith 16

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 8
(3) Earl Atwood 12
(5) Glenn Collins 11
Mack Joines 6
Rufus Linville 8
(2) James Martin 6
(3) Edward E. Murray 9

COTTAGE No. 11

(8) Howard Clark 15
Lawrence Guffey 10
Albert Goodman 7
(2) William Kirk 13
(4) Paul Mullis 9
(2) William Martin 13
Alton Morgan 8
(7) Filmore Oliver 13
(4) John Uptegrove 6
Fred Williamson 15
N. C. Webb 12
Berchell Young 6

COTTAGE No. 12

Frank Dickens 12
James Elders 8
S. E. Jones 3
(3) Filman Lyles 3
Clarence Mayton 8
(4) Jerome Medlin 14
Lonnie Sloan 10
Charles Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(8) Fletcher Boggs 16
(2) Burris Bozeman 3
(4) Norman Brogden 4
(2) Clarence Douglas 11
(4) Jack Foster 4
(2) Robert Hailey 14
(4) Isaac Hendren 10
Harry Leagon 3
Irvin Medlin 4
(3) Eugene Patton 7
(3) Claudius Pickett 13

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Claude Ashe 5
(5) Clyde Barnwell 8
John Ham 4
Felmond Lane 5
(3) Troy Powell 7
(2) John Robbins 7
(3) Paul Shipes 9
(4) Henry Walters 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 11
Granville Cheek 5
Joseph Hyde 10
Hoyt Holliefield 5
William Hawkins 4
Connie Michael 10
Raymond Mabe 8
James McGinnis 2
Wallace Sommers 8
(3) Richard Thomas 5
Harold Walsh 6

HAVE FAITH

If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it. Find the bright side of things and help others to get sight of it also. This is the only and surest way to be cheerful and happy.

—Nuggets.

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 9, 1937 No. 41

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THREE BIG I'S

There are three things that make for a public official—industry, intelligence, and integrity—but the greatest of these is integrity. I believe in the integrity of every public official in this state. The integrity of the official is best expressed in the ability to aid the law, which is your protection and which is mine. The law, supreme and respected, must continue.

—Governor Clyde R. Hoey.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE GARDENER

A gardener old, with eyes and senses keen,
Bent o'er his garden plot of springing green,
And tended carefully each tiny shoot,
Each sun-flecked leaf and struggling little root,
When suddenly he spied a strange, small blade
Of which he knew not, and he quickly made
A gaping hole where its root had been
And tossed it o'er the wall among the green.
The days went by. In air and shower and sun,
The tiny blade a tall, slim stalk had grown,
And, tipping its fair length with sunny light,
A great gold lily opened to the sight.
The gardener, looking o'er the wall one day,
Espied the thing which he had thrown away,
And said, with a sigh and sad, regretful air,
"Its looks were wicked, but its soul was fair."
'Tis ever thus. The flowers are tossed aside,
The weeds remain. The gardeners in their pride
See not the future, only the today,
And thrown the sweetest things of life away.

—Walter P. Steinhaeuser.

PAUL REVERE AND COMPANY

On April nineteenth in the beautiful little town of Waterville, Maine, the students of Colby College did not go to classes. Students of other schools were hard at work in classrooms and laboratories, but at Colby, the birthday of Paul Revere, was too sacred for commonplace pursuits. It was not for his famous midnight ride that Colby honors the immortal patriot, but for one of his accomplishments little known—his genius as a bell founder. High in the belfry of South College at Colby hangs the bell that is part of one

of America's foremost college legends, and inscribed on its dome is the mark of its founder, "Paul Revere & Co. 1824."

Checkered indeed has been the 113-year career of the old Colby bell. The bell first awakened students to daily chapel at 6 A. M., summer or winter, and numerous were the efforts made to silence this annoying taskmaster. Clappers disappeared by the score, and among the students who shinnied up the belfry to "borrow" the clapper was Ben Butler, Civil War general, Massachusetts governor, and member of Congress.

The removal of the clappers brought little respite, so one day the students removed bell, clapper, and rope, packed Paul Revere's handiwork into a crate and sent it freight-collect to sympathetic friends at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Not knowing quite what to do with a bell, the Harvard students shipped it (likewise collect) to friends at the University of Virginia, and these young gentlemen, wishing to give the bell the broadening experience of foreign travel, recrated it and addressed it thus:

"To her Gracious Majesty, Vicoria, Queen, Defender, etc., Windsor Castle, England. C. O. D."

At the last moment the college authorities uncovered the prank, rescued the bell from the deck of a sailing packet outward bound from New York to London, and returned it to the Colby campus where it hangs today, the pride and despair of every Colby student who rejoices when its mellow notes peal out an athletic victory, but whose heart is more often wrung with anguish when it tumbles him out of bed for his morning classes.

* * * * * * *

WOMEN AS EXECUTIVES

The results of the survey made for the American Magazine, by Isaac F. Marcosson, shows that women's power and influence are felt in all big business. It is the trend of the times, unavoidable, that has placed women in public affairs. They have creditably met emergencies having proven to be splendid executives. These conditions have released women from the four walls of the home and forced them into the commerical field the equal of their brothers.

The complete survey for the American Magazine tells that American women at the present time control 70 per cent of the nation's

wealth, that of the 15,000,000 stockholders who own the corporations of America, 49 per cent are women, that of the $14,242,800,000 of mutual savings bank accounts belong to women, that 40 per cent of the titles of all homes are in women's names and that 80 per cent of the nation's $104,500,000,000 life insurance, women are the beneficiaries.

This survey looks a little gloomy for the men, but in the light of past experiences women as a rule look to men for advice and thereby gain moral support. Men have and will continue to pull the load so it does not matter who owns the stocks, bonds or property.

* * * * * * *

INFLUENCE

There is no way in the world to measure the influence of a sweet and gentle life upon the youth of the country. In the mind of all people there are memories of certain people whose influence charted the course of a useful life? Also the influence of a good family in a community will often revolutionize and make better conditions, and in the same way a disorderly home will bring about confusion in a once orderly settlement.

There is a law that tells us we tend to become like those with whom we habitually associate or admire. To live with a nature who loves order, law and the kindly things of life yields an influence and usually we become "like those who are crowned in our hearts."

All of us have become what we are because many persons have brushed against us, and we carry about in our persons a bit of all of them.

A sweet life radiates a fragrance that is as impressive as that that fills the air in and around the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. Tourists have inquired as to the cause of the fragrance of the Mosque and they are told that fourteen hundred years ago, in its reconstruction the mortar was mixed with musk, a powdery substance with a fragrance, that from that day to this it has been throwing out a pungent fragance that can scarcely be forgotten. The influence of a clean and earnest life patterned after that of the Master also leaves memories of the holy fragrance of His life.

THE NEED OF THE WORD

Each day a small bit of information creeps out as to the way the Bible has been relegated to the shelves of some remote corner of the homes. There is objection in a way about the Bible being taught in the schools. The thought of keeping church and state separated is the rub, but it does seem easy, knowing the ignorance prevailing about the quide-book of life, that sectarianism in the course of instruction in the Bible could be eliminated. We abhor appearing ignorant as to the classics and the authors, but we pass through life in fine colors ignorant of the Book that has a solace for all ills of mankind.

Just lately the County and Supreme Courts of Westchester, New York, were abashed a few weeks ago when a Bible could not be found with which to swear in a witness. Now there are a dozen Bibles there, stamped "Westchester County Courthouse" so they "cannot be removed by mistake again."

It was disclosed, upon the receipt and use of one of the Bibles, presented by the County's Bible Society, that this was "the first time in some fifteen years a witness was sworn in with his hand on the Scriptures."

In the Supreme Court, which received one of the copies, Justice S. A. Syme directed the court clerk hereafter to have all witnesses take the oath with their right hand on the Bible.

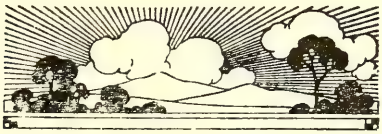
All such instances prove that we are growing materialistic, calling only upon God when distressing conditions befall our country and homes. Then it is we humbly fall upon our knees and pray for comfort and help most frevently. In this whirl of confusion today there is nothing more needed than the Bible that assures a restoration of good faith and love for our fellowmen.

* * * * * * *

HISTORICAL EVENTS IN OCTOBER

1. Spain cedes Louisiana to France 1800.
2. Major Andre hanged 1780.
3. Battle of Corinth, Miss. 1862.
4. Battle of Germantown, Pa., 1777.
5. Columbus discovered Costa Rica 1502.
6. Mormon Church forbids polygamy 1890.

7. Second Battle of Saratoga 1777.
8. Battle of Perryville, Ky., 1862.
9. Great Chicago Fire 1871.
10. U. S. Navy Academy opened 1845.
11. First Steam Ferry 1811.
12. Columbus discovered American 1492.
13. Corner Stone of White House laid 1792.
14. Russia and Japan sign treaty in 1905.
15. Lincoln Monument dedicated 1874.
16. John Brown's insurrection 1859.
17. Burgoyne surrendered 1777.
18. Alaska ceded to U. S. 1867.
19. Cornwallis surrendered 1781.
20. Spain cedes Florida to United States, 1820.
21. First Incandscent Light 1879.
22. First radio across Atlantic 1915.
23. First boat on Erie Canal 1819.
24. Daniel Webster died 1852.
25. "Charge of the Light Brigade" 1854.
26. William Penn reach America 1682.
27. Grand Trunk Railroad opened—Quebec to Montreal 1856.
28. Statue of Liberty unveiled 1886.
29. Philadelphia chartered 1701.
31. Halloween.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

IF WE ONLY WOULD

"The road to Success would be shorter
And Happiness would linger long;
Prosperity shared equally in order
And the weak be mentally strong;
If we each did our share,
With patience and care,
To help us understand each each other.
A kindly word from heart or pen,
With hearts expressed each now and then
Would help one understand the other."

A whole lot of folks have "distant relatives" who live too close to them.

It was formerly the custom for Opportunity to knock at the door. Opportunity now sits at the curb and honks.

People who gossip a great deal may not have wit in their expressions but they certainly have a keen sense of rumor.

Not long ago they had a benzine explosion in a Kansas dry cleaning establishment. The operator has not been seen since.

Some of the doctors are saying that a lot of us eat too much and sleep too much. It's very certain that a lot of us do not work too much.

It is stated that no new sin has been discovered, or invented, in 2,000 years. However that may be, it looks as if a whole lot of people are still trying to find new ones, while diligently practicing the old ones.

The national debt is now said to average $285 per person. To pay my proportion of the debt leaves me with only 15 cents. I don't think this benign government wants to take all I have. Perish the thought.

A few days ago I called upon a neighbor just across the street from my residence, on a matter of club business. This neighbor has a new Negro maid, who answered the doorbell. When I asked to see the lady of the house, she inquired: "And who is you?" She was cautious, to say the least. Such is local fame, my countrymen!

"Hope Thou In God."

Going about the country recently I contacted many persons who felt that life was dreary. Many much depressed in spirits, and as the old psalmist said, "cast down and disquieted within." Perhaps the greatest reason for the soul of man to be cast into depression and gloom is that which St. Paul speaks of when he says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." He refers to the constant battle that wages within ourselves, and also to the fact that sin seems too frequently to get the upper hand. Most of us probably want to do right, but one temptation after another seems to cut the ground from under our feet and we slip into the "sin that doth so easily beset us." Then the soul is cast down and we are disquieted within. The psalmist understood all this from personal experience. He found one remedy: "Hope thou in God!" We can take this to heart, and follow his precept. It is the only sunrise that scatters the mist, and it is only hope in God that

overcomes that vague feeling of depression.

"The New One"

Perhaps you have noticed that many of the towns and cities are now using tubes of bright lights which spell out words. Do you know how those light work? They are called Neon Lights. Neon is not the name of the man who invented the lights. Neon means "the new one," derived from the two first letters of New One, and is the name of a new gas found in the air in 1898. Later it was found that neon gas could be made to glow brightly when an electric current was passed through it. Today gas is used in many night lights. Glass tubing is bent to make a design or spell out words. When an electric current is turned on inside the glass tubing, the neon gas glows brightly. Neon signs are cheaper to use than the old signs made of electric light bulbs; for neon signs use only one-sixth as much current as do bulb signs. Neon lights "run cold"; that is, they do not waste current by giving off heat. The inventors name is Georges Claude. He has been working on this style of lighting for quite a length of time.

Asheboro Episcopal Church

On the 23d of September the cornerstone of the first Episcopal Church in Randolph county was laid for what is to be known as the Church of the Good Shepherd. The site is in a beautiful sylvan spot, know as Dogwood Acres. The service was very impressive, conducted by Rt. Rev. E. A. Penick, Bishop of the diocese, with about 60 clergymen, and members and friends of the church attending. This church was developed out of a little mission of earnest, faithful worshipers, who are about to realize their fondest hopes, and the dream of a church coming true. By faith, prayer and works they are moving on to accomplish the ends in view, Rev. R. G. Shannonhouse, of Pittsboro, has had charge of the mission for several years, and with the aid of E. O. Schaefer, senior warden, and M. M. Shepard, junior warden, others and friends, the work has made an auspicious advancement. These good people of Asheboro are not adverse to the good will and financial aid all well-wishers may entertain in the completion of their churchly edifice, which is to serve the progressive town of Asheboro as the first Episcopal church in the county. May praise and joy be in the hearts of it's untiring band of communicants!

Making Friendships

In going about, up and down this goodly land of ours, I have made many new friends I appreciate highly, and at the same time I have found so many of my old ones have departed this life. "Friend after friend depart, who hath not lost a friend?" as the poet says. This brings the thought to me that as we journey through this life, if we do not continually make new friends, as we grow older, we will soon have very few we can rely on, and be somewhat a stranger in a seemingly strange land. No man can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy. Friendship, true friendship, can only be found in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart; there it has a perennial summer, a never ending season of felicity and joy to its happy pos-

sessor, casting a thousand rays of love and hope and peace to all around. Say what you will, but all are fond of praise, and many are dishonest in the use of means to obtain it; hence it is often difficult to distinguish between true and false friendships. Friendship is one of God's greatest gifts to man. The ability to make and to hold friends reveals character of the highest type and repays a hundredfold for the efforts. Friendships are one of life's greatest blessings. Keep this in mind as you rub elbows with people each day.

CHILD CARE IN GREAT BRITAIN

"The Crown Jewels are much in mind just now, those treasures that are almost beyond price. The church of England Waifs and Strays Society cares for treasures of a very different kind and ones that unfortunately are frequently overlooked and forgotten, though of infinite value—the needy children from waste and ruin and brought up to be a useful citizen is a jewel of worth. The Waifs and Strays Society is now actually caring for over 4,600 children from tiny babies to boys and girls being trained in various livelihoods; some hundreds of this large family are crippled children who need very special care. This large family, the second largest in the kingdom, is not herded together, but is scattered up and down England and Wales in small homes. The children go out to school and church like ordinary children and live as uninstitutional a life as possible. Altogether since the Society was founded in 1881 by a young civil servant it has rescued no fewer than 40,000 children and given them the chance that every child should have. It might well be thought that there could no longer be any need for such an organization, but the fact that this Society received under its care last year over a thousand children shows that the need is still great. Their Majesties the King and Queen and H. M. Queen Mary are patrons of the society, and the headquarters are at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S. E. 11. When the King paid his recent visit to Kennington he stopped his car and got out to see some hundred children who had been gathered from homes around London to greet their Royal Patron. A gratifying message was received to the effect that his Majesty was very pleased to see the children, and much appreciated the welcome he received."—The Sphere.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER'S LEATHERSTOCKING LAND

By Beulah Charmley

Certain writers have lived near small lakes which they liked so well that they have described them in their books many times. Consequently, these bodies of water have come to be nationally and sometimes internationally known.

Take William Wordsworth, the English poet. He lived near the beautiful Windemere and hiked along its shores, either alone or accompanied by friends, until it crept into many things he wrote. For instance, in "The Daffodils," William places the patch of yellow flowers on the margin of the lake where he and his sister, Dorothy, saw them shimmering and dancing in the wind.

Henry David Thoreau, the American essayist, went when a young man, to live in a shack near Walden Pond, a little New England lake. In summer he swam in its clear waters, and in winter he skated on its smooth surface. He studied its fish and examined its ice. Now his masterpiece is named for the pond,—Walden.

But no writer in any country loved a lake more than James Fenimore Cooper loved Otsego Lake in south central New York. His parents, who migrated from Burlington, New Jersey, brought him to its shores when he was a thirteen months' old baby. Judge William Cooper, his father, founded a little village on its south end which was named for him Cooperstown. The house which he built was on a slope and from it James had his first view of the finger-like lakesweeping northward between the wooded bluffs.

Later, as he grew to boyhood, he tramped its shores in search of arrowheads and rowed his boat through its picturesque coves. He even gave it a nickname for his own particular use. When the weather was calm its still surface resembled a huge polished mirror, so he called it the "Glimmer-glass.

In those days there were Indians and pioneers living in the vicinity and when we look at their still unspoiled haunts we do not wonder that growing up in such surroundings, James came to be the king of Indian tales. Even now as we drive south toward Cooperstown we follow a narrow, winding road which, like the old Indian trail, creeps along the wooded shore. On this deep-worn path the braves traveled up and down the valley on hunting and fighting expeditions.

Many people have described Otsego Lake, but James pictures it best in his romance called "The Deerslayer." As his hunter-hero, Natty Bumppo, steps out of the woods he comes suddenly upon a view of the water,—the same view that James saw so many times and the same view that we see as we approach the village.

He writes: "A broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere, compressed into a setting of hills and woods. . . . But the most striking peculiarities of the scene

were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven and the dense setting of the woods."

When James was a boy he knew an old pioneer, David Shipman, who was tall and slim and dressed in tanned deerskin. He wore moccasins and long stockings of leather fastened at the knee, and carried a gun of great length. One of the most famous hunters of the whole country, he roamed the forest with his dogs in search of deer, bear and foxes. He came often to James' home, Otsego Hall, and supplied the family with deer and bear meat.

Doubtless this old friend gave James some ideas for his most famous character, Natty Bumppo, with his dog, Hector. In fact, the present citizens of Cooperstown claim that David Shipman was the original Leather-Stocking. James' description of Natty in "The Pioneers" seems to prove that they are right.

He writes of the immortal Natty: "He was tall, and so meagre as to make him seem above even the six feet that he actually stood in his stockings. On his head, which was thinly covered with lank, sandy hair, he wore a cap made of foxskin. His face was skinny, and thin almost to emaciation . . . The cold and the exposure had, together, given it a color of uniform red. His gray eyes were glancing under a pair of shaggy brows, that overhung them in long hairs of gray mingled with their natural hue: his scraggy neck was bare, and burnt the same tint with his face. A kind of coat, made of dressed deerskin, with the hair on, was belted close to his lank body, by a girdle of colored worsted. On his feet were deerskin moccasins, ornamented with porcupines' quills, after the manner of the Indians, and his limbs were guarded with long legglings of the same material as the moccasins, which, gartering over the knees of his tarnished buckskin breeches had obtained for him, among the settlers, the nickname of Leather-Stocking."

In other stories James calls him "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," and, because of the long rifle he carried, "La Longue Carabine. In the description from "The Pioneer" just quoted Cooper has pictured his friend at the age of seventy, but in "The Deerslayer" he gives a youthful picture of Natty at twenty. In "The Last of the Mohicans," he tells about him at thirty; in "The Pathfinder he represents him at forty; and finally in the last chapter of "The Prairie" he describes his death and burial.

Natty lived in a small cave about a mile from the village, and we can visit it if we are good climbers. It is high up on the hill that rises from the eastern side of the lake and from the platform of rock over it we gain a magnificent view of the "Glimmerglass" and its more distant shores with the hills beyond.

Below the cave at the south end of the lake is its outlet, the Susquehanna River. This tiny stream flows through the village of Cooperstown, starting here on its long journey to the Chesapeake Bay.

Near this outlet and close to the shore we notice a great boulder sticking up out of the water. The Indians used to meet at this stone for conferences on their way down the valley. Therefore, it is called "Council Rock." In "The Deerslayer" Cooper tells

about this stone and how the Indians used it as a meeting place.

In fact, the name of the whole of Otsego Lake comes from the Indian word, "O-te-sa-ga" which means a "Place of Meeting." A summer hotel on the lake shore has adopted this Indian term and calls itself "The Otesaga." The word has a new meaning now, though,—not the meeting place of the Indians, but the meeting place of summer guests.

Where the lake pours into the Susquehanna River, we can see the remains of an old dam. When James Cooper played here long ago he liked the spot better because of a story concerning this first dam.

In Revolutionary times this region was a part of the great American frontier. That is, it was on the borderland between the Indian country and the area where settlers were trying to clear the land and build homes. To the people of the east it seemed far west and, because of the Indians and wild animals, a dangerous place to live.

During the Revolutionary War, General James Clinton with his Colonial army were in the Cherry Valley north of this section. When they came to Otsego Lake on their journey south, they launched their boats and floated down the length of the lake to its outlet. At once they saw that the little stream was too small and too choked with timber for them to push their boats farther. So they camped on the hillside on what is now the site of Cooperstown.

They built a rude dam across the little Susquehanna and then waited several weeks for the level of the lake to rise. While they waited they filled the summer days by drilling and playing games and drilling again.

When the lake was high enough, they broke out the dam and the water rushed down, swelling the stream and freeing the current from floating trees. Then the troops embarked and descended the river as far as Tioga Point. There they met General Sullivan's brigade and forever put an end to the massacres and depredations of the Indians along that frontier.

We see that the site of this old dam built by General Clinton and his troops has been marked in appropriate manner with a boulder and mortar, or short cannon, by the Otsego Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

We climb the slope above the site of the dam and "Council Rock" to the hillside where General Clinton's troops camped. Now the village of Cooperstown, founded by James' father in 1786, nestles there. It has grown from a few log huts to a cluster of quaint colonial buildings on the slope with more pretentious estates bordering the lake.

In the center of the village overlooking the "Glimmerglass," James' father, Judge William Cooper, built Otsego Hall. It was a big three-story house and for many years was the largest private home in the newer parts of New York state. From the front lawn the Coopers had a splendid view down the entire length of the lake.

Here the Judge ruled as a hospitable host to the neighboring homesteaders. James tells about the village and the villagers in his novel, "The Pioneers." He describes and idealizes his father in that book as Judge Temple; and he immortalizes the village of Coopers-

town as Templeton in this first of the Leather-Stocking tales.

James went away to school, and then he was married and lived abroad for a number of years. But finally he came back to his home town and his boyhood home, and himself became the master of Otsego Hall.

In the house there was a central vestibule and the family used the rear of this for a dining hall. To the right of this dining hall was the study where Cooper wrote many of his novels. The walls were lined with books and from his desk James could look out on the side lawn of the spacious Cooper grounds.

In 1853, however, the building was destroyed by fire and only a tiny model of it remains in the Museum across the way. On the site of Otsego Hall stands a bronze statue of an Iroquois carrying his bow and arrows, and accompanied by his dog. It is called the "Indian Hunter" and was made by the sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward.

We admire the statue on its great granite boulder, ivy-covered, and read the bronze tablet upon it. It informs us: "On this site stood Otsego Hall built by William Cooper, founder of Cooperstown, in 1798. The home of James Fenimore Cooper where he lived from 1834 to the day of his death September 14th, 1851. Destroyed by fire in 1853."

We wander over the Cooper Grounds. They consist of a plot about the size of one city block and are the remnant of some twenty-nine thousand acres once owned by Judge Cooper. The park is surrounded by a wrought-iron fence and its grass and trees are beautifully kept. From it we glimpse the peaceful lake sleeping among its verdant hills.

Up the hill back of the Cooper Grounds we continue. Soon we come to Christ Church surrunded by its old-fashioned churchyard. These grounds, also once belonged to the Cooper estate; but the Judge gave them to the Episcopal parish when they erected the church.

Near the quaint building is the family burial plot of the Coopers. There among the others we see the dignified sarcophagus of the Judge and a plain slab over the grave of James, his illustrious son. In a far corner is the mound of an old negro slave, who, though freed, continued to work for the family until his death. In gratitude the Coopers buried him there in their own plot near his old home.

All of James Cooper's boyhood impressions, he claimed in later life, were obtained in this Otsego Lake region. He might not have gained such wide celebrity as a novelist had he not discovered the fresh settings of the hills of Otsego county and his beautiful "Glimmerglass." He doubtless would have written entertaining novels but not "The Leather-Stocking Tales," for which he is most renowned and best loved.

One thing about our holy Christian religion is the fact that its principles are applicable to every age, race and country. The gospel has universal fitness. Everywhere its teachings make people better if they are followed.—Selected.

THE GOLDFINCHES

By Frances M. Bock

Now that the giant sunflowers rise
  Along the garden way,
The shy goldfinches, seeking seeds,
  Visit them through the day.

One fancies as one watches them
  And hears their low refrain,
That they are sunbeams changed to birds
  That seek the sun again.
—Elizabeth Scollard.

The first month of autumn, which means good-by to many birds, is one of the happiest times of the year for the largest of all bird families. This includes the finches, the sparrows, and their relatives, all of whom are seed-eating birds, and the season of ripening seeds is their Thanksgiving festival. Their family cares are over, their children are well grown, and they flit from place to place in happy little flocks, living on the bounty of nature. Weed seeds furnish the bulk of their diet, and our government values these birds very highly as destroyers of countless numbers of plant enemies of the embattled farmers every year.

The nutritious kernels of seeds are usually protected by tough husks, and in order to break these the bird must wield a regular nut-cracker of a bill. Watch a canary eating his dinner and you will understand how all finches manage this rather laborious process. All have stout, thick beaks, ranging in size from those of the tiniest goldfinches to those of the grosbeaks and cardinals, which are oversized finches.

Universal favorites among these hardy seed eaters are the goldfnches, sometimes called wild canaries. All true canaries, however, are from foreign stock, long bred in captivity, but they do belong to the finch family. Our goldfinches are their native American relatives, and they are among the cheeriest of the feathered gypsies at this season.

But you may not recognize them as the same little yellow and black birds that you have glimpsed among the edges of woods, in orchards, and gardens all summer long. For in August, which is moulting season for birds, the male goldfinches lose most of their yellow feathers and put on soberer costumes, so that they now look much like their modest, greenish-gold mates and children. You can usually recognize them by their sweet, canary-like voices, although they are much quieter during the fall and winter. Next spring, when they grow their new plumage they will come once more into full powers of song, with plenty of sparkling trills and warblings for the benefit of their little ladies. You will hear again their gay flying song, which matches the rhythm of their undulating flight. This habit of flying as if traveling on an invisible roller coaster, is a characteristic of their tribe.

Goldfinches are devoted mates, and from early spring you can see them flying about in happy pairs, but they never nest until late summer, when the flowers have gone to seed, as they depend on an abundant seed supply for feeding their nestlings. Their favorite flowers are sunflowers, zinnias, marigolds, cosmos the other daisy-like flowers—called composites —that are really solid clusters ripening into many seeds.

Thistles are their special delight, because they provide not only seeds but excellent material for nest building. With silken thistledown all goldfinches prefer to line their nests, felting it so closely that the little cup will actually hold water. For this reason they prefer to nest in maples, or other trees with leaves large enough to provide some shelter from rain. The nest is high, usually fifteen or twenty feet, although some goldfinches will build in willows and thorny bushes if necessary. As they nest over a huge area, extending from Georgia to Quebec, and west to the Rockies, there are naturally slight variations here and there.

Of course, baby goldfinches cannot digest hard seeds, so both parents do this for them, as do many other birds, bringing up the softened "cereal" from their own crops and plancing it neatly in the yawning throat of each nestling.

The western goldfinches found in the Rocky Mountains are somewhat larger than their eastern cousins, and those found on the Pacific Coast have backs tinged with pale olive green.

While most goldfinches move gradually southward in winter, they seldom go far, and as long as there are seeds left exposed above the snow, there are always a few goldfinches there to eat them, mingling sociably with the hardy winter birds. So be sure to put bird seed in a little dish on your bird lunch counter this winter, especially when the snow is deep. And next spring remember to plant a few of their favorite flowers in your garden so the goldfinches will stay near you all the year. They love a pool or bird bath, too, and are among the pleasantest of birds whose acquaintance you could cultivate.

While you are watching for goldfinches you may discover other little yellow birds, which at first glance look more like "wild canaries" than do the goldfinches in their brownish-green-gold winter plumage. But if you look closely you will soon discover differences—that is, if you can catch one of the restless, flashing little streaks of yellow quiet long enough for one look at him. Then you will notice that his bill is thin and sharp-pointed—not at all like the goldfinch's sturdy seed cracker. And while the goldfinch hangs on the heads of sunflowers, coreopsis, and zinnias, picking out seeds, the yellow warbler gets his dinner in trees and bushes, clinging to the leaves and the very tips of twigs. Here he finds tiny insects such as plant lice (aphids), caterpillars, and clusters of insect eggs so small as to be almost invisible, except to his microscopic eyes.

Another difference that your ears will soon detect is that yellow warblers do not warble at all—as goldfinches and canaries do—but have high, lisping voices, more like crickets and katydids. A goldfinch sings "Dear, dearie," to his mate in the tenderest, mellowest of voices, while a yellow warbler chants "Sweet," seven times over in a high but not particularly sweet voice.

The American warblers have no more right to their name than have our robins, both birds having been named for English birds to whom they are not in the least related. In fact, our warblers are found only in the Western Hemisphere, and have no close relatives in the Old World. They rank next to the finch family in numbers, and are second to none in their value to mankind. For these little birds feed entirely on insect

food so minute that they have to be on the move constantly to find enough to half satisfy their insatiable hunger. A warbler's appetite is the biggest thing about him—and a lucky thing it is for us! For if it were not for these active little bug hunters our trees and shrubs would soon be stripped of their leaves and die.

Most of the warblers are colored to resemble the leaves among which they live, and as many of them spend their lives in treetops, comparatively few people know them, except as swiftly moving bits of light and shadow and lisping voices from the upper stories of "green mansions." All of them must have come from the tropics originally, and being insect eaters, back to the tropics they must travel every fall, spending their winters in Central and South America. This long, dangerous journey takes sad toll of their lives twice a year, and they need our friendship and protection.

The yellow warbler lives near the ground and is friendlier than many of his relatives. He and his mate are clever craftsmen, and weave a nest much like that of the goldfinch, save that it is a little deeper and constructed of slightly different building materials. It is often found in elder bushes and willows, and the rascally cowbird likes it best of all and watches her chance to slip one of her own eggs into it, thus forcing the kind-hearted warblers to rear her ill-mannered child.

However, after a few sad experiences of this sort, when the warblers have seen their own babies starved or crowded out of the little nest by the big, greedy cowbird baby, they grow wise, and when they find a strange egg they simply build a second story to their nest, walling off the offending egg. Only in this way do they know how to foil the imposter, who is too lazy and irresponsible to build a nest and rear her own brood. Probably because she is too cowardly to pick on anyone her own size, the cowbird (who belongs to the blackbird family), imposes on nearly all the warblers, but they have not all learned to outwit her.

Another familiar warbler is the Maryland yellowthroat, the gay, friendly little fellow with a black mask who haunts damp thickets and the bushes bordering on marsh land all along the Atlantic Coast. His song sounds like "Witchery, witchery, witchery," according to Henry van Dyke's poem about him, although some people translate it "Witchety." He belongs to a family of seven or eight closely similar yellowthroats, found all over the United States.

Very different in color and habits are some other warblers, as the shy ovenbird, which builds a small domed nest on the leafy ground in dry woods and sings, "Teacher, teacher, teacher!" He looks more like a thrush than a warbler, and unlike most of his family he has a really beautiful song, which he sings only while hovering high in the air.

The largest and one of the most interesting of warblers is that comical mimic, the yellow-breasted chat, while the redstart would probably fly off with the beauty prize. But it will take you some time to get acquainted with very many of this fascinating bird family.

"PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH"

(News Herald)

Editor Clarence Poe of The Progressive Farmer, always a crusader for peace, takes a gloomy view of the international situation in the August issue, saying that the outlook for world peace has seldom been much darker than now. He says in part:

"The sublimest sentence that came out of the World War was probably the declaration of Edith Cavell, the English nurse, just before she was shot as a spy: 'Patriotism is not enough.' She saw the whole world become a slaughterhouse simply because citizens of every nation had been taught to think only of that nation's own selfish interests. Nobody had ever dared to follow the doctrine of Christ to its logical conclusion and say: 'Love your neighbor nation as your own nation.' Truly indeed patriotism is not enough and neutrality is not enough if we are to have world peace."

What is the way out? Dr. Poe believes the only way is to apply Christ's commandment to nations, and save other nations as well as ours from the butchery of war:

"America's selfish isolation, our unwillingness to help others establish a World Court and a League of Nations for adjusting international disputes, may yet lead to catastrophes that will engulf us in another world conflict. If paganism's bloody god of War is ever to give place to the Prince of Peace with healing in His wings, it is not enough that we accept His standards as guides of our individual lives and conduct. We must also recognize our duty to uphold peace and righteousness the world over through some powerful Supreme Court of Nations that will arbitrate justice and enforce peace. We must make such a Christian ideal of world peace more precious to us than any so-called neutrality bought at the price of moral cowardice and self-contempt. We can never have enduring peace and security in our own country—and perhaps in the view of Almighty God we simply never ought to have—until we are willing to cooperate with other nations to help insure peace and security the world over."

HEALTH

Health is the indispensible foundation for satisfaction of life. Everything of domestic joy or occupational success has to be built on bodily wholesomeness and vitality. Health is essential to the enjoyment all through life of sports and active bodily exercice. It is also necessary to continous capacity for hard work; and it is only through active play and hard work that anybody can make sure of the durable satisfactions of life. To promote health in the individual, the family, and the community should be the aim of every good citizen in the American democracy.—Charles W. Elliot.

TAGGY THE TRAILER

By Helen Waite Munro

Bob Graham walked around Taggy the Trailer, eyeing the unique vehicle critically. Here in the college town, parked between an imposing fraternity house and aunt Sarah's up-to-date home, Taggy had not quite the stylish and luxurious air that had seemed to belong to it back in Beldale. But it would answer his purpose. His lips set in firm lines as he made sure the narrow door was locked and started out to register at the college office.

A red head protruded from the open window of the frat house.

"What's that down there?" its owner asked quite audibly over his shoulder, after he had looked Taggy over. "A boat?"

A dark head appeared beside the other.

"A fish, I should say. See the scales?"

"A whale, maybe."

"Where's Jonah."

Bob's face reddened as he hurried out onto the sidewalk. Taggy's sides were covered with squares of tin, cut from old tin cans and neatly tacked onto the wooden framework, shingle fashion. The whole was covered with aluminum paint. It had seemed quite a clever outside finish. But now—well, maybe Taggy did look a bit like a fish.

So this was college! Well, he'd known that a freshman living in a home-made trailer would be the butt of considerable joking, especially if the only place he knew of for free parking was in his aunt's dooryard, between her houseful of college girls and a fraternity home. On busy Sabin street, too, right next to the campus. But if it weren't for Taggy he wouldn't be here.

Bob's standing in high school had brought him a university scholarship which covered his tuition. Determined on higher education, Bob had managed to earn, during the summer vacation, enough to cover the cost of books and of the odds and ends picked up here and there for the construction of Taggy. With permission for free parking in Aunt Sarah's yard, the matter of food was the only expense left to consider. He must arrange somehow to be earning that by the time the good stock of groceries inside the trailer was exhausted.

Classes would not assemble until the following day. The hours stretched long before Bob when, the formalities of registration over, he came out of the office. There would be social affairs in the evening. But those were not for him. Let the children of wealth and irresponsibility attend to that side of collgee life. He, himself, was here for a purpose. College, with him, was a business. The foundation, he was determined, of an outstanding business career.

At home, as the oldest in a family of eight, with none too big an income, it had been a matter of dividing. Of looking out for the others and not only earning his own clothing and spending money but handing out an occasional dime for ice cream cones for the younger ones, and even buying shoes for some of them when the need became so pressing that they

could not await their turn.

Now he was on his own. Steady work for his father eliminated the family's need of his help.

"Go on, my boy, and make all you can of yourself," his father had urged. "I wish I could help you, but I know you can make it alone."

So here he was, determined to let nothing stand in the way of success. High marks in his course of business administration would surely lead to a fine position at the end of the four years. Meanwhile he'd look out for number one and let the rest of the college world go by.

Girls were going in and out of Aunt Sarah's front door as he came in sight of it. There was an air of bustle everywhere. Greetings were being tossed about among the hurrying students that filled the street. It seemed to Bob as he turned into the yard, that everyone except himself knew everybody else, and acted glad that this was the case.

Then he stopped short in astonishment. There on Taggy's side hung a sign: "Room to rent." and from the step rose a boy, apparently aged about fifteen.

"I'm Ralph Barnard," the stranger announced politely. "I am looking for a room. I conclude the one you're going to rent is part of the trailer. I always wanted to live in a trailer. How much—"

"What— why—" Bob was too astonished for coherent speech. "That sign— somebody must have put it there for a joke—"

"Then you aren't renting part of your trailer?" Ralph Barnard was plainly not only disappointed but bewildered and confused.

Bob's mind worked quickly. There was the extra bunk in the trailer. Even small "room rent" would pay for his own food. Not bad business, fixing all that up, first thing. And turning the joke on whoever put the sign up—doubtless the girls—he could hear their giggles inside the open windows.

"What are you in—grades or high?" Bob demanded.

"Neither. I'm a freshman here in college. I—I'm almost seventeen—I graduated from high school rather young," Ralph explained as though that were something to be ashamed of.

"Come inside and we'll talk it over." Bob was unlocking the door. "Those fellows in the frat house—they're taking all this in."

So it came about that Ralph Barnard became a "roomer" in Taggy the Trailer, and unexpected complications started for Bob.

Within a very few hours it was plain that Ralph was the most helpless being imaginable. He had been brought up by an aged grandfather and his housekeeper who had waited on him hand and foot and proudly pushed him through high school without paying any attention to all-around development.

"I bought this," he explained to Bob, unwrapping a bulky parcel as they settled his belongings in the trailer, "when I was hanging around up at the office after I registered. A fellow was selling them up there—he said every freshman needed one." He unwrapped a big volume, cheaply bound with a glaring title: "General Information."

"It's really an atlas and encyclopedia all in one," Ralph went on to explain prouldy, "with a lot of other

stuff in it, too, and it only cost ten dollars."

It appeared also that he had joined several rather uncertain organizations for which solicitors had been lying in wait around the college headquarters.

"Because," he confided in Bob, "I'm bound to make a good mixer of myself. I never had a chance before, and I've lived in sort of a—a selfish way when you look at it squarely. My resolve in coming here is to broaden out—do something for others—add my bit to the college life—give instead of getting." He stopped short, his face very red. Plainly such a burst of confidence was entirely out of his line.

"It's all right if you can afford it," Bob returned shortly. Odd how he and Ralph with such a different philosophy of life, should be thrown together this way. Oh, well, what difference did it make? All he was after was Ralph's room rent. He'd have a second key made to the trailer. Each would come and go to suit himself.

Aunt Sarah dropped in that afternoon, plainly preoccupied by her own problems but determined to do her duty by her sister's boy. With her was her daughter, Sallie, Bob's cousin. Sallie had grown up, since Bob saw her last, from a spindling, uneasy little girl with pigtails to a tall, lively college sophomore. She had such a friendly face and manner that Bob, when she seconded her mother's invitation to dinner, had to think hard of his resolve to cut out all social contacts and stick strictly to the business end of his college course.

"I—well, I'm going to have Ralph, here, eat with me tonight," he managed to excuse himself lamely.

"Bring Ralph along," Sallie laughed. "There are nine of us girls, you know. You'll enjoy it better with a little masculine company."

Ralph's downcast face broke into surprised, pleased smiles. But Bob remained firm. The thought of his aunt's hearty meal was tempting. And if the other girls were half as nice as Sallie it would be much jollier there than here with Ralph who showed increasing signs of homesickness. But one might as well begin as he could hold out.

Then they were gone. Bob dozed in his narrow bunk while Ralph looked over his new book.

"I'm going to take a little turn around outside," Bob announced at last, brushing his hair before the tiny mirror.

"I'll come too," Ralph declared.

Not only immature but shabby and countrified—that was Ralph, Bob decided as they strolled out into the business section. It was one thing to be collegiate—Bob planned on that himself—with glaring sweaters and baggy trousers. But it was another to dress as though you'd found your clothes at a rummage sale.

Maybe he'd made a mistake, Bob considered when they were back in the trailer and he was making cocoa for himself and Ralph, in sharing Taggy with anyone at this early stage of the game. It was plain that Ralph had no initiative. That he was going to stick to Bob like a barnacle. And it was poor policy to get counted with him. If a college man with aspirations chummed with anyone—which was far from Bob's intention—it should be with one of the wealthier boys who had connections that might be a help later.

The confusion of the first college

days settled into a steady routine. Books were bought, lessons assigned, the mild hazing allowed became an old story. Taggy the Trailer had been duly decorated with everything from old shoes to memorial wreaths. The girls at Aunt Sarah's joined the boys at the fraternity house in referring to it as the whale. Bob became known as Jonah all over the campus, and Ralph was dubbed "Shrimp."

Everywhere the two were seen together. Not from Bob's choice but because Ralph was so dependent on him and there seemed no way to shake him.

With childlike faith, soon after he started to share the trailer, Ralph confided in Bob.

"I guess I didn't figure just right," he explained ruefully, "spending so much money that very first day. Grandfather only gave me, you see, what he thought ought to last a month."

"And after that?"

"He's coming at the end of the month to see how I'm getting along and give me some more. He's—well, he's a little peculiar about some things, especially money."

"Is he rich?"

"Well, that's what I've always wondered myself. If he's poor, he's stretching a point terribly to be so generous with me. If he's rich—well, a lot of the Scotch jokes would apply to him."

"He's queer, as I said," Ralph went on after a moment's silence. Doesn't believe in banks. Carries every cent he has in the world, excepting some bonds and such things, in a big wallet in a special pocket Mrs. Horton—that's our housekeeper—makes inside his vest. I've often wondered how much there was in it."

"Dangerous business," Bob told him, "Somebody might hold him up and take it."

Later in the day Ralph brought up the matter of finances again.

"What I'd like," he told Bob earnestly, "is for you to take what money I have left and let me board with you. I never can make it last in any other way."

So, after some figuring, Bob took on a boarder as well as roomer, taking a fair price from the cash entrusted to him and doling out spending money as one would to a child.

Ralph thrived on the arrangement. He considered Bob the finest, biggest fellow in existence. He dogged Sallie's footsteps and expanded wonderfully under her smile. He helped Aunt Sarah with her furnace and soon was accepting frequent invitations over to her house for meals.

It gave Bob sort of a left-out feeling, in spite of the fact that he was usually included in the invitations and refused them of his own free will. He was extra glad, these days, of the company of the third occupant of the trailer—a stray dog that, after they had fed it when it appeared one night, forlorn and starved, had settled down as a loving, loyal member of the family.

Bob was studying hard, carrying as heavy a course as the rules would allow. Coaching Ralph, too, who found education here, with sarcastic professors, stiff competition and many outside interests, quite different from the home high school.

The end of the first month was drawing near. The cash in Taggy's treasury had dwindled to almost noth-

ing. Bob's menus became more and more economical. He began to accept Aunt Sarah's invitations with Ralph now, unable to resist the temptation of her bountiful meals. And the sociability of the big house took hold of him, in spite of himself, and drew him into other outside contacts not at all according to his lone-wolf "philosophy of life."

"I've written to grandfather again," Ralph told Bob as the very last of the month arrived, "and put it up to him as strongly as I dared. He has bad spells with his heart if he gets worried or excited—sometimes has to be quiet for weeks at a time. So I didn't dare say too much."

Then, to crown all, Ralph contracted a heavy cold with a cough that seemed to make Taggy's sides rattle.

"Keep him warm, with plenty of ginger tea," Aunt Sarah advised Bob, and sent over some cough syrup.

He was up around in a day or two. But his worry about finances kept him from gaining as he should.

"Here I am, parked on you," he mourned to Bob. "If I hadn't come here to live, you'd have some other way for an income all worked out. But I can't understand about grandfather. He always is on time for everything."

Then he came. Bob found him when he got home from class. A frail, little old man, sitting on Taggy's step as his grandson had done.

Shivering in the autumn wind. A vacant expression in his faded blue eyes.

"Guess I should have worn my winter overcoat," he remarked vaguely as Bob helped him inside and hurried to make hot coffee.

"It's one of his heart attacks," Ralph announced when he came home to find his grandfather lying on Bob's cot. He felt of the old man's pulse capably, then found a small box of pills in his grandfather's pocket.

"You see I know the ropes," he told Bob. "Mrs. Horton was always scared when he was this way. But our doctor told me what to do. He'll be all right. He's just overtired."

It was simply a matter of rest, Aunt Sarah agreed when Bob called her over.

"But what will you do?" she asked "It isn't a hospital case."

"If Bob will let him rest in my bed," Ralph announced in a manly, decided way he was developing, "I'll get a room somewhere until he's all right again."

But when Bob and Ralph confronted their problem alone with the patient, it wasn't so easy to solve. Renting rooms meant cash in advance in this college town. And cash was exactly what they lacked. Unless—

"He carries every cent he owns in the wallet inside his vest—guess I told you," Ralph said finally. "He'd want me to use some from it, I know."

"Maybe he'll understand if you ask him," Bob suggested.

"Grandfather!" Ralph leaned gently over the old man. "Can you hear me?"

"Where am I?" his grandfather asked faintly.

"In Taggy the Trailer with Bob and me. We'll take care of you. But we're out of cash. May we take some out of your pocket?"

"All you want—wallet—inside pocket—you know where—" He was off again in the sleep that bordered on unconsciousness.

An outside pocket yielded exactly

ninety-five cents. Then Ralph found the "wallet."

"I won't even look into it," he told Bob softly. "It doesn't seem fair somehow. I'll just pull out a bill and shut it up again.

But an instant later Bob, fiddling around the oil stove so as not to appear curious, heard a horrified gasp from Ralph. He turned to see him holding the big wallet upside down.

"It's empty!" his face was white. "Every cent he has in the world is gone."

"He must have been robbed on the way." Bob's lips could hardly form the words. It wasn't for himself. The fact that his own plans seemed to be going askew receded far into the background. It was for this boy who, all unsuspected, had grown to seem like one of his own younger brothers. And for the frail old man lying there unsuspicious, it was plain, of his calamitous loss.

It seemed as though Ralph grew up suddenly during the next few hours. And Bob forgot entirely his recent ideas of looking out strictly for number one, and put all his mind to solving their problems.

Couldn't whatever he would have done to earn his daily bread if Ralph hadn't come along be made to provide temporarily for the three of them —and Bingo the dog? Ralph's tuition was paid until mid-years. With room and board taken care of—but it would be days, perhaps weeks, before the grandfather would be able to go home.

"I'll sleep on the floor if you'll let grandfather stay where he is till he's better," Ralph offered. "And maybe you and I can both get a chance to work in a restaurant or somewhere to get our meals."

"Maybe I could get a job as cook at the frat house." Bob managed a rather shaky laugh as he toasted sandwiches for the two of them. "Their cook has left and they're all howling about having to go 'way over to the restaurant."

"They'd all fall hard for toasted sandwiches such as you make," Ralph assured him.

"I like to make 'em," Bob considered. "And with a toasting arrangement to cover the whole top of the stove I could easily turn 'em out by the dozen."

"I could help," Ralph told him eagerly. "They'd go fast at a good price. Other things, too, maybe. Anything they could carry away in their hands."

"Call 'em 'Handouts.' 'Taggy Handouts.' How's that?" Bob was growing enthusiastic.

While he was fixing up his toaster later in the day, Ralph came in. His beaming face proclaimed the fact that he had good news.

"I've arranged for a little business of my own as well as helping you," he announced. "our aunt will let me use her laundry for a dark room. I'm going to develop and print pictures—you know there's no place handy. I understand the process from A to Z and always have good luck. There's money in it."

Ralph's grandfather remained in Bob's bunk that night, and Bob insisted that Ralph use his own for fear of taking more cold. He accepted Ralph's mattress, however, for his bed on the floor, while Ralph lay on his folded overcoat. There were plenty of blankets for them and for the aged man who lay quietly, apparent-

ly asleep, his heart action weak but steady.

The next day two signs appeared on Taggy. "Developing and Printing" was one. And the other, directly over the window next the oil stove, read, in bold letters: "'Taggy Handouts."

Led by a few whom Bob had enticed by personal advertising, the fraternity boys came outside the open window, bought the odorous toasted sandwiches, went away munching them, then returned for more, bringing other customers with them. Twice Ralph raced out for more materials before the waiting line could all be supplied.

"How is that for a business venture?" Bob asked, mopping his forehead after they were alone again. Here, Bingo! I've made a special sandwich for you."

"I hope mine will succeed even half as well," Ralph told him. I've borrowed developing equipment until mine comes. And I have several orders to get out this very night."

Something that sounded like a chuckle made them both turn to where Ralph's grandfather lay in the bunk, his blue eyes clear and twinkling.

"Grandfather!" Ralph was beside him in an instant. "I'm afraid we've been neglecting you!"

"On the contrary," the old man laughed heartily, "you have given me the most interesting time I've had for a long while."

"But we thought you were—"

"Sleeping? Unconscious? Well, perhaps I was last night. And I'll confess I am tired and that the bed has been the best place for me today. But I think I will get up now. And if you have an extra one of those good-smelling sandwiches—"

Bob and Ralph looked doubtfully at each other. He'd better know about the loss of his money before he got up around.

"Your wallet—" Ralph began doubtfully.

His grandfather gave a sudden start. There was a moment's silence which Ralph could not manage to break, though he tried his best.

"I have a foggy recollection," the old gentleman remarked slowly, "of your asking permission to pick my pockets. When I gave it I quite forgot—"

"Forgot—" Both boys leaned forward breathlessly.

"Fotget to tell you that you wouldn't find much. You see, I made up my mind I was carrying around altogether too large an amount of cash. And that my prejudice against banks was foolish. So I deposited the contents of my wallet—partly in your name. I've a check book for you—"

"Thank you." Ralph's tone was full of relief. "But I won't need much now I'm in business and have such a reasonable arrangement for board and room."

"Too reasonable," his grandfather declared. "If the price I heard you mention is what you're paying, I shall double it."

Later as the three ate together around the folding table Ralph broke forth:

"College is great, Grandfather! I'm making more friends! And getting such a chance to do things—"

"And you?" The old man turned to Bob.

"My philosophy of life is different," Bob began grandly. "I believe in looking out for number one and letting the rest of the world go by—"

He was interrupted by hearty laughter from his two listeners.

"Oh, yeah?" Ralph asked, slapping him affectionately on the shoulder.

"It seems to me," his grandfather told Bob, "that your philosophy and your way of living don't quite agree."

There was a moment's thoughtful silence. Then Bob spoke slowly, a grin of comprehension growing and growing.

"I think perhaps," he allowed, "that the lone wolf idea isn't all it's cracked up to be."

THE EASIEST WAY AND ITS COST

It seems to be popular just now to do things the easiest way. The old ideas of regarding the performing of hard tasks for the purpose of discipline is widely scouted. Educators are saying that we are to follow our own impulses and instincts. Give expression to your ideas. Indeed free expression is becoming quite popular. There is not so much encouragement to curb oneself, and not so much guidance as an aid to experience and discipline.

Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician, has told us in a very interesting way how he trained himself to do certain things. He was impressed when a mere boy with the necessity of self-control, and of the power of the will to tackle and carry to completion what he was convinced should be done. If he was confronted with some difficult task he would go at it and never give up until he had finished it. In some instances it was no more to his liking than it would have been to any one else. He was often tempted to follow the line of least resistance, but he would not yield. He discovered that after a while tasks that were just as hard became easier for him, so that in the end they were just what he wished to do. But if he had always followed his impulses and chosen the course that was easiest, and never have schooled himself in tackling the hardest jobs at hand, he would never have attained what soon came within his reach. The time is coming, if it is not yet here, when we shall see we are the losers by selecting the easiest course.—Young Folks.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our tables are still being well supplied with fine string beans and tomatoes, the products of late planting after the early vegetables were nearly all lost because of extreme dry weather. The cannery is also still operating at top speed.

As this is being written, a group of boys, under the supervision of Mrs. G. L. Barrier, is rehearsing for a program to be rendered at the Thursday evening session of the annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons, being held in Kannapolis this week. A report of same will appear in these columns in our next issue.

That fall classic, the annual World's Series, is now on, the contestants being the American League "Yankees" and the National League "Giants," both of New York City, and many of our boys (and some of the grown-ups) have been enjoying the play-by-play broadcasts of the games. The Yanks seem to be the favorites among the boys, but a few are "pulling" for the Giants to come through, especially their sensational rookie pitcher, "Micky" Melton.

Aaron Holder, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left the School about a year ago, called on us the other day. When he first returned to his home, Waxhaw, he secured employment in a garage, staying there four months. He then went to work in the Rodman and Heath Cotton Mill, where he is still employed and is getting along fine.

While at the School, Aaron was the regular first-baseman on the baseball team, and developed into a pretty good player. He tells us he has played several games during the past season and hopes to make the regular mill team next year.

Mr. Earl M. Ruth, of Charlotte, representing the Friedman-Shelby Shoe Company, St. Louis, recently donated six footballs for the use of our boys, and they are being used daily.

For several years past, with the changing sports seasons, Mr. Ruth has made many contributions to the boys' amusements, such as baseballs, gloves, bats, basketballs, marbles, etc., thus firmly establishing himself in the hearts of the youngsters here.

There is something about the name, Ruth, that appeals to all red-blooded American boys. The great national pastime—baseball—has had many prominent figures, but none so popular with boys all over the nation as the great "Babe" Ruth, chief mauler of the New York Yankees for many years. While our Mr. Ruth may not have had his name emblazoned in mile-high letters because of his ability to slam out home runs in the major baseball leagues, he has, by reason of his many acts of kindness, earned the rating of "tops" among Jackson Training School boys, and will al-

ways be considered one of their very best friends.

Rev. Walter J. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Christ's victory over temptation, as found in Matthew 4:1-11, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Overcoming Temptation."

Before taking up his subject, Rev. Mr. Miller announced that this would probably be his last service at the School, it being the custom of his church to transfer pastors every four years. He stated that his four years of service in Concord, especially his visits to the School, had been most pleasant, as he had been impressed by the fine spirit of reverence and attentiveness shown by the boys at all services, also that it had been a real joy to listen to their singing. He further stated that he was entering into this final service with a feeling of regret, as he knew of no other group he would rather speak to than the boys of Jackson Training School.

In speaking of the best way to overcome temptation, Rev. Mr. Miller called attention to the words of Christ, recorded in Matthew 26:41—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

It is the history of mankind that all have been tempted, said the speaker. Temptation is as old as the human race, and as new as the present moment. Ever since the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, the tempter has been in the world to destroy men. We all know something about temptation. None of us can escape it. Even Jesus, the Son of God, was not exempt. He was tempted in every way, but was without sin. No matter how good we may become, we must all expect to be tempted.

What is the reason for our being tempted, asked the speaker? It is God's plan for all persons to develop strong, Christ-like characters, and by being tried and overcoming the urge to do wrong, we are developed spiritually, just as we reach physical perfection through continual exercise.

There are two elements to every temptation, said Rev. Mr. Miller. The first is the suggestion of evil—the inducement to take the wrong road. Then there is the other side—God is in every temptation, urging us to fight the wrong. Everything is a struggle, a clash between the highest and lowest parts of our natures. How great is the battle that wages in human hearts, the greatest battlefields, as we face the problem of evil and seek to master it.

No matter what the temptation, continued the speaker, we can overcome it with the help of God. Here are two ways we may do it: (1) We must be watchful, always guarding against unexpected temptations. We must ever be alert, as they come to us pictured in a most attractive and alluring manner. He then told the story of the days when early settlers in this country had to battle Indians. The settlers had erected a large stockade, on top of which a sentinel was placed to watch for lurking Indians. The first sentinel was killed by a poisoned arrow. Another was killed in the same way, after which the settlers held a council, and a third sentinel

was selected, and was given instructions to shoot everything that moved. He saw the bushes moving, and then appeared what looked like a bear. He fired, but his bullet did not strike a bear—it killed an Indian covered with a bear skin. Satan is just like that. He makes temptations look beautiful and attractive, and if we are not on our guard, we give over to the tempter before realizing any danger.

The second way in which we may avoid evil, said Rev. Mr. Miller, is to be very careful about yielding to the smaller temptations. He illustrated this by telling the story of the Arab and his camel. The Arab was in his tent. The camel came to the tent flap and asked his master if he might put his nose inside, as it was very cold outside. The request was granted. The camel then asked that it might be allowed to put its front feet inside, which was granted. The same procedure followed until the camel was all the way inside and the Arab was crowded out. So it is with the tempter. He comes to us, telling us to do some little thing. If we yield, he soon gets absolute control and we find ourselves slaves to sin.

Rev. Mr. Miller then urged the boys to pray for strength to overcome evil, saying that no man was ever defeated by the tempter while he was on his kness in prayer. Prayer is no use, however, unless we have faith. We must have faith in God's power before He will use it for our protection.

Temptations are really great blessings, continued the speaker, if we overcome them. They test our strength. Just as a child learns to walk gradually, we develop our muscles by exercise. We grow strong in character in the same way. By constantly overcoming them we develop spiritually, each one overpowered giving us additional strength to fight the next one.

Rev. Mr. Miller concluded by urging the boys to resist evil and thus grow and develop into men of strong Christian character.

We were very sorry to hear that Rev. Mr. Miller would probably leave Concord soon, for he has become a great favorite with both the boys and officials of the School. His messages have always been helpful and inspiring, and were delivered in a manner which the boys could easily understand and appreciate. He has been most faithful to the School and we feel that his removal will take a real friend away from us. However, if a change is made, we tender best wishes for success in his new field of endeavor, assuring him at the same time that we shall be more than glad to have him visit us whenever he happens to be in this part of the state.

Happy is the man who knows he was born to work, who knows he can work, and that by work well done he can keep on climbing as other men have done, to more enjoyable and profitable work.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending October 3, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Marvin Bridgeman 5
(8) J. C. Cox 17
Leon Hollifield
(18) Edward Johnson 18
(15) Carl Kepley 17
(10) Edward Lucas 12
(4) Mack Setzer 13
(4) James Wilhite 13

COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox 5
(2) Blanchard Moore 5
Jack McRary 5
Fonnie Oliver 4
William Pitts 7
(2) Howard Roberts 11
Albert Silas 8
Eugene Stallings 11
Robert Watts 5
(3) R. L. Young 12

COTTAGE No. 2

Frank Cobb
(3) Clifton Mabry 7

COTTAGE No. 3

James Burns
Frank Crawford 5
(6) Neely Dixon 17
(3) Henry Floyd 3
Coolidge Green 9
(2) Norwood Glasgow 2
(6) Julian Gregory 12
(6) Frank Pickett 15
(5) Kenneth Raby 7
Fred Vereen 2
(2) Allen Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 9
(3) Hurley Davis 11
(5) Edward Fisher 11
(4) James Hancock 14
Henry Harris 7
(5) Ralph Johnson 11
Hugh Kennedy 3
Thomas Maness 10
Charles Mizzell 5
(4) Frank Raby 10
William Surratt 5
Leo Ward 11
(3) Odell Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Bryson 16
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 15
Robert Deyton 7
(2) Robert Dellinger 6
(2) Frank Glover 11
Jack Harward 5
(2) James Rackley 13
(2) Canipe Shoe 8
(2) William Wilson 5
(2) Woodrow Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

(6) Archie Castlebury 10
William Estes 8
(6) Caleb Hill 16
(3) Hugh Johnson 12
N. B. Johnson 3
Robert Lawrence 9
(2) Wayland Morgan 7
(2) J. C. Mobley 13
(2) Kenneth Spillman 2
(2) William Tester 10
William Young 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Wilfred Land 10
Warner Peach 3
John Penninger 5
(3) Charles Taylor 15

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Wilson Bowman 6
(3) J. T. Branch 11
(3) Thomas Braddock 14
(2) William Brackett 5
Hubert Carter 8

Gladston Carter 5
(3) Heller Davis 9
(3) Woodfin Fowler 16
(4) Elbert Presnell 10
Hubert Short 5
Cleveland Suggs 9
Thomas Wilson 7
Samuel Watkins 6

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Earl Atwood 13
William Knight 7
(3) James Martin 7
(4) Edward E. Murray 10

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 7
(9) Howard Clark 16
(2) Lawrence Guffey 11
(3) William Kirk 14
(3) William Martin 14
(8) Filmore Oliver 14
(5) John Uptegrove 7
(2) Fred Williamson 16

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 6
Charles Batten 7
(2) Frank Dickens 13
(2) James Elders 9
Max Eaker
Charlton Henry 10
Asbury Marsh 5
Ewin Odom 9
William Powell 4
James Reavis 7
(2) Charles Williams 8
Ross Young 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(9) Fletcher Boggs 17
(3) Burris Bozeman 4
(5) Norman Brogden 5
Harry Flowe 10
(5) Jack Foster 5
Bruce Kersey 2
Jordan McIver 4
(2) Irvin Medlin 5
(4) Claudius Pickett 14
(4) Eugene Patton 8

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Claude Ashe 6
(6) Clyde Barnwell 9
Fred Clark 7
(4) Troy Powell 8
(3) John Robbins 8
Desmond Truitt 5
(5) Henry Walters 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Granville Cheek 6
Hobart Gross 11
(2) Joseph Hyde 11
(2) William Hawkins 5
Caleb Jolly 14
Cleo King 3
(2) Raymond Mabe 9
Alvin Powell 9
Wilson Rich 11
(2) Wallace Sommers 9
Jones Watson 4

RESULTS AND ROSES

The man who wants a garden fair,
With flowers growing here and there,
Or small or very big,
Must bend his back and dig.

The things are mighty few on earth
That wishes can attain.
Whate'er we want of any worth
We've got to work to gain.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 16, 1937 No. 42

THE BUILDER

We are all blind until we see
  That in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making, if
  It does not make the man.
Why build those cities glorious
  If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the work, unless
  The builder also grows.

—Edwin Markham.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE CALL TO YOUTH

You whose hearts possess a dream,
You whose vision still is true,
Will you follow still the gleam?
Will you build the world anew?

Futile is the reign of hate,
Fated is the rule of gold;
On your deeds great issues wait,
Let your hearts with love be bold.

Vain are all the tools of war,
Vain the boastings of success;
These the dreams you battled for:
Faith and truth and righteousness.

Let who will despise your youth,
Let them trail your words in dust;
You shall conquer with the truth;
If your visions be your trust.

You whose hearts possess a dream,
God is God; His word is true:
Follow still the luring gleam
Till the world is built anew.

—Thomas C. Clark.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

The Forty Seventh Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters convened in Kannapolis, October 6-7th, having as hostess circle, the Look-Out-Circle, Mrs. Leon Smith, president. There was a fine attendance and splendid interest. The reports from the circles throughout the state gave evidence of much interest in local conditions of respective com-

munities as well as enthusism in the building of a chapel large enough to seat five hundred boys,—the average enrollment at all times of the Jackson Training School.

Thursday evening, in Presbyterian Church, Kannapolis, thirty boys from the school, trained by Mrs. George Barrier, musical director, gave a program of song and recitations that was most creditable,—proof of the fact that our boys have talent, poise and other qualifications the equal of any normal boy with superior advantages.

Again we emphasize this school is not dealing in material affairs of monetary value, but human souls, the most precious gifts of God, and the best training is the safest and best investment the state can make.

Superintendent C. E. Boger in his address emphasized the accomplishments of the school. He spoke of the boys who had made good in colleges, in operating linotypes and other activities after paroled, but time was too limited to enlarge on the subject and tell of the hundreds of boys who are now making their way as mechanics, dairymen, laundrymen, carpenters, mill operatives and in other gainful occupations. Added to these there are J. T. S. boys in all corners of the state at the head of most orderly homes with interesting families.

Friday afternoon the delegation of the King's Daughters made a pilgrimage to the Jackson Training School to see the place where their interests rest. The King's Daughters, not individually but collectively, have given time and money, helping to place the institution beyond the realm of an experiment. Not a finer vision ever possessed an organization or human soul, and many have lived to realize their dream.

This work, taking the hopeless youths—the refuse of broken homes—and placing them in an institution, a safe refuge where they can be trained in the teachings of the Gospel and correct living,—commends itself to all people who wish to serve In-His-Name.

* * * * * * *

COLUMBUS DAY

This week the world will mark "Columbus Day" in tribute to the great explorer who discovered America on October 12, 1492. It is

well to know that every adventure of any kind has its drawbacks along with skeptics. The men with vision and courage usually reach their goal in spite of doubters.

Christopher Columbus spent seven years before sailing west in trying to interest kings and nobles in his projected adventure. At last a monk, Queen Isabella's confessor obtained for him a hearing before both Isabella and Ferdinand, after which he was given command, with the rank of admiral, of three small vessels and one hundred and twenty men. He set sail August 3, 1492, and on October 12, of same year reached the Bahamas, near the coast of Florida.

Scientists claim this unexplored island, Andros, one hundred miles from Florida, holds the strange, grim secret of a race of the original Americans, the Lucayan Indians, who first greeted Columbus four hundred and forty-five years ago. This tribe, as elsewhere, disappeared from the face of the earth as the white man aggressively indulged his insatiable lust for territory, gold and pearls.

This mysterious unexplored island, where no white man has ever set foot, a sanctuary to a handful of Lucayan Indians, will observe this date with mourning and lamentations.

The present negro natives, brought there by the English to work the plantations, hold to a tradition, whether true or not, that the center of the island is inhabited by a strange race of men who have secreted themselves from preying eyes, and who hunt by night with bow and arrow. Whether this tradition is given credence or not, it is signficant that a lost people have continued for centuries on this island and science is not willing to dismiss the story simply as a figment of a high-powered imagination.

As a finale to this resume to commemorate Columbus Day, will briefly state,—after numerous shifts, Columbus' body,—or what is purported to be his remains,—now rests in the West Indies, in the capital at San Domingo.

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OLD HURRYGRAPH HOME

After several months vacation in the quietude of the mountains, J. A. Robinson, Durham, better known to the newspaper profes-

sion as "Old Hurrygraph," his nom de plume, is home, and we are glad to announce, to the delight of the many readers of The Uplift, that his column of sound philosophy and good cheer will appear each week as heretofore.

Old Hurrygraph is one of the oldest editors of the state, belonging to a class unique and individual; he continues in service, and by his fine spirit and alert mind he has grown in wisdom and grace, retaining the loyality of old friends and with much ease continues to make new ones.

His love for mankind, abiding faith, radiates an inspiration for the worthwhile things, especially so during this whirl of confusion of the present age. We welcome home Old Hurrygraph, hoping the fates of good fortune will give him a much longer term of fine service to humanity.

* * * * * * *

FIRE PREVENTION

These cool days remind one of "fire prevention", a stated time to go over all flues of the home and remove all debris easily ignited. A stitch in time saves more than nine in this warning. It is a serious problem to lose a home just as winter is beginning to close in upon us, and a little precaution is far easier than losing property that has both money value and frequently much sentiment.

Fire prevention week is planned for no other purpose than to make people careful of all fire hazards, and by safe guarding your own premises you are rendering your neighbor an immeasurable service.

Old tumble down shacks that jeopardize good buildings should be torn down or anything that serves as tinder for a blaze. If there is a hose as protection in case of fire, it should be accessible and made usable for an emergency. A small quantity of water can extinguish a small blaze that can be readly fanned into a most disastrous fire. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Take note, last year the United States lost a quarter billion dollars by fire, and we feel safe in saying the most of this stupendous loss came from carelessness.

THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA

Nine colleges, Harvard, William and Mary, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale, Rutgers and Dartmouth—founded prior to the Federal Constitution are known as the "colonial colleges". Harvard, the first college in the Americas, was established on October 28th, 1636, by a grant of four hundred pounds from the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Later a few hundred dollars from John Harvard, a colonial preacher, gave to the college the name of its first benefactor. From this bequest a building was begun and around it thirty apple trees were planted. This plot was known as the "Yard." Some time later the word campus was imported from Europe, but this oldest of colleges has always clung to the first term, "Harvard Yard." This yard with its thirty apple trees has become one of the widely known spots in the world. Few institutions of old have a more colorful tradition than Harvard.

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BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEET

The Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School held their quarterly meeting on Thursday, October 7th, with the following members present: Chairman L. T. Hartsell, Messrs O. C. Bruton, A. R. Howard, Mesdames R. O. Everett, W. C. Hammer, George E. Marshall and Miss Easdale Shaw.

The meeting was held in Superintendent Boger's office in the Cannon Memorial Building. All business pertinent to the School was freely discussed. Following the business session, the Trustees repaired to the dining room, where a splendid dinner was served.

While here, the Trustees made a survey of the School grounds so as to abvise about placing the infirmary and gymnasium to be erected soon.

The next meeting will be held on the first Thursday in January, 1938.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

LINES TO A PESSIMIST

"Here, you discontented knocker,
Growlin' 'bout the country's ills,
Chloroform your dismal talker,
Take a course of liver pills;
Stop your darned eternal howlin',
Chaw some sand and get some grit,
Don't sit in the dumps a-growlin',
Smile a few and boost a bit."

The best revenge in this life is to forget a wrong.

It is a notorious fact that when Fortune caresses a man too much she makes him a fool.

Joseph is considered the straightest man mentioned in the Bible. Pharoah made him a ruler.

The curiosity of some persons is so great that they would turn a rainbow around to see what is behind it.

There are some men so unstable in their ways that they pray, good Lord, good Devil. They do not know into whose hands they may eventually fall.

I guess the reason that some women cannot take a joke is because they have already taken one too many. Some husbands turn out to be huge jokes.

"Henry," said the school teacher; "I wish you would pay a little attention to the lesson." To which Henry replied: "I am paying as little as I can."

There has been some discussion, in some quarters, as to whether or not hemp is a good business. It is a much better business in raising it than being raised by it.

It is not at all a high compliment to American civilization when it takes the enactment of so many laws to keep the people in the line of doing the right thing.

We are told that the antelope, once near extinction, is now on its way back. I notice that the elephant that disappeared in 1932, is making an endeavor to come back.

Many a youngster, in this day and time, as of old, are burning the midnight oil. But he is not using it as in the old days—studying. He's rushing an automobile.

When Congress meets again the representatives in both houses should take into consideration that America needs, not a whole batch of new laws, but a little more common sense.

It would be well for a whole lot of us to lay this thought to heart: If we would look at ourselves as others see us, we would get a pretty good idea of ourselves. It would do us good.

The discovery of the late comet, which caused so much to be said about it at the time, was a good deal like the production of some of our voluminous story writers—a long tail from a small head.

I know a fellow and his girl, in a certain town, in this State, that fuss and quarrel at each other quite as much as if they were man and wife—like some I have seen.

There are a wealth of things in this world that money cannot buy. The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep.

It is estimated that if all the Arctic and Antarctic ice should melt, the water released would raise ocean levels 150 feet, enough to completely submerge most of the world's great seaports. But it is nothing to worry about for the present.

Many people think our slogan, "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," is something new. It is, as far as the apple is concerned. But go back some. The old Romans believed that eating cabbage helped to ward off sickness. That's why I like cabbage.

In swatting flies take care that you do not swat yourself. Mrs. Tom Masters, 75, of near Celina, Tenn., didn't seem to be master of the art. She was sent to Livingston hospital recently with a broken hip. She stumbled over a chair in her home as she was trying to swat a fly.

There is one place where the church went to the people this past summer. Young and liberal Bishop Henry Wise Hobson, of the Episcopal diocese of southern Ohio abandoned Saint Paul's Cathedral, in Cincinnati, and took the gospel by trailer to 23,000 persons in 78 parishes and missions of the diocese who were largely without places of worship. That was another "Hobson's choice."

Prayer for the National Council

Almighty and everlasting God, who by Thy Holy Spirit didst preside in the council of the blessed Apostles, and hast promised through Thy Son Jesus Christ, to be with Thy Church to the end of the world; We beseech Thee to be with the Council of the Episcopal Church, now assembled in Cincinnati, Ohio, in Thy name and presence. Save them from all error, ignorance, pride and prejudice; and of Thy great mercy vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, so to direct, sanctify and govern them in their work, by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, that the comfortable Gospel of Christ may be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed, in all places, to the breaking down the kingdom of sin, Satan and death; kindle, O God, the desire for peace in the hearts of all men, and guide the nations with Thy wisdom, till the whole earth is filled with the knowledge of Thy love; till at length the whole of Thy dispersed sheep, being gathered into one fold, shall become partakers of everlasting life, through the merits and death of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

Tongues in trees, books in running brooks. Sermons in stone and good in everything.—Shakespeare.

BELMONT ABBEY

(Charlotte Observer)

In kindred spirit with the educational pioneering that best describes the cultural development of the United States during the late nineteenth century, the Benedictine Monks, who established Belmont Abbey College (then St. Mary's college) founded an institution that continues to grow and prosper.

Indeed these men were pioneers —the year was 1878. A small band of monks, priests and brothers, left Saint Vincent Archabbey in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, to found a school in the South "with the view of ultimately establishing a monastery." Their efforts were not to be denied. The college, even in its infancy, flourished. In 1885, this priory was raised to the abbotial rank and the Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B. was elected the first Abbot.

History repeats itself through the years and each year found St. Mary's making spiritual, material, and, above all, intellectual progress. Rector succeeded rector, each new man going into his office with the intention of furthering the interests of the college. There were many hardships. Here was a country sparsely populated. Propaganda ran riot against Catholicism. However, St. Mary's college went on until in 1924, when the present Abbot-President, the Most Rev. Vincent G. Taylor, O. S. B., D. D., succeded Bishop-Abbot Haid, Belmont Abbey college had a very definite and important position among the educational institutions of the Southland.

Abbot Vincent, a man of many positions—he is Abbot of Belmont Abbey, Ordinary of Belmont Abbey Nullius, president of Belmont Abbey college, and Belmont Abbey prep—has spared no efforts in the development of his institutions. He is interested in all the activities of his college; he knows every student by first-name. That his work as an educator is recognized by the educational world is made manifest by his election to a membership on the Executive Committee of the National Catholic Historical association and to the vice-presidency of the National Benedictine Educational association. The most striking characteristic of his personality is the Abbot's vision despite many adversities—depression, prejudices, etc.,—he has forseen the growth of Belmont Abbey college until today it is where he would always have it—among the best of the South's educational centers.

Belmont Abbey college, conducted by Catholic priests, is a Catholic institution. However, the fact that over 50 per cent of the student body is non-Catholic is indicative that Catholicism is devoid of coercion. While no measure of its educational policy is compromised with any factor that may be adverse to the well-defined tenets of Catholic education, still, the educational policy of Belmont Abbey college is founded on Christian ethics—acceptable to any man.

The present Rector and Vice-President, the Rev. Cuthbert E. Allen, O. S. B., is perhaps the youngest college head in the United States. Enthusiastic, accomplished, experienced, Father Cuthbert has made remarkable pro-

gress as he goes into his second year as rector of the college. It was during his regime that Belmont Abbey Junior College, a comparatively new development, was admitted into the Southern Association of Colleges. The Prep Department has been a member of the association for many years.

As Belmont Abbey College's student life is divided into two departments, Father Cuthbert is assisted by two deans, the Rev. Joseph T. Tobin, O. S. B., and the Rev Rembert J. Codd, O. S. B. Father Joseph is the dean of the boarding students and Father Rembert supervises the activities of those who live off the campus. The Ven. Frs. Daniel Baran and Henry Bollman of the Order of Saint Benedict, assist Father Joseph.

Athletics have their proper place at Belmont. The Crusaders, last year's champions of the North Carolina Junior College Conference will defend their title this year and have undertaken the most ambitious schedule in the history of the college. Belmont Basketeers, always one of the strongest aggregations in the state, lost in the finals of the state tournament last year. There are facilities for swimming, tennis, handball, golf, track, baseball, soft ball and indoor sports Athletics are supervised by Howard A. Wheeler, formerly of the University of Illinois, assisted by Reyman Bonar, of Notre Dame, Edward D. Cahill, of Boston College and Daniel Baran, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey.

Belmont Abbey College's professors and instructors are sent to many universities and colleges. During the past summer the Rev. Raphael Arthur and Fathers Hugh, Bede and Clement attended Davidson College the Rev. Patrick Donahue and Father Daniel Baran studied at the Catholic University of America; the Ven. Fr. Martin Hayes was at Pierce Business College in Philadelphia while the Rev. Joseph T. Tobin was at the University of Pennsylvania in the same city; Father Gabriel Stupasky continued his work in Library Science at Columbia University in New York, and Edward D. Cahill took courses at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work with, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—James Russell Lowell.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE UNIQUE INSTITUTION

(Charlotte Observer)

Up the avenue that leads to the administration building of the Sacred Heart college at Belmont a casual visitor strolled. Curiosity urged him to learn something of this, the only girl's college in the county. Should not the Gaston edition of The Observer carry a story of the institution? Would not the folks of Gaston appreciate his efforts to tell them something of so distinctive a school?

The dean, a Sister of Mercy, answered his call to the door. And she was kind, very kind. In reply to his lead questions she told him much of the college, its organization, its methods, its patrons. Yes, the Sisters conduct a junior college. It is fully accredited by the State Department of Education. And then she told him the following facts, and who in Gaston will not be glad to learn them? The Junior College offers two full years of standard college work.

Freshman and Sophomore courses in the arts and sciences carry full credit that is recognized in transfer to the junior classes of the South's leading colleges. Courses have also been planned for students who wish to specialize in any one of those fields of endeavor which have the greatest appeal to girls of the present day. Therefore, preparatory courses are offered for nursing, social service work, laboratory technique, and teaching. Or again, for girls who will not pursue further education, terminal courses are provided.

Secretarial training consists of thorough theoretical and practical courses in business law, accountancy, business English, business spelling, Gregg's stenography, typing, and methods in office procedure. To these technical subjects, the business student must add a course in rational and empirical psychology and some other cultural course that carries academic credit. The sisters are convinced that technical training alone cannot fit a girl for "complete living." Literature, biology, political science, ethics or history must be delved into even by those who seek vocational training for immediate economic use. All business administration courses are given on college level. Proficiency in English seems to be the fundamental aim of all courses offered. Clear thinking, concise wrting and precise speaking are basic and unqualified requirements for all. The courses in interior decorating are standard and the methods of teaching are practical as well as theoretical. Beauty and usefulness are the twin objectives. Cultural subjects are also required for graduation in this practical art. The school has an excellent music department. The piano, the organ and the voice courses are conducted by degreed teachers. Many of the general academic and some of the vocational schedules are arranged with a view to encouraging the girls to take music in some form as an elective. Art in its many aspects is also emphasized, and private lessons are given to those who do not attend the school, as well as to enrolled students.

Courses in religion are required of

all Catholic students. In the school, however, there is no discrimination made because of the religious affiliation of the students. Christian morality is the base of all school activity, but denominationalism plays no role in the educational process. In fact, it matters not at all to the sisters what a girl's religious profession is. Probably the public does not appreciate this fact, but fact it is, and the enrollment of many non-Catholics substantiates it. Yet in these days, when the menace of neo-paganism is serious, these good women inculcate, in season and out of season, the triune law of love of God and of your neighbor as your self. Furthermore, he heard that in addition to the college, the Sisters conduct a four-year high school course, fully accredited by the Southern Association of Secondary Schools, and that even grammar grades are taught for the youngsters.

The Sister, after telling of the educational setup of the school, led her visitor through the roomy, well-lighted and comfortable buildings. The adjectives "up-to-date" and "pleasant" are the words that qualify them best. All standard laboratory, studio, and classroom equipment is provided. A practical and fully catalogued library affords sources for much learning. And, incidentally, it was learned that practical instruction in the use of the library is given to all students. The study halls, the home rooms for the day students, the dramatic hall, the tennis courts, the playgrounds, even the kitchen and the infirmary were visited. The visitor could not think of anything that had not been provided for the comfort and instruction of the student. Even the atmosphere seemed conducive to educational growth.

Upon being asked what local patronage was had, the Sister said that girls from Belmont, Mount Holly, Cramertown, Paw Creek and Charlotte attend the school. The Abbey College buses bring the girls from Lowell, Gastonia, Mount Holly and nearby towns. The visitor was surprised, pleasantly so, and he wished that the patronage would grow and grow, and that an increasing number of Gaston girls would seek education under the inspiring guidance of the Sisters of Mercy at Sacred Heart college at Belmont.

WHAT GOES IN

In the show window of a candy store there is a big picture which shows a man in a white cap and coat, pouring rich, creamy milk into a kettle. He is making milk chocolate. That is a good advertisement, is it not? When people think of good ingredients that go into this kind of candy, they are inclined to buy some of it. Pure milk must make fine candy, they think.

In order to produce good candy, the best of materials should be put into it. The same is true of life. If you want to have a good character you must put pure, strong, character-building thoughts into your mind. What sort of materials are you putting into your life?—Exchange.

OLD ST. LUKE'S

(Suffolk News-Herald)

St. Luke's Episcopal church, built in 1632, had been in such bad state of repair for fifty years that services had been discontinued, until, one day the subject was mentioned, culminating a fund being started to raise the necessary money with which to put it in thorough repair and condition so services could be held in this oldest Protestant church in America.

Much money, and time were spent. The exterior was restored and then the interior gone over, repaired and reconditioned.

New stained glass windows, new pews and floors, and the inner walls gone over until the work was finished. On Wednesday, November 14, 1894, this old landmark of other days was ready for the reopening on that date for regular worship again.

There was an interesting and impressive program arranged for this auspicious occasion.

Bishop A. N. Randolph, having been unavoidably prevented from presiding, the Rev. B. D. Tucker arrived to take his place in the exercises.

The Rev. Mr. Tucker delivered the address which opened the program at 11:30 a. m., followed by prayer and holy communion.

An historical sermon was them delivered by the Rev. James R. Hubard, D. D., of Norfolk.

At 3. p. m., there was evening prayer; an introductory address by the Rev. Frank G. Scott, rector of the parish, followed with addresses by the Rev. David Barr, Major James F. Crocker and R. S. Thomas, Esq., register of the diocese.

On Thursday, November 15, 1894, the reopening services began at 11:30 a. m., conducted by the Rev. B. D. Tucker. At 3 p. m., there was evening prayer and addresses by the Rev. O. S. Barten, D. D., the Rev. J. B. Funsten, with the closing address by the Rev. B. D. Tucker.

In 1632, this church was built under the superintendence of a certain Joseph Bridger, whose son, General Joseph Bridger died in 1689. General Joseph Bridger died in 1689, and was buried on his farm (The White Marsh), two and a half miles distant.

This General Joseph Bridger was an historical character, and from his marble slab, from his family history, and from various histories of Virginia, it is learned that he was one of the Council of State to King Charles II, and that he died on the 15th of April, 1689, at the age of 58.

The two old vestry books of this church were buried in 1781 on the farm later owned by John F. Scott by the wife of Francis Young, the deputy of Nathaniel Burwell, the clerk, who had left the county and section.

Mr. Young was at the time absent from home in the regiment of General John Scarbrook Wills, and his wife buried all of the records of the county to prevent them from being seized and destroyed by Tarleton when he made his raid in Smithfield for this and other purposes.

In consequence of this burial the

records of the county became damp and injured, and all of them prior to 1666 have moulded into dust.

The officiating ministers, so far as known, were the Rev. Mr. Falker, in 1642; the Rev. William Houston, in 1660; the Rev. Thomas Bailey, in 1724; the Rev. Mr. Barlow, 1725 to 1726; the Rev. John Gammill, 1729 to 1743; the Rev. John Reid, 1766 to 1757; the Rev. Mr. Milner, 1766 to 1770; the Rev. J. H. Burgess, 1773 to 1776; the Rev. Samuel Buller, 1780; the Rev. W. G. H. Jones, 1826 to 1830; the Rev. Mr. Hodges, 1831 to 1833.

The cost of rebuilding and putting the edifice in condition for use cost several thousand dollars.

In the last few years the grounds around the church have been greatly improved in appearance, and it is an interesting pastime to wander through the old church yard and study the dates on those older gravestones which have stood the ravages of time.

Old St. Luke's with its traditions stands amidst a beautiful setting some distance from the new highway, just a few miles from Smithfield and about fifteen miles from Suffolk, as a reminder of those early days of the struggles of those who came across the seas and planted the cross in the New World.

ON TO COLLEGE

As we bid godspeed to the young people who are entering schools and colleges this fall, we congratulate them upon their opportunities to grow into strong, useful Christian men and women. We rejoice in the mental and moral equipment which they take with them. The only word of caution we speak to them is that they listen to the temptations upward as well as the temptations downward, and then treat themselves right in their choices. We hope that they will always be positive in their goodness and choose the right with joy rather than reject the wrong with a sense of martyrdom. For, after all, there are two methods of dealing with temptations downward. When Odysseus passed by the Isle of Sirens, he sealed his ears so that their music could not tempt him—that is the negative method. But when Orpheus sailed past the Isle of Sirens he took his lyre and struck sweeter music than the Sirens could produce—that is the better and positive method.

—Young People.

BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS

(Selected)

A movement is under way in Albemarle to provide for Bible instruction in the public schools of the city, and there appears to be considerable sentiment for such instruction. Just what plan will be adopted has not yet been ascertained, but if the movement gains the support of a sufficient number of people, some means of securing a Bible teacher will be devised.

Long years ago there was a tremendous struggle to separate church and state, and this was finally accomplished. The argument has been offered that teaching Bible in the schools which are supported by the state would again bring the church and state together, and create a situation which our forefathers sought to correct once and for all time. We readily agree that this would be the case should Bible instruction be put on a sectarian basis, but we know that the backers of the movement are guarding against such a danger.

The Bible is the most widely read book in the world, and yet the widespread ignorance of its contents and value is not only amazing but tragic. Today the average man and woman below 50 years of age knows very little about the Bible, and the children which are growing up are being given little instruction about the Bible and its contents. The Sunday schools are doing the best that they can, but they are being greatly hampered in their work by the type of literature which is being provided them by the great publishing houses of the various denominations. A close examination of the literature which is being used in the Sunday schools of the county would doubtless shock the person who thinks that the principal emphasis is being put on the Bible.

We are not condemning the churches for their Sunday school literature. We are simply pointing out that we are victims of a group of psychologists who have some fine ideas, but who have a misguided notion about how well a child can grasp the meaning of many passages in the Bible.

We all need to know more about the Bible. It is the guide-book of life. The finest literature of all the ages are found within its covers. It is the Book of Faith, the Book of Truth, the Book of Morals. It matters not what problems arise, it offers the solution. Sorrow and pain may come to the individual, but he can find no better solace than that which this Great Book offers. It is the Book of Wisdom. What was true thousands of years ago is true today. The applications of those days are equally true today.

We seek guidance today through a maze of difficulties that discourage even the bravest. We have even reached that place in life when it appears that only force will solve our problems, and yet we know that it will not solve them. It never has in years past. And it is our honest opinion that these difficulties have arisen because of our neglect of the Bible.

Yes, we need more instruction in Bible, and we gladly endorse any movement which will provide it.

WALDENSIANS ENJOY GAME OF THEIR OWN

By Ida Belle Williams

On Sunday afternoon in Valdese, Waldensian men gather at the clubhouse for a game of "boccie," which they play on a "run way" about 70 feet long and eight feet wide.

The shelter over the "runway," which resembles slightly our bowling alleys, enables these men to play during any kind of season. When there are too many men for the sheltered spot, some of them play on one side of the club house, since the game does not require a regular court.

Boccie is somewhat like our game of horseshoe and the English bowling on the green. First, a little ball, called the "boccia," is thrown at a distance of about 50 feet. Then the next player throws a large ball as near as possible to the "boccia"; this play is the main objective. The proximity of the big ball—about the sixe of croquet balls—to the little ball determines the number of points. There are four balls and four players on the side.

In Valdese, the two sides are divided into grooved and plain balls. There is a possibility of four points for the "grooves" or "plains" at an inning. Each time one side gets a ball closer to the "boccia" than an opponent gets his ball, that side makes one point. The player who scores the last point throws the little ball for the next inning. The side that first makes 12 points wins the game. If there is any uncertainty about the promimity of balls to the little one, some one measures with a stick.

When a player throws his ball so close to the "boccia" that his opponent despairs of beating it, the latter may "broccie". In this case, three running steps are allowed; otherwise only two running steps from the line are allowed.

The three standard throws in this game of relativity are: the slow ball for points; a fairly hard ball to displace an opponent's ball; "the boccie," a hard throw executed on a run to displace opponent's ball.

So far as is known, this ancient game, originating in Europe, is played in no Southern town except Valdese. Through foreign influence it is played in the East, especially in New York City. The Waldenses brought boccia balls with them when they came 44 years ago from the Waldensian valleys in the Italian Alps to North Carolina.

In Valdese, boccia is strictly a Sunday game. The Waldenses, who work strenuously during the week, have their social contacts on Sunday afternoon. They tell jokes and discuss weather, crops, or other topics. Gossiping, swearing and gambling are not allowed.

One Sunday afternoon, I watched the Waldensians playing boccie. Laughter pealed forth many times during the game. While observing, I did not see a suggestion of a frown. The expressions on the faces—merry or calm—told me that there was no quarreling or swearing. Since the players spoke in Patois, the Waldensian dialect, I could not tell from the

language whether they were complimenting or quarreling.

At some time during the year about two-thirds of the Waldensian men play boccie. Among those who play frequently are J. P. Rostan, Lee Ribet, John Guigou, Henry Grill, A. F. Garrou, Dick Pons, Phillip Guigou, John Garrou, and Giovanni Salvaggio (Italian). Mr. Antoine Rosten used to be the champion in making the boccis throw, but he seldom plays now.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

Children should be taught there is a dignity to labor, no matter how humbie, Superintendent Paul Blandford of the Virginia Industrial School for Boys told members of the Surry County Teachers Association last night.

Also, he said, they should be impressed with "the beauty of service, a respect for authority and with a spirit of noblesse oblige, which, broadly interpreted, means 'the greater the opportunity, the greater the obligation'."

The head of the school for "socially maladjusted children" at Beaumont told his listeners that he found the boys there "most responsive" to the teachings of these four principles.

Lack of emphasis upon them "in our educational effort", he held to be more responsible for social ills than bad living conditions, lack of playground facilities, poor housing, misdirected gang spirit, mental incompetence and other reasons.

Do we teach our boys and girls the dignity of manual labor?" He asked. "Do we teach our children that it is not that which a man does which degrades him in the nature of work, but how well or poorly he does it?

"Do we teach him that the blacksmith, the carpenter, the farmer, and even the day laborer, are honorable men, when they do their work honestly, and that a man can use his education to make his life more complete in the sense of recognizing the beauty which is around him, the worthwhileness of his own job, and not to set him above his fellow man?

"Do we teach him that it is more honorable to have work-hardened hands and a sun-tanned skin than it is to have the flabby hands and pallid skin of idleness?

'I am asking. I don't know. I can only say that these are the things that we teach at the Virginia Industrial School for Boys."—Suffolk News-Herald.

COASTAL PLAYGROUND FOR N. C. IN MAKING

By G. E. Dean

North Carolina's great coastal playground stretching 85 miles along the Atlantic between Kitty Hawk, the primitive little fishing village that the Wright brothers made famous 34 years ago by their first successful airplane flights, and the picturesque little island of Ocracoke, long famed as a favorite rendezvous of Blackbeard, the original Carolina buccaneer, is in the making.

Cape Hatteras National Seashore, as it will be known, is destined to become the South's first and the nation's only seashore area with national park status. Over 100 miles of wild and untamed beauty; trackless sands and vast expanses of semi-tropic growth sweep down the Carolina coast to a region as remote and undefiled as Robinson Crusoe's isle but within one day's drive of more than 30,000,000 land-locked Americans.

Not without historic interest is this great area included in the bill creating the Cape Hatteras National Seashore recently passed by Congress and signed by President Roosevelt. For it contains many little-advertised historic shrines as well as a veritable paradise for the nature-lover, sportsman and seeker after solitude and wild beauty.

Kill Devil Hill, that great 90-acre mound of sand from which Orville and Wilbur Wright launched their first heavier-than-air machine in successful flight one windy morning in December, 1903, is concluded in the park area as is Roanoke Island, 20 miles distant, where Englishmen first set foot on American soil, in 1584. Quaint and pictureseque Colington Island, where Sir Walter Raleigh's explorers, the captains Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe touched briefly 335 years ago is also included in the park. Nags Head, the State's most ancient summer resort; Oregon Inlet, far-famed for drum fishing; Chicamacomico, the scene of many a disastrous ship-wreck and thrilling rescue of human life; Cape Hatteras, known the world over for treacherous Diamond Shoals, the "Graveyard of Ships," and Ocracoke, tiny island outpost, are among the many unique attractions this great area of sea, sand and sky has to offer.

Four of the six giant lighthouses that stand guard on this stormy and treacherous coast between the Virginia line and South Carolina to warn coast-wise vessels of the dangers that lurk in hidden shoals many miles at sea are included in the park area. They are Currituck beach, better known as "Whale's Head Light," Bodie Island light, at the entrance of Oregon inlet, Cape Hatteras light, now abandoned, the tallest lighthouse on the Atlantic seaboard, and Ocracoke light, 79-foot tower built in 1798 and now one of the oldest lighthouses in America still in active use.

Down this trackless waste of windswept sand where the surf rolls up on mile after mile of desolate beach with no human habitation in sight except an occasional coast guard station, live less than 3,000 hardy souls who depend upon the waters to yield them a

living. On one side there is the limitless expanse of the Atlantic ocean that rolls in from more distant shores; on the other the vast sheeted waters of Pamlico Sound stretch away 30 miles or more to the nearest mainland.

Thickly-wooded sand dunes where palmettos, live-oaks, pine and yeopon grow in profusion as well as many varieties of sub-tropical shrubs and flowers unknown elsewhere in North Carolina protect seven tiny villages from the ravages of sea and storm. Rodanthe, where Christmas is still celebrated on January 5 in accordance with old English custom; Big Kinnakeet, Little Kinnakeet, Salvo, Buxton, Frisco and Hatteras Village all depend largely upon their nets and the waters to yield them a living.

The nucleus of Cape Hatteras National Seashore is the stormy cape itself, an elbow of sand jutting out into the Atlantic where Diamond Shoals rear their menacing heads some 20 feet at sea. Here the 193-foot tower of brick, masonry and iron which for over 66 years flashed warning signals of light to ships at sea passing this dreaded cape has been abondoned in favor of a new, more modern structure of skeleton-steel located further inshore. Cape Hatteras' old lighthouse, its spiral bands of black and white soaring up to dizzy heights, now stands a national monument in the park area but in grave danger of being undermined at its base by strong sea tides.

Natives of Hatteras will tell the visitor that when this grim old watchdog of the sea was erceted in 1870 it was situated more than a mile inshore from highwater mark. Today it stands on the sea's very edge, less than a pebble's throw from where long combers of surf break upon the beach.

Cape Hatteras Light stands in the center of a 1,225 acre State park under the administration of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development. Nearby are some 5,000 acres of beach land under the jurisdiction of the Biological Survey. This acreage, together with many hundreds more owned by wealthy Northern sportsmen as game preserves, will soon be deeded to the U. S. Department of the Interior free of cost to go into the new seashore park. When a minimum of 100,000 acres have been thus secured the area will come under the administration of the governement department and the National Park Service.

The climate at Hatteras corresponds largely to that of middle Southern France. Here the Gulf stream, in its serpentine course up the coast, flows within ten miles of the cape. This results in a heavy growth of tropical foliage, a mild winter climate and exceptional deep sea fishing for marlin, sail-fish, amberjack and tarpon off Diamond Shoals. At no other point on the Atlantic coast except West Palm Beach, Florida, do the warm waters of the Gulf stream swing closer inshore than at Hatteras. This eigth-mile wide track of warm Caribbean water in its northward course crowds coast-wise vessels inshore near Hatteras where many have been a prey to the shoals that reach out 20 miles or more at sea off this point.

Ten years is set as the time limit in which to acquire sufficient acreage to establish the Cape Hatteras National Seashore. The bill, as drafted by Representative Lindsay C. Warren

and passed by Congress late in the summer, carries no appropriation. All land must be donated free of cost to the government. But those familiar with the region see little difficulty in acquiring the necessary land to establish the park. Recognized and established villages and towns within the area will be undisturbed as will be property lines of owners of beach property at Nags Head, the summer resort near Roanoke Island. But mushroom development along a cheap commerical scale which has done much to destroy the natural beauty of similar areas along the Atlantic coast will be halted for all time.

The next step is to make this vast wilderness more accessible to the thousands of tourists and sightseers who will want to visit it once the Cape Hatteras National Seashore has come into being. Some sort of an all-weather road from Oregon Inlet south of Cape Hatteras will be built. At present there is only 17 miles of paved highway along the beach in the Kitty Hawk-Nags Head area of the park. Perhaps when 50 miles more highway has been built down this wild and desloate territory undisturbed by man since the beginning of time, many thousands of North Carolinians will re-discover one of the most charming sections of the Old North State.

THE LOW COST OF LIVING

In the Toronto Health Bulletin we find the following facts: We hear very much of the high cost of living, but we overlook the fact that many of the best things of life can be had for nothing. It costs nothing to stand up and breathe properly.

Fresh air in the home is free.

It costs nothing to take exercise each morning.

It costs nothing to chew our food thoroughly.

It costs nothing to select the food best suited to one.

It costs nothing to clean the teeth twice each day.

It costs nothing to stop taking patent medicines.

It costs no more to read good books than to read trashy literature.

It costs nothing to have a cheerful, happy disposition, and stop being a grouch.

These things cost nothing, yet they will bring content and reduce the doctor's bill to a mimimum.

EX-CHARLOTTE MAN FINDS SUCCESS IN PRISON CAMP

By John G. Thomas

Joseph Bartlett Kenney came from a prominent Charlotte family. His uncle is Judge Francis D. Winston, one of the best loved men of the State bar. Ever since Kenney can remember, he has had a propensity for drawing and painting. A few years ago drawing got him into trouble. He was convicted in Charlotte on a forgery charge. Today, however, Joseph Kennedy stands out as proof that a person convicted of crime can be rehabilitated.

"If it hadn't been for Oscar Pitts, Captain W. R. Brooks, of the prison camp division here, and Captain Harvey Jones of this camp I might never have had the chance I now have to make good," said Kenney this week as he stood in the office of the local State prison camp where he is finishing out a 4-7 year sentence, serving as bookkeeper of the camp.

Pitts' theory that a prisoner can be rehabilitated if given the chance is proven true in Kenney, who took the chance and with only about three months more time to serve on the forgery sentence he has prospects of a good future in drawing and painting.

Tall, broad shouldered with curly black hair, Kenney has run away with blue ribbons in two fairs in this section this fall with his etchings and other drawings. A week or so ago he won several first and seconds at the Rocky Mount fair while this week at the fair here an etching of Governor Clyde R. Hoey gave him another blue ribbon to add to his laurels.

Kenney says that when he gets out of prison he is going to set up an art studio in Wilson and go in for commerical work which he thinks is a good money making field for one who can do the work.

The former Charlotte man has been at the prison camp here a little more than a year. In his spare time at the camp in that period, he said yesterday, he has made about $500 selling his drawings and other etchings. He has not solicited this work, but people have heard of him and he has done a lot of drawings of coats of arms for various persons in the state in that time. For Superintendent Brooks of the prison division here, he did the etching of Hoey which won him the prize at the Wilson fair this last week.

He is not bitter to the extent that he blames society for what has happened to him in the last few years. Reticent about his personal life, he apparently believes that he has made a mistake and will not make it again.

His entries in the fair exhibits included fashion and style drawings, draped water color figures, nudes done in pencil and charcoal,, and coats of arms executed in pen and ink and tempera, along with several oil paintings.

About the painting of Governor Hoey, Kenney said little. He said that he had not seen the Governor

for five years and that the painting will hang in the State Highway and Public Works offices here after the fair.

Kenney has decided to work here after he is released from prison and do commerical work; give art lessons and classes in general art for commerical use for children. His opinion is that if a child who loves to draw at the age of 12 is taken in hand and started on the proper training in art leading up to the stages where the child can be taught to use it in a commercial way and not as a mere pastime, it will not only be a matter of a few years that the pupils work will be of marked value.

"Art?" he says, "It has become a big commercial industry instead of the old time idea of an accomplishment as a pastime for the sake of accomplishment. Everywhere we turn on all our canned food, in all our catalogues and in all our publications art is commercialized."

Starting the study of art under his public school teacher, Miss Mary Armond Nash of Charlotte, some 17 years ago, then by correspondence until he could do otherwise, Kenney finally became the pupil of R. A. Herchberger of Cleveland, Ohio, who is internationally known and whose work has appeared in many American and foreign publications. Later he took commercial art under Kenneth Whitsett, well-known N. C. commercial artist and took up the study of Heraldic art and design.

His first work, published under his own name was in the Charlotte Observer about 15 years ago, although his first job was with the old Bierman Engraving company of Charlotte. Kenney has held numerous other positions connected with drawing and engraving and is confident that, though he has made one mistake, he will never make it again and will be proof that the theory of Pitts, Superintendent Brooks, and Captain Jones here is a correct one:

"A prisoner can make a mistake once, but he can be rehabilitated."

THE HUMAN TOUCH

You'll find it pays big dividends
To speak a word of cheer;
It multiplies your list of friends
And brings good fortune near.

Just sympathize a bit, unbend,
Help lift another's care;
And you will find that in the end
Your own is less to bear.

It always is well worth the while
And costs not very much;
Do not forget that kindly smile,
That hearty, human touch.

—Selected.

LIFT UP THE LATCH AND WALK IN

By Frances Margaret Fox

In the wild woods long ago a Quaker family lived in a cabin made of logs. They hoped that some day they could turn their forest land into a beautiful farm. They had cleared away some trees, and had built their cabin and planted a garden in the clearing. They believed that God would take care of them in their new home, even as He had when they lived in a New England town where many neighbors were in houses side by side.

In the wilderness the settlers lived sometimes miles from one another. This Quaker father had built his cabin deep in the woods far from any other white man.

One day a traveler on horseback came with terrible news. He said that a war was raging and that Indians were burning the cabins of settlers and killing all who lived in them. Many families had already left their homes and had sought refuge in secluded spots of the forest, waiting for the Indian raids to cease.

At first the Quaker family were not afraid. They had never placed bolts nor bars upon their door. The Indians had always found a welcome in their cabin. The latch-string was always out. Pull that latch-string from outside, and up went the latch, open went the door, in walked the visitor. It was as easy as that for anyone to call upon the gentle Quaker and his family.

And so they continued to leave the latch-string on the outside, thus proclaiming to Indian as well as white man their friendliness and confidence.

As days passed, other travelers flying by, told more news of the dreadful Indians. At last every day brought tales of horror, of blazing cabins, of men and women cruelly killed, and their children taken captive by the Indians. The forest seemed filled with Indians carrying firebrands and tomahawks. The settlers tried to defend themselves. They locked their cabins and loaded their guns. They scarcely dared to sleep, so great was their dread of Indians. But all they did was in vain. Indians came and left smoking ruins and death behind them as they passed. Only the lucky settlers escaped with their lives in the darkest nights.

For a long time the Quaker and his family left themselves in the keeping of God. Night after night they left the latch-string out, said their prayers, went to bed and slept. They believed that locks and bars were useless. The Quaker father said that only God could save them, and Him they trusted. And for a time the Indians passed them by seemingly unnoticed.

At last, though, the Quaker and his family heard so many frightful tales that they became sore afraid. One night they were so terrified they drew in the latch-string. Then they went to bed. They knew that they had done all they could to keep out the Indians.

In the dead of the night the Quaker spoke. He asked his wife if she had slept at all. She said no; her mind was uneasy. She feared that the Indians were coming. He ad-

mitted that he felt the same way. He was sure they would come that night. He believed the safest thing to do was to get up and put the string of the latch outside as usual. So he did. After that they knelt by the bed and asked God to keep them and their little ones. They put their trust in Him and Him only.

Before those two had been in bed ten minutes they heard the awful war-whoops echoing through the forest. The Indians were coming.

They came to the cabin. The Quaker and his wife counted the footsteps of seven Indians passing their window. The Indians quickly found the latch-string out. They pulled the string, lifted the latch—but they did not walk in. Outside the door they talked in their own language, but the Quaker and his wife could not understand one word that was said. After a few minutes, that seemed like hours, they heard the Indians softly close the door and walk away.

The next morning they saw smoke rising from the burning cabins of all their neighbors. Fathers and mothers came to their door weeping for children who had been carried away into captivity. And children came bewailing the loss of fathers and mothers cruelly killed before their eyes.

A few years afterward, when peace had been declared, one of the Indians who had called at the Quaker's cabin that awful night, told why he and his family and his cabin had been unharmed. The Indian explained that when they found the latch-string out that night, they had said one to another:

"These people shall live. They will do us no harm, for they have put their trust in the Great Spirit."

JUST BEING HAPPY

Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue;
  Sad or sunny musing
  Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy is brave work and true.

Just being happy helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy, and they may not be strong;
  And your own sky will lighten,
  If other skies you brighten
By just being happy, with a heart full of song.

—Ripley D. Saunders.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently purchased a new grain drill, and as this is being written, we see three drills in action in the fields, sowing fall grain.

Everett Howard, who came to the School December 6, 1926 and was paroled January 9, 1929, called on friends here the other day. While at the School he was a house boy in Cottage No. 13.

Upon being paroled Everett engaged in farming and has followed that occupation ever since, and has been getting along very well. He now lives near Booneville.

Everett has developed into a fine looking young man, twenty-seven years old, and has been married several years.

In speaking to some of the officials here, his attitude toward the School was unusually fine. He stated that his stay with us had been of untold benefit to him. While here, Howard subscribed for The Uplift, which indicates that he is still very much interested in the work of the School.

It was our happy privilege to have Mrs. Alice Culpepper, of Elizabeth City, Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star of North Carolina, visit the School last Wednesday afternoon. She had been attending district meetings in this section of the state for several days. Accompanying Mrs. Culpepper on her visit here was a delegation of members of Wright G. Campbell Chapter, No. 181, of Concord, consisting of Mrs. G. A. Batte, Worthy Matron; Mrs. Ora Pike, Mrs. Margaret Vance, Mrs. R. L. Burrage, Mrs. Clarence Peurifoy, and Mrs. Joe Pike, Jr.

This group of ladies was escorted through the various departments here and seemed gretly pleased with the manner in which the work of the School is being carried on. They were especially interested in operations at the cannery, which was running at top speed at the time.

Hayes Crary, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who left the School January 7, 1932, wrote Superintendent Boger the other day. For more than three years Hayes has been a member of the United States Marine Corps. He was first stationed at San Diego, Calif., was then transferred to the U. S. Naval Station, Guam, and since last December has been in Shanghai, China.

Hayes writes: "Things are not so hot over here. The Japs and Chinks don't seem to like each other a little bit. They have been battling for two months and I don't think either of them have accomplished anything yet. The fighting is terrible. From where we are stationed I see ten or twenty bodies floating down the river every day.

"Every day I can see airplane battles and have seen quite a few knocked down so far, and I'm sure many more will be brought to earth before it is over.

"We have our defense lines pretty well prepared. A few bombs have come rather close to us and I want to tell you I really get out of the way. Those things look as big as barns when they come screeching through the air.

"At this time I don't know whether i'll get back to the States this year or not, but hope to be able to do so.

"Tell all the officers and boys that I said 'hello'."

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Clyde Small, who left the School April 16, 1934. Upon leaving us he returned to his home in Valdese, but later went to Morganton, where he secured employment in a florist's establishment. He writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Boger:

It has been some time since I have had the opportunity of visiting you. Knowing that you are interested in every boy who has been a student at the Training School, I decided I should let you know how I have been getting along.

For the past year I have been connected with the florist business. Recently I started in business for myself and am glad to say that business has been very good. I have a partner with me who has had several years' experience at this kind of work. We manage the place ourselves and do practically all of the work. By being able to do this we reduce the overhead quite a bit, and it also enables us to get a firmer hold on everything.

I want you to know that I am still interested in the School and its development. Would like to have anyone from the School drop in and see me and, if at any time I can be of any service to the School or any of the folks from down there, I shall be only too glad to do so.

I have saved some of the advertising, write-ups, etc., the merchants and newspapers have given us, and am sending you several of them, that they may vouch for my statements.

Don't forget to come in to see me when you are in the vicinity of Morganton. With best regards to the student body and officials of the School.

Sincerely yours,

Clyde Edward Small.

Friday of last week, October 8th, was a most enjoyable day at the Training School, one to which the boys had been looking forward for weeks.

On this occasion the members of the North Carolina Branch of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons, in session at Kannapolis, visited the School in a body, and, together with the boys and officials, were served a delicious barbecue lunch on the athletic field. This barbecue consisted of four veals and six pigs, and was prepared by one of the best barbecuers and caterers in the county, Mr. Decatur. It was pronounced by all as being exceptionally fine. The entire menu consisted of barbecue, slaw, cake and coffee.

The guest of honor at this gathering was Mrs. Morris W. Leibert, of Brooklyn, N. Y., past national president of the order. We are happy to

say that Mrs. Leibert was very favorably impressed with the actions and attitude of our boys, and she expressed herself very forcibly in her commendation. Since she has visited similar institutions in several states, her remarks concerning the work of the School were greatly appreciated.

In this group of visitors, coming from all parts of the state, we were especially glad to note the presence of two very good friends of the School, Mrs. H. F. Moye, of Greenville, who was re-elected state president for the tenth time; and Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, member of the board of trustees since the estblishment of the School, who is also historian of the state branch of this fine order.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the parable of the Good Samaritan, as found in the tenth chapter of Luke.

In a most helpful and interesting talk to the boys Rev. Mr. Summers discussed this familiar parable from an entirely different angle than do most speakers: the things the Good Samaritan did not do. In this parable, Jesus told men to do as this good man had done, saying, "Go and do thou likewise."

The speaker then stated that some of the things we must not do are the things the Good Samaritan did not do, namely:

1—The Good Samaritan did not put his own interest above that of his fellow man. The priest and levite, who passed by the wounded man, may have been going on some good mission, but they put their own interests in that mission rather than pausing to consider the immediate needs of the suffering man.

2—He did not follow in the paths of others when those paths led away from the right. Some of us are as easily led around as a sick kitten. In being led, we are ever so often led in the wrong direction. The Good Samaritan stood up for his conviction of right, even though it were different.

3—He did not excuse himself though the other may have been in the wrong. The wounded man may have been a subject of evil as far as the Good Samaritan knew, but that did relieve him of his duty. Here was a man who needed help and, instead of seeking some excuse and passing by on the other side, he gave him aid.

4—This good man did not stand and wait for help from others, but set at the task alone.

5—He did not withold what he had—what God gave him—the ability to help when some one less fortunate than he needed it. We all have that ability to a certain extent, and there are those around us on all sides needing help. It is our duty, therefore, to follow the example of the Good Samaritan, and render such assistance as is in our power.

6—The Good Samaritan did not look for an easy task—he attended to the work at hand. So it should be with us today. In our farm work, in our work in the dairy or in our kitchen work, we should not look for ease, but accept it as a challenge to do better farm work, better dairy work, better kitchen work.

7—He did not put off until tomor-

row that which could be done today. As he saw that wounded man lying along the roadside, suppose he had left him until the following day. By that time, being unable to endure the suffering longer, the poor man might have been beyond all help, and the loss of his life could have been attributed to no other fact than that of a man's failure to do his duty at the right time.

POP'S PRAYERS

The pastor of a little church in a rural community met with severe affliction one winter. His wife and two children fell ill, and being penniless—his modest salary having been unpaid for months—he was naturally in great distress.

The leaders of the church decided they would meet at the pastor's home that night and hold a prayer service. While an elder was engaged in pious and fervent supplication, punctuated by equally pious and fervent "Amens" from the assembled party, a knocking was heard at the door. When finally, the door was opened, a cheerful, ruddy-faced farmer lad stood before them. He was not one of their congregation.

"What do you want?" asked one of the elders.

'I've brought pop's prayers," answered the youth, simply, grinning good-naturedly.

"This is no time or place for levity," admonished the elder, severely. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you see," explained the boy somewhat abashed, "pop heard as how the preacher's been havin' a spell of bad luck, what with sickness in the family and one thing and another, and that you folks was all prayin' for him tonight, so he sent me over here with his prayers."

"His prayers?" repeated the puzzled elder.

"Yep, I've got 'em—pop's prayers—out here in the wagon, and if a couple o' you men'll help me we'll get 'em in."

In a few minutes it was discovered that "pop's prayers" consisted of a load of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm comforters and a lot of jellies and other delicacies for the sick ones.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending October 10, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Marvin Bridgeman 6
(9) J. C. Cox 18
(2) Leon Hollifield 2
(19) Edward Johnson 19
(16) Carl Kepley 18
(11) Edward Lucas 13
(5) Mack Setzer 14
(5) James Wilhite 14

COTTAGE No. 1

Glatley Branch
Arthur Martin 15
(2) Fonnie Oliver 5
Jerry Smith 3

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Frank Cobb 2
Samuel Ennis 5
George Goodman 5
James Jordan
Max Lindsay 4
(4) Clifton Mabry 8
Thomas McRary 2
Wilson Myrick
Oscar Roland 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Carlton Brookshire
James Eury 8
(4) Henry Floyd 4
(3) Norwood Glasgow 3
(7) Julian Gregory 13
James Mast 8
James McCune 9
William New 8
(7) Frank Pickett 16
(6) Kenneth Raby 8
W. T. Smith 6
(3) Allen Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver 4
James Bartlett 3
Garrett Bishop 9
Lewis Donaldson 9
Ernest Hudspeth 10
(2) Charles Mizzell 6

COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 3
Harold Almond 4
Marshall Bryson 15
Ernest Beach 4
James Page 3
Thomas Sullivan 3
Ralph Webb 7

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Fletcher Castlebury 16
Lacy Burleson 13
Ray Pitman 2
Joseph Tucker 14
Jack West 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(7) Archie Castlebury 11
(2) William Estes 9
(7) Caleb Hill 17
(4) Hugh Johnson 13
(2) N. B. Johnson 4
James Jordan 7
Kenneth Messick 11
(3) Wayland Morgan 8
Ernest Mobley 2
(3) J. C. Mobley 14
(3) Kenneth Spillman 3
Wallace Smith 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Wilson Bowman 7
Edgar Burnette 11
James Coleman 11
George Duncan 8
C. D. Grooms 12
Mark Jones 11
Earl Stamey 10
Homer Smith 17
(2) Cleveland Suggs 10

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 9
(5) Earl Atwood 14
Mack Joines 7
(2) William Knight 8
(4) James Martin 8
(5) Edward E. Murray 11
William Peedin 2
Melvin Hodgin
Felix Littlejohn 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Bryant 8
Harold Bryson 9
(10) Howard Clark 17
(3) Lawrence Guffey 12
(4) William Kirk 15
(4) William Martin 15
(9) Filmore Oliver 15
Julius Stevens 9
(3) Fred Williamson 17
N. C. Webb 13
Berchell Young 7

COTTAGE No. 12

Joseph Cox 9
Fred Carter 4
Ben Cooper 7
(3) Frank Dickens 14
(3) James Elders 10
(2) Max Eaker 2
Lester Jordan 5
Filman Lyles 4
(2) Asbury Marsh 6
Jerome Medlin 15
(2) James Reavis 8
Harvey J. Smith 6
(3) Charles Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(6) Norman Brogden 6
Clarence Douglas 12
(6) Jack Foster 6
Robert Hailey 15
Isaac Hendren 11
Ney McNeely 3
(3) Irvin Medlin 6
(5) Claudius Pickett 15

COTTAGE No. 14

James Kirk 8
Troy Powell 9
Paul Shipes 10
William Warf 9
Garfield Walker 9

COTTAGE No. 15

(No Honor Roll)

COUNTRY NIGHT

The night was still as still could be:
The stars stared brightly down at me.
Nothing walked along the ground,
Nothing made the slightest sound.
But suddenly within the wood
Where tall trees wrapped in shadow stood,
A gray owl struck his lonely bell
Deep in the night's dark, echoing well.
It was a strange sound: strange and queer;
So close it echoed in my ear.

—Eleanor A. Chaffee.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 23, 1937 No. 43

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TEN THINGS THAT BRING NO

1. Doing good to all.
2. Being patient always.
3. Hearing before judging.
4. Thinking before speaking.
5. Holding an angry tongue.
6. Being kind to the troubled.
7. Speaking evil of none.
8. Asking pardon for wrongs.
9. Stopping the ears to a talebearer.
10. Disbelieving ill reports.

—Young People.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OCTOBER

The blue of Heaven is bending to kiss the earth below—
With depth of tender sweetness, October skies but know.
The rustle of a footstep is music rare.
Birds call from silent wood-aisles and wind-songs linger near.

The air is clear as crystal, the trees gold banners yield.
The melancholy crickets pipe in the still brown field.
God smiles upon the hillsides and vales in sun serene,
In silent benediction on glory that has been.

—Roberta Symmes, in The Messenger.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OUR 26TH PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt was born October 27th, 1857, in New York City, in a Dutch family living in America 300 years.

Theodore Roosevelt as a small boy was very frail and sickly. He could not go to school and had to be taught by tutors. As he grew older he was sent to a western ranch to regain his lost strength. He was graduated from Harvard, and was a member of the New York Legislature. He was a New York Civil Service Commissioner, the New York Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York, and the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Roosevelt earned a reputation as a fearless fighter in the Spanish War with the Rough Riders, and as a deadly opponent of crime and corruption.

In 1880 he married Alice Lee, and again in 1887 married Edith Kermit Carow.

Theodore Roosevelt died January 6, 1919, at Oyster Bay, New York, and was buried there.

He was called in life and may be called in death "A man among men." One of his most outstanding achievements and successes is the Panama Canal, which stands as a monument to a man who fought against odds and conquered.

Once again the eyes of America are directed toward our Navy and its famous history. Next Tuesday, October 27, has been set aside as a day for a double celebration. The nation celebrates naval force but also the birth of one of its truly great presidents, Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt and the Navy are inextricably twined together in the annals of the country. Appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897, he set about getting the Navy ready for the conflicts he was certain it would be forced to engage in shortly. Into this work Roosevelt put the inexhaustible fund of energy and enthusiasm that characterized his entire life and work. An ardent champion of the naval force, he fought with all his richly versatile powers to raise its members to a plane he considered compatible with the services they engaged in for the nation. His men appreciated these efforts on his part and regarded him as their idol. It is only fitting that the Navy and its champion are honored on the same day.

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ECHOES FROM TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS BIRMINGHAM ALABAMA

One of the most interesting little magazines that comes to this office is "The Boy's Banner" published at the Industrial School For Boys, Birmingham, Alabama, a school that is a companion piece to this institution. The Industrial School For Boys, Birmingham, Alabama, was founded by a woman, Mrs. Johnson, and she continued directing the activities of the institution till death claimed her a few years ago.

This little periodical gives evidence of the handiwork of the boys. They are skillfully trained in operating linotype machine, proof reading and other essentials for efficiency in a print-shop that gives assurance of a livelihood. Between the lines one reads that

a large class in operating the linotype machine is sent out annually from this institution.

Of the school room it states: "Vacation is gone, and school opened in September. Mr. James Wakefield, principal of high school, and his wife, a teacher, have resigned. He has accepted the principalship of a High School elsewhere. But Mr. Chester Elam, a Howard College graduate, a special student at the University of Alabama will succeed Professor Wakefield. The pupils in all classes have settled down to work in real earnestness.

Thirty-five new books thrilled the boys, and they resolved not to soil the pages but to show neatness along with the desire to imbibe the knowledge between the covers so as to become useful citizens.

The High School teachers, Mrs. L. E. Vincent, Mrs. James Brown, Miss Virginia Stovall, Miss Mae Snuggs, Mr. Carl Reeves are doing departmental work.—Mrs. J. H. Johnson, Miss Bernice Routh, Mrs. George Lyons and Mrs. Gladys Wright are doing work in the lower grades.

All used and abused school books are being rebound by a W. P. A. project. Each class will be given work and projects to suit the different classes and types of boys."

This resume of work in different departments of school-room, of the Alabama Training School, shows that the trustees of the institution, and officials who have supervision of all work for uplift of the boys have ideals similar to those of the governing board of the Jackson Training School—a refining environment, trained officers and teachers with the highest morals hoping to place the delinquents in a new world with a purpose and ambition to become useful citizens.

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C. W. SWINK

During recent years death has laid a heavy hand on Concord, removing some of our most valuable citizens and community leaders. Just now we are thinking of the long life of C. W. Swink and such words come to mind,—gentle-spirited, kind, charatable,—these expressing briefly the life of the man to which the angel of death has written—"the end."

Full of years and good works he indeed "finished the course",

"kept the faith" and there is none who knew him during his four score years who doubt for a moment that peace and a crown of righteousness are his reward.

Even when the infirmities of age begun to grow heavy he maintained his interest in people, his spirit of good cheer, his fine sense of humor, making life happier for those with whom he came in contact.

He typified all of the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, sincerity, fairness, charitableness and kindness, and as one of the old school his "word was his bond." All Concord bows in reverential sorrow to the passing of C. W. Swink who was acknowledged to be one of the most widely known and popular citizens of the county. The community is better for such an exemplary life.

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GEORGE F. McALLISTER

When life ended for G. F. McAllister, Mt. Pleasant and the state lost an educational leader of first rank. He served his fellowman by devoting his time, energy and resources to moulding the character of young folks as he taught them in the classroom. He will live forever in the hearts of his pupils, and the principles for which he stood will shape the lives of generations yet unborn.

As an alumnus of the institution, Old North Carolina College, in which he taught, he drew therefrom inspirations that fired him to continue the work upon the same foundations laid by his forebears, with the hope of bringing this Christian institution back to its former prestige, but fate decreed otherwise.

Poor in everything except traditions—with a record of having given to the country lawyers, doctors, ministers, editors and other leadership of the finest calibre, Old North Carolina College, founded in 1857, like other fine institutions of learning of that period, was discontinued after a hard fought battle that doubtless impaired the health of Col. McAllister.

He threw himself into the task to rehabilitate his Alma Mater, —he loved through inheritance and contact—with all of his strength and vigor, and to this noble cause he gave the best years of his life. George F. McAllister was a valued teacher and the entire community

will mourn the passing of this educator who was a master in the school room.

The Uplift, the mouthpiece of the Jackson Training School, expresses to the immediate family sincere sympathy in the bereavement that has befallen the home built upon the highest ideals of Christian faith.

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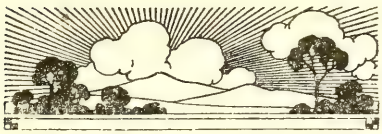
Sculptor Gutzon Borglum is now carving the head of Abraham Lincoln on the sharp granite of Mount Rushmore, near Rapid City, S. D. When finished the head will measure sixty-sixty feet from chin to crown and when finished will show the bearded Lincoln.

Next to Lincoln will be carved the head of Theodore Roosevelt. The figures of Thomas Jefferson and George Washington have already been completed on the same dimensions.

The works of these men also, their statues and faces, have been deeply imbedded in the minds and hearts of every red blooded American, but to perpetuate history for the future generations it is well to leave carved in granite the faces of these outstanding Americans.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

IF I CAN

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one burning pain;
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again—
I shall not live in vain."

The only thing I know of a lie accomplishing with great success, is making soap.

If there are to be broils in the household, let them be confined to the kitchen, with the tenderest of meat.

An old lady friend of mine says she likes to read the dictionary; but it changes the subjects rather too often.

Friends are very much like fiddle-strings—they must not be screwed too tight. They'll break short or instantaneously.

Those who say, "Everything that goes up must come down," reckon too hastily. There are taxes and the high cost of living.

Ready-made suits may save time, but they do not suit everybody. Some of them have to be made over again to fit the form. A tailor, generally speaking, is the one to give you fits.

It would seem, after being turned down twice by the Supreme Court, in his effort to challenge the right of Justice Hugo L. Black to his seat on the U. S. Supreme Court Bench, that Albert Leavitt, the fighting parson, would leave it alone.

It is now somewhat ancient history that young Mussolini, who is in this country, left Hollywood with his Hal Roach-Italy motion picture mission broken in pieces. Roach will not make pictures for Italy, and young Mussolini will not go back to Hollywood. The why is most interesting. The great enterprise fell flat on its face when Hollywood anti-Fascists would not ante, and put the pressure on, by snubbing the Duce's son at parties, writing embarrassing letters in newspapers and saying out loud what they thought of Hollywood entertaining a young man who has written in his book that bombing Ethiopians was "diverting."

Pray For World Peace!

Lord God of the universe, we pray Thee lay bare Thine arm and cause all wars, and the slaughter of human beings, to cease. Give us more Faith in Thee, and banish war from the minds of men the world over. We are living in a day when pessimism is very easy, and very fatal. For pessimism cuts the nerve of action by preaching the futility of effort. We are in a position today, as never before, to understand the futility of modern war. We know now that it is an instrument as fatal to ourselves as to the enemy; that in modern war "there are no victors, only those more vanquished than the others." We also know now that the great hope the World War would end war, under the

merciless hammering of events has been turned into the solemn conviction that war cannot end war, that war only breeds more war. For war gives birth to hatred, lies, fear and incredible losses so that a peace of justice, the only lasting peace, cannot be had; and impossible penalties are heaped upon the vanquished, which in time bring about their own revolt. O, Thou great Jehovah, give us world peace!

The Willow Falls

Old friends often fall away from us as we grow old. Even our hair and our teeth are oft times no better than other old friends in this respect. And our favorite flowers and pet trees decay and fall away before the corroding breath of time. When a small lad I set out a sprig of weeping willow, at my ancestral home, in Orange, Va. That sprig took root and grew into a giant tree. As an unsophisticated youth, I, at the time I set it out, did not know it contained so many weeps, and was to become a correcting rod for boys that should be trained in the way they should go. The tree is well named. My father had a most convincing way, when his children disobeyed his orders, of gathering three of the weeping willow prongs, and twisting them together, with this withe he imparted some everlasting lessons to a young chap about my size, and he could make jackets as warm as ovens for the time being. I loved that tree for the wholesome lessons it taught me. I have just learned, that in a storm, a few nights ago, it was uprooted and blown down, carrying the yard fence with it. It was a courteous tree, which bowed to all who sought its canopy. As a bare-foot boy I toyed with its branches, and lolled in its shade, as it wove dark shadows on its aerial loom, shot through with golden threads, while in crystal vapor everywhere blue eyes of heaven laughed between, and it gathered its green-gray leaves from draughts of balmy air. Alas! Now, like all things earthly, it has passed away. It's memory, like youthful days, still lingers!

A man is poor when he has lost the confidence of his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him; when his character is honeycombed by deceit and punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when he does not stand clear out, supreme in his idea. When this is clouded, he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poorhouse is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands forth square to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compelled to beg bread.—New England Craftsman.

A CHAMPION WEATHERMAN

By John B. Hicklin

When citizens of Asheville and vicinity want to know what the weather is going to be tomorrow, next week, or next month, they have formed the habit of asking John ("Mountain Lion") Drake, veteran street car and bus operator of that city.

For many years Mr. Drake has been making his predictions with uncanny accuracy. He doesn't confine himself to the immedicate future, but at the beginning of each year he outlines what weather conditions are going to be during each month of that year.

Thus far, during 1937, he has hit the nail exactly on the head. And it hasn't been the first time, either.

"How do you do it?" is the question which has been asked him many times.

"There are all kinds of ways," is his usual reply. "All you've got to do is to observe htings closely."

For instance; the solemn hoot of an owl may mean many things to the average layman, particularly if he is superstitious, or it may mean nothing at all. But to Mr. Drake's trained aural faculties, it indicates without further inquiry that if the wise old bird has chosen a perch on the north side of the hill, warmer weather is in store; if the bird is on the south side, then the weather is bound to be cooler.

Cattle also are good weather indicators. When he sees cattle in a playful and frisky mood, kicking up their heels and romping, he immediately concludes that cold weather is just ahead.

The ordinary house cat also bears watching. If the cat runs up a tree, after the manner of a squirrel, it is a sure sign of high winds, and this sign holds good in either winter or summer.

Just before a severe cold snap, hogs hurry about with sticks in their mouths and squirrels scurry around to lay in a supply of nuts. If one is sufficiently interested in knowing the duration of the cold snap, he can obtain this information by carefully counting the number of nuts which each squirrel carries into its den. It's a case of a "a nut a day to keep the hunger away," so to speak.

Would you like to know how the wind will blow during the night or on the tomorrow All you have to do is to observe the direction in which the fowls turn their heads when roosting in a tree. They face the expected wind so that their dreams of fat worms on the morrow will not be disturbed, for a cross-wind would ruffle their feathers and would unbalance them.

Mr. Drake also puts considerable store by the groundhog, but differs with those who claim that February 2 is the date for the widely heralded appearance of this animal. The correct date is February 18, he asserts.

"City people accept February 2," says Mr. Drake, "but country folks know that it is February 18. Twenty-five years ago the General Assembly of North Carolina had a heated debate on this issue; those members from the city adhering to February 2, while those from the rural districts swore by all that is solemn and

holy that February 18 is the correct date."

Mr. Drake himself was involved in a controversy in 1918 when a rival weather prophet, W. J. Alexander, of Little Rock, Ark., challenged his methods of prognostication and classified him as a false prophet. Back and forth the argument raged, with the Asheville man defending to the last ditch his theory concerning "the ruling days." The Little Rock champion was adherent of the "hog melts" method of calculation. They finally decided to call it a draw.

Probably you are unacquainted with the "ruling day" system. However, if you ever want to become an established weather prophet, you should know about this system. Mr. Drake says it plays an important part in accurately predicting weather conditions.

The "ruling days" are the first twelve days of January. Generally speaking, climatic conditions of those twelve days will determine the character of the numerically corresponding month. For example: the first day of January will give you an idea of what the weather is going to be for January: the second day will apply to the weather in February, and so on through the calendar.

"Of course," Mr. Drake hastened to explain, "that doesn't mean that if it snows on the sixth day of January, we'll have snow during the month of June: rather it means that there will be much precipitation during June. Rain on January 6 would mean the same thing."

We asked him about the "hog melts" system which was followed by the champion of Little Rock, but Mr. Drake's explanation of this was so involved that we couldn't make much sense out of it.

"That fellow out in Arkansas can't either," he told us.

It was back in 1914 that Mr. Drake started his reputation as a weather prophet: at least so far as the general public was concerned. We'll let him tell the story in his own words:

"One scorching day in August, I was returning from my little farm on Reems Creek when a big black snake, glistening in the sunshine glided across the road. It had been weeks since there had been any rain, and the crops were parching. I killed the snake and hung it on a locust tree limb, with its belly to the sun. Then I came on into town, feeling better about the whole weather situation.

"I took my street car an its regular run. While waiting at the Biltmore station to return to Pack Square, one of my passengers with whom I was acquainted complained about the weather and wondered aloud if it would ever rain again.

" 'It will rain this afternoon,' I told him. He looked into the flaming sky and politely—although somewhat doubtfully—expressed the hope that I was right.

"Within ten minutes a black cloud crowded over a mountain range, and it was pouring rain by the time the car arrived at Pack Square.

"Another of my passengers on that run was an Asheville newspaperman. He identified himself when we reached the Square and decided to remain on the car to Grace and return in order to keep from getting soaked inasmuch as he had no umbrella or raincoat with him. The newspaper the next morning had the story about

my predicting the rain. That was the start. Since then, I have issued a yearly prediction every January 13 and these have been published in the newspapers."

With that, Mr. Drake handed over a shoebox filled with newspaper clippings covering a period of many years, in which both his predictions and stories checking upon his accuracy have been recorded. A casual perusal indicated that he can well afford to boast about his ability as a weather prophet.

Mr. Drake is a native of Mars Hill, and first came to Asheville in 1893 when the city had a population of only 12,000. In his earlier days he achieved considerable prowess as a wrestler. He is among the oldest men, in point of service and age, with the Carolina Power and Light Company's transportation division and is immensely popular with the public.

THE MAGNITUDE OF TRIFLES

It is clear to all Bible students that Jesus had a scale of values all His own. A cup of cold water, for example—could any one refuse a cup of water to the thirsty beggar at the door? Yet a cup of water, or a widow's mite, or a second mile, meant a great deal to Jesus. Can't one see the divine wisdom of this when one thinks how life is composed of little things?

Life is not a little bundle of big things, but a big bundle of little things.

From the time we waken in the morning till we retire at night, we are engaged in a thousand trifling tasks. The truth is that great hours come to us but rarely, while common hours are with us all the time. Great hours reveal our possibilities, while common hours reveal our consecration. For our Lord the usual was the big thing, because the usual is nine-tenths of life.

It takes many of us long years to learn that lesson. The story is told of a writer who was engaged in some stupendous task. After years of labor the task was ended, and the writer entered into the joy of finished work. But the joy so given was not half so great, he said, as the joy he got from the little pattering footsteps of some children whom he had taught to love him.

"Give me health and a day," said Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

Especially, then, we should not think lightly of the rendering of some service. One thinks of John B. Gough, and how a friend laid his hand upon his shoulder. And that trifling touch of brotherhood lit the star of hope for Gough again. To neglect the trifle is to miss the triumph.—Alabama Baptist.

VARIETY VACATIONLAND

(University News Letter)

North Carolina Variety Vacationland is the title of a very attractive folder that has recently been issued by the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, from which agency copies may be secured. The folder contains foreword by Governor Clyde R. Hoey and a good many interesting facts about the state, and many excellent photographs of the scenic resources of North Carolina.

The following are a few of the facts about the state that appear at the close of the publication:

Geography: In size, North Carolina ranks twenty-seventh, with a total land area of 31,193,600 acres. A total of 125 peaks of 5,000 feet or more in elevation are found in the western mountain ranges. Forty-three of these peaks are over 6,000 feet high. North Carolina has some 320 miles of shoreline on the Atlantic Ocean, some 1,500 miles of inland waterways, and approximately 3,000 square miles of coastal sounds. The greatest air-line length of the state is 503 miles; the greatest width, 188.

Population: North Carolina ranks 12th among the states in total population, the 1930 census report showing a population of 3,170,276. The state had an increase of 23.88 percent between 1920 and 1930. The perecntage of increase for the country as a whole was only 16.10. Latest estimates place the population of the state at almost 3,500,000.

Climate: Located in a geographic area that approaches the ideal, one of North Carolina's greatest assets is her climate. The mean annual temperature for the state as a whole is 59 degrees Fahrenheit. The normal average precipitation for North Carolina is about 50 inches.

Although the warm temperate zone determines, to a great extent, the climatic features of the state, the ocean in the east and the mountains in the west are influencing factors.

Natural Recources: Approximately 20,568,000 acres of the 31, 193,631 acres in the state are classed as forest lands. The total stand of merchantable timber now available is estimated at 20 billion board feet, divided about equally between hard and softwoods. The normal production of timber in North Carolina is about a billion board feet annually. The total value of miscellaneous forest products is the largest for any state.

North Carolina harvests from the Atlantic Ocean, the great sounds, and wide river mouths one of the largest varieties of seafoods in the country. Returns from the commercial fisheries of this state have reached more than $4,000,000 annually.

In the number of native minerals, the state ranks first in the Union, some 300 different species and subspecies having been identified. North Carolina leads the country in the production of feldspar, mica, and residual clays and has the largest open-face granite quarry in the world.

North Carolina's stock of wildlife bred in the wild is a major attraction, with probably not an equal in the country. Some of the country's finest deep sea, surf, warm water, and cold water fishing are found here.

The state is an ideal location for

those who wish to lead a less strenuous life by retiring on a limited income and to supplement their usual source of livelihood by the production of a limited amount of livestock, gardening, and other forms of agriculture.

In 1935, the state ranked fifth in the value of farm products, while it was third in the matter of gross income and third in cash income. Virtually every crop that can be raised between Florida and the frigid areas of the far north can be raised in North Carolina, to a greater or lesser degree.

Education: The last quarter of a century has been marked in North Carolina by an amazing growth and development of all phases of public education. The annual appropriation from the state funds exclusive of local supplements, for public schools has increased from $100,000 in 1899, to nearly $25,000,000 in 1937. The total value of school buildings has risen from $5,800,000 to $106,600,000, while the number of teachers and principals increased from 11,200 to 23,700.

North Carolina has a state-wide minimum school term of eight months, supported entirely by the state without resort to ad valorem taxes. Many communities support extended terms. More than 275,000 children are transported daily to and from the schools at state expense. This is one-seventh of all pupil transportation service rendered througrout the entire United States and the largest enterprise of its kind in the country.

North Carolina operates six institutions of higher learning for whites and an equal number for Negroes. There are 32 denominational and privately endowed colleges for white students and seven for Negroes in the state.

Industrial: Industrially, North Carolina leads the South in the number of wage earners, wages paid, and value added to raw materials by manufacturing processes. The state contains the largest towel factory, overall plant, hosiery mill, cordage and twine mill, hand-weaving establishment, denim mill, damask mill and underwear plant in the country; the second largest aluminum reduction plant; and among the largest pulp paper and rayon mills.

North Carolina is first among the states in the value of manufactured tobacco, producing about 70 percent of the cigarettes in the country. The state produces more wooden bedroom and dining room furniture than any other state and ranks sixth in the output of all furniture.

No state in the South possesses a greater abundance and variety of opportunities for industrial development.

In 1935, North Carolina ranked fourth in the total capacity of hydroelectric power, being exceeded only by New York, California, and Washington, and ranked ninth in the total capacity in kilowatts, including power produced by water, steam, internal combustion, and by combinations.

Transportation: Since the beginning of the construction of improved public roads and highways in North Carolina, the state has spent more than $210,000,000 on primary roads, through the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1936.

The first state in the nation to take over all principal roads within its borders, the State Highway System now includes over 11,000 miles, many of these highways being classed as

among the finest in America. This splendid system of highways connects every village and hamlet in the state, giving virtually every section a road serviceable throughout the year.

Rail transportation compares favorably with that found in any other Southern State. Three great trunk lines, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, the Southern Railroad, and the Seaboard Air Line Railway, extend entirely across the state, and have numerous branch lines connecting their main lines. The Norfolk-Southern Railroad crosses the center of the state, extending from Charlotte to Norfolk. The Norfolk and Western Railroad enters the state in two places, connecting Durham with Lynchburg, and Winston-Salem with Roanoke. Over thirty independent short lines operate wholly within the state. The total main trackage for the state amounts to some 4,800 miles.

State finances in North Carolina are handled under a budget system. No state in the Union furnishes a greater range and more efficient service at the same per capita cost than North Carolina. The state government does not levy tax on property.

North Carolina, the birthplace of aviation, is traversed by two regular scheduled mail and passenger air routes, operated by the Eastern Air Lines. The New York to Miami route makes Raleigh the only stop between Washington, D. C., and Charleston, S. C. The New York to Atlanta route crosses the state over Winston-Salem and Charlotte. Thirty airports and land fields are recorded in the Department of Commerce, Bureau of Air Commerce.

The state has two ports of entry for ocean-going vessels, at Wilmington on the Cape Fear River, and at Morebead City-Beaufort.

Twelve radio broadcasting stations operate in the state. Telephone facilities are available to every community of any size in North Carolina, seventeen major companies and seventy-five minor companies operating in the state.

DO NOT LIMIT YOUR ABILITY

Poverty and failure are self-invited. The disaster people dread often comes to them. Worry and anxiety enfeeble their force of mind and so blunt their creative and productive faculties that they are unable to exercise them properly. Fear of failure, or lack of faith in one's ability, is one of the most potent causes of failure. Many people of splendid powers have attained only mediocre success, and some are total failures, because they set bounds to their achievements beyond which they did not allow themselves to think that they could pass. They put limitations to their ability; they cast their stumbling blocks in their way, by aiming only at mediocrity or predicting failure for themselves, talking their wares down, thereby disparaging their own ability.—Exchange.

VARIETIES OF WEATHER

By Jasper B. Sinclair

It was Mark Twain who made the oft-quoted remark that a great deal has been said about the weather, but that very little has ever been done about it.

Mark Twain was wrong. A great deal has "been done about the weather." All the chief countries of the world now maintain staffs and establishments to observe and record the weather in all its daily phases. Taking the world as a whole, millions of dollars are annually spent in recording and studying the vagaries of weather.

A casual survey of the records reveals some interesting sidelights on the world's weather.

California's Death Valley has an unenviable record for torrid summers, but the hottest place on earth is Azizia, in Tripoli, about twenty-five miles south of the Mediterranean. There, in the summer of 1922, a temperature of 136 degrees was recorded—two degrees warmer than Death Valley's best record.

Some cold spots have also been recorded in various quarters of the globe. For example, the thermometer at Riverside Ranger station, in Yellowstone National Park, descended to sixty-six below zero on February 9, 1933.

In northeast Siberia, in the town of Verkhoyansk, the temperature has dipped to ninety degrees below zero. Admiral Byrd, when he wintered at Antarctica, found it no colder than eighty below zero. Perhaps the lowest temperature reading ever recorded anywhere in the great outdoors was up in Mt. McKinley National Park, Alaska, where the thermometer has hit ninety-five below zero.

The windiest day ever recorded in the United States was atop Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. On April 12, 1934, there was a wind gust at the rate of 231 miles per hour, according to observers at the weather observatory on the summit of the mountain.

Seguin, Maine, holds the absolute maximum record for fog duration in this country. Back in 1907, this district was shrouded in 2,734 hours of fog, which is equivalent to about thirty-one per cent of the 8,760 hours in a year.

Pacific coast honors go to Point Reyes, a few miles northward from San Francisco. The year 1934 was the foggiest ever recorded at this Government station, with 2,360 hours of fog, representing about twenty-seven per cent of the entire year.

That is in sharp contrast to the desert town of Yuma, Ariz., where free newspapers, free restaurant meals and other "gifts" are reputedly offered on any day in the year when the sun fails to shine.

There is one district in the hills of northern India that does not enjoy much sunshine. It is the rainiest spot on earth, with an average fall of more than 900 inches every year. For the sake of comparison, that is almost thirty times Chicago's average rainfall, twenty-two times New York City's total, and forty times the yearly fall of rain in San Francisco.

Some enterprising merchant should be able to do a thriving business there in the sale of rubbers, raincoats and umbrellas.

THE LEGEND OF THE POND LILY

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

Many, many years ago a little star asked her mother, the moon, if she might come to the earth to live. She had seen the little Indian children at play down there, and she loved them.

The moon mother said, "You may drop to the mountain top; I shall be near enough to watch you still."

So early in the morning the star dropped to the mountain top. All day long she was happy. The sun kept her warm; the moon mother and sister stars were sleeping not far away. Then it rained, and a wonderful rainbow came and touched the top of the mountain.

But after a while the rainbow left, and the star was lonely. The sun went out of sight, and the moon mother was busy keeping the sister stars twinkling all night long. The little star grew frightened. Early next morning she dropped to a hilltop below the mountain.

All day she was happy there. The sun was still near enough to keep her warm and she knew where the moon mother was. To her great joy some little Indian children whom the star loved came up to play; but after a while the sun went off, the children returned to their wigwams, and the star became very lonely again.

At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful forest, and just about dawn the lonely little star dropped to the top of the highest tree. She found this a wonderful place to stay. The tree top was green and the shade cool and sweet. All day long the leaves whispered secrets to her and the birds sang their best songs.

But after a while the leaves stopped whispering and went to sleep, and most of the birds flew home to their different nests. Those that nested in the tree grew drowsy. All the music of the day stopped and the noises of the night began. The star was frightened.

Just by the side of the forest stretched a lake that the Indian children called Shining Water. The star made up her mind that she would drop into the lake and so be nearer still to the Indian children. About an hour after twilight she dropped into Shining Water.

Now it happened that the little Indian children were seated about the lodge fire listening to their chief as he told them wonderful tales, and they saw the star fall. It looked to them as if it had fallen from the sky, and they cried, "See, the Great Spirit has sent us a star to live in our Shining Water!. In the morning we will go and find it."

Early in the morning they pushed their little canoes far out on Shining Water to find the star. Backward and forward they paddled in the crystal water until at length they saw a gleam. They sent their canoes swiftly toward it. When they reached the spot they found a beautiful blossom with petals of snow and a heart of gold. It was the little star which had turned to a lovely flower when it touched the surface of Shining Water.

The Indian children loved the flower and gave it a name. They called it Wa-wa-ta-see, which means star flower.

That was hundreds of moons ago, but even now whenever the Indian

children see a star fall they say, "The Great Spirit has sent us another star flower to live in Shining Water." And when day breaks they run down to the edge of the lake and push their canoes out on Shining Water and find the new fallen flower. All day long they push their little boats in and out among the beautiful star flowers; and every night, listening to tales round the camp fire, they watch for new star flowers to fall.

PULP MILLS TAKE BIG TRACTS PINE TIMBER

Pulp and paper mills both in North Carolina and in other states, are engaging in a race for the purchase of pulpwood acreages wherever available in the state, according to the forestry division of the Department of Conservation and Development. The building of several new pulp and paper mills in eastern North Carolina and the increasing demand for pine pulp wood in the manufacture of paper has brought about a demand for thousands of acres of slash and loblolly pine forest lands that for years have been regarded as being virtually worthless.

The companies buying these acreages of forest for pulp wood are planning to set up the most efficient type of forest fire protection agencies and to hold these lands for at least 20 years without cutting any wood, the forestry division has learned. In this length of time it is estimated that the available cordage will have increased from one-third to one-half over the cordage now available. When these companies start cutting, they expect to cut only a portion of the trees that are usable in order to maintain a continuous supply.

One large pulp concern now building a new pulp mill near Wilmington, N. C., has just purchased 130,000 acres in a single tract covering approximately 200 square miles in two counties. Another concern in the northeastern part of the state, just completing a new pulp mill, is understood to be buying up something like 150,000 acres. Another concern has just purchased a tract of 40,000 acres.

While all these tracts are being held for future use and larger growth of the timber on them, the pulp concerns expect to buy their pulp wood from farmers and landowners who are willing to cut it from their own land.

The state forestry division has set up a new division to help educate the farmers to cut their timber like a crop, always holding some back for future cutting, so that it will not become exhausted in a few seasons.—Selected.

RETURN FROM THE PASTURES

By Anna L. Curtis

A quaint old folk-custom is celebrated annually by the people of Treglwang, at the foot of the Scholberpass, in the Austrian Alps. This is the "Return from the Pastures," which in the course of years has become a joyous festival, shared in by all the inhabitants of the village, and also by many visitors, who gather to watch the returning cattle wind down the mountain path, and to participate in the yodelling contest, or the "Herd-girls' Dance."

Throughout the summer, in this village, as elsewhere in the Alps, the cattle are kept in the small pastures of sweet grass, in the plateaus and valleys high among the mountains above the village. Every family's little herd may have its own caretaker, but the grass and the huts where the herders live are common property. In the autumn the cattle are brought down again, to be sheltered in warm barns during the winter.

In the olden days, every peasant imagined himself surrounded by evil spirits, all wanting to harm him, or his family, or his possessions. His cows were most precious of all that he owned. Naturally, therefore, the witches, wizards, demons of earth or air, were most anxious to bewitch the cattle, or injure them in some way. So, century after century, the peasants protected their animals from evildoers by charms and spells, and by careful disguises, or camouflage, during the dangerous journeys up and down the mountains.

The belief in witches has diminished and faded away in the course of centuries; but the peasants still camouflage their cattle against them. It has become the custom to make the trip to or from the mountain pastures a festal journey, with the cattle hung with ribbons, garlands, tinsel, and gay decorations of every kind. This is especially true of the return journey. All the ornaments are made by the peasants during the weeks before the event. Until late at night, a family will sit around its heavy oak table, making or repairing the various pieces which were once intended to conceal the animals from their enemies, but are now only the trappings of a festive day. For every cow there must be a complete set of decorations,—brow-piece, neck-garland, and horn-sheaths, with sometimes a gay net to throw over the back.

These pieces of finery are usually made on a base of canvas or coarse linen, covered with colored cheesecloth, laid in many folds, and thickly sewn with many-colored ribbons. Plenty of fluttering, glittering tinsel strips will be mingled with these, and perhaps even imitation pearls may shine among the gaudier decorations. The brow-piece usually has on each side a tiny mirror or holy picture. Both of these were originally intended to drive away the evil spirits, if any such should penetrate the disguise of the cattle. The holy picture, of course, would do this, because of its sacredness. The mirror worked in a very different way. If a witch or demon should see its own hideous face in a mirror, it would be frightened away by the terrible sight.

The bull for each herd is honored

with a special decoration. On his back he carries a little fir or cedar tree, about a yard high, whose every branch is decorated like a Christmas tree, with gay ribbons, tinsel, and the like. His brow-piece, too, usually carries a bit of doggerel verse, telling about the pleasures and sorrows of life in the mountain pasture, and asking his master for a comfortable winter home for all the herd. One such verse begins:

"I bin der Stier mit 13 Kuah.
I bit' mein Bauern am a Winter-
quartier."

Students of German will see that this verse is written in a rough mountain dialect. The other lines, indeed, are so full of dialect that we can only approximate a translation:

"I am a bull with thirteen cows.
I ask our master for a winter
home.
There on the mountain
We liked it well,
But when the snow flies
At home we would dwell."

If any family has lost a member during the year, this is shown in the decorations of the cows. Instead of gaudy ribbons, black or dark blue are used, and no bright decorations except the glittering threads of tinsel show the happiness of the home-coming. If there has been an accident among a family's cattle, the garlands on the remaining cows show in like manner that this family has less cause for rejoicing than usual.

And so the great day comes. The garlands and decorations have all been carried up the mountain in wagons, to meet the cows in a broad meadow, from which the way to the village is comparatively straight and easy, with neither thickets nor forests to catch and tear the uneasy finery of the herds.

It is a long job for each group of herders to dress all the cattle, and to fasten the little tree on the back of the bull. The wagons, too, must all be decked out with ribbons and green branches. Everything is ready at last, however, and the long procession starts down the mountainside.

Meanwhile, down in the village, a growing crowd is waiting. Every inhabitant of Treglwang who is not on the heights with the cows is watching for them to come home, and with them many visitors, all eyes fixed on the mountain path. Finally the distant sound of bells is heard. Every cow wears a bell, and their tinkling reaches the crowd long before the procession comes in sight.

At the head of the line walks the most reliable old bull, followed by all the other cattle, each group accompanied by its particular herders. Down the mountainside they come, and into the chief street of Treglwang. At the end of the parade come the decorated wagons, carrying the utensils and tinware used on the mountain, every piece scoured until it shines like a mirror. The women of the procession carry great baskets filled with all sorts of cakes and pastry, which they offer to the spectators until the last delicious bit is gone. And so they march joyfully through the streets, until, one herd after another, the cows are all led to their winter quarters in their own barns.

Their part in the merrymaking is over. Their owners, however, and the visitors, hurry to the "festival-meadow" in the center of the village,

for the yodeling contest. One after another, the contestants raise the strange, quavering, falsetto call, which is so useful on the mountains, for signalling the cattle, or one's friends, or for one's own amusement. Some of the yodellers have had long practice; others hardly know how to direct their voices. One thing, however, is common to them all,—the joyous good humor of the day.

The last yodel is given, the final contest is decided, and young and old turn to the various inns of the village, in whose large rooms the old "Sennerinnen-Tanz" (Herdgirls' Dance) is kept up until the early hours of the morning.

RECKONING ON THE HOME

A man of affairs, high in the financial circles of our country, recently commented on the necessity of right training of the children in the home if we are to have an improved state of society. He was thinking in terms of a Christian home, a home where Christian training is constantly given.

It is gratifying to know that in the economical schemes of men who have to deal with the world's wealth there is recognition of the necessity of taking the home into account. Homes where no sound moral and reigious principles are instilled into the children and practiced before and with them become the great menace to our national stability. No nation can rise above the average level of its home life with respect to morals and religion.

It is a testimony to the worth of true home life that we have a national existence that deserves commendation. We say this in spite of the lamentable indifference to righteousness that is far too prevalent. What our condition would be if all our people were like a few of them is beyond description. It always has been, we believe it always will be, that the rise of the soundly moral and religious forces will keep us strong for the right. While there is a generous sprinkling of God-respecting homes in most of our communities there is not much danger of collapse.—Lutheran Young Folk.

THE TWISTED TREE

By George L. Rinkliff

Henry Carr held out his hand to the trapper, and smiled at the weather-beaten man who wore his coonskin cap jauntily, and looked spic and span in his new hunting suit of fringed buckskin.

"Good-by, Dan Holder! I hope that next spring you bring in a bigger pack of pelts than ever before. And be sure to come around these parts again as soon as you can!"

"I'll be back!" Dan Holder was laughing. "You know, you Carrs are my own folks. But I'll never be satisfied until the whole crew of you pack up and go down the river."

Henry shook his head, still smiling "Mother wouldn't like it. You know father promised her, when they were married, that he'd never ask her to move out West. She's never held him to it like she might have done. She's moved a hundred miles,—but that's far enough for her."

Dan Holder chuckled, looking at Henry's younger brother. "How about you, Joe?"

Joe looked at the trapper in astonishment. "Why,—do you think I'd want mother to go if she wasn't willing?"

Dan Holder turned to Andrew Carr, and shook his head gravely. "Trouble is, Andy, these young fellows never saw the country down the Ohio, where we marched with General Clark in 1778." Then he spoke again to Andrew Carr's sons. "Corn land? Nothing like it in these parts. Look here! I can tell which land in this clearing has been cropped the longest, and which the least,—without waiting to puzzle over it. Over there's the land you cleared four years ago. Nothing but nubbins on it. This land wears out in four years.—Now down the Ohio, pshaw! That land down there won't wear out in forty years! That right Andy?"

Andrew Carr nodded.

"Why, I tell you—" the sharp gaze of the trapper searched objects around him. "There! See that tree over there? That crooked one with the grain going around it,—twisted? And see that tree next to it, straight and tall? Well, the land down the Ohio's as much better than the land here as the straight tree is better than the crooked one."

"Will Furman, our neighbor on the other side of the ridge, he says that crooked tree would make a fine plow," Henry explained.

Apparently Dan Holder was not listening.

"Why anybody wants to stay in this country around the forks of the Ohio," the trapper expostulated, "is more than I can figure. Well, Andy, I'll be moving. Ride with me a piece of the way."

Henry and Joe stood watching their father and the trapper as their horses cantered down the trail through the forest.

"I wish," Joe mused, "there was a way to stay here,—the thing mother wants to do,—and a way to move down the Ohio,—the thing father wants to do."

Henry shook his head regretfully. "Can't do both, Joe. We'll stick by mother. And so will he, although thinking about that country 'way

down at Kaskaskia and Vincennes is a sore trial to him."

The night that followed was chilly, extremely so for the middle of September. When dawn came, Andrew Carr arose and went outdoors. In a short while he returned, confronting his wife and sons as they were going about the early morning chores in the cabin home.

"This time," Andrew Carr announced, decisively, "this time we're going."

"Why?" Mary Carr turned uneasily from tending the fire over which she was about to prepare breakfast.

"Stay here and starve? Not while I know a better country! The frost last night killed the corn."

"We'll not starve." Mary Carr spoke gently, but with confidence. "Not with wild game in the woods."

"I like some bread with my meat. And no corn means no bread."

"This year," Henry reminded his father, "the corn got a late start. Cutworms took the first planting. If it hadn't been for that, our corn would be ripe."

"Down the Ohio there won't be frost for two weeks, maybe not for a month," the father replied. "And as for spring—it comes a month earlier down there."

"Let's go and talk to the Furmans," Mary Carr suggested, calmly.

The Furmans lived a mile away, the only neighbors within a radius of six miles.

But it was not necessary to visit the Furmans. Before the Carr family had finished breakfast, they heard Will Furman's hail, coming down the trail over the ridge. With Will Furman was a stranger.

"Here is John Allen," Will Furman anounced, introducing his companion in backwoods fashion. "He was at our house last night. Andy, we both know we're squatters on this land, don't we?"

"If we are, we've still done more to deserve it than anybody else. Andrew Carr was uttering a challenge. "Besides, they say possession is nine points of the law."

John Allen nodded agreeably, smiling. "They do say that," he admitted, "although, in court, the judges always hold that having a government patent for land is the whole ten points of the law."

Andrew Carr shook his head ominously. "I went down the Ohio with General Clark, stranger. I came back, too, when we finished what we went to do. I never run away from any man."

"Now wait a little, Andy," Will Furman pleaded.

"Wait nothing. When I'm hot under the collar I'm best at settling things like this."

"What's there to settle?" young Henry Carr murmured. "We leaving anyway."

"Leaving? Moving away?" Will Furman was incredulous. "What are you talking about?"

"The frost last night spoiled our corn crop," Henry explained.

"You'll have meal in your barrel," Will Furman assured the Carrs. "Our corn is ripe. We've always gone to mill together, and we'll go that way again this winter."

Andrew Carr relaxed. "That's real neighborly, Will. Next year I'll pay you back."

"As for me, I've made up my mind what to do," Will Furman continued. "I can get a deed for my land from this man."

Andrew Carr was frowning again.

"If I paid a shilling for all the land we've cleared here, I'd say we'd been robbed. No man can drive me, and I won't pay."

"Corn is the only crop you raise?" John Allen inquired. "No wheat? No potatoes?"

"You come from back east, don't you? Well, this is not back east. This is Indian country. Who ever heard of crops like that out here?"

"You raise corn Indian fashion, I suppose. Make a clearing, dig up hills with a hoe, plant corn in them, and it grows, pretty well the first season, about as well the second,—but in a few years more—"

"In a few years more you'd better have a new clearing ready. You're right about that."

"In a few years the very ground you've cleared shoves you off of itself. The land, the weather, and—well, let's say cutworms. They give you such a thorough threshing that you'd rather plunge on into the wilderness. You'd rather risk massacre by the Indians than stay and fight it out on the land where you ought to make your stand."

Andrew Carr was grim. "I don't see that it ought to make any difference to anybody but us."

"Your neighbors don't care to see you leave," John Allen reminded the backwoodsman.

The voice of Will Furman broke the momentary pause in the conversation. "The way I see it, there's more sense in taming land than there is in daring Indians to chase you back to where you started from."

"Tame land?" There was annoyance in Andrew Carr's voice. "How would you tame land?"

"With a plow."

"You would have corn this year," John Allen insisted, "had you plowed your land, instead of planting corn Indian fashion. More corn, and less weeds."

"I've been here two years," Will Furman observed, "and the time has come to plow my clearing. I planned it that way when I came. This winter I'll make a plow."

"He has one of the best trees that ever grew, out of which to make the moldboard of a plow," John Allen explained. "A white oak,—twisted and a crook in the trunk. Just the very thing. And plenty of cattle to draw the plow."

Andrew Carr glanced at Will Furman, then looked away. Henry, watching his father, understood. No doubt his father would have made a plow two years after they came, had he but known how to do it. But he had never lived in a country where plows were used. He did not think in terms of plows. Always his home had been on the very edge of the frontier. He had toiled hard, suffering privations of cold, hungry and long journeys, never complaining, always striving his best for his family.

Henry took a step forward. He was not going to stand by and see his father forced, by word or by his silence, to admit he knew nothing of plows.

"Right at the edge of our clearing," Henry said, "is a twisted white oak tree with a crook in the trunk. And we have cattle, too."

After John Allen and Will Furman had gone away, Mary Carr's sons told her the news.

"If we plow our clearing two seasons, and sow two acres of wheat each fall, we'll get a deed for the

hundred and fifty acres we choose without paying a cent."

"Plow?" To Mary Carr the word seemed a symbol for the impossible.

"Will Furman's going to make a plow this winter. We'll watch him. Every time he makes a piece, we'll make a piece just like it."

Henry took his axe, and started for the clearing, whistling. Joe followed him, then turned back, and came again to the cabin door.

"I hope now you'll never have to worry again about moving west, Mother," Joe said.

It was a task that absorbed all the spare time of Henry and Joe Carr during the months that followed,—chopping, splitting, and hewing, boring holes in the hard oak timbers with a red hot bar of iron, the careful shaping of wooden pins that held the parts of the plow together, and the final patient shaving of the surfaces of the share and moldboard with the blades of hunting knives.

In every step of the process they imitated Will Furman's handiwork. At last the plow was put together, a huge, clumsy implement. The share was a long thick wedge designed to burrow in the soil. That wedge was the foundation of the plow, with the curved moldboard fastened to it with half a dozen stout wooden pins, the post and its brace mortised in it, and in turn supporting the ponderous rough hewn plow beam. The plow handles, made from curved boughs cut from an ash tree, were set in the share and wedged fast.

When work upon the plow began, Andrew Carr, stood by, watching in uncertainty. But soon he was lending a hand at everything, even to the breaking of six of the half wild cattle to pulling a crude sledge as training for the spring work. When the bark of the trees began to loosen as the spring thaws came, he stripped bark as energeticaly as his sons, twisting the strips into strands, and winding the strands into thick rope by which the oxen were to be hitched to the plow.

Feverishly, all three sought to hasten the day when the spring plowing could be started. But when the plow was finally dragged into the clearing, the share refused to enter the soil. Joe drove the oxen on and on, around the clearing again and again, while Henry and his father wrestled vainly at the plow handles. The heavy wedge-like share skidded and jolted mockingly upon the surface of the ground, until Andrew Carr, in desperation, cried out, "I don't know how!"

Joe halted the oxen and stood staring at his father, as he leaned against the crossbar of the plow handles, thinking bitter thoughts. Andrew Carr muttered humbly, "I don't know how to teach you young ones."

Henry and Joe finally scraped out a trench with hoes, wide enough and long enough for the plow share. When the plow slid into the depression, it nosed into the soil, and began rooting it up. They were plowing at last.

Then the share struck a hidden root. They dug and pried until they released it. A few paces further on, the plow wallowed in the furrow, then rose out of the ground, and skidded on the surface. The share and the moldboard were thickly coated with earth. They scraped that coating off, patiently turned the oxen about, and maneuvered the plow back into the furrow.

By noon they had plowed two furrows around the clearing. They could not remember how many times during the morning the plow share jammed stock still against a root, or how many times they had scraped the share and moldboard clean. But they looked proudly at the two furrows that ran all around the circumference of the clearing,—two rough, uneven, ridges. And yet, those furrows were their own, turned with the plow their own hands had made.

"I'm beginning to know how," Andrew Carr said, with deep satisfaction.

After sunset, they plodded to the cabin, numb with weariness.

"Today," Andrew Carr murmured, "we did something."

The days grew into weeks, and still they toiled at plowing the clearing. Then late one afternoon, Dan Holder, with rifle across the pommel of his saddle, and knife and hatchet in his belt, came riding into the clearing.

The plowing was halted, forgotten for the time, and Carrs stumbled over the rough ridges in their haste to meet the trapper. He dismounted, shook hands with them, inquired as to their well being, and answered their questions by saying that he had a good winter; trapping had been better than usual.

Then he looked about him again, at the plowed ground, and the plow and the oxen.

"Plowing," he remarked. He seemed have something on his mind,—something not easy to say right then.

There was no more plowing that day. They went to the cabin, and feasted on wild meat and corn bread. Dan Holder talked guardedly, as though doubtful of his ground. Only when the conversation lagged did he mention what was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Andy, you remember hearing about Mad Anthony Wayne? He's down at Cincinnati and he's getting an army together. He'll drive clear through to Detroit, a man like him. The Indians will never turn him back the way they turned Harmar, and the way they turned back St. Clair. This time that Indian country will be opened up."

"It's bound to be opened up," Andrew Carr admitted, calmly. But Dan Holder looked at him, surprised, and very much disappointed.

"Andy, I counted on you grabbing your gun, saying to your boys, 'Come on!' "

Andrew Carr sat on a stool before the fireplace, his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his knuckles. He was thinking hard, his wife and his sons watching him anxiously. He sat erect at last, sure of himself.

"Why would a tree grow twisted, Dan?" he asked. "Because twisted trees are good for something."

He threw some sticks on the red coals, and watched the flames spring up, lighting the interior of the cabin.

"Twisted trees make plows. They're no good for fence rails, not worth cutting for fire wood. And plows,—well, I've been thinking. We marched under Clark, you and I, and what did we get out of it? Nothing, not a foot of ground nor a penny in money, not a place to call home. It's the axe and the plow, Dan, and not the gun and the tomahawk, that win us homes in the wilderness."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger and Mr. C. B. Barber, bookkeeper attended the welfare conference held at Chapel Hill last Thursday. They report a fine trip and a most interesting meeting.

A shipment of textile machinery, weighing eleven tons, was received at the School last Thursday. It came by motor transfer from Hendersonville and was placed in our textile building.

James Patrum, of Cottage No. 15, who has been in the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for some time, where he underwent operations on his feet, has returned to the School in a very much improved condition.

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, State Engineer, Raleigh, visited the School last Thursday. He inspected the newly installed refrigeration room and sterilizing equipment at the dairy and also went over plans for the enlargement of our ice plant and refrigeration room there.

Henry James, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who was allowed to return to his home in Lumberton several months ago, recently wrote Superintendent Boger that he has been getting along fine, closing his letter with this appreciation of the School: "The place that did so much for me and the place I'll never forget."

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the Training School last Thursday morning and made an inspection of the various departments. Members constituting this committee were as follows: O. F. Parker; Carl Propst, Ray Holshouser, Floyd Barringer, Clyde Shoaf, all of Concord.

It was with much regret that we noted the newspaper account of the misfortune recently experienced by Miss Easdale Shaw, a member of our Board of Trustees, when her beautiful home in Rockingham was destroyed by fire. We gathered from this report that the building was completely destroyed but that most of the furnishings, among which were numerous oil paintings and many articles of antique furniture, were saved.

Some of our outside forces have been setting out strawberry plants for the past few days. This year the strawberry crop at the School was far from being up to standard, and it was decided to set out new patches. Boys' appetites for strawberries is always good, it matters not whether they are served in the form of short-cake, with sugar and cream or in the "raw",

and these new beds are being set out with the hope that they may have plenty of berries next season.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending September 30, 1937, as follows:

First Grade—William Estes, most improvement; Second Grade—Connie Lunsford and Blaine Griffin, best spellers; Third Grade—Felmond Lane and George Hedrick, most improvement; Fourth Grade—William Hawkins and Ira Settle, highest average; Fifth Grade—Eugene Stallings, most improvement; Sixth Grade—Norman Parker, greatest improvement and highest average; Seventh Grade—Marvin Wilkins and Robert Hailey, best in arithmetic.

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus, as a boy of twelve, talking with the wise men in the temple, as found in Luke 2:41-52.

At the beginning of his talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer asked them to think of themselves, at the same age, having the same experience as did the boy, Jesus. What a treat it must have been for him to go to Jerusalem, the big city, with his parents. His feelings must have been about the same as any other country boy who doesn't often get a chance to go to the city.

Just as other boys, he must have gotten a great thrill from this trip to town with relatives. We can easily imagine how thrilled he must have been with the sights of the city. But in spite of all the joys of visiting the city, he did not lose sight of the fact that he was placed into the world for a great purpose. Thus we find him discussing the Scriptures with the learned men at the temple.

From the time of this visit to Jerusalem until he was about thirty years old, we know very little about the life of Jesus, continued the speaker, but we cannot help but believe that he grew and developed just as did other lads of his day. Just as boys like to work with tools today, it is not hard for us to picture him as being very happy as he helped his father in the little carpenter shop in Nazareth.

Everything about the life of Jesus is highly interesting, said the speaker. As we study how he grew to manhood and went about ministering to thousands of people, we become absorbed in the study of his exemplary life. We can touch the life of Jesus at any point and it responds in a vital manner.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then said that our lives may be divided, his was free from distraction. Our lives show a deplorable lack of unity. We know what to do, but what we actually do is far different. Then, too, there is a great contradiction between our speech and our character. What a vast difference between what we say and what we really are. There is but one way to remedy this. We must get our hearts right with God. If our hearts are right, what we say and do will be good. Our greatest trouble is that we know what is right, but

fail to keep the straight course.

We want to see how Jesus kept the straight course despite hardships. His face, even at the age of twelve, was set in one direction—that of going about his Father's business. Every later point in his life harmonizes perfectly with this experience as a lad. So it is with boys of today. As they grow into manhood, their lives will be regulated by what they are doing now. Jesus' life was consistent all the way through, therefore it is well for the boys of today to try to pattern their lives after his fine example.

The speaker then stated that the greater part of the tragedy of life was due to the fact that we do not give our lives the right direction at the start. The times comes to all of us when we get off the road—with dire results. Then it is necessary that we start over. Just as men are tempted today, Jesus was tempted, but overpowered the tempter.

Satan suggested that he make bread out of stones, urging him to convert that which was useless into something useful. It was not that he could not have done so that Jesus refused. Here he was tempted to do something to satisfy his own hunger, but he was not thinking of self. Later in life he made bread to feed a great multitude of hungry people. He lived not for self, but his whole life was given for others.

Jesus always won without compromise, continued the speaker. He was asked by the tempter to bow down to him and win the whole world. He refused because with all the evil in the world, it was his Father's business that he win the world in a different manner. Here was a victory over evil without compromising. Even in the agony of the cross, he approached the last hours of his life in the same straightforward manner. His only thought was to go about the business for which God placed him in the world. He was true to the end of life.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer urged the boys to follow the teachings of Jesus and make their lives useful, always considering others less fortunate than they. He stated that Jesus continually calls us to follow him, and asked every boy present to decide right then to follow him, even if it meant giving up their lives.

A little story tells of a man who was washing a large plate glass in his show-window. There was one soiled spot on the glass which defied all his efforts to cleanse it. After long, hard rubbing with soap and water, the spot remained. The man finally discovered that the spot was on the inside of the glass. Stains on a person's character are on the inside and cannot be washed off from without, but require a differant treatment; they must be dealt with from within the heart, for out of the heart are the issues of life.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending October 17, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(7) Marvin Bridgeman 7
(10) J. C. Cox 19
(3) Leon Hollifield 3
(20) Edward Johnson 20
(17) Carl Kepley 19
(12) Edward Lucas 14
(6) Mack Setzer 15
(6) James Wilhite 15

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Glatley Branch 2
William Haire 14
(2) Arthur Martin 16
Blanchard Moore 6
Jack McRary 6
(3) Fonnie Oliver 6
Albert Silas 9
Eugene Stallings 12
James West 10
Preston Yarborough 5
R. L. Young 13

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Neely Dixon 18
(5) Henry Floyd 5
Coolidge Green 10
(8) Julian Gregory 14
(2) James Mast 9
(2) William New 9
(7) Kenneth Raby 9
(2) W. T. Smith 7
(4) Allen Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 4

Odell Bray 13
(2) Lewis Donaldson 10
Ralph Johnson 12
John King 6
Thomas Maness 11
(3) Charles Mizzell 7
Lloyd Pettus 13
Frank Raby 11
Thomas Stephens 9
Melvin Walters 15
Odell Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 4
(2) Harold Almond 5
(2) Ernest Beach 5
(2) James Page 4
Holdren Sweeney
James Seawell 7
(2) Ralph Webb 8

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Lacy Burleson 14
Robert Deyton 8
(2) Ray Pitman 3
(2) Joseph Tucker 15
(2) Jack West 4

COTTAGE No. 7

Paul Angel 4
William Beach 8
(8) Archie Castlebury 12
(3) William Estes 10
Blaine Griffin 5
Lacy Green 8
(8) Caleb Hill 18
Lloyd Hite 6
(2) James Jordan 8
Robert Lawrence 10
(2) Kenneth Messick 12
(4) Wayland Morgan 9
Elmer Maples 10
(4) J. C. Mobley 15
Milton Pickett 7
J. C. Powell 9
Jack Pyatt 2
(4) Kenneth Spillman 4
(2) Wallace Smith 10
William Tester 11
Joseph Wheeler 2
William Young 10

COTTAGE No. 8

Harvey Ledford
Wilfred Land 11

Charles Taylor 16

COTTAGE No. 9

(5) Wilson Bowman 8
J. T. Branch 12
Thomas Braddock 15
(2) Edgar Burnette 12
Hubert Carter 9
Gladston Carter 6
(2) James Coleman 12
Craig Chappell
Heller Davis 10
Odie Hicks 8
(2) Mark Jones 12
Elbert Kersey 10
(2) Earl Stamey 11
Hubert Short 6
Thomas Sands 9
(2) Homer Smith 18
Thomas Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 10

Emerson Barnhill
Junius Breever 3
Ralph Carter
Edward Chapman 11
Floyd Combs 5
Walter Cooper
Matthew Duffy 4
Jeff Gouge 4
James M. Hare
Jack Haney
(2) Milford Hodgins 2
James Howard
(2) Mack Joines 8
(3) William Knight 9
(2) Felix Littlejohn 6
(5) James Martin 9
(6) Edward E. Murray 12
James Nicholson 4
(2) William Peedin 3
Weaver Penland
Carl Spears 2
Terrence Ware 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(11) Howard Clark 18
(5) William Kirk 16
Paul Mullis 10
(5) William Martin 16
Donald Newman 7
(10) Filmore Oliver 16
Theodore Rector 9
(2) Julius Stevens 10
(2) Berchell Young 8

COTTAGE No. 12

Charles Batten 8
(2) Joseph Cox 10
(2) Ben Cooper 8
(4) Frank Dickens 15
(3) Max Eaker 3
Charlton Henry 11
(2) Jerome Medlin 16
William Powell 5
(3) James Reavis 9
Howard Saunders
(2) Harvey J. Smith 7
William Trantham
(4) Charles Williams 10
Ross Young 10

COTTAGE No. 13

Arthur Ashley 4
(7) Norman Brogden 7
(2) Clarence Douglas 13
(7) Jack Foster 7
Harry Flowe 11
(2) Robert Hailey 16
(2) Isaac Hendren 12
(2) Ney McNeely 4
Bruce Kersey 3
(4) Irvin Medlin 7
Eugene Patton 9
(6) Claudius Pickett 16

COTTAGE No. 14

Robert Coffer 6
Doyle Holder 10
(2) Paul Shipes 11
William Thore 5

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 12
Warren Bright 10
Hobart Gross 12
Joseph Hyde 12
L. M. Hardison 6
William Hawkins 6
Caleb Jolly 15
Raymond Mabe 10
John Mathis 8
Connie Michael 11
James McGinnis 3
Alvin Powell 10
Wilson Rich 12
Ira Settle 3
Wallace Sommers 10
Richard Thomas 6
Harold Walsh 7
Robert Wilson 9

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 30, 1937 No. 44

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THE ROAD TO FAME

He longed to find the road to fame;
But not a highway bore that name.
He thought to glory there must be
A level path that he should see;
But every road to which he came
Possessed a terrifying name.
He never thought that fame might lurk
Along the dreary path called "Work."
He never thought to go and see
What marked the road called "Industry."
Because it seemed to rough and high,
He passed the road to "Service" by;
Yet had he taken either way
He might have come to fame some day.

—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN

Tippy tip tip tip!
Tappy tap tap tap!
Rippy rip rip rip!
Rappy rap rap rap!
Oh, what in all this world is that?

The kitchen door I open wide—
Some folks out there are trying to hide—
But on the step a yellow face
Is grinning at me in their place;
Those footsteps hurry down the walk—
Just seems as if this face could talk,
Such great, big, gleaming cheeks and nose!
Whose mouth and teeth and eyes are those?
I am so scared at what I see—
This funny face that grins at me!

But yet I almost like it, too,
To feel those shivers strange and new.

—Ella Waterbury Gardner.

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en—the very word brings memories of boyhood days when, with childish glee, we overturned our neighbor's shed and set his buggy upon the barntop. Memories too, of youth's abandon when in clownish costume we played glad games with joyous companions.

Hallowe'en—ah, day of joy and night of revelry! Glad when all the world is wild and gay; when age is young and youth is free.

Hallowe'en—pagan feast and Christian holy day. Given over is

this night to those hallowed souls beyond the pale; the grave is rent, and the sepulchre torn asunder. Tonight the captive soul returns to mortal scenes; purgatory belches forth its wild array and paradise its holy load.

But then should grave alone give forth its dead? Are there no souls held captive except beyond the pale? Why not a resurrection of those spirits lying dormant in sluggish lives? Why not set free the spark of life enthralled in perverted souls; the will to do lost in unambitious minds; the power to do held captive in lethargic humankind?

On this hallowed evening given over to revelries of the dead and awakenings of the spirit, why not search within yourself to see what captive soul is shackled there? Why let your life be of no avail? Why spend years in helpless servitude while your abilities die in the captivity of your own sluggishness?

Release your mind, let free your soul, turn loose your ambitions and abilities. Harness them only with the restraints of decency; let them labor for you in the fields of your chosen endeavor so that when the shades of life's day begin to fall you may say " 'Tis Hallowe'en."—The Summary.

* * * * * * *

THE GREAT REFORMER

Genuine reformers are always opposed, and scathingly rebuked if not crucified. The man of broad vision, and conscious minded of truths that rebound to the advancement of civilization, will continue to as formerly find a rough way when their convictions are revealed.

This statement holds true in the life of Martin Luther, whose birth and the inauguration of whose works we celebrate within a few days. His birth November 10, 1483 did not have a passing notice due to the fact his parents were humble, plain earnest people. But within the heart of this young Luther was a spirit that when fired cast a halo of hope of redemption from superstitions practices of the Catholic church of that era that made religion a joy instead of a fear.

The Reformation proper began in the 16th century under the lead of Luther. The chief points were justification by faith; the use

and authority of the Scriptures, and private judgment in their interpretations; against indulgences and the supremacy of the Pope and various other doctrines and rites regarded by the Reformer as unscriptural. Therefore, the leading incidents were embodied in Luther's Ninety-five Theses that were nailed on October 31st, to the door of the Castle Church of Wittenberg. This dare brought forth opposition by the emperor, but with true courage of a man of God he met every condemnation throughout these experiences with the answer, "Here I stand, I can do naught else."

A man of such statue, one who gave the universe the "Declaration of Independence of the Protestant Churches", should be honored. He had apprehended the truth as written i nthe Scriptures, and never surrendered an inch to his foes. In the stand taken by the great Reformer it was not that of a stubborn spirit, neither was he seeking publicity, but as one inspired to open the Book to the people so that they might search the Scriptures and find the words of eternal life.

On the four hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of this great churchman, preacher and educator we realize that in every phase of life the influence of Luther's works continues to be felt.

* * * * * * *

AN ANSWER THAT SATISFIES

In the Christian Advocate for September 16 under the heading, "The Mystery of Life and Faith," a writer declares. "The Christian answer alone satisfies." He asserts:

"Secularism, scientific naturalism, atheism, humanism—the chief faiths of the senses—can be satisfying only amid the half lights of life's early maturity. Quite manifestly youth cannot know anything fully, since he cannot feel life who has never experienced the wrench of bereavement, or sensed from afar the arresting awe of approaching dissolution."

Each of these, as they appear in the attitudes toward life of men like Napaleon, Carnegie and Thomas A. Edison, prove "local," trivial, insufficient when something beyond the sensory presents itself. Of Napoleon it is written:

"Only when his life was in ruin on the rocks of St. Helena did his outlook rise to sublimity. It was then that he first beheld things

in the light of the universal and the timeless. That late experience gave him new insights which the master mind of a hundred battlefields had never known.

"Similarly Andrew Carnegie never sensed the real dimensions of his being until he stood at last very near the end. Then his wealth had become paltry, his vast benevolences quite meaningless, and he cried out in a consciousness of overwhelming bewilderment, 'Oh why? and oh why? and oh why??' The faith of scientific naturalism that he had absorbed in his reading of the works of his friend Herbert Spencer had become utterly dissatisfying.

"Thomas A. Edison, the brilliant student of electricity, at forty was wiling to enter the lists against Cardinal Gibbons; and to deny, in the name of his sense science, the whole universe of the spirit. But Thomas A. Edison at seventy had found a better light. Then he knew that his specialized investigations of certain forces in the outward universe gave him no equipment whatever with which to speak concerning the inward universe of the spirit. It is said that Edison did come to positive faith before he passed on; but whether or not this be true, it is certain that he came to feel the futility of his earlier negative faith in the name of which he had challenged the great affirmations of Cardinal Gibbons."

* * * * * * *

MORGANTON'S SLOGAN—A SCHOOL BAND

The city of Morganton is conducting a campaign to raise $2,000 for the support of a High School band. The different civic organizations of the city have combined their interests and efforts to reach the goal, and with this amount buy uniforms, instruments and music so as to make the "School Band" an essential part of the school.

This move upon the part of this public spirited citizenry of Morganton is to be highly commended, because it shows the people have a vision. They understand the refining influence of music, and furthermore this band will give many a child a chance, who otherwise would have never had the chance to know music or the joy of playing some instrument.

Experience is the best teacher. Therefore, from close observation homes without rhythm or music are rather materialistic, calcul-

ating or sordid, but the homes with song radiate warmth and like the soft breezes and sunshine give a glow and color to nature. God, pity men or women without the love of music in their souls.

Morganton is setting a precedent—an ambition for a School Band —that should be an incentive for school officials throughout the state to work to this end for there is a definite place for a band in every community.

Perhaps with more music, an understanding of good music—there would be fewer youthful criminals in jails and elsewhere. We emphasize athletics, and lionize the youngster who succeeds in football or other physical feats, to the oblivion of the technique of the musical talent,—a God given gift that is an inspiration to better living to the end of life.

* * * * * * *

HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF

There is nothing new under the sun, if we are to judge from the following clipping:

A controversy was started by G. L. Massy, who slyly hinted that "the practice arose in America, where the color line (in society) is strictly drawn and traces of black blood have to be concealed if possible." Defenders of the practice of tinting have grown historical as well as hysterical, pointing out how 3,000 years ago Chinese mandarins gilded their nails; Pharaoh Akh-n-aten's wife touched up her lips, plucked her eyebrows and mascaraed her lashes; Cleopatra and her ladies tinted their toes; all of them used beauty ointments; a complete cosmetic outfit, once belonging to Israel's Queen Jezebel, was recently uncovered in the ruins of her palace; Helen of Troy even fluffed her hair with a curling-stick. All of which, we are asked to believe, was practiced in harmony with the spirit of the Canadian "mounties"—always (or all ways) "to get your man." But right here a contribution from the Montreal Star might be fitting: "Another reason why romance lasted longer in the old days was that a bride looked much the same after washing her face."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

AUTUMN

"It is the season where the light of dreams
Around the year in golden glory lies—
The heavens are full of floating mysteries
And down the lake veiled splendor beams."

Civil service is oft times a misnomer in name—if you do not work for your pay.

As business goes in these autumnal days, the stock market is getting the big breaks.

About the only things that are coming down these days are the stock market and thermometers.

It seems that in the scale of society, no matter how low a man may get there is a woman and a dog that will love him.

Nowadays it is a difficult matter to tell what a man stands for. It is what he sits for—and that mars his standing.

It is a significant fact that there are no red traffic lights on the road to ruin. They are all green, inviting you to go ahead.

A lot of people seem to think the greatest aim in this world is to live without work. And they are making a great success of it.

A medical man calls the motor car "the worst disease we have in the world today." And nobody seems to be starting a vaccination remedy against it.

A British scientist says a fish's mind is very similar to that of a man. It might be said to be superior especially in one respect—a fish drinks nothing but water.

I knew it would come, sooner or later. An Atlantic City couple were married the other day in an airplane, sailing in the clouds, over the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York City. That's a high marriage, in high society for a fact. Perhaps that is just as well as some couples marrying on terra firma, and then being in the air ever afterwards.

Two great conventions of teachers meeting last summer did not mince their words in denouncing war and militarism. One was the powerful Teachers Union of France, composed of more than 80,000 instructors of youth, which has a long record of determined pacifism; the other was the Sixth International Montessori Congress, held at Copenhagen. The American press was singularaly silent on both these conventions. Wonder why.

The undeclared war in the Far East continues in all its savagery. Open cities are daily raided by the Japanese bombing planes bringing death to thousands of noncombatants. The condemnation of these acts by almost the entire world brought only defiance from the Japanese. An anti-Japanese boycott is taking form in various countries. Japanese customs have replaced Chinese at Shanghai, indicat ing that Japan proposes to control the

trade of this area. In North China the Japanese are making rapid headway while they have made little progress in the Shanghai region.

There is no substitute for good music. There is nothing of more real value, and good advertising for a neighborhood than singing and music. It has an appeal nothing else can equal. Music is the only thing on earth that is promised us in the next world, save fire promised for those who land at the wrong stopping place. Music is a great soother, as well as a great indignant arouser. It has various effects on people. This reminds me of the rich city man, who carried home one night a country farmer, friend of his boyhood days, and after supper the rich man's daughter played several high-falutin, classical numbers on the piano. The proud dad turned to his country friend and asked: "Ben, what do you think of my daughter's execution?" And Ben replied: "By gosh, I'm in favor of it!" After all, a few executions might be of great benefit to the cause of music.

A REMARKABLE WITNESS

In Philadelphia, a man came into an evangelistic service one evening wounded and bleeding. He was one of the roughest of the rough, who a few minutes before had been in a saloon fight and was so horribly beaten that he fled to the meeting house to save his life. He was one of those men who had lived his whole life, from his very babyhood, in rough and wicked associations. He had never in his life opened a Bible. And while in this place of refuge he listened to the truth, the Holy Spirit touched his heart, and in the agony of his conviction for sin he began to cry out in the anguish of his soul, "God have mercy upon me, a sinner!" That night the Saviour's pardoning love was manifested to him, and the peace of God turned his agony for sin into thanksgiving for forgiveness. He left the house a new man in Christ Jesus. And now comes that divine wonder of wonders that has been repeated so often. This man, restored to his right mind, and rejoicing in the pardoning grace of Christ, began at once to work for the Saviour. All his hatred toward the men who had beaten him was gone. And he went straight back to them to tell them of his new-found hope and joy. They listened in amazement, and sixteen of the roughest men in Philadelphia within a few weeks were through his instrumentality brought to Christ. No mere man could do that. It was the ever-living Son of God born anew in that man's heart.—Banks.

MARTIN LUTHER AND OUR TIMES

By the Rev. Albert P. Staudermann

Two anniversaries at this time of year provide Protestants the opportunity to pay homage to Martin Luther. October 31 is observed as the day on which the Ninety-five Theses, the Declaration of Independence of the Protestant churches, were nailed to the church door at Wittenberg. November 10 marks the four hundred fifty-fourth anniversary of the birth of the great German churchman, educator, preacher and organizer.

Many sermons will be preached and many words written about the life and work of Luther during these weeks. And unfortunately, in many of them he will be referred to as the "Monk of Wittenberg." This diminutive title is as unfair as it would be to refer to George Washington as a lieutenant in the British Army. A man of such stature as Luther deserves to be remembered at his peak.

History records the fact that Luther became dean of the University at Wittenberg and district vicar for the Augustinian order while he was still in the Roman Church. This gave him authority over the university and over nearly 20,000 of his fellow-monks as well. In later years he became widely known for his writing, his preaching, his influence upon the policies of state and his many interests. Though he retained simplicity in his mode of life, he was certainly far more than the term "monk" implies.

In our world today, many of the privileges which we consider fundamental to a full life have their origin in the teaching or work of Martin Luther. Our Protestant churches and Protestant countries, of course, owe their very existence chiefly to him. Had it not been for Luther and a few of his faithful followers, the entire growth of civilization in this country and in Europe would have been different.

In many fields, Luther's influence is felt to this day. Our comparative freedom from superstition, our system of public education, our Bible, our church music and our progress in economic and social reform owe much to the effort and doctrine of Martin Luther. His influence with the high officials of Germany made it possible for him to establish reforms far beyond the church, and in that early start we find the inception of our present advantages.

Freedom from superstitions may not seem of striking importance to many in this day and age. Civilization and public enlightenment have dispelled the dark clouds of mystery under which medieval man dwelt. Hatred of superstition caused Luther to nail to the Wittenberg church door the Ninety-five Theses, however, and the very sophistication of which our age boasts is based upon his work.

The teachings of the Roman Church and the traditions of the people compelled the average peasant of Luther's day to live in constant fear of the devil and witchcraft. The mendicant monks could preach hell fire even more effectively than Jonathan Edwards. Through the alleged power to forgive sins, sell indulgences and work miracles the church kept its

members in constant fear and trembling. Excommunication was worse than death. And death, even for a good church member, was bad enough. Salvation was very expensive.

These chief superstitions nourished minor ones. Fear of the number thirteen, of black cats, of the evil eye and many others fed upon the ignorance in which the church kept the people. Fear of the supernatural kept the poorer classes in subservience. The devil was a constant watchman on the streets of their cities and in their homes.

Though many moderns still maintain pet superstitions, the stranglehold of fear has long since been broken. When Luther broke the seal on the Bible and disclosed a God of love, superstitious fear waned. If intelligence and education have in this day minimized belief in witchcraft and superstition, much credit must go to Luther.

Luther is commonly accepted in the Western world today as the "father of public education." Our own wonderful school system, which provides education and opportunity for all, is based upon the program promulgated by the Wittenberg Dean.

Luther's interest in increased public knowledge started in 1528, when a trip through Saxony convinced him that even the pastors and teachers were improperly prepared. As the result of this direct observation, he addressed a letter to the nobility, mayors and aldermen of German cities, urging them to improve conditions in the town schools where children went to learn to read and write. The richer churches were to establish their own schools and thus aid in public education. Pastors, where capable, were to teach and train other teachers.

An important part of the curriclum, in Luther's plan was daily worship and Bible reading. His aim was to enable every person to read the Bible.

When numerous schools were started by the officials and by the Lutheran followers, Luther directed his attention toward the selfish parents who preferred to keep their children at home working, instead of attending school. He decried this practise and insisted that all children be given an opportunity to study the rudiments of knowledge.

At first, tuition was to be paid by those able to do so. For the poor, however, there were to be scholarship funds set up by the towns and by rich patrons, so that no promising child would be turned away from the doors of education.

Luther's writings and teachings on the subject of education are many. Let it suffice to say that if all the details of Luther's pedagogy were put into practise, the schools of his time would have had courses of study, textbooks, teachers, methods and school regulations that could well serve as models for our own day.

The increased public education and the finer schools that resulted from Luther's exhoratations made it possible for educators to experiment with better methods. The work of Herbard and Froebel in later years would not have been possible if interest in public education had not been given added impetus by the work of the Wittenberg educator.

The Bible has been the world's most widely read book for so many years that we sometimes have difficulty in accustoming ourselves to the fact that it was once closed and forbidden. And

as we examine the matter, history reveals that the first attempt to popularize the Bible was made by Martin Luther.

When Luther found a Bible tightly locked and chained to the wall in the library at the University of Erfurt, he made a discovery that still affects us. The prime object of Luther's work, in later years, was to open the Book to the people, that they might search the Scriptures and in them find the words of eternal life.

His translation of the Bible into German, a work that has ever since been a thing of wonder to literary critics, paved the way for believers to come to Christ. Now they could read about being justified by faith alone. Now they could learn to weigh the precepts of Popes and Councils in the pure light of Scripture.

There were marvels connected with the translation. Luther, working at the Wartburg Castle with few Commentaries or other helps, completed the first draft of the entire New Testament in about three months. He translated it into the language of the common people and earned a peculiar reward when that translation became the standard classic of the previously scattered German dialects and formed the basis for the modern "High German."

Within a few years shoemakers, housekeepers and bakers were reading the Scriptures. The open Bible found an avid and interested audience. The first translation became the standard. When Jerome Emser was commissioned to produce a Catholic version of the New Testament in German, he copied Luther's translation, with a few changes to make it agree with the Latin Vulgate, thus indirectly complimenting Luther highly.

Even in foreign lands, Luther's Bible had great effects. In England, William Tyndale, inspired by Luther's success in translating the New Testament into German, produced an English version which closely followed Luther's, both in style, format and text.

The open Bibles on our altars, at church and at home, today are mute testimony to the great effect which this early translation has had upon our religion. The book which was locked and placed in a corner of the University of Erfurt has today become the center of our churches and of our faith.

THE REFORMATION

What does the term, "Reformation of the Church," mean?

It means the correction of the many abuses and false doctrines which were found in the church at Luther's time and which made it necessary that the church be brought back to the pure doctrine of Christ and the apostles.

Through the Reformation, God has given us His Word in all purity. We have the saving Gospel, which shows us our Saviour and tells us the grace of God in Christ Jesus.

We can show our thankfulness for this great gift of God by holding it sacred, gladly hearing and learning it in school and in church.—M. L. Gotsch.

FACT AND FANCY ON HALLOWE'EN SEASON

By William A. Blair

Hurrah for merry Hallowe'en,
The night when playful smiles are seen,
When grinning Jack O'Lanterns glow
And shadows into giants grow!
Then ghosts behind the corn-stalks hide,
If witches on their broomsticks ride
And screech owls hoot from moaning trees,
If gravegards fearful forms release!
As gates break loose from creaky hinge
Black cats on top of fences cringe,
And boys blow beans at window-pane
While girls their lovers entertain.
And merriment, the sweetest boon,
Steps lively to a jolly tune."

No holiday nor celebration has so caught the imagination of old and young alike, nor has so appealed to the ideas and fancies of all the people, as this one which falls every year on the evening of October 31st and harks back to the old Roman festival held in honor of Pomona, the chaste goddess of trees and fruits and seeds. It's usages, customs, pranks and superstitions are handed down from one generation to another, with little substitution, changes or alteration. The word "hallow" means holy, consecrated, supernatural, and suggests ghosts, witches, spirits and even gobblins, as well. But, it must be remembered that, on this date in 1517 Luther nailed his theses to the church door in Wittenberg and it does seem somewhat strange to celebrate the birthday of the Reformation in the manner and fashion usually incident to historic Hallowe'en. The Fascisti in Italy add their "Victory Parade" to other performances, for they have not forgotten that it was on this date in 1922 that they made their celebrated and momentous "March on Rome." Nevada, the silver or sunflower commonwealth, has declared the 31st of October a holiday, for, at this time in 1864, she was admitted to the union's fair sisterhood of states. The "National Guild" observes it as "Home Makers' Day" and in a number of countries it is the time set apart for casting ballots at the polls. But, if these things we rarely think when this season comes around to us. The noise, the ghosts, the hobgoblins, the uncanny and the weird, always come first to mind, even if the morrow, November 1st, brings solemn "All Saints Day" established by Pope Gregory the fourth about 1,100 years ago.

Some write and speak of it as "All Hollow 'Eve," "All Hallow Evening," "Snap Apple Night," "Nutcrack Night," "Cake Night," (for individual cakes were prepared for each member of the family.) It is often referred to as "Saman's Vigil" or "Saman's Night" for he was the Druid god of death, who, once each year, upon this date, summoned before him all wicked souls of those who had died during the past 12 months and had been condemned to live in beasts and animals of various kinds for a period of probation, trial, punishment and ordeal. Harvey, about 1700, speaks of it as an "Anile Chimerical Solemnity," and what a strange mixture it is of ancient mythology—of beliefs, customs and rites of the Druids and other heathen, and of Christian traditions, superstitions and beliefs.

This is the night when, it was supposed, "churchyards yawn," the dead return to earth, restless spirits of every kind are wandering abroad, ghosts are all around us, witches walk or run or ride, devils are on every hand, appearing as black cats, horses, or in some other form, "warlocks"—souls in league with Satan flit here and there, owls hoot, dogs bark, cats mew, bells ring, and roguish, impish mischief-making elves sprites, imps, spooks, fairies, goblins and monsters too numerous to mention, are all about us, though, perhaps, unseen. In fact, it was believed that a living human soul might leave its "tabernacle of clay" and disport at will with all this motley crew, or, might enter into some animal or beast and safely return before the morning light began to break. The relation of pumpkin lanterns, terrifying masks, bizarre costumes and startling noises in our modern celebration, clearly appears and may be seen at a glance.

In the early heathen observances, the dead were supposed to return to earth in order that they might receive their just portion of the crops, the graves were decorated with flowers, fires on the hill tops and near the homes were lighted and bells were rung so that the good spirits might easily find their way, warm themselves by the glowing coals and so partake in comfort of the food, the happiness and good cheer. At the same time the helpful things, done to aid the good, served an equally important purpose in warding off all evil spirits and thus protected person, home and family as well. When the inviting and protective fires burned low, each one threw into the embers a marked stone and, if, on the morrow, one was found removed or missing, that one to whom it belonged was sure to die within the next twelve months.

It must also be remembered, that, according to the old-style reckoning, November 1 was the beginning of the new year and a most suitable and proper time for special celebrations of every kind. In many sections all fires in the houses were extinguished to be lighted again from the bonfires outside and carefully kept throughout the year. The semi-annual festival, at mid-year in May was held after the crops were planted and at a time when the herds and flocks were sent out to "fresh woods and pastures new" and green.

By November 1 the crops had been gathered and the cattle were being brought back to winter quarters. Why not, then, greet and welcome the spirits of the dear departed as well as to give a welcome to returning cows? If you happen to be in Scotland the most important and necessary item at the evening meal is cabbage broth, but there and elsewhere will also be served, as has been through the years, that tradtional dish—"Call-Cannon"—composed of mashed potatoes, parsnips and chopped onions. A ring is concealed somewhere in the dish and whoever receives it in his portion, will have good luck during the year or if unmarried may expect something to happen. Later in the evening, for Pomona was the goddess of trees, seeds and fruits, it is necessary to have on hand a bountiful supply of apples, nuts for eating and for divination, cider, popcorn, doughnuts, cheese and cake. Also "Lambswool" a drink made by bruising roasted apples and adding ale. (Perhaps

3.2 might answer). The word was derived from "La Mas Ubhal, the angel who specially presided over fruits and seeds, pronounced "Lambswool" and corrupted by the English into the term mentioned above. Of course it was the accepted time for ghost stories and fanciful tales of every kind.

As this is New Year and as the spirits are near at hand, it is the most suitable and proper time for looking into the future, for having one's fortune told by a soothsayer or diviner, or by discovering it through signs and omens. After the evening meal, to help things along, sprinkle a little salt and pour a little alcohol on the fire. If a cat happens to jump into your lap it is a sure sign of good luck. Some of the young colored people place a little salt in their hands holding it securely until nine o'clock when some one will speak aloud the name of the person to whom they will be married. If, for instance, any one wishes to know who will become the future husband of wife, throw an applepeel over the left shoulder and the letter it forms in falling will be the first letter of that person's name.

Cut letters from the alphabet, place them in a pan of water and they will so assemble as to give another hint. Cut an apple seed in halves, name each portion, press against the eyelid or chest. Whichever remains longer proclaims the chosen one. Stand before a mirror at the midnight hour eating an apple and combing the hair. His or her figure and face will dimly appear. Name two nuts and cast into the fire. If one pops the person for whom it was called will prove unfaithful but the one that burns with steady flame is "It." Try again. Name one nut for yourself and one or two others for friend or friends. Whichever nut burns as yours, tells the story in full.

Go out doors alone, pluck a hair from your head and toss into the air, where it falls will show the direction whence the chosen one will come. Go down the stairs backward, holding a candle over the head and looking into a hand-mirror. The face of the proper one will surely appear to you. Place three dishes on the floor, one empty, one filled with clean water and one with soiled or muddy. Blindfolded step forward and place the hand in one of the dishes. If the empty one, you are doomed to single blessedness, if the one with muddy water, you will marry a widow or widower, but if the other falls to your lot, you are considered more fortunate. Melt some lead and pour into a pan of water. The various shapes will reveal in many ways what is coming to you and one will give you the face of your future associate.

Throw a ball of yarn or thread out of the window retaining one end. Repeat "Pater Noster" backward as you rewind and the face and figure of the one to be will appear before your eyes. Two people put into their mouths and chew a string on the middle of which is a raisin. The one that reaches the raisin first will marry before the other.

Tie a wedding ring to a thread, suspend in a goblet of water, slowly repeating the alphabet until the ring strikes the glass. Remember that letter and begin again. Finally his or her name will be spelled. Take a handful of hemp or similar seed, go secretly into the yard or garden and as you sow the seed repeat "Hemp seed I sow thee, hemp seed I sow thee, and him or her that is to be my true

love come after me and pou me" and you will see the face of the one who is to share life with you.

Wet the left sleeve of your shirt or dress and place it before the fire to dry. Before midnight the one face for you will appear as you watch, but, if you fall asleep, meantime, the charm is broken. Place a small piece of wood in a goblet of water and put it near your bed. You will dream of falling off a bridge and in the face of the one who rescues you, you will behold the one that will be joined to you in matrimony.

Name two roses and leave them on or near your bed. In the morning one will have a deeper and darker hue than the other. That's the one.

These are only a few of the Hallowe'en conjurations but I must add one more, as cabbages seem to be so closely connected with many of the seasons, "hospitations" predictions and auguries as well. Go into the field or garden in the dark and pull up a cabbage or kale plant and bring to the house. The amount of soil clinging to the roots will give you an idea of the amount of wealth your future husband or wife will bring. If the stalk is clean and straight so will be the companion of future day. The sweetness or bitterness to the taste, particularly of the pith, will disclose the character, disposition, temper and type. Children were formerly told that little babies came to the home from cabbage stalks through the aid and assistance of the fairies and it was no uncommon thing for the youngsters to collect the cabbage stems brought in on Hallowe'en and hide them about the house so that they might be sure of a new brother or sister during the year.

We have said nothing of games and sports, of which there are many. The favorite ones were connected with having the body enveloped in smoke from the outdoor conflagrations, jumping through the flames and "ducking" or "bobbing" for apples placed in a tub of water which must be caught only with the teeth. An even greater favorite was the "Apple Figure." A stout stick about two feet in length was suspended from the ceiling by a cord, securely tied around it at equal distance from the ends at one extemity was attached an apple and at the other a lighted candle. The cord was twisted as tightly as possible, and when released, caused the stick to revolve with great rapidity. The game was without assistance from the hands, with the mouth only.

"To catch the elusive apple with a bound,
As with its taper it flew whizzing round."

The player was likely to receive a blow on the head from the stick, to bite into the tallow or to have his hair singed from the blaze.

Through the ages, old and young, rich and poor, high and low have all joined in these rites and ceremonies. Most interesting and enlightening is the detailed account, in London papers of the date, of that royal celebration on the evening of October 31, 1874, when her majesty, the queen, Princess Beatrice and other members of the reigning family, bearing lighted tapers, came out from the castle, in front of which they had caused bonfires to blaze and with eagerness, interest and delight joined with the witches, ghosts, goblins and the thousands of people from every rank and

station, in a hearty, genuine and real democratic celebration of Hallowe'en. It is a cause for regret, that, in some sections, at the present time, the simple, kindly and sympathetic customs of the past have degenerated into rowdyism and riot, if not real rascality,—so much so that one is sometimes tempted to repeat, over and over again, that classic line about Hallowe'en, taken from the ancient calendar of the Church of Rome— "The feast of fools is removed to this day." Read, I beg you again that wonderful poem of Robert Burns' bearing the same title as this article even if you are obliged to use the glossary in the back of the book to translate some of the Scotch words, and remember.

"There is a world in which we dwell,
And yet a world invisible!
And do not think that naught can be,
Save only what with eyes ye see;
I tell ye, that, this very hour,
Had but your sight a spirit's power,
Ye would be looking, eye to eye,
At a terrific company!"

THE MOST USEFUL OF NOSES

How would you like to have a nose a yard long and equipped with some forty thousand different muscles? If you were an elephant's child you would find it just the thing.

The elephant's trunk is the most useful nose in the world. It serves all the purposes of a hand and can do several things you could not do, for all your ten fingers. Its forty thousand muscles make it wonderfully strong and able to twist in every direction. It is not hampered by stiffening bones, for it needs none. With his immensely muscular trunk Mr. Elephant can lift a large log or a man or a crate of eggs. He can smash it to bits or set it down so gently that there is hardly a jar.

Of course, like other creatures, Mr. Elephant breathes through his nose. He does not drink through it, as people sometimes think. What he really does is dip it in his water-bucket or the river and snuff up a quart or two of water. Then he puts the end of his trunk into his mouth and drinks the water as you might drink from a cup. He picks up a tuft of grass with his trunk, dusts it against his knees to remove the dirt from the roots, and puts it in his mouth. In hot weather he fills his trunk with water or soft mud and squirts it over his back and head, as you might play the garden hose upon yourself to cool off.

It is lucky for Mr. Elephant that he has such a remarkable nose. His neck is short and his tusks are long and stiff. Without this "hand between the eyes" he would find it hard to carry on his business and eating and drinking would be a real problem for him.—Elizabeth Palmer.

THE EVIL OF HALLOWMASS

By W. J. Banks

Look out for the spooks and witches! Padlock the back gate! Search the attic for your old false faces, grotesque costumes and dusty books of ghost stories! For Hallowe'en is coming.

Of course, the hobgoblins who are likely to decorate the treetops with your picket fence, or distribute your outdoor property throughout the countryside, are really quite substantial beings. They will be hard at work over unromantic school lessons next morning. For few of us believe in the existence of witches, ghosts, and evil spirits these days.

But had we lived a few generations ago, the strange disappearances and eerie sounds of Hallowe'en might have filled us with shuddering dread. For Hallowe'en customs as practiced today spring from the fears and superstitions of the simple folk of the past to whom ghostly, supernatural beings seemed very real indeed. And perhaps because even now there lingers in human nature a certain weakness towards superstition, no other folk holiday has retained so strong a hold upon the imaginations of the people.

The name means hallowed, or holy eve, and as a Christian festival represents the eve or vigil of Hallowmass, also called Allhallows or All Saints Day, which comes on the first day of November. But the purely religious character of Hallowe'en observance such as the early church strove for, long since has been overcome by the wierd associations dating back to pagan days.

The ancient Druids of Britain, for instance, observed a great autumn festival at the end of October. They lit huge bonfires and kept a sharp watch. For on this night, 'twas said, the god of death named Saman convened all the wicked souls that had entered the bodies of animals during the past year. In remote parts of Ireland the night has been known until modern times as Oidhche Shamhna, the vigil of Saman.

This seems to have been at least one of the origins of the belief that ghosts and witches abound on Hallowe'en above all other nights, a belief still taken seriously by peasants in Europe. In spite of the church's efforts, the rural folk continued to gather about the protective bonfires, to tell amid shudders of the queer things that their imagination made them see or hear. Until recent years the fires still blazed in the Scottish and Welsh hills on "Holy Eve."

The timorous folk lulled their fears with feasting. This aspect of the occasion may owe its main source to the Roman festival of Pomona, observed about November 1. Nuts and apples, characteristic of the winter's supply of fruits, were roasted before great fires. Nut roasting at Hallowe'en was very popular in medieval England, and in some northern localities the festival is still known as "Nutcrack Night."

The rite of ducking for apples was also established in England by the middle ages. And here are we, keeping up the very same custom in our modern day. The old English beliefs included the revelation of her future husband's identity by means of the apple that the young lady caught in

dripping jaws. If she slept with the apple under her pillow, she would surely dream of her lover!

Needless to say, it is at the mystic hour of midnight that her destined mate will look over her shoulder (provided she does not turn around) as she combs her haid and eats the apple before the mirror. The paring method appears to have been a contribution of colonial America. The maiden having peeled the apple throws the skin, which must be in one piece, over her head and recites the magic formula:

"By this paring let me discover
The initial letter of my true lover."

Of course, the resemblance to the initial of an acquaintance shown by the paring as it falls in some grotesque form usually exists chiefly in the imagination of the merrymakers.

Another variation of the tub game is the "Fire o' Love." Each girl writes her name on a piece of paper, twists one end closed and throws it upon the water. A candle end floating on a flat cork burns some of the slips of paper before it splutters and dies. The names on the remaining slips are those of the "unfortunate" young ladies who will never marry. This method was considered infallible some two centuries ago.

Indeed, a great many of the old Hallowe'en customs appear to have been invented by the romantically inclined who think that the average young lady spends most of her hours —waking and sleeping—in dreaming of her future spouse. Thus another old custom required the maiden to thrown a ball of yarn through the window, holding the end. An apparition of the destined one was sure to rewind the ball and leave it beneath the window. It may well be imagined that enterprising swains made good use of this superstition!

In Ireland the hopeful young folk put three nuts on the bars of the grate. A burning nut means that the desired one has a warm regard for the boy or girl, as the case may be. Thus if two nuts, named for the girl and her courter, take fire the two will be married. But if a nut cracks or jumps, it means inconstancy. Somewhat akin are the three dishes or "luggies, of old Scotland, described by Robert Burns in his well-known Hallowe'en verses:

"In order, on the clean hearth-stane
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed," etc.

Blindfolded, each person dips his fingers in one of the three dishes. If a man, for instance, chooses the one with clean water he will marry a maiden; foul water, a widow (indeed an unkind comparison); empty dish, he will remain a bachelor.

The prank of chalking the backs of passersby appears to be a very old one in England, and still persists in some places. In Norfolk children for centuries observed "Chalk-Back Day" on the third Thursday in September. It was at this time that the sun (the whitener) was supposed to enter the "hinder part of the circle." Somehow the custom became linked up with Hallowe'en and has had its vogue among the mischievous on this continent as well.

Other customs of Hallowe'en as we

know it are similarly connected with ancient rites and superstitions, though modern devotees may adopt them simply as a welcome excuse for pranks and horseplay. Thus the black cat, so prominent in Hallowe'en decorations, has been the traditional companion of witches for untold ages. The pumpkin, essential to the modern Hallowe'en celebration, is simply an old-time symbol of the harvest.

We have seen how the prominence of apples and nuts goes back at least as far as Roman times. Pilfering of outdoor property, often too common at Hallowe'en, is a relic of the time when disappearance of gates and gate-posts was in all seriousness blamed upon the evil spirits. The false faces and other grotesque disguises, dear to the hearts of children at Halowe'en, once either imitated the hobgoblins, or tried to scare them away.

The rowdier, more destructive modes of celebrating this ancient festival have had quite a vogue in recent generations, but now there is a tendency to return to more law-abiding ways. Even healthy boys can have plenty of hilarious, noisy Hallowe'en fun without stealing the neighbor's property or endangering lives by ringing false fire alarms.

The Hallowe'en party, at home or at a friend's, is well worth looking forward to. The spooky decorations, the wealth of good things to eat, the funny costumes and appropriate games all add to the jollity. Then, as a final feature, the lights are extinguished and by the fireside someone reads an old-fashioned ghost story! Such splendid authors as Hawthorne. Irving, Poe and others have written tales eerie enough to try the strongest nerves!

AS A MAN THINKETH

Life is determined by our ideas. We are what we think. Our daily program is set and inspired by our thinking. The world thrills to the picture of three aviators arching their way over the top of the world from Moscow to San Francisco. That romantic achievement first lived as a concept, as a thought, doubtless inscribed in writing. The scientist who is pushing back the boundaries of knowledge functions with ideas and finds inspiration for future action in hypotheses. Nor is it only in such special spheres. The parents who give themselves to the daily round, to maintain the home, in the kitchen or the office order their activities after the pattern of ideas. The youth studying, or the youth sky larking along the highway, is engaged upon the quest of life, and his course is determined by what comes into his mind, by ideas.—Selected.

SAMMY'S HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE

By J. Benson White

There had been a time when Hallowe'en in the Harrison home was always a time of joyousness, and every member of the family had looked forward to this occasion with great anticipation, until Sammy, in a very thougthles moment, took it upon himself to observe Hollowe'en in the same maner that some people observe April the first. So those on whom Sammy played his careless tricks immediately made a mental resolve to even up the score with him the following year. When this was done there were so many grudges established that must be settled at the close of another year that Father and Mother Harrison decided to eliminate the Hallowe'en festivities altogether.

My! but the occasion was an unhappy one. But nobody dared complain, for the three youngsters in the home realized that the present condition was of their own making, and instead of muttering about it, they accepted the matter calmly and never so much as asked to leave the house.

But when a whole long year had passed away and Halowe'en was drawing near again, Father and Mother Harrison noted a restlessness among their children.

"I know what's the matter, Father," said mother, softly; "the children are wondering whether or not we are going to return to our old custom of celebrating Hallowe'en."

"Perhaps that is the reason" replied Father Harrison. "And really, Mother," the man went on thoughtfully, "I was quite as lost without this merry-making time as any of the youngsters were, but this trick-playing business had to stop. Now, if we can go back to the old, pleasant way of observing Hallowe'en, we'll start celebrating again."

"Sure, we can go back to the old way, Father," interrupted the voice of Peter from the doorway.

Dr. and Mrs. Harrison turned their eyes towards the speaker and smiled faintly, for behind Peter they saw Dolly and Sammy also.

"We were just coming to ask you, Father, to let us have a Hallowe'en celebration again this year," put in Dolly, eagerly, "but, when we heard you and mother talking, we—we waited, of course, till you had finished."

"And incidentally learned," laughed the man, "that mother and I have missed the Hallowe'en festivities as much as you have."

"Yes, sir," admitted Peter, "we heard what you said, and, Father, please just try us once more for clean merry-making."

"Please, Father," put in Sammy, "let us have an old-time celebration —bobbing for apples and popping chestnuts."

"Fine enough," agreed the man, "but"—suddenly his eyes turned upon Sammp—"remember," he cautioned seriously, "this occasion is to blot out all unpleasant memories and be a starting-point for new and clean amusement."

"I'll remember, Father," declared Sammy; "and for once, Father, I am going to give the family a delightful surprise."

"Oh, go away," laughed father; "you promised us that when we bought

that brass horn for you—and where did the promise go to?"

"I've still got the horn," returned Sammy.

"But the music you promised," returned the man, "that—"

"That's still in the horn," interrupted Sammy. "I know—"

"It must be," admitted the man, "for you've never blown any of it out."

"Please don't talk about it today, Father," urged Sammy. "Maybe I'll surprise you one of these times."

"All right, sonny," answered the man. "We won't ruin our Hallowe'en pleasures by an argument, and if we are going to have a bunch of folks with us for a Hallowe'en party we'd better be thinking a little about it."

"We've got everything planned," piped Dolly, "and—oh, Father," she went on before the man could get in a single word, "we are going to have a perfectly lovely time if you and mother will allow us to have our celebration at home."

"Home is the place for merry-making, my dear," reminded Mother Harrison. "Come on, let's hear what your plans are."

Eagerly Peter and Dolly related what they had in mind to do, and mother and father readily agreed that their program would be a pleasant one.

"What about you, Sammy," asked the mother, presently, "haven't you made any plans?"

"Yes'm," answered Sammy, "I made my plans along with Peter and Dolly, but I've changed my mind; I'm going to be the big surprise for the Hallowe'en affair."

For a moment the parents sat looking at the boy in silence, but the joy in his eyes revealed clearly that the surprise he had in mind was not one that would make anybody unhappy, so they agreed that he might keep the secret all to himself.

The next ten days went by on the wings of the wind to the Harrison trio, but father noticed with slight misgivings that Sammy was spending most of his time away from the house, but where he was going or what he was doing indeed was a mystery.

"Don't worry about it, Mother," said the man, pleasantly, when Mother Harrison noticed Sammy's absence; "I'm sure whatever is taking him away is worth while, and he'll tell us in his own good time."

But as the days went by and Sammy continued to remain away from home more and more, the father wondered considerably whether or not he had judged his son correctly. However, he did not question him, and finally, with Hallowe'en just one day off, Dr. Harrison came home from a long trip and, seeing a number of women in his home, he slipped into the barn loft and dropped down to rest on the sweet-smelling hay. His rest was broken by a chilly wind coming through the cracks, and presently he resorted to a boyish trick and crawled under the hay, and soon was fast asleep.

Just how long he selpt he never really knew, but the sound of music soft and sweet as a bird's note disturbed his slumber, and presently he was peering through the hay at the figure of his young son seated on a box near his feet.

"O, Father!" cried Sammy, when he saw the form emerging through the hay, "but you did give me an awful fright!"

"I might say the same thing,"

laughed the man. "I was under the impression that I was in heaven and was listening to a beautiful melody." And then both of them began to laugh.

"A tune on this, Father," said Sammy, presently, as he lifted the shiny horn to his lips, "is the surprise I had in mind to spring on you and mother tomorrow night, and—and—now—"

"Don't worry," replied the man, pleasantly, "I won't give the secret away— and—and, Sammy," he said softly, "please play the same tune you were playing when I woke up—it's perfectly glorious—and I'm sure the youngsters coming to your party will enjoy it immensely."

"Anyway, Father," chimed in the boy, "it's the sort of surprise that will make Hallowe'en a happier day, is-

"It is that," agreed the man, "and the good part about it is the fact that you'll just be starting something that will bring pleasure and happiness to the family the whole year around."

"I'm glad to hear you say that Father," answered the boy, "for I was hoping through this method to blot out the unhappiness I started two years ago, and—I believe it will do it."

But somehow the little secret leaked out, for the next day, when Sammy slipped in the house to get dressed for the party, he found all the guests had arrived. Upon seeing him, every one stood and gave three cheers and then began to urge him to get out the the musical instrument.

A little later, when Sammy stood before the guests and played the lovely tune that his father had heard the afternoon before, a sort of peace fell over the crowd, and one and all declared that they had never had such a glorious Hallowe'en in all their lives before, and, to Sammy's delight, they gave his surprise the credit of bringing about this very pleasant situation.

AUTUMN CHANGE

Autumn brushes lightly the trees with delicate yellow;
Lets scarcely a breeze stir branches of deepening gold,
For leaves, in clouds like butterflies, when days grow mellow,
Will part from them and fall to the cool, dark mold.

In drowsy eddies they'll drift to tawny grasses,
Seeking earth's dark compassion through winter storm.
Gold upon gold, as the splendor of autumn passes,
They will spend with winter for snow to keep them warm.

—Young People.

INDIANS FIGHT FOR EXISTENCE

By Conrad Frederick Smith

Sacred history records that the Jews were carried into captivity in Babylon and that years later, after much adversity and deprivation they were led back into their own country. Instead of becoming a vanishing race, they so preserved their racial integrity and kept alive their unquenchable spirit that they became a determining factor in every phase of the world's progress.

I thought of the partial analogy of the Jews and the American Indians when I looked about over the Catawba Indian reservation, just arcoss the border in South Carolina a few days ago. Here were the remnants of a once-proud people, made virtual captives of the white men who took their land and cut them off from their natural sources of living. And yet, for them there is no future such as Ezra and other prophets pointed out to the Jews in the realm of Nebuchadnezzar.

Not given to pessimistic outlook, nevertheless I sensed the inward feeling of hopelessness and resignation of these people who were once lords of all this creation that white men came to know as America. And, knowing that this heritage and birthright have been seized from them, that their race is a vanishing one, I was gripped with some of the melancholy that seems to settle upon them and even their material possessions.

Perhaps the picture is not all that gray. Perhaps it was the dark clouds that scudded across the October sky. Indians are not outwardly emotional as white people are. The dark-eyed children stood around a little too solemnly and spoke only when Chief Sam Blue, head of the small tribe, asked them some questions for me.

The Catawbas were not ever thus. Historians have told us of their superiority in war and peace, of their vast lands in the Piedmont plain, and of their wise leaders. They once owned much of the land that is now drained by the river that bears their name and other territory from the Blue Ridge to the coastal plain. They excelled in hunting and fishing and, with their aptitude for making pottery and cultivating land, were much better off than the more savage Cherokees to the east.

President George Washington is said to have set aside a reservation in North Carolina after he had heard some of the chieftains lay before him their claims to lands that white people were then holding. Later on, many of them joined the great migration to the West, when it became evident that the white men were never to be driven away. A few stopped in the reservation set aside for the Cherokees. The remnant of the Catawba stayed in the reservation along the river. And there their descendants are today, wards of the State of South Carolina.

Chief Sam Blue told me that the reservation had originally comprised 144,000 acres but that all except about 700 acres had been granted by South Carolina to settlers who moved in. The State, he said, owes his tribe for that land and, should the debt ever be collected, it would now amount to about seven million dollars.

The Catawbas have not strictly

preserved their racial integrity. The chief, for instance, is the son of an Indian mother and a white man. Yet most of them are racially pure and retain the straight black hair, high cheek bones, and other unmistakable marks of the American Indian. Stories of the past have been handed down to them, and they glory in the traditions of a once glorious life, untrammeled by outside interference.

The reservation includes some rich bottom land along the Catawba, about eight miles east of Rock hill, but most of it is rocky, red land of hills and valleys. There are more than 200 persons, and they make up a self-contained community, bothering no one. Although industrious by nature, they do not turn their talents to agriculture, and there are only two mules on the entire reservation. Chief Sam Blue and several others fish, but the catch from the Catawba is not large. Catfish, carp, and a few other varieties are sold in Rock Hill, Lancaster, and surrounding towns.

"Fishing is not much any time," said Chief Blue. "I made only two dollars from the fish I caught last week."

The State pays the Catawbas about $9,000 annually, and from this dole the various families manage to live. Of this amount, $1,500 goes to support the little school, and $1,000 is spent for medical services. Of what is left, there is about $26 for each person—man, woman and child—annually.

Some of the Indians make pottery on the Tom Johnson place in Lancaster county. I examined some specimens of it on a table in front of the Blue house and found it well-made and useful. It finds a ready sale in many places.

The houses look much like average farm tenant residences and are well kept, with flowers in many yards. Across from the houses of Chief Blue and his son, Leroy, is the little frame church of the Latter Day Saints. A home mission preacher holds services there, and the Indians are faithful in attendance. There was once another church, but this has been disbanded.

Chief Blue is the acknowledged leader of the tribe. Although unable to read and write, he is astute and a remarkable conversationalist. He is one of two in the entire tribe who can speak the original Catawba tongue. He helped a noted linguist, who is preserving Indian language in the printed word, record the pronunciation of Catawba speech. He showed me the book, written by Prof. Frank Creech, and, when I read to the best of my ability some of the symbols, he readily translated the meaning.

Chief Blue is the father of 23 children—three by his first wife and 20 by the present Mrs. Blue. He has a ceremonial feather bonnet, which he wears on special occasions, and readily agreed to put it on for a picture.

The Catawbas are a friendly people. The chief told me that many of his ancestors fought for the American cause of the Revolution, but that mainly his people had been peaceful. He said that they welcomed visitors to the reservation and that rarely a day goes by that someone does not come by for a visit.

It seems strange—this thing of having a tribe of Indians right at

Charlotte's doors. They are the original Americans, and they have adopted most of the white men's ways. But, no doubt, they dream of the old days and wonder a little if they will ever relive even some of the glory that was theirs when they ruled this part of the country.

THE FORTUNE WOULD KEEP

A story is told of a farm laborer in Scotland whose brother in America died and left him a fortune of several thousand dollars.

An attorney was named as the administrator. It was his duty to find the lucky brother. He relates:

"He was slicing turnips for the sheep on his employer's farm, up along the mist-clay hills of Scotland, when I found him. I had traced his life from the old farm on which he was born, step by step through the fourty years of ill-paid and often most unpleasent labor before I approached him. It was not difficult, for he had held but a few positions in all those years. Everyone in the countryside knew him.

"Are you John McCluskey?" I asked .

"I am," said he, without taking his eyes from the turnips and the knife.

"Your brother James is dead in New York," said I.

"Aweel, aweel, all men must e'en die," he said, slicing away

"He left you a great fortune" said I. "I want you to come to the house with me, so that I can establish your identity and arrange for you to enter into possession of the estate.

"I'll talk to ye at sax o'clock, young man," said he. "I'll be busy till then. Thay fortune will keep, but thay turnips will not."—Selected.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF JEAN VALJEAN

(The Bible Champion)

Sin cannot stand erect in the presence of holiness. Nowhere in literature is there a finer illusion of the transforming power of real Christian grace and virtue than in the treatment of Jean Valjean by Bishop Myriel in Hugo's Les Miserables.

Jean Valjean had been given a leave of absence from the galleys where for nearly twenty years he had been know only as No. 5623. Already embittered against humanity because of earlier experiences he became doubly so with every door closed against him and every assistance denied him. The inn keepers said, "Be off with you" and the farmers had no room for a "villain." He finally crept into a dog kennel mistaking it for a shelter of a road-mender and a vicious mastiff drove him out and as he sulked along he said, "I am not even a dog."

But when he knocked at the door of the good Bishop Myriel a surprise waited for him. The old Bishop had him enter, ordered a room prepared for him and had him sit at supper with the household. But that night Jean Valjean's exiled self held the mastery and as he awoke in the night time he arose and went down stairs and made off with the silver he had seen on the table. But he was taken by the police and brought back to the Bishop's house. Then you may recall what took place. The old saint pretended that he had given the silverware to the man, asked him why he had not taken the candle sticks also and dismised the officers of the law.

When they had gone he turned to the astonished thief and called him his "brother," and said "Jean Valjean, my brother, never forget that you have promised to employ this silver which I have given you in becoming an honest man. You belong no more to evil but to good. I have bought your soul from you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition. I give it to God."

For a moment the man was stunned. Victor Hugo says, "Like an owl that suddenly witnessed a sunrise the convict had been dazzled and as it were blinded by virtue. And then commenced a struggle between his wickedness and his goodness, and if you want to know something of the change that took place in him and made him one of the noblest characters fiction has ever given us read the twenty-sixth chapter of Hugo's masterpiece. True, almost the first thing he did when he went out was to sin but that same night at about 3 A. M. the mail carrier saw a man kneeling in prayer on the pavement in front of the good Bishop's house.

The man was Jean Valjean.

The life that touches other lives and makes them better, is to that extent fulfilling its mission.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The barn forces have been busy for the past few days threshing lespedeza seed. It is estimated that the season's production of seed will be almost five hundred bushels.

Instead of the usual beef or pork menu, our large family of nearly six hundred was served a delicious chicken dinner last Sunday. These chickens, products of our poultry yards, were as fine as any we have had for years.

Workmen from the Duke Power Company's station in Salisbury have been making repairs to the power and light lines on the School campus. These repairs, consisting of replacing old wire, straightening poles, etc., required several day's work.

The recent cold "snap" brought Mr. Walker and his boys, armed with butcher knives, scrapers, etc., to the hog pens. Several fine porkers were killed and we are now enjoying sausage, spare-ribs, liverwurst and other delicacies of the hog-killing season.

Miss Mary King, of Concord, recently donated several volumes of fine children's literature to the King's Daughters Library here. We are deeply indebted to Miss King for her kind thought of our boys in thus providing such a splendid addition to their supply of reading material.

As this is being written we hear rumors of a Hallowe'en celebration at the School on Saturday. No details have yet been announced but it is supposed that spooks, witches, goblins, etc. will be roaming these parts as they have in the past, also that the boys will receive the usual treat. A complete report of this celebration will be carried in these columns next week.

Clyde Bristow, a former member of our printing class, who has been connected with a motor transfer company, with headquarters in Stanleytown, Va. for some time, continues to post card us frequently from points North as he pilots his truck on long journeys. The latest one came the other day, having been mailed in New Brunswick, N. J. Clyde states that serious floods have been raging up in his neck of the woods, but that the waters, after doing considerable damage, are rapidly receding to normal level.

The boys of the printing department are the proud possessors of a rather unusual mascot—a baby alligator, all the way from the sunny sands of Florida. A pen has been built in the shop for him and he is quite the center of attraction.

This mascot is the gift of Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse, who, together with Mrs. Guice Allen, of Jackson Park and Miss Grace McNeill, of Raleigh, recently spent a week in Florida. They report having had a most wonderful trip.

Since we were unable to make the trip to Florida; it was most kind of Miss Thomas to bring some of Florida to us, and we are glad to take this opportunity to tender most hearty thanks.

In the absence of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, who usually conducts the service at the Training School on the fourth Sunday of each month, our good friend, Gene Davis, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service here last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, led by Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, Gene rendered a vocal solo in a most pleasing manner, after which he led the boys in singing two choruses. This young man possesses a fine voice. He has sung here on several occasions during the past two or three years. In addition to his ability as a singer, he has a pleasing personality which has made him a great favorite with our boys.

Dr. Charles R. Nisbet, pastor of Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, was then introduced as the speaker of the afternoon. He talked to the boys on the crucifixion of Christ. While this story is very familiar, it is one which Christians never tire of hearing. It is especially interesting to a group of young people, and the way Dr. Nisbet presented it to the boys on this occasion was both helpful and interesting. Dr. Nisbet is a very able speaker and the manner in which he delivered his talk and the responsive attitude of the boys, clearly indicated that he certainly knows how to hold the attention of a group of youngsters.

It was a fine service, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to Dr. Nisbet and Gene for their interest in the welfare of the boys at the School, assuring them at the same time that a most cordial welcome awaits them whenever they find it convenient to visit us.

Have you ever wondered why the turkey looks bald and seems to have blisters on his head. There is an old legend among the Indians of North America, the original home of the turkey, that tells the reason. The legend says that at the beginning of one winter the fire of the world had been extinguished except one tiny spark in the hollow tree. And this tiny spark was dying. It would have gone out if the turkey hadn't kept it alive by fanning it with his wings. As the heat increased, all the feathers were singed off his head, but he kept on fanning —and so gave fire back to the world.

So the turkey's bald head and blisters are really a badge of honor.—The Colonial Way.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending October 24, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(8) Marvin Bridgeman 8
(11) J. C. Cox 20
(4) Leon Hollifield 4
(21) Edward Johnson 21
(18) Carl Kepley 20
(13) Edward Lucas 15
(7) Mack Setzer 16
(7) James Wilhite 16

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 4
William Howard 5
(3) Arthur Martin 17
(2) Blanchard Moore 7
(4) Fonnie Oliver 7
(2) Albert Silas 10
Frank Walker 6
(2) James West 11
(2) Preston Yarborough 6
(2) R. L. Young 14

COTTAGE No. 2

Clifton Mabry 9

COTTAGE No. 3

Joel Barker 4
(2) Neely Dixon 19
(6) Henry Floyd 6
(2) Coolidge Green 11
Norwood Glasgow 4
(9) Julian Gregory 15
(3) James Mast 10
William McRary 9
F. E. Mickle 4
(3) William New 10
Frank Pickett 17
Grady Pennington
(5) Allen Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Grady Allen 5
(3) Harold Almond 6
William Brothers 7
(3) Ernest Beach 6
George Ramsey 2
Richard Singletary 2
(2) James Seawell 8
(3) Ralph Webb 9

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Dellinger 7
Robert Dunning 7
(3) Ray Pitman 4
James Rackley 14
Canipe Shoe 9
Joseph Sanford 10
Hubert Smith 3
(3) Joseph Tucker 16
(3) Jack West 5
George Wilhite 11
Woodrow Wilson 7
William Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 7

(9) Archie Castlebury 13
James Davis 4
(4) William Estes 11
(4) Caleb Hill 19
(3) Kenneth Messick 13
(5) Wayland Morgan 10
(2) Elmer Maples 11
(5) J. C. Mobley 16
(2) Milton Pickett 8
(5) J. D. Powell 10
(5) Kenneth Spillman 5
(3) Wallace Smith 11

COTTAGE No. 8

Lloyd Banks 2
Howard Baheeler
(2) Harvey Ledford 2
(2) Charles Tayler 16

COTTAGE No. 9

(6) Wilson Bowman 9
(2) J. T. Branch 13
(2) Hubert Carter 10
(3) James Coleman 13
(2) Heller Davis 11
(2) Elbert Kersey 11

(3) Earl Stamey 12
(2) Thomas Sands 10
(3) Homer Smith 19
Luther Wilson 2
(2) Thomas Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 10

Clyde Adams 10
(2) Ralph Carver 2
(2) Floyd Combs 6
(2) Jack Haney 2
(3) Melvin Hodgins 3
(6) James Martin 10
(3) Edward E. Murray 13
(3) William R. Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant 9
(12) Howard Clark 19
(6) William Kirk 7
(2) Paul Mullis 11
(2) Donald Newman 8
(11) Filmore Oliver 17
(2) Theodore Rector 10
John Uptegrove 8
Fred Williamson 18
N. C. Webb 14
(3) Berchell Young 9

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 2
Alphus Bowman 7
(2) Charles Batten 9
Allard Brantley
(3) Joseph Cox 11
Fred Carter 5
(4) Max Eaker 4
James Elders 11
(2) Charlton Henry 12
S. E. Jones 4
Filman Lyles 5
Asbury Marsh 7
Clarence Mayton 9
(3) Jerome Medlin 17
Ewin Odom 10
William Powell 6
(4) James Reavis 10
(2) Howard Saunders 2
(3) Harvey J. Smith 8
(2) William Trantham 2
(2) Ross Young 11

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Arthur Ashley 5
(8) Norman Brogden 8
(8) Jack Foster 12
Vincent Hawes 2
(5) Irvin Medlin 8

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Doyle Holder 11
Troy Powell 10
James Stepp 9
(3) Paul Shipes 12
Thomas Trantham
Desmond Truitt 6
Harry Walters 6
William Warf 10

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 13
(2) Warren Bright 11
John Brown 13
(2) Hobart Gross 13
(2) Joseph Hyde 13
Hoyt Hollifield 6
(2) Raymond Mabe 11
(2) John Mathis 9
(2) Connie Michael 12
Edward Patrum 4
(2) Alvin Powell 11
(2) Wilson Rich 13
James H. Riley 6
(2) Wallace Sommers 11
(5) Robert Wilson 10

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires more peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 6, 1937 No. 45

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THE TASK

To each one is given a marble to carve for
the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty
of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it
grace;
And only his hand has the cunning to put it
in place—
Yes, the task that is given to each one, no
other can do;
So the errand is waiting; it has waited
through ages for you.
And now you appear: and the hushed ones
are turning their gaze,
To see what you do with your chance in
the chamber of days.

—Author Unknown.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS"

When wars are darkening the world again,
And vials of the nations' wrath are poured
Upon the earth, and they that take the sword
Are slain on countless battlefields, while men
Blaspheme the name of God, and like a fen
Of stagnant water lies a bleeding horde
That once were human souls, return, O Lord,
And let Thy voice be heard with power then.

Bid lords and warriors, who peace abhor,
Consider well before they open wide
The awful gates of universal war,
Through which those grim and dreadful horsemen ride,
Of whom we read within Thy Holy Word,
To conquer and to kill with death and sword.

—Prof. John D. M. Brown.

"IF YE BREAK FAITH WITH US WHO DIE"

They years roll quickly by. It seems scarcely possible that 20 years have passed since World War days, when the entire nation was keyed to a pitch of hectic excitement, when the world was in a turmoil and when victory finally concluded the war that was to end all war.

How old Mars must mock when he surveys the world today. Nation frantically arms against nation. From a dozen chancelries the cry goes out for more guns, more airplanes, more battleships, more cannon fodder. The League of Nations has become a force; pacific intentions, borne of past disastrous conflicts, are forgotten; the whole world is agog for war . . . and what then?

When the Armistice was declared on November 11, 1918, the combatants surveyed the lines of white crosses, row on row, that marked their countless dead; considered their depleted treasuries, lost trade and crushing war taxation, and vowed that never again the mad dogs of conflict be loosed. Today it appears as though the supreme sacrifice made by millions is likely to be in vain. The world is more heavily armed than ever before; dictators and despots rattle their sabres; jingo editors prate of "glory" and the common men, even as you and I stand seemingly helpless, awaiting the call that shall send them into the red shambles.

The World War was a catastrophe that crippled and almost spelled the doom of the white races; another war upon the same or a greater scale would bid fair to make an end of modern civilization. War never pays and never will pay. Mars has ever been a ruthless destroyer of youth, of hope, of progress.

If we are to keep faith with those legions of young Americans who fought and suffered and died upon a foreign strand in 1916-1918 to further the ideal of permanent peace, and with their ten thousand children who are now entering into the glory of young manhood, we shall resolutely refuse ot become involved in another world conflict.

We have an eternal obligation to keep faith with those who made the supreme sacrifice.

That should be the outstanding thought on November 11—Armistice Day.

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep,
Though poppies grow
On Flanders Field.

* * * * * * *

J. EDGAR HOOVER KNOWS CONDITIONS

The famed G-man, J. Edgar Hoover, director of Federal Bureau of Investigation, in his talk to a 1000 members of the Association of Law Enforcement of the Carolinas, at Winston-Salem, said the cause of the crime could be laid on the door step of the American home, and furthermore that one of the contributing factors to

crime is the namby-pamby way paroled-boards deal with paroled criminals. He said without reservation, although he did not localize by mentioning any state, that the work of venal-politicians and paroled boards was a festering sore and a national disgrace. The inference is such politics have a tendency to create a hot-bed of crime.

It is evident this man of national reputation knows his subject, and believes in training according to aptitude and a close follow-up by a skilled parole officer, (not chosen to pay a political obligation) after prisoners of all degrees and age have been released. This work is a tremendous responsibility,—one that demands consecrated workers, because of dealing with human souls. The people as a class are absolutely too indifferent to conditions among the under-privileged.

Think of it! In this country, according to statement of J. Edgar Hoover, there are 700,000 parents of youths bowed down because of the stigma of prison life. Also out of the million and a half of the serious crimes entered upon the law-enforcement blotters more than 17 per cent are committed by those less than the legal age. These figure are appalling, yet, we continue to pass them up unnoticed. We need more such talks as given by Mr. Hoover to awaken the people to their responsibility.

* * * * * * *

HOSPITAL INSURANCE

This editorial comment, taken from The Smithfield Herald, tells of the growth of hospital insurance, a mutual benefit, giving hospitalization to many who otherwise could not afford it, besides giving the hospital every assurance of being remunerated:

Hospital insurance is growing in the United States. Reports made at the anual meeting of the American College of Surgeons in Chicago this week indicate that if the present rate of growth is maintained, by 1942 there will be ten million Americans carrying hospital insurance. The director of the committee on hospitals of the American Hospital Association stated that there are now a million and a quarter Americans who pay monthly from 50 to 80 cents each for hospital insurance and that the insured are going into hospitals at the rate of 10,000 a month.

In North Carolina, the Hospital Savings Association, a non-profit making organization, is giving an increasing number of persons the advantage of hospital care. Membership groups of ten or more are formed and the participants pay fifteen cents a week each which entitles them to 21 days in a hospital if such care is needed. The association has recently become active in Johnston county and will doubtless be the means of many persons having hospital care who otherwise would no be able to pay for it. It is a new movement that in the past four years has made fine progress and that promises to spread throughout the United States. Hospital care at the right time is often the proverbial stitch that saves nine, and the insurance plan will doubtless have a far reaching effect upon the health of the nation.

* * * * * * *

FALL IN THE MOUNTAINS

This is the season, Autumn, when nature's art display in a riot of colors in the peaks and slopes of the mountains presents to the most renowned artists and wielders of facile pens a challenge.

It is impossible for the artist's brush to mix paints into such a rich variety and blend of colors, and no one with pen can give a true picture of the landscapes thrown across the wide expanse as one travels through the mountains.

No more beautiful picture of the glories of October has been presented than the following from the Asheville Citizen:

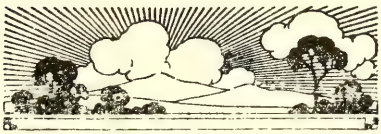
Age-old and softened mountains in the Land of the Sky are again caressed by the fingers of glory. Color phalanxes are marching in matchless mixtures across their summits, and soon these strokes will tint the sheltered coves. Mother Nature is busy with palette and brushes, painting rare pictures in favored places, and on the thoughts of men. The trite fact that the finger of doom looms above these ecstasies enhances their brief beauty. Our spirits frisk about like puppies on a lark, and now, as we hold hands with the hills, the guillotine of Winter is furtherest from our minds.

No time of the year is more delicious here than autumn, that respite of restfulness without languor. Attempts to describe Western North Carolina forest, field and stream tones as to color would be contumely and contempt, a sacrilege, like a callow cub contributing

pied stanzas of eulogy to deity or genius. Only the eyes and heart can come close to registering these autumn pitcures, just mellowing into their own; for the talons of frost have been stayed and colors are varied.

October ushers in the spectacle magnificent in the Appalachians. The Great Smokies are ablaze with foliage bloom. Great gods of the Cherokees have waved their magic wands over the tree tops along the Oconolufty and through the Nantahala. The Sapphire country's veils of blue are in deeper shades across the decorative costumes of the mountainsides. Sequoyah walks again and finds the harvest good. Hiawassee sings a bit sadly, though sweetly. Autumn in all of its soft loveliness nestles throughout the land. And in Unaka, Tuskeegee, Aquone, Valhalla, Fontana, Cataloochee and the Garden of Eden all is peace as the quiet steps of the first people of the nation echo again along sequestered trails.

After the manner of Walt Mason, it's October rare, October air—the prize month of the year. Now fascinating, hesitating, between the green and the sear. The flaming woods, with colored hoods, to whispering breezes bend, and Indian Summer's lazy haze the skies of autumn blend. What care we for the sorry side? We brush aside the tear with Nature's kiss, October bliss, the prize month of the year.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

LIFE'S SILVER LINING

"There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light."

Lyed to Her Husband

Georgia woman is being tried for putting lye in her husband's whisky. Guess she was not satisfied with the slow process of contraband liquors and wanted to burn him out quickly. At any rate this is one time a wife lyed to her husband.

Aid to Thinking

A preacher says playing golf helps him to think. Maybe. Possibly it would aid a whole lot of our present-day preachers. But the way some people play golf, and their expressions in the game, would lead one to think they were not putting their thinkers to the best use of edifying expressions.

Wants More

William Randolph Hearst, after disposing of several of his string of newspapers, says, "There's not enough money in the world." Having a pretty good slice of the "filthy lucre," like Oliver Twist, he is calling for more. Well, Mr. Hearst is not different from the rest of human beings. We all want more money. No one is entirely satisfied in this respect.

Pumpkin Time

A farmer friend of mine, the other day, rolled a big yellow pumpkin onto the porch and grinned at me. He knew. What a world this is to have a pumpkin time, with weather snappy enough to make you think about pies, and about plain stewed pumpkin, all seasoned and stirred up and just ready to go into the pies, and which is mighty good to eat cold just as it is. Pumpkin time is joy time!

You'll Hear Them

The darker the night, the more brilliant will be the stars that glisten in the glittering coronet of the skies. If you live right and love God and serve Him. Be kind and charitable and indulgent to your neighbors, you will hear, as you pass under the tree of old age and descend the hill of time, the song birds of happiest memories singing their sweetest carolings to deaden the roar of the river of death.

The Glory of the Mountains

This time of the year Western North Carolina is the picture studio of the State. People not acquainted with the beautiful scenery of that part of North Carolina get the thrill of their lives when they first behold the dazzle of its charms. They will be amazed at its silvery streams, amid such beauty and its lakes, lying like cups of cold water in the vari-colored chalices of the mountains. But the real glory of the streams and the water falls is not seen until you get down to lower lands. There you see it distribute itself through streets, entering houses, whether a mansion or a hovel; coursing through parks,

spraying lawns, washing streets; everywhere giving itself to the quenching of thirst, the cleaning of dirt, protecting the people from fire. That is the glory of mountain streams and lakes.

Too Much Fault-Finding

Did you ever notice how clever do-nothings are in criticizing busy people, and especially those they do not like so well? Fault-finders, like the poor, we have always with us. An old fable tells how Jupiter made a man; Neptune a bull; and Minerva a house. Momus, the mythical god of mockery and censure, came along and looked them over. He found fault with the man because there was no window in his breast; with the bull because his horns were not under his eyes; and with the house because it was not on wheels. For this Momus was thrown out of heaven, and he has been with us ever since. Let no one undertake the sinfulness of malicious fault finding and slander. God thought it worthy of a special commandment: "Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And that spirit of fault finding and judging others brings its punishment even in this life. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." As we sow, so shall we reap. Requital is sure to come. If we deal out harsh judgments, others are not going to be very lenient towards our own faults which, perhaps, are just as many. "Be ye therefore merciful," said Jesus, "as your Father also is merciful." And, O, how merciful God is! It is the attribute, the quality, by which He is distinguished, and the mercy of God is proposed for our imitation.

WIRES

I like to hear the singing wires
  Along the broad highway,
I know they carry messages;
  I wonder what they say?

The little birdies sit on them,
  Between the poles so high.
I wonder, do they hear the words,
  As they go hurrying by?

My mother says there are some lines
  Unseen, up through the air,
That carry messages from me
  To God—my bedtime prayer.

—H. O. Spelman.

IMMIGRANTS FROM THE CARIBBEAN

By Wouter Van Garrett

About 35,000,000, bunches of bananas are consumed in the United States every year, and yet just about seventy-five years ago this tropical fruit was practically unknown in the north. It has not taken long for our people to develop a liking for the banana, and today we consume about half of all that are grown for the markets of the world.

History and legend have both been rich in their contributions to the romance that surrounds the origin of the banana. Legend has it that the wise men, who came to Jerusalem seeking information about the Christ Child, ate bananas on their long journey; but, of course, no great reliance is given the story. There is every reason to believe, however, that it was one of man's first foods. So far as history can assist, it seems to have been Alexander the Great who first introduced it to civilization, and it was on one of his many military expeditions that he found it growing in southern Asia. That was in the year 327 B. C. and the great military leader as once saw its possibilities as food.

As missionaries, traders and explorers moved from one country to another they carried the banana with them, and in that way it was scattered over many parts of the tropics. A Spanish priest, Thomas de Berlanga, is given the credit for having first brought it to America in 1516. It is popular today in all the tropical regions of the Western Hemisphere, and is eaten everywhere as food.

It may be interesting to know how it came to the attention of the people of the North Temperate Zone, since it was practically unknown here until about three-quarters of a century ago. It was in 1870 that Captain Lorenzo Bakerm with a well-equipped crew, set sail for South America in search of gold. They were not successful in their quest for the valuable ore, but they did return with a small cargo of bananas. When they discovered this fruit in the tropics they soon developed a liking for it, and decided to bring some home for their friends in Boston. The bananas created quite a lively interest, and a small group of men organized themselves into the Boston Fruit Company, with the avowed purpose of introducing the banana to the people of the nothern part of our country.

It was this small company that succeeded in getting the people to appreciate the banana. When they first started the business of providing bananas they grew wild, but as the demand for them increased, it soon became neccessary to grow them. And as soon as they were grown on a large scale a country-wide effort was put forth to get people to know them. By the time of the 20th century had turned the corner the people of North America were well acquainted with this yellow tropical fruit, and demanded larger and larger quantities for consumption.

The banana grows in bunches, and nothing less than a tree could support a bunch of them, because it may weigh anywhere from fifty to one

hundred and fifty pounds. The tree grows rapidly and, when mature, it may be as tall as thirty-five feet, and its trunk may measure sixteen inches in diameter. In order to start a new tree, a small piece of root is cut from an old tree, and set in about twelve inches of soil. In the short space of ten months the tiny piece of root grows into a mature tree, and three months later its first bunch of bananas is ready to be cut.

One tree bears only one bunch of bananas, and then it is cut down, and allowed to grow out from the old roots. Again the same process is repeated. It is interesting to note that the fruit is not permitted to ripen on the tree, but on the stem; in other words, the bunch is cut from the tree while it is green, and it ripens on the way to market. The bunch you see hanging in the store is just the reverse from the way it hung on the tree; in fact, it seems to grow upside-down on the tree with the bananas pointing upward .

CLUB WOMEN TO AID IN ADVERTISING STATE

The club women of North Carolina have been asked to help with North Carolina's advertising program by beautifying the roadsides. Mrs. H. G. Etheridge, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs is a member of the Governor's roadside beautification committee, and she hopes the clubs may make a real contribution to the making of North Carolina favorably known throughout the country.

There is no doubt that tourists are impressed not only with natural scenic beauty along highways but also with planned scenic beauty. Natural landscapes are the handiwork of God; man-made scenic effects exhibit the character of the people living in a section. And the lack of man-made effects also indicate the temperament of a people.

A bane of roadside beauty has long been bill boards though some progress has been made in their elimination. Club women have been particularly interested in removing unsightly signs from the roadsides. Virginia Garden Club women have announced recently that 44 business firms of that state have agreed to abandon billboard advertising. In this connection we are reminded of a bit of doggerel (with apologies to Joyce Kilmer), recently quoted by Mrs. Etheridge:

"I think I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree
I think unless all billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all."

A RENEWED LIKING FOR BIKING

By Charles Doubleyou

In the diary of Sir John Evelyn, there is an entry for August, 1665, of a "wheele to run races in."

Likewise in the seventeenth century in England, there is a wheel in a stained-glass window at Stoke Pogis.

One account attributes the invention of the bicycle to Blanchard, an aeronaut, in 1779, and another account gives the credit to Nicephone Niepce in 1818.

Still another account refers to Baron von Drais as the "Father of the Bicycle." As chief forester of the Duke of Baden, he invented the vehicle in 1816, in order to make easier his supervision of the forests.

But whoever was responsible for the bicycle, the fact remains that this vehicle is now regaining in this country the wide popularity it once had, and especially among the younger element. The adults, as a rule, are not creeping out from their comfortable motor cars in any great numbers. Perhaps the main reason for this lies in the fact that there are not many good bicycling roads available. Some of the country's railroads have sought to remedy this lack by running special bicycle trains into certain districts not too far from main centers of population, where a number of roads will be shut off from automobile traffic.

In Europe, which does not posses automobiles in such large numbers, the bicycle is very popular. This is especially the case in picturesque Holland. Two and a half million bicycles in a total population of 8,000,000 better by a considerable degree our percentage of the automobile. The country has been termed, by tourists, a veritable cyclists' paradise, for, in addition to the fact that automobiles are few, there are special bicycle paths everywhere. In Japan, too, the bicycle is in wide use, sharing the public highways with automobiles, jinrikshas and human beasts of burden carring heavy loads on their backs.

Whether the vogue of the bicycle in this country is merely a passing fancy, it is difficult to say. Meanwhile, bicycle factories can hardly keep up with the demand.

In these days when globe-girdling is a commonplace affair that causes little more than a yawn from the general public, it is interesting to recall the trip around the world, accomplished by bicycle alone where feasible, that was undertaken by one Thomas Stevens in the 1880's. Of the total of 30,000 miles covered, 12,550 were on his wheel. He left San Francisco on April 22, 1884, and sailed from Boston to Liverpool. Crossing the English channel, he pedaled to Constantinople, and from there to Lahore and Culcutta in India; thence to Canton and Shanghia in China, and on to Nagasaki in Japan. He sailed back to the United States, arriving at San Francisco on January 7, 1887. A form of exercise that has its advantages over the squirrel-in-the-cage pedaling indulged in by the entrants in a six-day bicycle race!

POTTERY IN MEXICO

By Beatrice Warren

Everywhere you go in Mexico you will find pottery and tile decorations Perhaps your first encounter with this universal ware will be as you enter the hotel—most assuredly the lobby will have scattered about several tall flower urns and huge vases several feet high made of this glazed material. Sometimes they are fashioned of plain pottery with bits of flowered tile worked in haphazardly over the surface. Alameda Park, in the heart of the city, will provide many tile seats, as well as fountains and statuary.

Perhaps the most notable example in the city of Casa de Los Azulejos, called the "house of tile." Constructed by one of the descendants of the House of Orizaba at the end of the seventeenh century, it is considered the finest example of art. A legend relates that the builder of the house was a no-good son who did nothing but spend money. One day his father tauntingly said to him: "You're no good. You'll never build a house of tile." But he did that very thing, and today the beauty of the white and blue tile-covered facade of remarkable design, its handsomely sculptured gray marble doorway, with niches and wooden and bronze doors, is an eloquent example of what a reformed sinner may do. The house was occupied by notables until early in the nineteenth century. From 1891 until 1914 it was the home of the Jockey Club, one of the most exclusive social clubs of that generation. Now it houses the Sanborn drug store, dry goods, art shops, and restaurant. The latter is in the beautiful old patio. Most of the American life revolves around Sanborn's an American firm which has been there more than thirty years. They have a fine store where you can buy almost anything. However, their restaurant is where everybody meets.

The Mitla Cafe, also in Mexico City, has wall decorations and clocks fashioned of huge tile plates, and long tile stoves on which are lovely pottery cooking utensils. The front of the stove is open. The hostess presented all of our party with fans as souvenirs, tiny replicas of those they really use. With one hand the cook persistently flutters the fan in front of the stove opening to encourage and keep alive the flame of charcoal, while with the other hand she stirred food simmering in the pots. Perhaps this is the origin of the stunt our American youngsters try—"pat your head and rub your stomach."

The lounge room at one end and curio shop at the other end of the lobby at Garci-Crespo mineral springs are one mass of colored tiles, both walls and ceilings being made of that material. In the walls around the entire room, about half way down, is a row of tiles forming a sort of border or band effect to relieve the monotony. Each flowered square is alternated with one of scenes, every scene different. This health resort has its own bottling plant for the mineral water and the towering smoke-stack of the plant is gray with bits of broken colored tile sprinkled throughout its length. The

dome of the magnificent Bora church at Taxco is covered with lovely glazed tile.

The pottery of Guanajuato used to rank among the best, and still is attractive. However, Puebla is the center of the Mexican Talavera pottery and tiles. The famous Talavera royal blue design, is ths most durable in Mexico. Talavera ware and Talavera tiles were first made here, as well as the colored glazed tiles. Puebla, the "Rome of Mexico," is also known as the "City of Polychrome Tiles," from the lavish use of this attractive building material —they adorn the towers and domes of the many churches, as well as private residences and public monuments. From any high places the colors of the tiles in the sun against the snows of the volcanoes and the clear skies is an extraordinarily beautiful sight. The Santa Rosa convent in Puebla has an all-tile kitchen that is worth a visit.

The whole story of pottery can be seen in the Puebla streets. At one corner one meets a petate-covered ox cart carrying a load of clay to the factory; at another a train of burros loaded with wood for the furnaces; and in the street beyond a man carrying a crate of pottery on his back to market. You can stand for hours and watch Indian tile makers go about their work in the same fashion as they have done for centuries.

We visited the Loza of Talavera to see the pottery that is made of mud of Talavera. We were courteously shown through the factory The patio was lovely with flowers and plants and tropical birds singing and whistling in their cages as only tropical birds can. The fountains splashed refreshingly; tile bird baths added further color.

Big tanks of mud were the first step in the manufacturing, each tub containing a different color. in a little shed opening onto the roof the potters sat at their wheels and turned and whirled and shaped the clay into forms they wanted. That is an art itself, yet it looks so easy as it is done with their skillful hands. They silce the finished form from their wheels with a string. Each shape as it leaves the potter's hands is placed on a board with others. When the board is full the jars are again cut off with a string and carried out to dry for three days in a dark, damp room. The potter then looks it over again and corrects any imperfection.

Back it goes for another three weeks to the storage room. Then it is put to dry in the sun on the roof for three hours and finally taken to the oven for its first baking, which lasts about eight hours. It is then enameled and decorated. Several workers were putting the designs on cups, freehand again seemingly so easy—just a dash here, a line there, a flower, a figure. But no doubt it required years of patient practice to make those dashes here and there in the right places.

After this stage it is returned to the ovens for the second baking, this a very particular firing stage which lasts twenty-four hours or more, during which each piece is enclosed in a cylindrical form of dark clay to keep the enamel from becomingspoiled by the smoke of the wood fires. keep the enamel from becoming spoilly, and stays in the oven for three days after the fire is out.

The outside of the Church of San

Francisco Acatepec, twenty miles out of Puebla, has lovely tile. It is small, and the whole facade is covered with beautiful old tile in quaint and elaborate designs.

Up a hill at Tlaxcala is the beautiful little church of the Virgin of Ocotlan. This is a small and perfect gem. The outside has a front of pure white in the most beautiful wedding cake sort of architecture. On either side is soft pink-red tile.

Each section makes a particular style and type of pottery. At Guadalajara will be found pottery animals and glassware. Often the cooking utensils have mottoes painted on them as well as the design.

Tonala, near Guadalajara, has pottery decorated with fantastic flowers and animals, especially cows—there never were such beautiful cows as these pottery makers paint on their jars. Also leaves and trees. The pottery looks as if it came from Persia.

The town of Tlaquepaque, somewhat of a suburb of Guadalajara, is famed for its pottery work. We visit Josephine Arias Pedretti's shop. She has a marvelous shop, and was so afraid we might overlook some attractive piece that she tagged at our elbow, pointing to each individual article as we approached, with the edmonition: "Luke! Luke!" (Look!) So what could we do but "Luke?"

Painted pottery pig banks are most popular. The children save up a pig, and when full they break it and spend the money. Not so very different from the children in our own country, are they?

THE MAN WHO'S DOWN

How many times have you passed him by—
  The man who is beaten and down—
And looked away when he caught your eye;
  Displaced a smile with a frown
As you read the words his pride kept in,
  Which were written, nevertheless,
In drooping shoulders and slack-set chin?
  A good many times, I guess.

What did you think as you went your way;
  Or did you bother to think at all
That the fortunate chap who is up today,
  On the morrow may stumble and fall;
And that the man who has stumbled and lost,
  And smiled as he fought again,
Is bound for the top regardless of cost;
  Did you think of that, my friend?

—E. J. Mottle.

THE ERIE CANAL

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

In the early days of American history villages and towns were to be found only along the coast. This was due not so much to the fact that the seaboard was the natural landing place as that transportation to inland points was extremely difficult, if not altogether impractical. For that reason, the inland territory was not explored until some considerable time after the landing of the Pilgrims. Those were the days in which trails existed between one settlement and the next. For many years there were no roads, and certainly no railroads. Transportation was, therefore, decidedly limited and, for the most part, was by water between the three principal towns of Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

It is only natural in any attempt at colonization that there should be a strong urge to explore and to develop territory further inland. So it was not long before the Great Lakes were discovered and some vision gained of the vast possible resources of the interior. The need of the times was obviously for expansion, and it is not to be wondered at that the forward march of civilization followed navigable rivers as much as possible, for they assured an easy means of transportation.

George Washington, who was both a parctical surveyor and engineer, was one of the first to explore the land between Albany, on the river Hudson, and Buffalo, situated on Lake Erie. While it is not known to whom the credit rightfully belongs for suggesting a waterway connecting New York and Lake Erie, it certainly has proved a remarkable and most important factor in the development of the rich agricultural resources of the regions bordering the Great Lakes.

The end of the eighteenth century saw travelers and a small amount of merchandise sailing from New York City to Albany—a trip which occupied the best part of a week—from which place they had to travel seventeen miles overland to Schenectady. There they had to embark again for some hundred odd miles of water travel to Utica, which, at that time, was a very small settlement typical of those early pioneer days. Then another ten days would be consumed in both land and water travel to Oswego on Lake Ontario. Naturally the difficulties for passengers were many, and as for freight, its transportation was well-nigh impossible. So prohibitive was the rate that but little was shipped, for it cost in excess of $100 a ton.

Finally after many visionaries had proposed the building of a canal to connect New York with the Great Lakes, DeWitt Clinton made the Erie Canal project a part of his political campaign, promising that if he were elected governor of the State of New York he would make that his chief objective. Three days after he was inaugurated, or to be exact, on July 4, 1817, he proceeded to Rome, New York, and turned the first shoveful of earth. Political upheavals followed, as the work did not progress as rapidly as expected or promised, and it was not until October 26, 1825, that the canal was completed.

The opening of the Erie Canal was

heralded in perhaps the most unique manner ever acorded any project in the world, before or since. From Lake Erie to New York harbor, a distance of approximately 500 miles, canons were fired off at intervals, so that before the sound of one shot had died away, the next cannon was fired. Thus it was that, from the time of the firing of the first cannon on Lake Erie to that of the last shot in New York harbor, one hour and thirty minutes were consumed.

Freight rates quickly dropped from a little over $100 per ton to $12 per ton, and the canal was a very busy waterway. In fact, it became so congested with traffic that it had to be widened and deepened. Twelve years after it was first completed, the project had paid $15,000,000 into the treasury. This sum was more than the cost of its original digging and its fifteen years of maintenance, and it is not often that a major project yields such a quick and profitable return.

The effect of the opening of the canal was immediate and widespread. Settlements were quickly developed, towns grew up along its banks, and the countryside was turned to profitable account. Farming communities sprang up almost overnight, and the waters of the Erie Canal carried a great deal of the wheat grown in the rich lands bordering the Great Lakes to the markets of Europe. Passenger travel, too, was quite extensive, and who can imagine a more delightful trip than a leisurely one by water for a distance of almost 500 miles inland?

Six years after the opening of the canal, a railroad was built for the short run between Albany and Schenectady, and this was later extended to Buffalo but even so, the railroads could not compete with the barges for economical transportation of freight, though rail is and always has been much faster.

In 1903 an almost completely new canal was dug which, for the most part, follows the line of the original canal though the present one is much wider and deeper and provides for barges of 1,000 ton capacity, although vessels of double that capacity now carry cargoes from the Great Lakes to New York. Over the entire New York State canal system, during the canal season of 1936, there was moved a total tonnage of manufactured and miscellaneous products, of agriculture of the forest, and of the ground, to amount of 5,014,206 tons. By "canal season" is meant the months from April to November inclusive, or such time as physical conditions will permit. During the winter months, when the waters are closed with ice, navigation is, of course, impossible.

A wonderful system of fifty-seven locks has been built which, in their way, are more marvelous than the world-famous ones of the Panama Canal, for, in one instance, boats are lifted 184 feet—twice the height it is necessary to lift a ship in transit of the Panama Canal. Wonderful port terminals have been constructed which make for the easy handling of freight, and the Erie Canal, or Barge Canal as it is more frequently called, with its branches, the Oswego, Champlain, Cayuga and Seneca Canals, has played a most important role in the opening up and development of not only New York State but the entire region surrounding the Great Lakes.

THE BIBLE AS MAN'S BOOK AND GOD'S BOOK

By Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

There is a story of a magic mirror, in which every man saw himself reflected, not as in an ordinary glass but a historical reflection—his whole history, outer and inner, revealed at a glance. And many were the long journeys which curiosity prompted men and women to make from far off corners of the earth to see themselves in that magic reflector.

That magic mirror is the Bible. In its pages each man may see his moral and spiritual history revealed, his secret thoughts and designs and aims, so that it has more than once happened that a heathen reader, coming into contact with the Word of God, has actually suspected the missionaries of a fraud, trying to palm off, as an ancient book, some description of heathenism as they had seen it themselves.

But the Bible is not only a mirror; it is also a mould of character. It shows us what we are, that it may shape us as we ought to be. And hence (in Romans 6: 18) we read of those who were once "servants of sin," but who from the heart yielded themselves to that mould of doctrine, or teaching, into which they had been delivered, which is the real meaning and rendering of that significant verse. What a beautiful sign of a divine book, that it should exhibit our real inmost character as sinners, exposing all our follies and faults, analyzing our very motives and impulses, not to make us despair, but to lead us to hope; and that the same word that, at one moment, mirrors our depravity and makes us shudder at the self-revelation, at another becomes the matrix or mould in which we take a new form, according to godliness!

More even than this, the Bible is man's book because it becomes milk and meat for the growth of the converted sinner in all the graces of the disciple—milk for the babe that must have food that has passed through another digestion, and can be easily assimilated; strong meat for the man who knows how to meditate, which is the way spiritually to masticate the food for the more mature. It we carefully study the precious book, we find it contains the simplest truths for the little child, that require no developed understanding to receive and appropriate. For example take the seven words which describe the way of becoming disciples: "Look," "Hear," "Take," "Taste," "Come," "Choose," Trust"—is there any little child that cannot understand them? And they all mean to receive. The eye receives by looking, the ear by hearing, the hand by taking, the mouth by tasting, etc. A little child who knows enough to take the hand of a strong man to lead in the dark, or to give up a heavy load to a strong arm to carry for him, knows enough to bring the burden of sin to Jesus and trust Him to lead and guide.

There are other truths, so deep, so high, so grand, that the greatest and wisest men many spend life in searching, and never fully find out all their meaning. There is a great sea of

love in God that even angels have never sounded; and so, as the child grows, he finds truth that needs all his power to master, and repays all his study and laborious searching.

What more needs to be said to show how blessed is the young disciple who is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, to take up the teaching of God's Word, and transform it into holy living!

OCTOBER'S GOWN

"I found a garment yesterday
  A-lying on the hills;
'Twas rare with radiant coloring
  And rich with gleaming frills;
A skirt of crinkled goldenrod
  And purple aster sleeves
A belt of burning cardinals,
  A mantle of brown leaves,
And a bodice of the laces
  That the dandelion weaves.

"A bonnet trimmed with thistle blooms
  Was lying not far off,
And sandals made of birchen bark
  Were satin-brown and buff;
And dainty, dainty mittens
  Were lying here and there,
Grown by the loving sassafras
  For hands both small and fair,
With other witching trinkets
  A woodsy nymph might wear."

—Selected.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

Look at common honesty, not from the angle of morals, but from that of policy. Just a policy, to say nothing of ethical considerations, honesty is best. Multitudes of persons, judged by their actions, do not believe this. They think that honesty enough not to get caught, or a little honesty with which to establish a good reputation, may be valuable, but honesty through and through they regard as the virtue of the unsophisticated who generally get the worst of it in this wicked world. Shrewdness is much more effective than honesty for "getting there," say these worldly-wise men in their hearts. They are wrong, Honesty is the best policy. It is still the best policy in these days when truth seems to be kicked around in every quarter and in many instances consigned with an air of finality to the ash can. The world had better return to honesty as its policy. In the long run there can be no comprehensive, satisfying, lasting success on any other basis.

There are restaurants in Boscton in whose show windows are displayed trays of the most appetizing looking dishes, but when the hungry man is enticed within, he soon discovers that all the good food is in the show window. He pays his check, but he is provoked. He sets that restaurant down on his mental black list and refuses to be caught a second time. Contrast such a business policy with that of honest old Harvey D. Parker, founder of the famous Parker House in Boston, who, tradition says, insisted always upon good food and good cooking whatever the cost, and even used to walk the floor of the dining room himself to see that his customers received proper treatment. He had a habit of pausing at a table, feeling of the coffee cup, and, if he found it cold, ordering the waiter to get the guest a hot cup. Or he would ask the guest about the roast beef or the fish. Apparently he was more concerned with fair treatment than he was with profits. Today the Parker House, home of the famous "Parker House Rolls," is known favorably from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Honesty is the best policy. But no, we will not believe it in this age of sham and shoddiness. We pin our faith to a "quick turn-over." to cheap products and mass sales. All too many modern men of affairs rely upon pressure advertising instead of honest, well-made goods to build up their trade. What has been the result? Gradually the public has been taught to discount heavily, if not altogether distrust, advertising. The promoters in turn find it necessary to advertise more widely than ever and to put on more and more pressure by the use of every device their ingenuity con conceive. Pity the poor advertiser today! Where will he be tomorrow? There is only one remedy in this field of publicity. Stop lying; begin to be honest. But no, we will not believe in the practical value of this good old-fashioned virtue. Consequently, we hear of crash after crash in the business world. Men are not honest, and even when they work fast to make money and "get out"

before the public wakes up, they frequently face ruin.

But let no one conclude for a single moment that unbelief in honesty as the best policy is confined to the business world. Skepticism on this point reaches into national and international relationships, into politics, into education, yes, even into the church itself, which is supposed to be the institution set apart by God for the proclamation of righteousness. Some ministers—we regret to say it—are time-servers, men-pleasers, gospel-diluters, when they should be honest prophets of God's eternal message of salvation. No wonder the Bible is so hard on false prophets! But it takes courage to declare the whole gospel, to tell men definitely about their sins, to say to the wicked industrialist or banker, or to the laborer who practices sabotage, "Thou art the man," and to point out the iniquities, cruelties, and injustices of our living together. Yes, it takes courage, but, Mr. Preacher, if you lack it, you had better change your profession and take on a pink-tea room.

Are we always honest in the conduct of our churches? Do we place faith in statistics when we know that we ought to lean hard on the Holy Spirit? Do we set standards after the fashion of this world rather than on the pattern of the crucified Christ? Do we find ourselves satisfied because we belong to the most influential church in town, when we ought to rejoice in the fellowship of Christians who are willing for their convictions to be regarded as the offscouring of the earth? Honesty! We must be as honest as our Lord and as true, or our church policy will take us to no higher or enduring success.

Why is honesty the best policy—just as a policy? Because, say what you will, the universe is under law—physical law, moral law, spiritual law. When a person sets his mind to conform to law, he is on the way to wholeness and health. When he breaks or antagonizes the laws of the universe, he himself is soon broken. Oh, yes, says the cynic, that used to be true, but we of today have learned some things that the fathers never knew, and are able to "beat the game." This is the silly conviction of every gambler who, flushed with one winning, thinks he can go on forever and finally become a millionaire many times over. But consider the gambler's end. The odds are all against him. Even nature itself seems to be his enemy. Honesty in human relationships is one of the world's fundamental laws. Break the law, be dishonest, at your peril. Honesty is the best policy.

"I don't want any patrolman riding along in front of me, pushing people off the highway so I can get by. Those other folks have just as much right there as I have and they're in just as big a hurry." Governor Clyde R. Hoey is speaking and it shows he is bigger than his office. He is a man who can eat with kings and yet not lose the common touch.

—Christian Advocate

FLAME-COLORED COSMOS

By Charlotta Gilbert

It was not a very big back yard, but Sally Gregg managed to spend a great deal of time there every day. For Sally, as her young brother, Sam, explained, "was bugs on botany." She thought of that now, sitting on the back-porch steps, on a warm August evening, and smiled at the thought. Sam's language might be a bit inelegant, but it was descriptive. Her flowers were practically the alpha and the omega of her existence.

A garden was fun, Sally reflected, her brown eyes roving from one beautiful bloom to another. Despite grubby hands and aching muscles she got as big a thrill out of growing things as her chum, Deb Rowland, got out of her painting, or any of the other girls from their tennis and swimming.

But there was more to it than just fun. Her future, her every ambition, was bound up in her green leaves, in colorful petals. Sally forgot the prosaic rattle of supper-dishes from the Parke's kitchen on her left and the plaintive wails of Buddy Carlton's saxophone on her right. She saw herself moving serene and competent between rows of exotic flowers in a great greenhouse of her own. She heard herself lecturing in tones of authority in the botany department of the university. She saw herself in a bright-colored smock working in the laboratory under Professor Abbott.

That future, appropriately enough, depended almost entirely upon a tall, lacy-leaved clump of cosmos that occupied part of the flower bed on one side of the yard. This particular plant was covered with delicate, graceful flowers of a rich, vivid orange color, in striking contrast to the more subdued pink, white and lavender of the rest of the cosmos. It was a new variety, developed by Sally herself after several summers of experimentation.

It was too bad there was only the one plant. She would have liked more for seed. And tomorrow morning early, while the dew was still fresh and sparkling on them, she planned to cut a bouquet to exhibit at the flower show which the Woman's Club was holding in the Y. W. C. A. There was a prize of fifty dollars for the best new flower exhibited, and Sally needed that money for her "going-to-college" fund. There were other prizes, too, for the best specimens in each group, and for the most artistically arranyed exhibits. With good fortune she might run that fifty dollars up to fifty-five, or even sixty.

Through the screen door at her back she heard her mother inquire, "Where's Sally?" Sam, busy at the kitchen table restringing a tennis racket, grunted, "Out in the yard, watching money grow on her flower-stalks."

Sam thought she was mercenary about her flowers, but then he didn't want to attend the university, as she did. When Sam was through high high school he would go into the grocery store with Dad, as a matter of course. But a grocery store was no place for a girl, and ever since she could remember Sally had been planing and saving her pennies to specialize in botany at the local university. They offered one of the best courses in

the East, and by living at home she could save money. Tuition and books were all she would have to pay, but even they added up to quite a formidable sum. And here it was the summer after her graduation from high school, and she was still seventy-five dollars short. Next month the fall semester would start, and unless she carried off at least one of the flower show prizes she was out of luck.

She turned to greet her mother, who had come out on to the porch, but the words froze on her lips. "Why, what's the matter?" she managed to gasp at last. She had never seen her mother's face so pale or her eyes so troubled.

"It's Deb, Sally. She was driving down to the station to meet her father's train, and another car sideswiped her. She—I'm afraid it will be a long, long time before Deb can walk again, if ever."

"Oh, mother, no!" Why, only this morning she and Deb had been together, gaily making plans for their Sunday school class picnic. It was inconceivable that such a terrible fate should befall her very best chum—Deb, with her shinning, golden hair and her merry blue eyes, her quiet friendliness, and her rapidly developing talent as a painter.

"Is—is she in the hospital?" asked Sally her voice almost failing her.

"No, they took her home."

Sally sprang to her feet. "I must go and see her! They'll let me, I suppose?"

"I think so," said mother, managing a little smile of pride in her daughter's thoughtfulness. She called after Sally, who had run up-stairs to slip into a clean dress. "I'd take along some of your lovely flowers, if I were you. Deb always enjoys them so. Those flame-colored cosmos, especially.

Sally stood stock still in the doorway of her room. Something very like fear clutched at her heart. Her flame-colored cosmos! Oh, but she couldn't take them. She advanced slowly into the room, arguing with herself. Of course Deb would count on her bringing flowers. And if Deb were going to have to lie on her back for a long time, with one leg in a plaster cast, she deserved the brightest, most colorful flowers in the garden to cheer her and give her courage.

But there was only one pitifully small clump of the new cosmos, with only enough flowers for the show tomorrow and to provide seed for next year. If she sacrificed the seed, all her painstaking work would be in vain. If she gave up her entry in the flower show, it would mean that she must give up college for a year at least, and fossibly forever.

Deb wouldn't want her to do that. On their frequent trips to the country—Deb to paint and Sally to find wild-flowers specimens—they had often talked about college, about the careers they planned to carve out for themselves. "We mustn't ever let anything interfere with going to college," Deb had said, working away at her easel. And Sally, resting against the rail fence, had replied, "Not ever," in tones of absolute finality.

Now here was this terrible accident, happening with lightning-like swiftness, to interfere with Deb's going to college. And because Deb was her best friend, that bolt of lightning was threatening to destroy Sally's college plans, too. But she wouldn't let it, she determined, wriggling her arms into the sleeves of a fresh dress. She would take Deb some of the zin-

nias, although they had been attacked by mildew and were no longer very pretty for cutting. With some of the big blue asters they would make a bouquet that was colorful and would keep fresh for a long time.

It was not that she was making "second best" do for Deb, she argued to her reflection in the mirrow as she ran a comb through her brown waves. Deb would understand and approve. She ran downstairs, found the scissors, and looked about for a basket to hold the flowers. "I'll cut some of the sinnias and asters," she called to mother, who was moving about in the kitchen. "Mrs. Rowland has cosmos in her garden, so it wouldn't be any treat for Deb to take her the ordinary kind, and the other I must have—"

Sally gave a gasp of dismay. On the kitchen table stood the basket she was hunting, piled high with flame-colored cosmos. Mother said calmly, "I thought I'd cut them while you dressed, to save time. They make a lovely bouquet, don't they?"

Gamely Sally smiled an assent. No use letting mother know that she had knocked her daughter's world crashing about her feet. She went to the door. If there were enough of the flowers left she would make up that bouquet for the flower show tomorrow, regardless. If she won the fifty-dollar prize, college would still be possible. And college would be ample compensation for the loss of all her seed.

Sally looked out upon a scene of the utmost confusion. Would this series of catastrophes never end? For her garden, so quiet and peaceful only an hour ago, was now a disheveled, spiritless ruin. Buddy Carlton's half grown shepherd pup, Fritz, had gotten loose somehow, leaped the fence, and was now racing wildly back and forth through her flower beds. His great, clumsy paws broke off the hardy zinnias as if they had been paper. His tail, waving gaily with the delight of this grand new game, mowed down her cosmos like a scythe moving through tall grass.

While Sam and Buddy tried frantically to catch him, the dog plowed first through one bed and then the other, barking a merry challenge to them. Between barks he slashed at the flowers and emerged with a red zinnia in his mouth. He tossed this into the air, then rolled on it, waiting always until the boys were almost near enough to catch him before he dashed merrily away.

Sally's appearance created a diversion, and Fritz came running to meet her. He adored Sally, who frequently handed bones across the fence to him, and as an evidence of that adoration he dropped the red zinnia at her feet. The boys pounced upon him, and while Sam held his collar Buddy snapped a leash on it. Buddy was crestfallen. "Aw, Sally, I—I don't know what to say to you. I can't imagine how Fritz got loose. And I'm awfully sorry about your flowers. Is—is there anything I can do to make up for it?"

Sally looked at the petal-strewn scene of desolation before her and shook he head. There was nothing anyone could do about the flowers. They were ruined beyond all hope of redemption, even by Mother Nature. She smiled at Buddy. "Don't feel too badly about it. You couldn't help it that Fritz got loose, and of course he didn't realize that he was doing something he shouldn't do."

"Sure," seconded Sam, with evident relief, "Let's all forget about it."

It was easy for Sam to say, "Forget about it," thought Sally to herself as she went into the house again. His future wasn't dependent upon one fragile clump of flame-colored cosmos that had been broken and trampled upon. The rest of the flowers didn't matter. All her hopes were scattered as surely as the orange-colored petals lay scattered in the garden.

But no, not all her hopes. For on the kitchen table stood the basket of cosmos her mother had cut a short while before. What had seemed like tragedy to her then was now the one bright feature in a depressingly gloomy situation. If mother hadn't cut them when she did, there would have been no flowers at all for Deb or for the flower show. It was almost, Sally thought, as if the whole thing had been planned as a lesson to her not to be selfish. Well she wouldn't be selfish any longer. She picked up the basket and started for Deb's house.

At the Rowland's a light shone from the corner room that was Deb's, and a strange woman answered Sally's knock at the door. There was a peculiar hush over the whole house, and Sally found herself tiptoeing as she went up the stairs. Mrs. Rowland came out of Deb's room, and stopped long enough to put a motherly arm around Sally for a moment. Through an open doorway Sally could see Deb's father seated in an armchair, his face buried in his hands. How worried he must be, thought Sally, and her own troubles seemed to vanish into thin air.

Then she was in Deb's room, and there was her chum, looking pale and wan, but with a valiant light of courage in her eyes. She smiled gaily in answer to Sally's subdued greeting, and exclaimed, "What lovely flowers! Sally, you're a brick to bring me some of your new cosmos." She weakly held out a hand for the basket, and feasted her eyes on their warm color and delicate grace.

"I'll have mother put them in our black vase, and keep them right here on the table beside my bed. Then I can look at them and pretend that I'm sitting by an open fireplace staring into the flames, and seeing all sorts of beautiful and fantastic things."

Sally helped Mrs. Rowland to arrange the flowers, and presently Deb said, "Do you know, Sally, I can't help thinking that if friendship had a color it would be a warm, cheerful, beautiful color like your flowers." And later, "Remember how we always said we'd never let anything interfere with our going to college? Well, I'm not going to let this spoil my plans. If I can't go to college, the college will have to come to me. You'll be going, just as we've planned, and you can bring me my books and assignment, and take in my written work. And before either of us know it, I'll be on my feet again and trotting out to University Place with you. It's going to be fun, isn't it, Sally?"

Sally nodded, because she didn't trust her voice. She hoped Deb didn't notice the suspicious brightness of her eyes, from fighting back the tears of disappointment that were threatening to come. She couldn't tell Deb now that she wouldn't be going to college. Later on she would tell her, and Deb would have to make arrangements with someone else to bring her assignments to her.

She went home by the longest, most

round-about way she knew, the empty basket dangling forlornly on her arm. Hearing Deb plan so cheerfully made her own disappointment so much harder to bear. Of course there was still next year, but somehow, postponed events never seemed as desirable as they had originally. If she didn't get to college this year she was likely never to get there at all.

At first Sally thought she couldn't bear to go to the flower show next day. But her very real love of flowers drew her there like a magnet, despite her disappointment. She forgot herself and her troubles in the beauty and the variety of the displays that filled the Y's recreation hall.

Coming to the cosmos section she was startled into an exclamation of surprise. For there on the wall, directly above the exhibits, hung a water-color of her own flame-colored cosmos! The burning, orange petals stood out in vivid contrast to the black of the vase. All their delicate, beautiful grace had been captured by the painted, whoever he was. But it couldn't have been anybody except Deb. Sally crowded closer. Yes, there at the bottom was the signature, Deborah Rowland.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Four looms, coming from Cannon Mill Plant No. 8, China Grove, and two carding machines, from the Camp Wadsworth Cotton Mill, Spartanburg, S. C., were recently placed in our textile building.

Seven boys, who had, at various times received treatment at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, were taken to that institution last Tuesday for observation and treatment. The doctors reported that all were getting along fine and they returned to the School the same day.

Richard Midyette, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who now lives in Winston-Salem, visited the School last Monday. For about one year after leaving us Richard worked as messenger boy for the Western Union Company. He then entered high school, and reports that he will graduate at the mid-term commencement in December.

Mark Witty, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 2, who left the School about seven years ago, called on us last Sunday. Upon returning to his home in Greensboro, he attended high school two years. He then went to work in a hosiery mill, where he stayed for about a year. About four years ago he obtained employment with the Duke Power Company, working with the line repair crew. He was then transferred to the meter record office, where he is still employed. Mark stated that he is getting along fine with his work. He is now twenty-two years old and has been married eighteen months.

The boys' Hallowe'en party, held last Saturday afternoon, was pronounced by all the best ever. Booths, gaily decorated with corn-stalks, pumpkins, etc., were constructed near the bakery, and as the various cottage lines assembled at three o'clock,

the boys were served generous portions of that All-American favorite, known as "hot dogs," together with Coca-Cola and other soft drinks, popcorn, peanuts and candy.

In accordance with the spirit of the occasion the boys were permitted to array themselves in costumes, and several very original make-ups were in evidence.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks to the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, Concord; and the Concord Bottling Company for their kindness in providing the drinks for this occasion; to our friend, Charlie Ritz, proprietor of Ritz Variety Store, Concord, for the fine pop-corn, and to all others who in any way helped to make this enjoyable affair a success.

Dr. J. C. Rowan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the 19th and 24th Psalms, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "My Helpers in Christ Jesus."

At the beginning of his remarks, Dr. Rowan told the boys that it was always a pleasure to come out to the School, as he thoroughly enjoyed hearing them sing. He expressed his appreciation of the fact that, unlike most congregations, they did not weaken on the second and third verses, but carried on enthusiastically to the end of the hymn. He also stated that he lked to talk to them because they were such good listeners. The complete text of the sermon follows:

In the third verse of the sixteenth chapter of "The Epistle of Paul The Apostle To The Romans" we find the following striking and arresting phrase, which, after careful consideration, I have selected as our text for today, believing that a study of it will be not only helpful and encouraging, but also timely to each and every one here assembled: "My helpers in Christ Jesus."

If you wil take "The Holy Scriptures" as the rule of your faith—the great sieve with which you are going to separate that which you propose to believe from that which you purpose rejecting—helpfulness is one of the outstanding potencies of both heaven and earth. I don't believe any intelligent person, for example, would ever think of classifying helpfulness as one of the impotencies—either in this world or in the world to come. I don't know what pictures present themselves to your view when you hear the word "helpfulness," but I always see the old-fashioned rural neighbor who in cases of great need—and they were by no manner of means infrequent—helped cultivate and harvest his friend's crop, nurse his sick, and bury his dead. I am not contending that God's people are not helpful today. Perhaps they are more helpful today than ever before; but we must admit, it seems to me, that there was a personal touch in the days of yore which we of this day and generation have lost. We have conveniences and time-savers of which those good people never dreamed; but all these conveniences and inventions have left us, we think, with less time than they had for the finest things of life. What is the trouble? Don't you think we wrongly evaluate? Don't you believe we are misplacing the emphasis? Far be it from me to

advocate receding to fifty years ago —going back to "horse and buggy" days and the period of oil lamps and tallow candles—but those good people in more ways than one climbed higher than we are climbing today—with all of our advantages and with all of our conveniences.

Perhaps we shall come nearer getting the idea of helpfulness that we ought to possess by contrasting it with something else. There is a remarkable power of revelation and instruction in contrast. Murder, for example, is never so gruesome and revolting in the underworld as it is in the office where men are primarily engaged in lawful and constructive pursuits. There—in the office—you behold it under the powerful light of a great contrast. Suppose, then, we contrast helpfulness with forgetfulness. Forgetfulness is one of the coldest words in our language. Some one has said, "It is the last expression of a separated life." If there is one sin which a child can sin against his parents that will bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, that sin is to forget them. Forgetfulness is indifference in full bloom. Forgetfulness is not only the full blown flower of indifference, rank and of foul odor, but it is also matured fruit, poisonous and destructive and deadly.

Now if forgetfulness is one of the coldest words in our language, helpfulness is surely one of the most genial. Helpfulness is the savory and spiritually nutricious fruit of love, which Henry Drummond called, "The greatest thing in the world." You cannot separate love and helpfulness even as you cannot separate faith and works; for as faith without works is dead, or non-existent, even so love without helpfulness is also dead, or non-existent. This is true, my hearers, not only in earth, but also in heaven.

That it is true even in heaven is proved by that beautiful and spacious passage which Martin Luther called, "The Bible In Miniature." Listen as I quote that passage: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In other words, God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son to help the world, if the world will only take His help—and help it in a way beyond the power of man to help. The Gospel, we must ever bear in mind, is "Good News," because it offers that aid which man cannot give. When man is at his row's end, the Gospel comes in. I am not saying that it does not come in prior to this time; but I am affirming that it too does not fail at this crucial point.

That love without helpfulness is also dead, or non-existent in earth is proved by those classic passages which we call "The Golden Rule" and "The Great Commission." Let us look first at "The Golden Rule," and then at "The Great Commission," speaking today only a word or two about each.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." "The Golden Rule," then, which is a summary of the teaching of both the law and the prophets, enjoins upon mankind in this world the plain and simple but inspiring duty and privilege of helpfulness. If you would know both the beauty and worth of "The Golden

Rule," just imagine awakening in the morning, and finding yourself and every one else in total ignorance of all that it means and all that it teaches. What would you do? Where would you turn? You wold stagger in a darkness that the ancient Egyptains never knew. Yet many are foolish enough to think and even affirm at times that all religion has been a dead weight and not a lever.

As we read and study "The Great Commission," the last command of Jesus Christ to His disciples just before His ascension, which reads: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," we find there embodied the same duty and privilege of helpfulness over-lapping all barriers and all boundary lines even unto the ends of the earth.

"My helpers in Christ Jesus." The connection is this: "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus." You and I, I suppose, would write something like this: "Remember me to Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus."

St. Paul never forgot his helpers. No ingratitude seems ever to have tinged his great soul. Moreover, he never failed to expressed his gratitude. We oftentimes fail to show ours—and nothing perhaps is more chilling and discouraging and preventive of continued helpfulness—but St. Paul never failed to show his.

Now just what Priscilla and Aquila did for St. Paul, I do not know. They were his helpers in Christ Jesus. That is all that the record states. Perhaps they just sat at his feet as Paul himself had at the feet of Gamaliel, and as Mary had at the feet of the Master. St. Paul looked upon being permitted to impart the gospel to another as one of the greatest services which that soul could render to him. Surely he would refer to all such as—"My helpers in Christ Jesus."

LET'S DO OUR PART

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it—
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending October 31, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) Marvin Bridgeman 9
(5) Leon Hollifield 5
(22) Edward Johnson 22
(14) Edward Lucas 16
(8) Mack Setzer 17
(8) James Wilhite 17

COTTAGE No. 1

Carroll Dodd 8
William Haire 15
(4) Arthur Martin 18
Jack McRary 7
(5) Fonnie Oliver 8
(3) Albert Silas 11
(3) Preston Yarborough 7
(3) R. L. Young 15

COTTAGE No. 2

Samuel Ennis 6
George Goodman 6
(2) Clifton Mabry 10
Fred Seibert 5

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes 5
(3) Neely Dixon 20
(7) Henry Floyd 7
John Hampton 6
(2) William McRary 10
(4) William New 11
(2) Frank Pickett 18
Kenneth Raby 10
(6) Allen Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 10
Odell Bray 14
James Hancock 15
Henry Harris 8
Thomas Maness 12
Charles Mizzell 8
Hubert McCoy 10
Lloyd Pettus 14
Frank Raby 12
William Surratt 6
Melvin Walters 16
Odell Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Grady Allen 6
(2) William Brothers 8
(4) Ernest Beach 7
J. C. Branton 3
James Page 5
(2) George Ramsey 3
(3) James Seawell 9
(4) Ralph Webb 10

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 8

Felix Adams 2
(2) Lloyd Banks 3
Charles Davis 8
(3) Harvey Ledford 3
Rayvon Michael 5
Warner Peach 4
John Penninger 6
(3) Charles Taylor 18
Edward Whitaker 2

COTTAGE No. 9

(7) Wilson Bowman 10
(3) J. T. Branch 14
Thomas Braddock 16
William Brackett 6
Edgar Burnette 13
(3) Hubert Carter 11
(4) James Coleman 14
George Duncan 9
Woodfin Fowler 17
C. D. Grooms 13
Robert Gaines 5
James C. Hoyle 5
(4) Earl Stamey 13
Hubert Short 7
(3) Thomas Sands 11
Cleveland Suggs 11

(4) Homer Smith 20
(3) Thomas Wilson 10
Samuel J. Watkins 7

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Clyde Adams 11
(3) Floyd Combs 7
(3) Jack Haney 3
(4) Milford Hodgin 4
James Nicholson 5
William Peedin 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Bryant 10
(13) Howard Clark 20
Earl Duncan 7
Lawrence Guffey 13
(7) William Kirk 18
(3) Paul Mullis 12
William Martin 17
(3) Donald Newman 9
(12) Filmore Oliver 18
(3) Theodore Rector 11
John Uptegrove 9
(2) Fred Williamson 19
(4) Berchell Young 10

COTTTAGE No. 12

(2) Burl Allen 3
(2) Alphus Bowman 8
(3) Charles Batten 10
(4) Joseph Cox 12
Ben Cooper 9
(2) James Elders 12
(3) Charlton Henry 13
Hubert Holloway 13
(2) Asbury Marsh 8
(4) Jerome Medlin 18
(2) Ewin Odom 11
(5) James Reavis 11
Charles Williams 11
(3) Ross Young 12

COTTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Doyle Holder 12
(2) William Warf 11
(2) Harvey Walters 7
(2) Desmond Truitt 7
(2) Thomas Trantham 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Julian Andrews 14
(3) Warren Bright 12
(2) John Brown 14
(3) Hobart Gross 14
L. M. Hardison 7
William Hawkins 7
Caleb Jolly 16
(3) Raymond Mabe 12
(3) Connie Michael 13
(3) Wilson Rich 14
Harold Walsh 8

LATE AUTUMN

There is no radiant beauty left in Autumn.
Her robes of red and orange, flung to earth
By countless hurried feet, have now been trodden
By fierce winds blown—by beating rains made sodden.

There is no shining glory left in Autumn.
The almost leafless trees sway mournfully.
Only a few late flowers still bravely linger,
Touched by the Frost King's long and icy finger.

Yet Autumn, without beauty, without glory,
Knowing her reign is very nearly done,
Possesses now, and will, to her last hour,
A somber, splendid dignity and power.

—Winnifred J. Mott.

NOV 25 1937 CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 13, 1937 No. 46

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OUR EXAMPLE

Once there was a statue of a lovely girl standing in the Greek market place. A little slave girl liked it so much that she came every day to look at it. One day she decided that she could wear her robe just like the girl of the statue. The next day she decided to keep her face clean and lovely like the girl's face. One day, as she stood gazing at the statue, people gathered around in wonder because she looked so much like the statue.

Jesus is our perfect Example. Let us go every day to look at Him and copy Him, and some day we will be like Him.—Junior Life.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deed springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are your young.

When the wires are all down and the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.—Selected.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

From Armistice Day, November 11, the drive for members for American Red Cross begins, and continues through to Thanksgiving so as to reach and give the general public the privilege of contributing to this national institution of mercy and love.

This annual Red Cross Roll Call is accepted regardless of class,

race or creed, as a duty and privilege. The success of the campaign depends entirely upon the spirit of co-operation if the goal set by the National officials is reached.

There are few today who have not been educated up to the needs of the organization,—through the far reaching power of its agencies in the time of floods of major and minor proportions, epidemics of serious nature including the work accomplished by public health nursing.

One of the newest activities as an outgrowth of the organization's work is the "Highway First Aid" which brings the emergency service to important routes of automobile travel. Statistics already show that 1,700 highway emergency first-aid stations have been established. Impossible to enumerate the many humanitarian activities of the American Red Cross organization, organized by Clara Barton in 1881, that encircles the nation; but suffice it to know this is the season of the year that people in all walks of life are asked to help by renewing their membership, or join so as not to curtail the relief work either at home or elsewhere.

The local workers in this membership campaign exceeded the goal set for Cabarrus county last year, and we bespeak for them a greater success this year, because each year people better understand the need of this Philanthropic Society. It is a known fact that this organization does not draw the line of demarcation, but the masses regardless of class, the beneficiaries in times of emergency, are urged to become members of the American Red Cross.

* * * * * * *

NOT ALLOWED TO GO TO WORLDLY SCHOOLS

When we read of a people who have not departed from their former customs of living, dating back as far as 1712, it is news worth recording. It shows stamina of character, christian faith that has become a part of self, and proof that the modernistic fancies fail to fascinate the Amish and Mennonite people. As a rule we are followers, with little initiative, wanting to run with the masses. These are unusual people living near Harrisburg, Pa. Read:

Pennsylvania's "plain people," who haven't changed a religious custom since they settled here in 1712, today won a year-long right

to keep their children "away from the worldly temptations" of a modern $112,000 PWA school building.

A half-dozen Amish and Mennonite tobacco growers called on Governor George Earle in an appeal to return their children to the 10 little red schoolhouses that were replaced this fall. He complied.

"This is a matter of religion," said Earle as he ordered the schools reopened at the State's expense.

"These people," said John Landberg, attorney for the farmers, "believe there are too many worldly temptations in this new school. They were satisfied with the old ones.

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LIFE OF THE ADOLESCENT WARD

It is gratifying news, especially so after so much publicity about juvenile misdeeds,—leaving the impression that the crime of young boys is on the increase,—to learn from the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor that it is on the decrease. Statistics eminating from such a source are accepted as authentic and give a fresh impetus to the home, the church, the schools, institutions and other agencies, to renew interests and combine efforts for the welfare of youth.

We should not be oblivious to the fact that the environment of childhood today is different from what it was years ago. The amusements, opportunities and contacts are greater, therefore, the temptations are more varied, glamorous and alluring. But keep in mind, the home holds the check rein and is expected to chart the course of the child.

The home has the first chance to give training in the fundamentals of a strong character,—obedience, respect for law, order and the rights of others. These elements combined with an understanding heart give assurance that such characters will be leaders for good and not followers for the bad. To refuse to do a bad thing is the equivalent to doing a good one.

The American home is the corner stone of the nation and when it crumbles we can not expect anything but disorder and confusion. We are in the midst of problems that can only be solved by the wisdom and vision of all Christian agencies.

Dr. Ernest R. Groves, research professor of the University of

North Carolina, in an address under auspices of the Institute of Criminal Science, reminded his audience that the part of the parent is the greatest part of all social parts, 'and that, if normalcy flows out of the father and mother, it reflects itself in the child; if not then we have a potential criminal or neurotic."

Realizing all of these facts, this institution has for its goal the best for the boy. Each cottage is sponsored as a home with ideal leadership, christian officers, giving to the boy the best environment, hoping to overcome mistakes of either a misguided or neglected life.

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COUNTY HOMES PERHAPS ABOLISHED

Many years ago there was some talk of abolishing County Homes for the indigent on the basis that it would be better to board the poor out with some relative and convert the County Homes into hospitals, making available hospitalization for the needy. Our memory is hazy as to the then proposed project so do not recall the finale.

However, a similar discussion has started, and Mrs. W. T. Bost, state commissioner of public welfare, predicts the passing of county homes as institutions for caring for the poor and helpless.

The basis for this conjecture is money received from social security which provides aid for persons over 65 years. Alert to the changes and needs of the times, Mrs. Bost is making a thorough investigation as to how other states are bringing to an end the county homes.

Since those who receive the social security aid are now helped by the welfare offices of respective counties, it is natural to conjecture the work or duties of the welfare divisions of counties will have to be somewhat reorganized. It may cause many headaches, but we believe with Mrs. W. T. Bost at the helm of state work, all rough places will be smoothed out effectively with splendid results.

Knowing that the majority of the inmates of the county homes are too feeble to care for themselves, hospitalization would be the wise move provided the social security checks would justify hospital care.

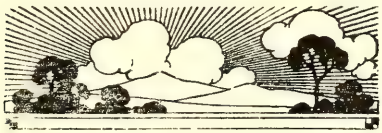
MRS. ALEX R. HOWARD

In the passing of Mrs. Alex R. Howard, a woman of rare personality and charm, marks the world end of a life nobly lived. In the span of thirty-six years spent in Concord in the midst of friends who regarded her most highly, the entire community has been blessed because of the fact.

Throughout her entire career there was none of the bombastic, but instead a silent and effective undercurrent was suggestive of high ideals, good cheer, and charity that gave her a unique position in church, social and the civic interests of Concord.

She was esteemed by the high and the low, she was the friend of the masses as well as the masters; she stooped to the notice of the forgotten with the same grace she entered the home of splendor, exemplifying the characteristics of true aristocracy. Her quiet positive nature carried with it the inspiration of confidence, and her death severs many cherished associations of friendship and love, and all Concord bows in reverential sorrow to the passing of this noble woman, known to her legion of friends as "Pearl" Thompson Howard.

Her children and children's children have reason to rise up and call her memory blessed. We take this means of expressing our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family,—husband and children.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

A SERMON

"Six days a week the devil works—
Works overtime on Sunday,
And then he's ready once again
To go to work on Monday.
So if all evil you would shun
And keep your conscience level,
You must begin at early dawn
And work just like the devil."

The leaves are falling, and fall is preparing to leave.

A little daily talk with the Lord will do your soul good, and make your life happier.

Most of those who invest in the Irish Sweepstakes get the sweep alright, that pulls in their stakes.

Work is doing what we feel we have to do. Happiness is doing the same thing because we enjoy it.

A loan on corn is urged by the Secretary of Agriculture. A lot of people known as the Anti-Saloon League favor letting corn alone.

With beef going up, it looks as if that old nursery jingle about the cow jumping over the moon is coming true. Guess I will have to eat turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

Many people hold to the opinion that they are playing the Stock Market. The truth is, the Stock Market is playing them, and they don't realize it until they are "busted."

In Kewana, Ill., the other night, the jailor sent all his prisoners home, because the jail's heating plant wouldn't heat. I always thought a jail was considered a cooling off place.

It does not make a particle of difference to the outside world what you think of yourself. What others think of you is what counts in the long long.

Science is wonderful. It is stated that they are now making wool of milk; glass from potatoes; and glass windshields from coal. But I'll never believe science has reached the acme of it's endeavors until it spins cloth from spinach.

It is a well established axiom that many people get into trouble by concerning themselves in other people's business, where it does not concern them. It is the same way with nations. The safe plan is to attend to your own business and let other people's alone. That's a big chunk of wisdom.

The next Congress will do this country a great service if it will revise security regulatory laws in the light of actualities, to the end that dishonest manipulators are controlled and at the same time the spirit of the honest investor and security dealer is not broken or hog-tied by unnatural restraints.

A noted physician says, "The way to save civilization is to make men over." A lot

of wives are doing that very thing. But they are making very slow progress in the matter, if they have a radio in the house. It is just almost impossible for a husband to listen to his wife and a radio at the same time. He'll ignore one and listen to the other—mostly the other.

Faith, hope, and love, as against fear, pessimism and hatred. What, after all, are the forces that make for order and health in the individual and society? What kind of victories have the promise of permanence in the home, in industry, among the nations? Those of force, or those in love seek justice and show mercy? Just as a practical matter? Or, if you please, just as a matter of what pays best in the long run? Where, in the final test, lies power? Ask Kagawa; ask St. Paul; ask our Lord. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," Christ said, "nothing shall be impossible unto you." Just a little faith; just a little hope; just a little love. What magic there is in them! To open doors to the truth which the unselfish heart can see much more quickly than the acute mind; to swing open wide the gates that shall release our spirits from the bondage to little things, and assure us of the timeless worth of every endeavor, and final victory of love and righteousness over every dark and evil thing.

MAN'S CASTLE

Home is a magic word. It should mean more to us than the finest castle ever meant to a king.

It should be a calm haven where one may seek rest from the storms of life. It should be a place of quiet, peace and repose; a place of slippers and pipe and books to read—with the wind rattling the windows and logs blazing in the open fireplace.

It should be a cathedral and the spirit of God should dwell therein. It should be a place where love is enthroned. In it children should find spiration to live simply and to thin highly.

It should be a place of joy. A place where one can let go and be one's self. Where one may laugh out loud, for laughter is sunshine in the house.

It should be a thinking place—a place where one may quietly clarify his ideals, renew his hopes, recharge his mental battery, and sally forth once again, to conquer the world.

The depression did at least one good thing—it caused many of us to rediscover the values of home.—Wilfred Peterson.

LIFE AND WORKS OF REV. SAMUEL SUTHER LAUDED BY ROWE

(The Concord Tribune)

In his address at New Gilead Evangelical and Reformed church on October 21st, Rev. Walter W. Rowe, D. D., lauded the life and works of Rev. Samuel Suther, pioneer minister, and gave much valuable data concerning the early German Reformed settlements in North Carolina.

Dr. Rowe spoke at the unveiling of the commemorative marker erected at the church by the North Carolina Colonial Dames, under the auspices of the Cabarrus committee.

Dr. Rowe is pastor of Zion Reformed church at Lenoir, and his address in full follows:

Rev. G. William Welker, D. D. from 1842 to 1893 was pastor of several rural churches of the Reformed church in Guilford county. For 45 years he was stated clerk of the Classis in this state. During that time he wrote a number of articles for the Colonial Records of North Carolina. The title of one of these articles is "The Early German Reformed Settlements of North Carolina." As an intruduction to what I shall say today let me quote from this article:

"It has been the misfortune of the Germans who at an early date settled in North Carolina, not to have an historian at a time when it was yet possible to collect the facts relating to their immigration into this colony. Records there are few, and only such as may be found in patents and deeds for land, in the Department of State at Raleigh, and the several oldest county records where they located their homes. It seems as if they never supposed that it would be of any interest to any of their posterity, or the general public of the state, to know who they were, whence they came or what part they had in laying the foundation for the future character and greatness of the state. Even the records of their several churches are so scant and imperfect, or by neglect have been lost, to a degree that they afford but little material at the time from which to collect any satisfactory account of their origin, or the names of those who were astir in this work. Most that now can be ascertained is gleaned from the lingering tradition that still hovers about the old houses of worship and over the graves of the venerable dead who in the wilderness reared these monuments to God and their faith. To the work of collecting facts and dates years have been given with only limited successs. All diligence has been given as to the correctness of the statements, and traditions have been compared to get the truth, yet it is possible some errors may be found in this record of a people whose character and work should be rescued from oblivion."

The German immigration to America grew out of the fearful results of the thirty years war that had desolated their native land and made existence there intolerable. After this came the French invasion of the Rhine territory. By this the grand home of the Palatines, who were Protestants, was made a homeless waste.

For these sufferers the new world opened an asylum. William Penn gave the heartiest and freest invitation to his colony. Queen Anne, of England, offered a refuge and means of succor. Thousands left their native land by way of England to reach a home in the wilderness. Most of these were aided to reach the colony of Pennsylvania, which, for a time, seemed to become largely Germanized. Among them were also Hugenots (French Protestants), who, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, had fled to Germany and now come with their co-religionists to America.

This influx of Germans, Swiss and French into Pennsylvania began about 1707. Many had come over previous to this, and as early as 1682. During the period from 1725 to 1775 the archives of the colony of Pennsylvania record the names of more than 30,000 males over the age of sixteen who landed at the port of Philadelphia. It is from this colony that the German immigrants to North Carolina, to a great extent, came. The territory in which the Germans settled in North Carolina was largely that which is now embraced in the counties of Alamance, Guilford, Randolph, Forsyth, Davidson, Stokes, Rowan, Cabarrus, Stanly, Lincoln, Gaston, Catawba and Burke.

Among these early German settlements in North Carolina we find the name of Rev. Samuel Suther, who was born in Switzerland the 18th of May, 1722. On the 28th of March, 1738, his father, with a large family twelve or thirteen in number, left the land of his birth, to seek a home in the forests of America. An all-wise and mysterious Providence, however, frustrated all their plans, and prostrated all their hopes. All except Samuel perished on the way. The father and two of the daughters found their graves on the shores of England, where the ship was detained several months, in order that damages, sustained in encountering a severe gale, might be repaired. This was a sad stroke for the family; but there was mercy in it, for they were taken away from the evil to come. The suffering which the surviving members of the family sustained, are said to have been such as scarcely have a parallel in the annals of human sorrow.

The ship having been repaired, again set sail for a port in Virginia and having been tossed about upon the mountain waves, by thirteen fearful successive storms, during a space of more than four months, they at last cast anchor, in sight of the destined shore, on the 5th of January, 1739. Hope now once more cheered the hearts of the survivors of the ship's company—we say survivors, for many of them had already perished, their entire stock of water and provisions having been exhausted six days previous.

The boats were now dispatched to the shore, for suplies; but before relief could be obtained for the starving company, most of them a watery grave. Another storm was upon them —the winds raged, the waves beat high, the cables broke away, and the ship became a wreck, launching about two hundred and twenty souls into eternity.

On the 10th of January, 1739, Samuel Suther, the only one of his father's family that survived, was brought to shore, almost lifeless from hunger and cold; but, by the kind attenion of an Englishman, and the

blessing of God, he was in due time restored.

From this time on, to the year 1768, Mr. Suther seems to have been engaged in the provinces of Virginia, Carolina, Georgia, Pensylvania, and Maryland, mostly in the capacity of a school teacher. In 1748, he taught the German Reformed school in Philadelphia.

It cannot be discovered, from his mutilated and almost obliterated diary, that he preached any before June, in the year 1768, when he began to preach in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina. When and by whom he was ordained, does not appear upon the remains of his diary; but it was said by his grandchildren, that they had in possession the certificate of his ordination, and that he was ordained in Philadelphia.

Coldwater Reformed church dated from the years that immediately followed the exodus of the German Protestants from Pennsylvania to the Carolinas. The church now known as New Gilead in which we have assembled today on this historic occasion is the successor of the old Coldwater church, which had its name from a well known stream in this region on whose banks the early German settlers of Cabarrus (then Meckleburg) made their homes. This Coldwater church was the oldest Reformed church in this part of the state. No records of organization can be discovered, but most probably it may have been done by Rev. Samuel Suther, who already in 1768 was its pastor. It is to this church and its members that Governor Tryon refers in his journal, kept during his military raid on the Regulators, under date of August 21st (Sunday); "Heard Mr. Suther, a Dutch minister, preach, who recommended with warmth a due obedience to the laws of the country and a union of heart to support the peace and tranquility of the province." Rev. Samuel Suther was ordered by Governor Tryon to accompany the Rowan and Mecklenburg battalions on this expedition as their chaplain which he did. While they were in camp at Hillsboro he preached as the following order shows: "It is ordered that Mr. Suther preach tomorrow (September 26, 1768) to the Rowan and Mecklenburg battalions. Service to begin at 11 o'clock."

Owing to causes unkonwn, but possibly the removal of Suther to South Carolina, New Gilead congregation was for a time almost extinct, until it was revived under the ministry (1851) of Rev. J. Ingold.

On the 25th of October, 1771, Rev. Samuel Suther removed, with his family from Mecklenburg to Guilford, or perhaps Orange county, North Carolina, where he resided, and labored in the ministry, until the 7th of January, 1782.

While in this section of the state, Guilford county it is reported that Suther preached in a small log house for the Reformed and Lutherans, where the Lutheran church now stands, about a mile south of the present location of Brick Reformed church, until the Revolution, when a quarrel ensued. A detachment of British on the way to Guilford court house encamped on Suther's farm in old Salisbury road, two miles east of the church. They devastated it, destroying his grain and cattle, while he was forced to flee for his life. They ravaged the farm, abusing the people because their fathers were patriots.

In 1784, Mr. Suther went to Pennsylvania and New York in company with George Gurtner, Esq.—who was well known in Guilford and Orange counties as one of the original founders and supporters of their churches —in order to collect money with which to build the first German Reformed church in those counties. How they succeeded is not known; but the church was afterwards built, and has since given place to the well known Brick church in Guilford county. From Guilford he again removed to Mecklenburg, where he remained till 1786, when he removed to Orangeburg district, in South Carolina. There he lived till his death, which occurred on the 28th of September 1788.

As a minister in the Reformed church I desire again to express my appreciation to the North Carolina Society Colonial Dames of America in their erection of this tablet to the memory of Rev. Samuel Suther, who was not only a great patriot but a great father and founder of the Reformed church in North Carolina. This occasion today impressed upon me the fact that there is something to be said for the fathers. Whatever we enjoy today is made possible by the devotion of those who preceded us. "One sows—another reaps." It becomes us to acknowledge our debt to those who have gone before and record our appreciation of their labors. The fathers are not dead. The men who are marking out the policies and controlling the destinies of the nation are such as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Monroe, Lincoln, Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge, Cleveland and others. The same is true of music. It is Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn. In art we look to Raphael, Leonardo, Rubens, Michael Angelo. In philosophy our inspiration comes from Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Aristotle, and others. In literature we go to Tennyson, Shakespere, Browning, etc. In the church we go back to men like Suther and others in other denominations who laid the foundation for our American church life. The world may forget the names of its past worthies, but their influence survives.

In a little while we shall be the fathers. Those of us who are here today need to ask ourselves the question, "What will be our influence?" Will coming generations honor us as we honor Rev Samuel Suther today? When we today think of the hardships and privations of life that men like Father Suther had to undergo not only for their church but also for their country it should fill us with courage and be the means of our going forth and doing greater things for our churches and our country. Ours should be the spirit of Columbus:

Behind him lay the gray Azores
Behind the gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! And on'!"

They sailed; they sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
"What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

DANIEL BOONE'S BIRTHPLACE

(Asheville Citizen-Times)

North Carolinians will be interested in learning that the state of Pennsylvania has recently made an appropriation for the purchase and restoration as a national shrine of the two-hundred-year-old farmhouse in which Daniel Boone was born. The red stone structure of historic interest lies about three miles off the main highway from Reading to Philadelphia, a short distance from the town of Reading and an hour's drive by motor from Valley Forge State Park.

Daniel Boone's grandfahter was a pioneer settler in the region, having located on a 250-acre tract in a settlement of Quakers in 1718. The farm was later increased to four hundred acres and the present house built by Squire Boone, Daniel's father and a man of advanced learning for his day and place. There the great pioneer and scout was born on November 2, 1734. But by the summer of 1750 the Boones decided that the landscape in Pennsylvania was getting too crowded and effete, so they packed their goods and chattels and moved to North Carolina.

From here at the age of thirty-three Daniel Boone set forth as leader of an exploring party into the little known territory beyond the Alleghanies—Western Virginia or Kentucky as that region was called. From then on till his death in Missouri as a broken and disappointed old man of 87, Daniel Boone's life became not only history but a tale of absorbing interest which still thrills each generation of American schoolboys as it comes along.

There will be many staid business men dreaming of a dime novel reading youth who will turn their cars aside from the Reading-Philadelphia highway to pause a minute at the birthplace of a boyhood hero.

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done by some obliging friend,
And want a promise safe and sound on which you may depend;
Don't go to him who always has much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done, just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has a moment he can spare;
He's busy putting off until his friends are in despair;
But he whose every working hour is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—he cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done, and want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly works sixteen hours a day;
He'll find a moment sure, somewhere that has no other use,
And fix you up while the idle man is framing an excuse.

—The Boys' Journal.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN APPLES

By Walter Ed Taylor, in Lutheran Young Folks

When, in the fourteenth century, the Crusaders journeyed eastward from the Christian countries of Europe, bent on the capture of the Holy Land from the Saracens, they found the people of the Near East using a great many desirable products which were at that time unknown in Europe. Not only did the Asiatics have silks and spices new to Europeans, but they also grew several strange and exotic fruits which the Christian soldiers found delicious. One of these was a large golden-colored fruit which grew on an evergreen tree and which had been known in Asia for thousands of years. In Asia Minor the crusading Christians saw immense groves of these trees laden with their golden crop, and they called the fruit the Golden Apple. Today we call this fruit the orange, a word which comes from the French, the first two letters of the word being the French word for gold.

The Crusaders liked the Golden Apples of Asia Minor so well that upon their return to Europe they carried the seed of the fruit with them. It was found that the orange trees prospered in the sunny countries of southern Europe, and within one hundred years oranges were a common fruit in all the nations on the northern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Europe had made the Golden Apple its own. Kings and nobles of the more northerly regions where the orange would not grow out-of-doors established indoor orangeries so that they might have the golden fruit on their banquet tables. Henry the Eighth of England dispatched the fastest ship in his navy on regular voyages to the Mediterranean to bring oranges for the royal table. To this day the ancient orangery of the French kings may be seen at Versailles, near Paris. There the orange trees beneath their glass shelter are still well cared for, and some of the trees are said to be more than five hundred years old.

Italy and Spain became the chief orange producing countries of Europe, and when the Spaniards established their vast empire in the New World they discovered that the orange grew even better in the islands of the West Indies than it did in Spain. In time orange trees were planted on the mainland of the two Americas. The first orange trees planted in what is now the United States were set out in Florida by Spanish planters in about 1600. The Spaniards also carried the orange into California, which is now its greatest stronghold in North America.

Every state has its legends, and extant in northern California is a legend which credits a Russian soldier with having brought the orange to California. According to this tale the soldier, for one reason or another, was sojourning in San Francisco several hundred years ago when his relatives in the Russian Crimea sent him a basket of oranges. The gallant soldier presented the oranges to a Spanish grandee's daughter with whom he was in love. The senorita planted the seed, and thus the orange came to California, says the story. Perhaps there was a Russian soldier who gave a basket of oranges to a Spanish senorita, and perhaps the

senorita did plant the seed of the oranges, but most Californians declare the pretty tale to be mere romantic fable. And even if the story of the Russian soldier is true, the oranges planted by the Spanish girl were not the first oranges planted in California.

To the Franciscan missionary priests who established the first missions in California belongs the honor for bringing the first orange trees to that state. The Franciscans first planted orange trees in their quiet mission gardens in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The missionaries did not attempt to develop orange growing on a commercial scale for many years, being at first content with just a few trees to supply their own tables. In time many California ranches also had trees to supply fruit for their own use, but it was not until 1804 that the first large grove of orange trees were planted. That first grove of four hundred seedling trees were planted on the lands of San Gabriel Mission, near Los Angeles. The old mission still stands, but the land where the first grove stood is now a residential district, within the city limits of Los Angeles.

At about the same time that the Franciscans planted their grove at San Gabriel Mission, planters were putting out orange groves in many other places along the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. Orange trees will grow in Texas, Louisiana and other gulf states, but because the trees are so often frost-killed in those states the large commercial development of orange crops has been left to California now supplying more than three-fourths of all the oranges used in the United States each year. Oranges are also being grown successfully in Arizona.

To one William Wolfskill goes the honor of having started the first commercial orange grove of any importance in California. Wolfskill set out his big grove near Los Angeles in 1841, and was so successful that others soon followed his lead, and by 1870 there were orange orchards from the Mexican border to Butte county, north of San Francisco. Thus was one of California's greatest industries launched.

The first oranges grown in California could not compare with the superb fruit which comes from that state today, for they had thick skins and contained many seeds. The seedless California orange we know today was only introduced to the United States in 1872. A United States consul at Bahia, Brazil, who was also an amateur botanist, discovered that his Brazilian neighbors were growing an orange which contained no seeds. The rare fruit had resulted from the crossing of a Brazilian orange with one imported from Portugal, and the American knew that he had made an important discovery. He sent several small plants of this seedless variety of orange to the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. Department officials dubbed the new plant the Washington navel orange, and sent part of the shipment to California and part to Florida. Those sent to Florida did not survive and the Washington navel orange has never been successfully grown in that state. Of the plants shipped to California, two lived, and one of them may still be seen growing in a park at Riverside, California. From these

two parent plants have descended most of the orange trees of the Washington navel variety now growing in California. In addition to its seedless quality the Washington navel orange is an added advantage to growers because the fruit will hang on the trees for a long period after reaching maturity.

Today the great orange growing industry of California is based largely upon the growing of two varieties of oranges—the Washington navel and the Valencia orange. The Washington navel, which is easily distinguished by the tiny orange found in its flossom end, meets the winter and spring market demand, while the Valencia meets summer and autumn requirements.

Orange growing as practiced in California is a highly specialized business, and the groves are cared for scientifically. Great care is taken to protect the trees from injurious insects. The baggage of travelers entering California, is searched at the state border so that no traveler will bring fruit into the state and thereby unwittingly bring in the insidious Mediterranean fruit fly, which has created such havoc in the orange groves in Florida for many years. But there is one insect that is welcome to California's valleys and that is the lady bug, which is a help to the orange growers because it eats the insects which cause scales on the fruit.

Thousands of workers are employed at spraying, pruning, and planting in California's orange groves, and during the winter there is the additional work of caring for the smudge pots. California nights are often frosty, and on cold nights the smudge pots containing crude oil are lighted in the groves. The smoke drifting up from these smudge pots warms the air around the trees and prevents their being frozen. Many large growers have electric alarm systems which ring in the groves when the temperature drops low. This is the signal for the lighting of the smudge pots, and the alarm bells rang often during the past winter, which was one of the severest in California's history and during which more than twenty per cent of the orange crop was ruined by frost.

Cherry blossom time in Japan can present no lovelier sight than does orange blossom time in California, and that is literally all the time, for orange trees are blossoming somewhere in the state at nearly every season of the year. The white, waxlike flowers give off a wonderful aroma which is wafted for miles over the countryside and which attracts thousands of birds and bees to the groves. Honey made by bees in California orange growing districts is noted for its delicious and distinctive flavor.

It is not an uncommon sight to see orange trees bearing blossoms and fruit on their branches at the same time, and the combination of white flowers and golden fruit against the dark, shiny leaves of the trees is indeed a lovely one. A wintertime view of a California valley planted with thousands of orange trees and surrounded by snow-capped peaks is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

REFUGEES CHEERED BY RED CROSS JUNIORS

(Selected)

Disaster is no respecter of persons. Thousands of children as well as adults lost their homes and possessions last winter, when the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers overflowed their banks in the nation's greatest flood, forcing hundreds of thousands of families to seek temporary shelter in the Red Cross refugee centers that were hastily established to provide good care for them.

With so many youngsters living in refugee centers, established in schools, churches, and tent cities—a plan of recreation for children became a major problem.

Junior Red Cross members immediately realized this need of the children in the flood area, and as the news spread groups everywhere gathered toys, books, clothing, and dolls for the little refugees. Not content with this effort, the Juniors in hundreds of cities and towns raised funds by giving puppet shows, holding tag days and candy sales for the benefit of the child disaster sufferers. So generous were their efforts and the public response to them, that sufficient money was raised to provide needed recreational and sports equipment in the refugee centers.

Adults who knew how to play with children were sent to the flooded cities and towns to help. Recreation tents were set up in the big refugee camps, and gymnasiums and schoolrooms in other types of refugee centers were turned over to the youngsters.

The play leaders brought patterns and materials from which little girl refugees could make clothes to dress their new dolls. Woodworking tools were provided for the boys, nets were set up for volley-ball and baskets for basketball. Kites were made and contests arranged to see who could keep his craft in the air the longest and who could make it fly highest. As the ground dried out marble games and baseball started.

Many of the junior recreational leaders knew all about birds, flowers, and trees, and these leaders took the children on nature walks. All sorts of interesting things were collected on these walks and brought back for the little museum cabinets—usually made from soapboxes or orange crates—which had been set up in the recreational centers.

Smaller children were organized into rhythm bands and were taught pretty dances and interesting games to music. Others liked to sing. All sorts of things were made by the youngsters in their handcraft classes from materials about the camp. Oilcloth animals were cut out, stitched with gay colored yarn, and stuffed. These made fine toys for the very little tots. In many of the tent camps older girls made attractive mats and curtains from burlap bags, washed clean and cross-stitched in figured designs. At one center, shopping bags were made from the coarse net sacks in which onions come. The girls cut and sewed the net sacking, and the boys made the long wooden tops with handles, similar to those used on knitting bags. As all of the young-

sters were intensely interested in the flood, most of them made scrapbooks, illustrated with news pictures and drawings.

If those children who gave dolls and toys, or worked to raise money to buy games and playground equipment, could have seen the joyous acceptance of their gifts by the little flood refugees, they would realize how important a part they played in easing the heartaches caused by the great flood.

All Red Cross work is carried on by its members; the work for the children by the members of the Junior Red Cross, and the adult work by Red Cross members who join each year during the Roll Call period from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving.

FIVE LITTLE WORDS

"No, they're strangers to me."

Just five little words, but what a meaning they convey, what a stinging rebuke to be given one's parents by a mere child!

The five little words are those used by Freddie Bartholomew, the child screen star, as he testified in a Los Angeles court that he wished to remain the adopted son of his aunt, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, that he had no desire to be reunited with his parents.

There are facts underlying Freddie's frank opinion of his parents. And they are facts that every American mother and father should guard against, facts that every mother and father in all the world should guard against.

Especially is this true with the dictatorship countries threatening to make children wards of the state, threatening to take them from their parents.

Freddie was taken from his parents when quite young, and was reared by his aunt. He seldom saw his parents. It was his aunt who taught him to act, who tutored him as he appeared in plays in his native England. It was his aunt who brought him to the United States, who has guided his film career.

The greatest thing in civilization today is the home, the home of loving parents and obedient children. Such wealth must be guarded. It must be guarded against child-taking "dictators." It must be guarded against playboy mothers and fathers who "leave the baby with the nurse."

But beware, Mothers and Fathers. Give your time, your energy, your thoughts, your wealth, your devotion to your children. Let not your child be the next to say:

"No, my parents are strangers to me."

ACTIVITIES OF TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, RED WING, MINNESOTA

(The Riverside)

The Minnesota Training School for Boys in connection with many other activities to interest and develop boys so as to turn back to the State a useful citizenship has a class in printing, and publishes monthly a small sheet, "The Riverside."

This concise but interesting periodical, "The Riverside", dedicated to promote felowship, school spirit and citizenship at Minnesota Training School for Boys, gives fine reports pertinent to the school. We give the following, a resume of work in Handcraft, Homecraft, Art, Marionettes and Model Airplanes:

While it has not received the publicity that the outdoor phases of the daily Activity Hour has, the indoor clubs have also an enthusiastic following.

The Model Airplane Club is to be under a new and entirely different management this year because of the lack of an instructor that is interested in this type of club. Lowell Hansen, an enthusiast of this hobby, will give his time during Activity Hour to instruct other boys in the art of making good model airplanes. This club will be able to take care of 8 or 10 boys.

Mrs. Owens has a handicraft club that is making such articles as rugs, cord belts, baskets, hot dish mats, bath wall panels, and many kinds of beading. She has been having about 20 boys during the period throughout the week.

The Bonecarving Club under the instruction of Mr. Nelson is making a lot of useful articles, such as letter openers, pickle forks, knives, castanets, and nut picks. This club meets twice weekly, Mondays and Fridays and has a membership of 16 boys.

Two Marionette productions, "Hansel and Gretel" and "Punch and Judy" are the two big aims for the Marionette Club this year. The group has been constructing the characters and apparatus for these plays and again is under the direction of Miss O'Rourke.

This Club meets two hours a week and the membership is now 12 boys. Last year the boys in this group took their production downtown and showed it to an enthusiastic audience at St. Joseph's Hall at the conclusion of the school year.

The Art Class has been hard at work cutting and coloring posters which are now used to decorate the classroom. Some of these posters are illustrations of the fall seasons of the year and most of them are done in colored crayons and with colored paper. Three of the posters form a picture of Columbus's fleet of ships in honor of the nationally celebrated Columbus Day. The boys have not as yet begun to do painting but Miss Goiffon, art teacher, said that the class in the painting of fall scenery will begin soon and that they will continue in painting pictures and making posters throughout the year.

In addition to those mentioned above, another 50 boys spend at least a part of their activity time in the library, picking out books and doing recreatory reading from various sources.

A BOY WHO OBEYED ORDERS

(Boys' World)

It was on a wet, cold October evening that a boy trudged wearily into the seaport town of Chatham, England with a bundle on his shoulder. He was covered with mud, and, from under the long black locks that fell on his forehead, two big eyes stared out at the world, and his thin cheeks were pinched with cold, and wet with rain. He met a sailor as he entered the town's outskirts, and stopping him, said:

"If you please, which way to the docks?"

The sailor directed him, and he went forward down the narrow street, till he came to the waterside. There he wandered around for a time without seeing any one, for it was supper time; but presently he came upon an old man and asked:

"Are those ships out there warships?"

"Aye" replied the man, "they be sure enough, lad. Be ye a-goin' to the war?" and he grinned.

"Yes; but I don't know how to get on board," said the puzzled boy. "Where do the boats land?"

"Right here," and the old man waved his pipe at the landing stage before them. "See, yon is one a-coming now.

Sure enough, a boat was rowing swiftly in. It drew up to the landing stage and an officer stepped out. The boy approached the officer, and touching his cap said:

"Please, sir, can you tell me how to get on board the frigate Raisonable?"

The officer looked down, and staring at the thin, pale face with its big eyes and firm mouth, replied:

"Why, that is my ship. But what do you want on board of her?"

"Please, sir, I want to join. The commander, Captain Suckling, is my uncle, and I was to report to him."

The officer looked at the boy. "Well in that case I can take you aboard when I return. But you look cold and hungry, my lad. Have you had supper?"

"No, sir, I left home early this morning, and have not eaten anything since."

"Bless me! Here you have reported to me. I am a lieutenant on board, so come on up and have something to eat with me. Why didn,t you stop in town as you came?"

"Well, you see, sir," replied the boy I promised father that I would come straight to the ship and report for duty, without stopping in town, so I couldn't very well."

"Good boy," cried the officer. "If you obey orders as well in the navy, you should get on capitally. What is your name?"

"Horatio Nelson, sir."

And so the man who, as a boy, had learned to obey orders unflinchingly, later became the great sea hero of England, Horatio Lord Nelson.

JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL IS REHABILITATING INFLUENCE

(Twin City Sentinel, Winston-Salem, N. C.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are greatly pleased with the record of Forsyth County boys having been at the Training School, as reported below by Mr. Burgess. Usually boys coming from counties having large cities make lower records. Rural counties show much larger percentage of successes than those more thickly populated. If the counties of the entire State were canvassed, the record of successes would be 80 per cent or over.

Over 75 per cent of the 137 boys committed to Jackson Training School from Winston-Salem and Forsyth county during the past 14 years have returned to their communities as law-abiding youths, becoming useful members of society, James E. Burgess, Forsyth probation officer, stated today.

"The success of our juvenile court system during these 14 years is eloquently expressed by that fact alone," Burgess declared.

"The fact that over 75 per cent of those committed make adjustment later without a criminal record should be a good answer to the critic who says that juvenile corrective institutions are schools of crime for graduating criminals," the officer said.

"Now that we are entering into a period of growth in our juvenile court and public welfare system, it is not too much of the Utopian to hope and to expect in the next fourteen years a great decrease in the less than 25 per cent who did go into crime after their release."

The relative success of the parole plan of treatment is also shown by the survey. Of the boys committed, 42 per cent were paroled, and of the parolees, 74.2 per cent became law-abiding citizens. This large number of parolees who did not go into crime deserve a great deal of credit, Burgess indicated, when the limited amount of supervision and care they received is taken into consideration.

With more time given to such supervision and care according to the plan of the state board of charities and the various county welfare departments, parole should prove even more successful for youngsters released from reformatories in future years.

"The fact that 75 per cent of the boys made proper social adjustments when they returned home is a fair indication that some unusually good work has been done in the way of supervision. It cannot be forgotten that this success is also an indication that the training school has done a great work in preparing these boys for their return to the community.

"This discussion would not be complete without giving due credit to the community for its part in the successful readjustment of the boys by providing many of the things needed —churches, Sunday schools, public schools, recreation and last, but not least, the sympathetic and good citi-

zenship composing the majority of the people.

"Forsyth county should be proud of the fact that the rate of recidivism over this period from 1922 to 1936 is only 18.8 per cent. This is a very low percentage of boys returned to the institution when it is compared with the figure for Durham boys as revealed by a master's thesis recently completed at the University of North Carolina by Robert Bailey.

"Bailey's study showed a rate of return of 52.9 per cent for Durham boys committed to Jackson Training School from 1922 to 1935. The low rate among Forsyth boys is another indication of good supervision and after care both from the professional standpoint and from the laymen in the community."

Figures of Burgess' survey are as follows:

Number committed, 137; average stay at institution, two years and six months; per cent, escape, 14.5; per cent escapes returned, 35; per cent allowed to go, 47.4; pet cent paroled, 42; per cent granted conditional release, 4.3; per cent of recidivist (returned) 18.8; per cent having no superior court record in Forsyth, 75.2; per cent having superior court record, 24.8; per cent of those discharged having superior court record, 16.2; per cent of those escaped having superior court record, 35.

SIMPLE THINGS

Thank you, God, for all the simple things
That each day brings—
From sunshine in the morning
That pushes back the dark when day is dawning
Till twilight falls.
All through the busy hours we trace Thy Hand
Yet sometimes too dull to understand
We think the gift too small
Help us, God, to see Thy love that crowds each busy day
And thank Thee more for simple things we find along the way
For little children romping round
For birdsong, gay and happy sound
Through sun and rain.
Friends to greet you, loved ones near—
Songs to share—perchance a tear.
For strength to work, for gift to play,
For fireside at close of day
And candlelight again—
Thank you, God, for all the lovely, simple things
That each day brings.

—Eleanor Frey.

HARRY PARKER

(Time Magazine)

Not long ago our national House of Representatives staged a scene the like of which was never before witnessed. For more than a minute the august body applauded a lone Negro janitor, Harry Parker.

Determined never to permit the handicap of color to interfere with his usefulness and success, Harry came up from the South and sought work in the Capitol when but a mere youth. His earnestness and honesty shone in his face, and he was given work on probation.

No member of Congress was ever in Washington more than a week without Harry's ardent friendship. Back in 1890, when Representative William McKinley, beaten in the election, was packing up for Ohio, he left his Bible for Harry. Later, Sereno Elisha Payne, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee during Taft's administration, gave him his furniture. Oscar Underwood's legacy was a complete wardrobe, including a big Stetson hat.

During the last week of the recent legislative session, to Harry Parker, having waddled through Congressional corridors for 63 years, came the finest gift of all: his $130 monthly salary as long as he lives. To this was added a tribute of oratory.

"Mr. Speaker," exclaimed Representative Carter Warren of North Carolina, "Harry is tired. He is 'wore out.' His feet hurt him. Now, you have to come from my section, or from Georgia or Mississippi, to know what it means when an old colored man's feet begin to always hurt him." Then came a roar of applause, and they voted 340 to 0 to make Harry Parker janitor emeritus for life.

Harry Parker, gleaming in the gallery and sporting a necktie as yellow as the pinapple-orangeades he serves, heard himself called "faithful, loyal, cheery, diligent, and courteous."

Harry will not have to retire. He can hang around and make himself at home the rest of his life, because he is "just as much a part of this institution as is the dome over the capitol building."

WEALTH

There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—John Ruskin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making repairs to several cottages this week.

The roof on the dairy barn recently received badly-needed repairs. This work was completed last Thursday.

In going about the campus the other day we noticed a nice lot of turkeys. There were a number of fine young gobblers in the flock, which caused us to wonder whether or not this great American bird would grace our dining tables on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Walker and his boys had a real "killin'" time last Wednesday, twelve large hogs being butchered at that time. Since then our large family of nearly six hundred have been feasting on liverwurst, sausage, spare-ribs and other "fixin's" that go with hog-killing season.

Since the National Highway, which goes through the School grounds, has been closed for repairs during the past week, we notice a great difference in traffic passing the School. No busses or large trucks are to be seen, as they have been routed elsewhere. The only traffic we see is purely local, as the road is closed just a few miles south of the School.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. His talk to the boys, "How Much Is A Man Worth," was in two parts: "The Price of a Man" and "The Value of a Man," and was based on the story of Joseph being sold by his brothers, as found in the 37th chapter of Genesis. How he was sold in Egypt for twenty pieces of silver.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood first asked the question: Why did Joseph's brothers take him from the pit and offer him for sale? He gave as the first reason the fact that Joseph had a conscience—a very inconvenient conscience—which caused him to tell about his brothers. Another reason was that becaused of his dreams, Joseph indicated that he was to be placed over them. Then Joseph liked to talk about himself, so he told his dreams to his brothers—perhaps in a bragging way. He was also the darling of his father. All of which caused his brothers to be very jealous of him, in fact so jealous that they planned to dispose of him.

The price for Joseph was just a trifle, said the speaker. It did not indicate his veal value. He was worth much more because of two reasons: He was always on the job, and God was with him.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then admonished the boys to always be careful how they judged men and what price they put on them. True value is determined by industry and religion. In trying to get the value of men we must think of the things that abide—those characteristics which make life

really worthwhile. These things are industry, truth, honesty, faithfulness —led by the will and purpose of God.

Last Monday night, Superintendent C. E. Boger, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Barrier and a group of four boys went to Charlotte to fill an engagement at the monthly meeting of the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian Church. The following account of this meeting appeared in the Charlotte Observer:

Members of the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian church last night at the monthly supper were hosts to a group of boys from Stonewall Jackson Training School.. They were accompanied by Charles E. Boger, the superintendent of the school, and his secretary, Mrs. George L. Barrier, who trained the boys. The lads sang and recited for the entertainment of the 175 men present. The boys are Hoyt Hollifield, Fred Vereen, Tommy Braddock, and Paul Shipes.

After the boys had finished their program, Mr. Boger, who has been the head of the school since 1913, made a talk about the work of the school. He spoke of the lads, of the average age of the four boys present, about 11, as children who have had no chance in life. He cited cases of several lads who had come from such circumstances and environment and had made good, one a Phi Beta Kappa in the State university, another getting a minister's degree at Duke. "These boys find themselves in the school." said Mr. Boger, "and are awakened to ambitious goals."

The speaker said that one of their cottages is known as Mecklenburg cottage and was built by the people of Mecklenburg county under the leadership of the late Rev. A. A. McGeahey, D. D., former pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, seconded by the Men's Club, which was organized by Dr. McGeahey. The example set by Mecklenburg had produced nine other similar cotttages by different counties.

Frank R. McNinch of Washington, was present, and the leader of the meeting, Harry Dalton, called on him to speak.

Mr. McNinch who was once a member of the club and teacher of the Men's Bible class of the church, responded with an address prompted by the program of the boys of the training school.

Mr. Boger was introduced by Marion Redd, judge of the court of domestic relations.

On Wednesday, November 3rd, the Oxford Orphanage Singing Class made its second visit to the Training School, rendering a delightful program in the auditorium at 7:15 p. m. Remembering the fine entertainment the children from the Oxford institution presented here last year, both the boys and officials of the School were all set for another enjoyable evening, and they were not the least bit disappointed.

The program started with the processional, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," which was followed by the invocation, delivered by Rev. W. B. McSwain, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Concord. A beautiful anthem, "Praise Ye the Father,"

was next, and the way these fourteen youngsters' voices blended in this manner was especially pleasing.

Master James Newsome then recited "Hello Bill," and his efforts were applauded generously.

Four young ladies, attractively attired in beach costumes and carrying gaily colored parasols, sang a number entitled "The Stylish Little Ladies," concluding the number with a pretty little dance, which made quite a hit with the boys.

Roger Harrell and Frances Woodruff, dressed in Quaker garb, rendered a vocal duet in a most delightful manner.

A little hilarity was added to the next offering as eight boys and girls staged "The Dance of the Dunces." By their many funny capers on the stage, these youngsters brought peal after peal of laughter from the boys, and it might be added here that the old-timers in the crowd had no frowns on their faces.

Miss Helen Sanford then recited "Caudle Has Been Made a Mason," which was of little interest to the boys, but was thoroughly enjoyed by the Master Masons present.

One of the best numbers on the program was the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," presented by twelve boys and girls. Arrayed in snappy uniforms and wooden shoes and armed with guns, these youngsters paraded about the stage, going through various military formations in a way that would have won the admiration of the most hard-boiled top sergeant.

Little Miss Treva Moss, a very attractive little girl, recited "Just a Scratch on the Fender," and the way in which she told daddy (although trying hard not to) how she and mother wrecked the new auto, tickled the funny-bones of her listeners.

"The Rheumatiz," a comedy song number by eight girls and boys, was well-rendered. Dressed as old people, backs bent and leaning heavily upon canes, these children showed the boys how they might feel when the infirmities of old age come upon them.

Little Miss Velna Chandley made a decided hit with her recitation, "A Pair of Silk Stockings." As she recited, she strutted about the stage not the least embarrassed by the fact that big sister's stockings, many sizes too large, had a habit of trying to drape themselves about her ankles all the time she was speaking.

The number which brought down the house was called "Rag Dolls On Parade," presented by eight boys and girls. Dressed as the old-fashioned rag dolls, with miniature dolls of the same make on each hand, these youngsters carried on in such a manner as to keep the boys roaring with glee. The enthusiastic applause seemed to put lots of pep in the performers, and we have it from good authority that this fact prompted the lads and lassies to add many queer antics not to be found in the script. This number was decidedly the hit of the evening.

The closing chorus, "Giddy-ap, Little Rockin' Hourse," by the entire class brought to a close one of the most enjoyable entertainments given here in a long time. Too much credit can not be given to Mrs. Sadie T. Hutchinson, under whose direction the Class presents performances throughout the entire state. She is a talented musician—an artist at the piano; has a splendid voice; and has composed several fine numbers—and has

been directing the Singing Class for several years.

During the intermission Mr. L. W. Alderman, manager of the Singing Class for many years, was introduced and he responded with brief remarks concerning the work of the Orphanage. Rev. Mr. McSwain was also called upon who told of some of his experiences as a boy at the Oxford institution. Mr. Alderman then called on Superintendent Boger, who responded with a few brief words of welcome and expressed his appreciation of the fine entertainment rendered.

In addition to our own large family of nearly six hundred we were glad to note many Mansons, members of Stokes Lodge No. 32, Concord, (sponsors of the concert) present, as well as a goodly number of other interested friends of the School.

To Mr. Alderman, Mrs. Hutchinson, members of the Class, and all others who helped to make this delightful evening possible, we tender our most sincere thanks. It is a fine gesture on the part of the management of Oxford Orphanage and the members of Stokes Lodge to arrange these fine programs at the School, and we want to assure them that it is appreciated, at the same time promising a most cordial welcome whenever they find it convenient to make further visits.

WHAT IS DEATH

"Some day just to go to sleep
And then
To awaken holding a hand,
His hand:
To hear a sweet voice,
His voice,
To see a beautiful face,
His face:
To be led into the heavenly home,
His home:
To live forever with Him,
His life:
This is what we call death for His child."

"No more sorrows, no more tears;
No more sighing, no more fears;
No more heart-aches, no more pain:
No more sin, no more stain;
Peace with God, eternal bliss:
Jesus' love gives me all this."

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER

NOTE: Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1937.

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Clyde Barnwell
Fletcher Castlebury 8
Letcher Castlebury 5
Robert Deyton
Hobart Gross 3
Horace Journigan 7
Ray Pitman
Woodrow Wilson 2
Berchel Young
Ross Young 5

—B—

William Estes
Hubert Holloway 3
James McGinnis 4
Wallace Smith 2

SECOND GRADE

(Note: Due to the fact that boys of Second Grade were taken out of school to help in an emergency elsewhere, there is no Honor Roll reported for the month of October.)

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Albert Goodman 3

—B—

Lewis Andrews
Ben Cooper 2
Howard Griffin
George Hedrick 4
Clarence Mayton
Hubert McCoy 2
Theodore Rector 5
Edward Murray 3

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Hoyt Hollifield
Richard Thomas 3

—B—

Edward Chapman 2
Joseph Christine
L. M. Hardison 3
William Hawkins 5
Jordan McIver
Theodore Bowles 6
Eugene Smith 3

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

James V. Harvel 9
Thomas Maness 5
Lloyd Pettus
Oscar Roland 7
Jack Turner

—B—

James Watson
Joseph Wheeler 2

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Felix Adams
Thomas Braddock 7
Norman Brogden 2
Edward Lucas
Norman Parker 3

—B—

Grady Allen 2
Jeff Gouge 4
James Mast 2
Harold Walsh
Harvey Walters 4
R. L. Young 5

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Connie Michael 2
Milton Pickett 4
Albert Silas 7
Fred Williamson 6
Preston Yarborough 4

—B—

Julian Andrews 3
Garrett Bishop 3
Fred Clark 2
Clarence Douglas
George Goodman 3
Caleb Jolly
Wilson Myrick 2
Arthur Martin 6
J. C. Mobley 2
Wilson Rich 4
Ralph Webb 5
James West 2
Marvin Wilkins 3

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since June 6, 1937.

Week Ending November 7, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ivey Eller
(6) Leon Hollifield 6
(23) Edward Johnson 23
(15) Edward Lucas 17

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Coleman 4
(2) William Haire 16
Blanchard Moore 8
(2) Jack McRary 8
(6) Fonnie Oliver 9
(4) Albert Silas 12
Eugene Stallings 13
James West 12
(4) Preston Yarborough 8
(4) R. L. Young 16

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Lewis Andrews
Earl Bass 3
Kenneth Couklin 5
Frank Crawford 6
(4) Neely Dixon 21
(8) Henry Floyd 8
Norwood Glasgow 5
(2) John Hampton 7
James Mast 11
Harley Mathews
(3) William McRary 11
F. E. Mickle 5
Jack Norris
William New 12
Grady Pennington 2
(3) Frank Pickett 19
(2) Kenneth Raby 11
George Shaver 3
W. T. Smith 8
Fred Vereen 3
(7) Allen Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 11
Garrett Bishop 10
(2) Odell Bray 15
Ernest Davis
(2) James Hancock 16
(2) Henry Harris 9
John King 7
Robert Orrell 13
(2) Frank Raby 13
Leo Ward 12

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Grady Allen 7
(5) Ernest Beach 8
Burman Holland 2
Richard Palmer 3
Thomas Sullivan 4
Elmer Talbert
(5) Ralph Webb 11

COTTAGE No. 6

Lacy Burleson 15
Robert Bryson 17
Robert Dellinger 8
Roscoe Honeycutt 5
Jack Harward 6
Leonard Jacobs 11
Spencer Lane 2
James Rackley 15
Joseph Tucker 17

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 9
Archie Castlebury 14
Caleb Hill 20
Houston Howard 8
Lloyd Hite 7
Hugh Johnson 14
James Jordan 9
J. C. Mobley 17
Milton Pickett 9
Loy Stines 2
Joseph Wheeler 3
William Young 11

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Lloyd Banks 4
Duke Davis 2
Samuel Everidge
(2) Warner Peach 5

(4) Charles Taylor 19

COTTAGE No. 9

(8) Wilson Bowman 11
(4) J. T. Branch 15
(2) Thomas Braddock 17
(2) William Brackett 7
(2) Edgar Burnette 14
(5) James Coleman 15
Heller Davis 12
(2) Woodfin Fowler 18
(2) C. D. Grooms 14
(5) Earl Stamey 14
(4) Thomas Sands 12
(5) Homer Smith 21
(4) Thomas Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Clyde Adams 12
Ralph Carver 3
(4) Floyd Combs 8
Jeff Gouge 5
(5) Melvin Hodgins 5
Mack Joines 9
William Knight 10
Felix Littlejohn 7
James Martin 11
Edward E. Murray 14
Oscar Smith

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Charles Bryant 11
Harold Bryson 10
(14) Howard Clark 21
(2) Earl Duncan 8
Baxter Foster
(2) Lawrence Guffey 14
(8) William Kirk 19
(4) Donald Newman 10
(13) Filmore Oliver 19
(3) Fred Williamson 20
(5) Berchell Young 11

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Charles Batten 11
(5) Joseph Cox 13
Fred Carter 6
(2) Ben Cooper 10
Frank Dickens 16
(3) James Elders 13
(4) Charlton Henry 14
S. E. Jones 5
Alexander King
Asbury Marsh 9
(3) Jerome Medlin 19
(6) James Reavis 12
Harvey J. Smith 9
William Trantham 3
(4) Ross Young 13

COTTAGE No. 13

James V. Harvel
Vincent Hawes 3
Jordan McIver 5
Claudius Pickett 17

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe 7
Raymond Andrews
Robert Coffer 7
(4) Doyle Holder 13
John Ham 5
James Kirk 9
Felmond Lane 6
Troy Powell 11
James Stepp 10
(3) Thomas Trantham 3
William Warf 12
Garfield Walker 10
Harvey Walker 8

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Warren Bright 13
(4) Hobart Gross 15
Joseph Hyde 14
(2) L. M. Hardison 8
Hoyt Hollifield 7
(2) Caleb Jolly 17
(4) Raymond Mabe 13
Connie Michael 14
James McGinnis 4
Alvin Powell 12
Wilson Rich 15
James H. Riley 7
Ira Settle 4
Wallace Sommers 12
Jones Watson 5
(2) Harold Walsh 9

Each day is an opportunity to start all over again, to cleanse our minds and hearts anew, and to clarify our vision. And let us not clutter up today with the leavings of other days.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C. No. 47

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PRAYER TO THE GIVER

Lord, I am glad for the great gift of living—
Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain;
Grateful for joy, with an endless thanksgiving,
Grateful for laughter—and grateful for pain.

Lord, I am glad for the young April's wonder,
Glad for the fulness of long summer days;
And now when the spring and my heart are asunder,
Lord, I give thanks for the dark autumn ways.

Sun, bloom, and blossom, O Lord, I remember,
The dream of the spring and its joy I recall;
But now in the silence and pain of November,
Lord, I give thanks to Thee, Giver of all.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WE THANK THEE

Not for our lands, our wide-flung prairie wealth,
  Our mighty rivers born of friendly spring.
Our inland seas, our mountains proud and high,
  Forests and orchards richly blossoming;
Not for these, Lord our deepest thanks are said
  As, humbly glad, we hail this day serene;
Not for these most, dear Father of our lives,
  But for the love that in all things is seen.

We thank Thee not for prestige born of war,
  For dauntless navies built for battle stress;
Nor would we boast of armies massed for strife;
  These all are vain, O Lord of kindliness.
What need have we of swords or bayonets,
  Of mighty cannon belching poisoned flame?
O, woo us from the pagan love of these
  Lest we again defile Thy sacred name.

We thank Thee, Lord, on this recurring day,
  For liberty to worship as we will;
We thank Thee for the hero souls of old
  Who dared wild seas their mission to fulfill.
O, gird our hearts with stalwart faith in good,
  Give us new trust in Thy providing hand,
And may a spirit born of brotherhood
  Inspire our hearts and bless our native land.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Autumn is upon us, and noy many moon's until this old year will glide softly into the past. Only a few more days and Thanksgiving will be here.

Thanksigiving Day—the day upon which this glorious nation

offers thanks unto Him who holds our destiny in His keeking. Who has guided us and believed in us; Our God.

The first Thanksgiving day was celebrated in the year of 1621, when the Pilgrim's gave thanks to their Maker for the bountiful harvests that had been garnered. Ever since that time the people of America have set aside the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.

The are many things for which we should give thanks. It is necessary for each individual to search their own soul and offer praise to the throne of the Most High for all that God in His goodness and mercy has bestowed on us.

Most of us are blessed with good health which is one thing we are apt to forget. We all in one way or another, have many things to be thankful for; and no matter what our present condition may be, it is only right and just, that we on this day, give thanks for the manifold blessings we have received.

You can be thankful that you still enjoy the sweetness of life. You can be thankful that your loved one's and your real friend's, who respect, honor, and love you, are waiting for you. Your people are also thankful that some day—you can return to them.

So on this Thanksgiving Day, let us offer our sincere thanks to our Divine Maker, that we are alive, and that the day will come when we can show our true appreciation, by celebrating Thanksgiving Day in the fashion it so richly deserves.

* * * * * * *

FOUNDER OF COMMON SCHOOL

The schools throughout the country have observed "Education Week" in an appropriate manner. The general theme, "Education and Our National Life", suggested subjects that made a comprehensive and entertaining program. This annual event cannot pass without some recogntion of Horace Mann, born in Franklin Massachusettes, May 4, 1796, who is looked upon as the father of our common school system. He held many public places of trust, but his one consuming passion was education. So finnaly he abondaned politics and business and devoted his entire time to education, working generally fifteen hours a day.

As a lawyer, statesman and educator, he had the foundation to

carry his convictions to a consummation,—the common schools of today,—that have been the means of giving schools to the public and the public to the schools. His vision was a glorious one, having in mind the youths of the country. This quotation shows the height, the dept and breadth of Mann's vision. He is credited with saying:

"A patriot is known by the interest he takes in education of the young, and that in our country and in our times no man is worthy the honored name of statesman who does not include the highest practicable education of the people in all his plans of administration."

* * * * * * *

A NATIONAL CALL

The government s going to considerable expense to find out just how many people are out of work in the country. That seems to be an endless job but by the aid of the post-office department it can be done. On Tuesday of November 16, an unemployment report card will be paced into every post-office box, city delivery box and rural delivery boxes, throughout the country. These are to be filled out by midnight November 20, and mailed. Considerable information it required,—the name, the address, age, sex, color and many other questions pertinent to the kind of work done previously and so on.

To put over this big nation-wide effort it will require the fullest cooperation by filling out the blanks responsibility as well as a duty, and mail promptly. The widest publicity possible has been given the project so the completeness rest with those who profit thereby to furnish all information.

The call is imperative. Winter is upon us and it is estimated that there are bettween 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 people without work and something must be done in time to save families from suffering.

* * * * * * *

THE COMPACT OF THE PILGRIMS

Below is a copy of the covenant of the Puritans, known as the Pilgrim Fathers. About one hundred men, women, and children sailed from Plymouth, England, on September 6, 1620, and landed

at Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts, on December 21st. This was the first permanent English colony in America.

The following compact was signed in the cabin of the "Mayflower," the vessel in which the Puritans sailed, on November 11, 1620, in Cape Cod Harbor (Provincetown) before landing. It is duplicated precisely as originally written:

"In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by ye Grace of God, of Great Britaine, France & Ireland King, Defender of ye Faith, etc. Having undertaken, for ye Glorie of God, and advancemente of ye Christian Faith and Honour of our King and countrie, a Voyage to plant ye first Colonie in ye Northerne part of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly and mutually in ye Presence of God, and of one another, Covenant & Combine ourselves together into a Civil body Politik, for our better Ordering and Preservation & Furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by Virtue hearof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal lawes, ordinances, Acts, Constitutions & Offices, from Time to Time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

"In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our Names at Cap Codd ye 11 of November, in ye year of ye Raigne of our Soveraigne Lord King James, of England, France & Ireland ye Eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie fourth Ano: Dom. 1620."

JOHN CARVER	EDWARD TILLEY	DEGORY PRIEST
WILLIAM BRADFORD	JOHN TILLEY	THOMAS WILLIAMS
EDWARD WINSLOW	FRANCIS COOKE	GILBERT WINSLOW
WILLIAM BREWSTER	THOMAS ROGERS	EDWARD MARGESON
ISAAC ALLERTON	THOMAS TINKER	PETER BROWN
MILES STANDISH	JOHN RIGEDALE	RICH. BRITTERIDGE
JOHN ALDEN	EDWARD FULLER	GEORGE SOULE
SAMUEL FULLER	JOHN TURNER	RICHARD CLARKE
CHRIS'R MARTIN	FRANCIS EATON	RICHARD GARDNER
WILLIAM MULLINS	JAMES CHILTON	JOHN ALLERTON
WILLIAM WHITE	JOHN CRACKSTONE	THOMAS ENGLISH
RICHARD WARREN	JOHN BILLINGTON	EDWARD DOTY
JOHN HOWLAND	MOSES FLETCHER	EDWARD LEISTER
STEPHEN HOPKINS	JOHN GOODMAN	

—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * *

BLACK MOUNTAIN T. B. SANATORIUM

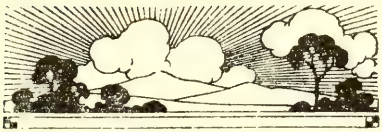
The completion of the Western Carolina Sanatorium, Black Mountain, marks another forward step of the people of the Old North State, giving evidence to great interest in the preservation of life and health of suffering humanity.

Governor Clyde R. Hoey made the dedicatory address. He said in substance that this institution with 165 beds marked another

victory in North Carolina's successful fight against tuberculosis, the former "captain of death."

The governor estimated that there were between 16,000 and 20,000 tuberculous patients in the state, and it is possible to teach the majority of this number the necessary precaution to protect others and how to take the cure at home. Also that at the original State's Sanatorium there were 550 beds with a waiting list of 228 white patients and 81 negroes. These health giving ministrations, the governor emphasized, should be extended till possible to minister to all afflicted with the much dreaded plague.

Besides the two State Sanatoriums it is interesting to note that the counties of Mecklenburg, Forsyth and Gilford have Sanatoriums. It would be a delight if Cabarrus could be numbered with these three counties as having an institution for our tuberculous patients. Cabarrus has the progressive citizenship, the wealth, the climate and many suitable sights, or locations,—all of these essentials are available, the need is right leadership.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

CHEERFULNESS

"If we noticed littled pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remember all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues
And their faults refuse to see;
What a happy, cheerful place
This sinful world would be.

When everything else is gone, you have experience left.

Saying goodby is one time when you can get the last word with your wife.

When a girl says "I'll make you mine," it depends on whether she means mine or mind.

In the vegetable world the stalk brings the tender ear of corn. This shows life is a maize.

Football is preferable to mouth bawl; but the moth ball plays an important part in the household.

It has come to light that banana brandy is being made in Burke county. It is a slick article; and it will throw you down just as easy as stepping on one of its peelings.

A New York educator says, "Women must learn to speak for themselves." Where has he been all this time? Aren't they speaking for themselves—and a great many others, too?

This is good news. It is said that Christmas toys and games based on military activities comprise less than one per cent of the total this year. It's time we turn the interest of children away from thoughts of war and direct their minds more towards the worth while things of life.

There is a real job ahead for the special session of Congress, which is now assembled. It is supposed to deal with matters of great and immediate national importance. In the light of that fact, it might consider turning its long deferred attention to our gravest national problem—taxation. The national debt is at a record high, and rumors of prospective and higher taxes are preventing industrial expansion and re-employment. The public is getting weary of political "economy" promises from all sides that are broken as soon as made.

In a talk given over a Chicago radio station, a representative of the Better Business Bureau of that city pointed out that unscruplous salesmen of various commodities, many of them worthless, were trying to persuade their potential victims to borrow on their life insurance to "invest" in the salesmen's wares. The Better Business Bureau speaker warned vigorously against falling for this bait, and advised: "Before you invest —investigate." The title of his talk was, "Use Your Life Insurance Cash Value? Use Your Head Instead." That is first class advice. To reduce the value of the capital built up to provide protection for dependents and self-sustaining old age, in order to speculate in some get-rich-

quick scheme, is the very height of folly. The public must consistently be on its toes to guard against the unscrupulous salesman of phony stocks, useless property and unworkable inventions, who are always trying to separate the fool and his money.

Thursday last was commenorative of Armistice Day, in the World's War. One would wish that we might recapture the mood of the first Armistice Day when the ringing of bells announced a truce to war. It was a mood in which relief and grief and hope were intermingled; relief that at last this horror had been lifted from the minds of men, relief that the slaughter of the world's youth had ceased. It was a mood of grief for those we had loved and lost; grief for all those, of almost every nation and kindred and tongue, whose lives had been taken or maimed in this gigantic failure of civilization. It was a mood of hope, of joy, that now a new opportunity was offered to men to build on the ruins of the past a firm and lasting Peace. It is now a Day of Humiliation that there has not been enough inteligent good will to organize the world against such disaster. With some foreign nations the lesson has not been learned or heeded. Bishop Brent puts it this way: "God says to us. 'No more of this; there is a better way.'"

JUVENILE CONDUCT

An educator of some prominence announces the discovery that boys and girls who devote themselves to music rarely become delinquents. Hence, there is a mine of virtue in the school band. The type of music is not given, nor are we informed if there is more virtue in the sax than in the bass viol.

But what is the real truth behind the announcement? Music is a hobby that demands time, concentration and so forth and while a boy is displacing air through a clarinet or a trumpet he cannot be roaming the streets or ganging up on a fruit pedler.

The real truth is that boys and girls have too much time on their hands. Often the home is deplorably uninteresting and they go forth seeking anything to do. Every boy and girl should have a hobby. It need not be music, though that is good. It might be aeronautics, dog breeding or training, photography, any branch of mechanics, painting, gardening, vocal training, gymnastics, baseball or scouting. A hobby to the juvenile taste is an antidote to delinquency.

—National Humane Review.

THE STATE'S OLDEST ORPHANAGE AT OXFORD

(Selected)

In 1872 the Grand Lodge of Masons in North Carolina established what is now the oldest existing Orphanage in the State, when by a close vote the Oxford Orphanage came into existence. During the first year of its existence 125 boys and girls were admitted. The destitute orphan children of North Carolina prior to this time, were either bound out into families or were placed in the county homes over the State. Our court house records show numers of cases where children, both white and colored, were bound out into families to learn trades and to perform certain tasks in the family life. Other children were placed in county homes, there to live with that strange variety of inmates to be found in such places. Mr. John H. Mills felt the need of better facilities for the care of these children and saw the dangers of both plans then in use. He was, therefore, able to lead the Masons into the establishment of an Orphanage at Oxford and thus begin an influence in the field of child welfare in North Carolina. Today more than 4,000 children are provided for in the various orphanages in our State, besides those who receive assistance from the State and Federal Government and other agencies and permitted to remain in the homes of relatives.

The orphanage at Oxford has a population today of 350. Only one-half of these children are of Masonic parentage and this Orphanage has the distinction today of being the only fraternal order orphanage in the United States that will admit children except those whose fathers were members of the supporting fraternity. The population at Oxford is made up of children from 69 of the 100 counties in the State. There is a waiting list of several children yet to be admitted and almost every day brings to the desk of Superintendent C. K. Proctor requests for applications for the admission of other children.

More than 5,000 boys and girls during the last 65 years have received the services and benefits of the Oxford Orphanage and are today scattered all over the world.

The campus of the Oxford Orphanage is composed of 325 acres of land and more than 30 buildings have been erected. This constitutes a small city within itself. The farming activities have become a model for this whole section of the state and scores of farmers visit the Orphanage farm every year to inspect its methods and to observe the cattle and dairy. Much of the work in these departments is done by the pupils. The financial support for this institution is secured from a variety of sources. Thanksgiving time each year, along with the other orphanages of the State, the Oxford Orphanage makes a public appeal to North Carolina from which a substantial sum is annually secured. Income is also derived from endowment funds which have been donated to the Orphanage through the passing years.

Every year there is an increase in bequests by wills, life insurance and gifts which are invested by the Or-

phanage and only the income can be used.

It is a striking fact that no pupil trained at the Oxford Orphanage has ever been sentenced for the commission of a major crime.

The value of an orphanage home to the State of North Carolina cannot be estimated. The salvaging of over 5,000 children over the period of years is no small saving from a purely humanitaran standpoint.

The Oxford Orphanage is, therefore, not merely the channel through which charity may find expression, but has become the means whereby investment may be made in a group of boys and girls who might not otherwise have a chance in life. The dividends from these investments by the Masons, the State and by far seeing individuals, are composed of healthy bodies, trained minds and hands and splendid character in the thousands of boys and girls who are fortunate enough to receive the benefits of its training. The orphanages of North Carolina make a strong appeal to the citizenship of the State.

"THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS"

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

—Selected.

THE MOTHER OF THANKSGIVING DAY

By Estelle A. Brooks, in Lutheran Young Folks

Without the courageous and tireless crusade carried on by one woman for thirty-five years our Thanksgiving Day instead of being a national holiday would still be celebrated by the several states when and how their several governors elected, while there is a grave probability the day would have been entirely forgotten.

Sarah Josepha Buell—the Mother of Thanksgiving Day was born in the tiny settlement of Newport, New Hampshire, October 24, 1788. As a child she often heard her elders discussing and commending President Washington's ideas and ideals and so learned to love and revere him and to believe implicity in his wise counsels. Perhaps to honor his memory was her first thought when she began her epic fight to have that first nationally proclaimed Thanksgiving Day of Thursday, November 26, 1789, perpetuated as a national and legalized holiday for praise and prayer.

Heretofore Thanksgiving Day had been celebrated on any day of any month of the year from May 27, 1578, the Thanksgiving Day of the English Colonists under Captain Frobisher at Newfoundland; the August, 1607, day of the Popham Colony at Sagadohoc, Maine, and that Thanksgiving Day proclaimed for the Pilgrims by Governor Bradford, Plymouth Colony, October, 1621.

From this time on Thanksgiving Day became a local rather than a general custom and strange were the ways of determining its date. The English settlement on Long Island selected that day on which the cattle were brought in from pasturage to be housed in the barns for the winter and it was the "town fathers" who decided when winter was upon them. In 1795 Governor John Jay of New York, attempted to establish a state Thanksgiving Day, but as each community preferred its own time for giving thanks the plan failed. And if a state Thanksgiving Day was too widespread to contemplate, how could Sarah Josepha Buell hope to institute a national day for "praise and prayer."

General Washington did proclaim two previous days for thanksgiving, but they were for the Continental Army—the first during that terrible winter at Valley Forge, December 8, 1777, when the sufferings of his troops were breaking his heart; the second on May 7, 1778, was a thankful prayer for their safe deliverance and victories. But the young woman's objective was that first "last Thursday in November" of 1789, the first national day of thanksgiving.

Sarah Josepha Buell was only nineteen when she began her long fight. At eighteen she was teaching a "dame's school" for small children. Inheriting a love of literature from her brilliant mother she welcomed the proffered instruction from her brother, a college graduate, even becoming a clever Latin scholar. Her marriage in 1813 to David Hale, a studious young lawyer, was ideally happy, but his death in 1825 left her not only penniless but with five children, the

oldest seven and the baby just two weeks old.

The millinery business which friends aided her to start proved a failure. Her two books of poems, brought out by friends, gave her a small income. Business did not appeal to her, but literary and welfare work did. The fame of her writings reached Boston. She accepted the position of "editress' of the newly formed "Ladies' Magazine." Thus the "Lady of New Hampshire," her nom de plume, began her career of "Lady Editor" at the age of thirty-nine and it ended only with her death in her ninety-second year.

Although she steadfastly forwarded all Boston's patriotic movements, all plans for civic and state advancement, and worked faithfully for the betterment of her own sex, the need for a national Thanksgiving Day was never forgotten. She let no chance pass to stress the "moral influence" of such united thanksgivings and rejoicings, realizing with Washington what bonds of union they must prove for the states and territories. Invariably her editorials incorporated such sentiments: "Thanksgiving Day should be the same as the Fourth of July, a national holiday."

Alert to the patriotic appeal of the Bunker Hill Monument project she solicited aid for its completion not only through her magazine but by originating and bringing to a successful conclusion the first "Ladies' Fair." For a year the ladies of Boston prepared for this unheard of undertaking. In 1840, for seven glorious days, they sold "everything from pickles and preserves to patch-work quilts . . . contributed by patriotic women and from many living as far south as the Carolinas." They cleared $30,000.00 "from the products of their hands" and they learned a salutary lesson—women were capable of co-operation and by utilizing their own resources they could earn—money.

The "Ladies' Magazine" was an immediate success. Mrs. Hale not only published but she paid for American manuscripts, something which had never been done before. Louis A. Godey, who established the "Godey's Lady Book" in Philadephia the selfsame year, always claimed priority for buying American material, but his first thirteen issues were composed entirely of English contributions. When in 1836 "Godey's" was merged with the "Ladies Magazine," Mrs. Hale continued in charge.

In 1846 and for seventeen consecutive years Mrs. Hale's time, thought and pen were devoted to—a national Thanksgiving Day. She began her intensive campaign by writing to the governors of every state and territory, pleading for the national observance of the day. Summer was spent in reviewing the result, thanking her loyal supporters and in redoubling her efforts to bring in the laggards. Every year those letters went out, thousands of impassioned appeals, handwritten, for typewriters and multigraph machines did not exist in those days. Indeed, her very tenacity of purpose must have appalled those governors, for a lady's place was in the home and not in being tenacious.

A thrilling editorial in 1852 announced twenty-nine states and all territories would unite to observe the holiday—only Vermont and Virginia refused. When the war clouds began to gather she redoubled her efforts for a "United Thanksgiving." By 1859

the whole country was seething. War was on everyone's lips. Right gallantly Mrs. Hale strove to preserve the Union. She even "made" time to write historical series for children, hoping thus to inculcate in them a love for their united country—the Union.

One of her editorials was headed: "Our Thanksgiving Union." "God gave the United States! . . . If every state would join in Union Thanksgiving on the twenty-fourth of this month (the "last Thursday in November") would it not be a renewed pledge of love and loyalty to our Constitution of the United States which guarantees peace, prosperity, progress and perpetuity to our great republic."

A brave and daring editorial! But alas, by 1860 many of her hard-won supporters were with the South. A national Thanksgiving Day seemed father away than ever. But throughout the year and the following she was pleading for—a "Thanksgiving Day of Peace," and armistice for "giving thanks to Almighty God." If the roar of musketry and cannon drowned her voice it did not dampen her spirit. In 1863 President Lincoln answered her passionate appeal by proclaiming the "last Thursday in November" a day for universal and national Thanksgiving. Was the cause won at last? Would other presidents follow Lincoln's lead or would Thanksgiving Day again go into the discard? To secure a perpetual observance of the "last Thursday in November," Mrs. Hale now appealed to Congress to legalize Thanksgiving Day—the "last Thursday in November"— as a national holiday. She augmented her own letter with President Washington's proclamation of 1789:

"Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God . . . and whereas both Houses of Congress have requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of Thanksgiving and prayer . . . now therefore do I recommend Thursday, the 26th of November next, to the service of the great and glorious Being . . . that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our humble thanks for His kind care and protection of this country previous to its becoming a nation . . . for the favorable interpretation of His Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been able to establish constitutions of government . . . for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed . . . and also that we may unite and beseech Him . . . to promote virtue, knowledge and the increase of science among us. . . ."

Not only was Mrs. Sarah Josepha Buell Hale the "Mother of Thanksgiving Day." We are indebted to her for the preservation of lovely Mount Vernon. When the movement to perpetuate it as a memorial and shrine of our first President went on the rocks it was Mrs. Hale, with her usual vigor and foresight, who succeeded in saving it as a national treasure for us to enjoy.

Mrs. Hale was ninety years old when she wrote her last editorial for "Godey's Lady Book" (1877). She never wore glasses, although for two years cataracts over both eyes dimmed her vision . In time the condition cleared up and her sight became normal. She never lost her lovely delicate complexion and never changed the

style of dressing her hair— the side curls which her husband so loved. She was the author of twenty-four books and hundreds of poems. She gave us what is probably the best known children's poem in the English language, for Mrs. Hale was the author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," a far cry from her fearless editorials and impassioned appeals for a national Thanksgiving Day.

As you read the President's proclamation making the "last Thursday of November" a national day for thanksgiving and prayer, and as you whisper a prayer of thankfulness for your own blessings, remember Sarah Josepha Hale, the "Mother of Thanksgiving Day," through whose untiring efforts the day was saved for us.

NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling,
  The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
  But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
  Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
  Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over
  The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
  And the swallows back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
  A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
  Will shine with sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling,
  The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell, my darling,
  The spring will be sure to come.

There must rough, cold weather,
  And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
  Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
  Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
  Are kept alive in the snow.

—Alice Cary.

THANKSGIVING AND ITS CUSTOMS

By W. J. Banks

Once, in the dim beginnings, primitive tribesmen crudely returned praise or tribute to their deities for the bounties of nature. It was the first Thanksgiving. We shall never know where the custom was born or first developed. But it is safe to say that since man has tilled the soil, the fall has been the chief season for giving thanks. Before history began the harvest was the climax of the yearly cycle, the time of joy and plenty, just as it is for the vast majority of humans alive today.

The organized religions of early civilizations nearly all recognized a thanksgiving festival. The Hebrew east of Tabernacles acknowledged both the escape from Egypt and the bounties of the soil. The nine-day festival of the ancient Greeks in honor of Demeter, goddess of the cornfields, saw suitable sacrifices of fruit, honey and milk. The Romans, too, had their harvest festival. In the Christian era the universal custom continued. The "Harvest Home" of the English countryside is one of its finest survivals, a folk festival in which a truly religious spirit of gratitude to God prevails.

Various countries or districts have often declared special days of thanksgiving for specific blessings or successes. The end of a drought or the abatement of a plague might call for such a proceeding. England gave thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada, convinced as nations at war always are, that God was fighting the enemy, too. He also received due credit for the failure of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, and even yet "Guy Fawkes Day" is observed in England with fireworks and other manifestations of joy. Leyden, Holland, kept October 3 as an annual day of thanks for deliverance from Spain.

But it remained for North America to develop Thanksgiving Day as we know it: an annual religious holiday set aside by the whole nation, for the purpose of thanking God not for some individual favor, not alone for the rich harvest, but for all his goodness to his unworthy and faithless children. And it was the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers, founders of so much that is highest and best in present-day life, who founded this institution as well. Perhaps the harvest festivals of England were the chief forerunners of the first American Thanksgiving, for the Pilgrims were steeped in the traditions of the homeland.

Nearly half of those who landed at the Plymouth Rock from the Mayflower perished in that first terrible winter. But the survivors never faltered in their faith. They planted the few acres of laboriously cleared land to corn, barley and peas. And in the fall of 1621 they gathered in a wonderful crop, New England's first. The cold weather, too, drove game to their very doorsteps. Four men sent into the forest returned loaded down with wild fowl, mostly turkeys. A feast was prepared, including "as much fowle as with a little helpe beside, served the company at least a weeke." Ninety friendly Indians attended in all their savage paint and finery.

That first Thanksgiving Day of 1612 was not repeated as an annual institution immediately. For some

time the Massachusetts settlers were content to set aside days of thanksgiving at irregular intervals. Thus in July, 1623, one was held when Miles Standish returned from a voyage bringing provisions and news of the sighting of a ship from Holland. Within the next half century there were perhaps a score of such special thanksgiving days, occasionally two in a single year.

After the Revolution, in 1789, a national, annual Thanksgiving Day was decreed by Congress and proclaimed by Washington. For a while this was observed faithfully; then breaks occurred and the various states fell to holding their thanksgivings on different days. Finally Lincoln reestablished the national holiday as the fourth Thursday in November. His death almost caused another suspension, but his successor decreed that the hoilday continue on the last Thursday of the month; and so the United States has continued to observed it ever since.

Some writers declare that the Puritan dislike for Christmas celebrations helped to establish Thanksgiving as the great religious holiday in New England. To the exiles the Christmas festival was associated with the rites and "idolatry" of the Roman Catholic and English Churches, whose intolerance had driven them to this remote and perilous shore. Christmas, too, preserved customs of pagan origin; and perhaps even then those simple folk resented a tendency to commercialize Christmastide, so prevalent today. At any rate New England regarded Thanksgiving as its own great holy day, though in later years Catholic and Anglican immigration restored Christmas to comparable importance.

Canada, following the example of her neighbor, also has adopted the policy of holding an annual, national Thanksgiving Day. But the custom has not become general elsewhere, so that Thanksgiving remains as a North American institution. The Canadian Thanksgiving, however, is not held upon the same day as the United States' holiday. It is fixed yearly by proclamation. For a time it was associated with Armistice Day, and observed on the Monday of the week in which November 11 occurred. But lately Thanksgiving has been held in October.

Thanksgiving customs have widely varied origins. The prevalence of turkey and pumpkin at the dinner table dates from that first Thanksgiving of 1621. Corn, too, was one of the blessings for which the Pilgrim Fathers gave thanks in those early years and it still appears in some form or another on the occasion. Cranberry sauce apparently has no particular historical significance as a Thanksgiving feature. The fruit happens to ripen late in the fall, and has been pressed into service both at Thanksgiving and at Christmas.

In earlier days Thanksgiving was the great time for family reunion. Some folks, indeed, still observe this custom. Certainly the day is famed as a time for hospitality, and many a hostess dusts off all the leaves for the dining room table on this occasion. Traditionally, this phase of the Thanksgiving spirit springs from the invitation extended by the Pilgrims to the Indians to share their first feast. The custom of making up baskets for needy folk also dates back a good two centuries and was well established in America as a Thanksgiving feature

before the practice became prevalent at Christmas.

At Thanksgiving children have often dressed and disguished themselves in grotesque fashion, to go about the streets in festive mood. The practice of mummery and horseplay at times of festival dates, of course, from the most ancient of days. As a Thanksgving custom it was said to commemorate the painted Indians of 1621. But the young folks care little for origins, as long as they have an excuse for some "fun." The custom of singing in the streets and going from house to house in search of little favors, at both Hallowe'en and Christmas, came from England. It, too, was incorporated into the American Thanksgiving many years ago.

At the first Thanksgiving in 1621 the Indians entertained their hosts with feats of skill, and weird displays of dancing and pantomime. The white men for their part indulged in various games and recreations. The early New Englanders were by no means the long-faced kill-joys that some of their detractors would have us believe. We owe some of the games which have been played for generations at Thanksgiving time to these good folk.

But most of all we must thank them for the noble conception of a day set aside by the whole community, for heartfelt acknowledgment of the blessings that God has showered upon us. To the average American of today it would appear that the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay had little to be thankful for. In a worldly sense, they hadn't; but they had faith and hope beyond all riches. Let us, as we thank God for vastly greater material blessings, also humbly ask Him for a little of their wealth of spirit.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

It is autumn out my way;
  The fields have given up their grain,
  And hands have turned to winter chores again;
While multi-colored leaves try hard to stay.

The sun in golden splendor sinks to rest;
  The trees in silhouette against a flaming sky
  Frame pitcures much too grand for mortal eye,
For nature has labored at her best.

The setting is one God alone would dare employ;
  That my soul has caught the brilliant glow
  Only God Himself will ever, ever know,
Or how much these blessings I enjoy.

—Rev. Joseph M. Dando.

AUNT JANE'S THANKSGIVING PARTY

By Lois E. Davis

Aunt Jane had sent out the invitations to her annual Thanksgiving party; and all of them had been accepted. Then she sat down to think. No one outside of the charmed circle had been invited. And there was no place where a better time could be had than at Aunt Jane's.

"It seems to me," she thought, "that it is selffish for me not to do for any but my own this year. We have prospered during the last twelve months in many ways. The ground and orchards have yielded abundantly, the poultry yard has done well, and we have had no sickness or deaths in the family. I will receive more at Sister Mary's at Christmas, many times over, than I will give next week. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"

It was with a sober face that Aunt Jane looked long and earnestly into the fire and thought of her mercies and blessings. At last she exclaimed: "I have it," and clapped her hands so loudly that she awakened Uncle Silas, who had fallen asleep over his pipe, while sitting in the chimmey corner.

"What is it, Jane?" What is it? What have you got?"

"Silas, you go to sleep again. I am going down cellar."

But the good husband was now thoroughly aroused, and in a few minutes he approached the cellar door and called down the stairs:

"Where are you, Jane? What are you doing down cellar?"

"I am counting my pies, Silas."

After the pies were counted and the husband and wife had returned to the room, after fastening securely the cellar door, they sat down opposite each other, by the open fire. The wife was the first to speak.

"Silas, let us have a good old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk tonight. It is a long time since we had our last one, and I feel like talking."

"Yes, Jane, but it is getting late. Isn't it about time to go upstairs?"

"It is; but this will be a short talk. The case is one that calls more action than words."

"What do you mean! Are you crazy tonight, Jane?"

"I am as far removed from it as possible. Silas, you remember the words, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof'?"

"Certainly. I have never denied that all I have in reality belongs to my Maker."

"Then, if it belongs to Him, we are to use it according to His will, not not deviate from His commandments."

"Jane, you mean that the ingathering at the harvest season is unequally distributed over the earth, and we should give a portion of the increase of our land to others at this time?"

"You have guessed rightly. Have you counted your barrels of apples yet?"

"No, but there are many of them. I could spare a few of them."

"The widow Shepard has five young children, and not much to bring them up on. You have not fogotton how we loved and ate apples in our childhood days, Silas?"

"No, indeed. I will send the widow a barrel of winter apples, and one of windfalls. Become acquainted with other cases where there is not a sufficiency, and we will do the best that we can for them."

The evening before Thanksgiving was a busy one for Aunt Jane. Uncle Silas had promised to deliver as many packages as he found ready for distribution in the pantry Thanksgiving morning and Aunt Jane had availed herself of his willingness to help, and had placed herself in close touch with many needy cases.

"The children wil help you, Silas," she said. "They will need something to do."

"I try to be an honest man, Jane. Return to the Lord whatever is His due, and be grateful for the opportunity to do so."

Rising as early in the morning as it was proper for a person of her age, Mrs. Prentice and her husband had a talk together before they began their work for the day.

"Now, Silas, we must make a special effort to do right today, for the friends who will be with us will be influenced by the course we pursue. We must not forget the long-time custom and habit of going to church in the morning, and one or both of us must find our way to the old pew. Perhaps some of the young people will enjoy going with you."

"Ceartainly, Mother, certainly. And after I have carried the packages around I will get ready. It is very important that our family should be represented at the Thanksgiving service."

The homecoming friends received a joyous welcome the next morning by both heads of the family, and in this respect Mr. Prentice exceeded. He immediately, seconded by his thrifty wife, set about making up a party to accompany him to meeting. So successful was he in his undertaking that when the time came for the minister to announce the singing of the first hymn, there were no vacant seats in the Prentice pew.

Those remaining at home, who had come to spend Thanksgiving with uncle and aunt, grandpa and grandma, did not forget the old-time spirit of helpfulness, and went to work to prepare the turkey and tongue and ham and side dishes, and a little later the dessert. Of all these there was an ample sufficiency to meet any large or sudden demand. It was with evident pleasure that each guest sat down to the table at the dinner hour. To the astonishment of his wife, Mr. Prentice took home with him the minister and his wife, and two of the deacons, and their wives.

"Why, Pa! how did you happen to do such a thing?" exclaimed the hostess, after she had led him outside of the kitchen door.

"They had no visitors to spend the day with them, and I thought they might be lonesome," said the one who had broken in upon the usual routine of the Thanksgiving party.

"You did just right. There is enough and to spare. And we will view the deed with satisfaction when we sit down to review the events of the day."

They were good listeners as well as good talkers, those happy people who had laid aside their work and their cares, to sit down at that Thanksgiving dinner. A generous flow of conversation enlivened and prolonged the time spent in eating

and brought into close contact minds of different mold and culture Opinions and beliefs were stated, analyzed, and criticized. The society was delightful, the dinner all that could be desired. When the company adjourned to the parlor and sitting room the minister and deacons, with their wives, went to their homes, while the others employed their time in innocent and harmless pleasure and amusements.

The day wore away, and the last guest had departed. Mr. and Mrs. Prentice were again alone and seated opposite each other by the sitting room fire. It was evening. Clouds were in the sky and the snow was falling.

"We have had a good day, Jane," said the husband, as they drew closer together.

"Yes; what was the text this morning?"

" 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name.' "

Mrs. Prentice rose from her seat and went to the piano, almost discarded by reason of its age, and opened it. And the two, companions of many years, sang together:

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

COTTON ESTIMATE LARGEST IN HISTORY

The department of agriculture at Washington recently reported this year's cotton crop at 18,243,000 bales of of 500 pounds each.

This would be the largest in history.

Production last year was 12,399,000 bales. The largest crop previously grown was 17,978,000 bales in 1926. It was produced on 44,616,000 acres, the record average. The acre yield was 192.8 pounds. This year's crop is being produced on 33,736,000 acres but the acre yield is 258.8 pounds, a record picking. The previous record yield was 223.1 pounds in 1898. Last year's yield was 197.6 pounds.

Abandonment of acreage this year was much less than average and favorable weather and other conditions combined to boost the production estimates each month after the first official forecast in August. At that time 15,593,000, bales were forecast. The September estimate was 16,098,000 bales, It was increased in October to 17,573,000 bales—almost two million bales more than the year's first official forecast.

The census bureau reported recently that 13,164,096 running bales, counting round as half bales, of this year's growth had been ginned prior to November 1, compared with 9,882,530 to that date last year, and 7,743,612 in 1935.—Selected.

THE FOUNDING AND DEVELOPMENT OF PITTSBORO

By Betty McLin Bell

In the heart of North Carolina is a thriving town which this year is celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The town to which I refer is Pittsboro, a town which so charmingly combines the old with the new.

It was in 1785 that a charter was first granted. In the preamble to this charter the reasons for the founding of Pittsboro are stated. The preamble is as follows: —"Whereas it has been represented to this General Assembly that the land belonging to the estate of Mial Scurlock, deceased, whereon the Courthouse and other buildings in the County of Chatham now stand, is an exceedingly healthy, pleasant situation, well watered and commodious for commerce, being situated in a very rich and fertile part of the country, and sundry merchants and persons of distinction in the lower parts of the State are desirous that a town should be erected thereon, with a design of becoming purchasers of lots, and erecting buildings for the reception of their families in the summer months; it will also greatly tend to the ease and convenience of the inhabitants of that County in particular, an dthe western parts of the State in general."

The town, however, was not laid off on the land of Mial Scurlock, because the executors of the estate did not feel that they had the authority to dispose of the land. The trustees named in the charter of 1785, therefore, purchased one hundred acres of land from William Petty. This land was on the North side of Robinson's Creek. Because the location was changed, a new charter was granted by the General Assembly of 1787. So 1787 was the real beginning of Pittsboro.

Soon after this, the site of the Court-house was moved from the Mial Scurlock land to the new location of the town. The Court house building was moved, also, but it was used as a store, and later as a garage. It was located on Hillsboro Street until about ten years ago, when it was burned. A new Court house was built in the center of the town. This was a wooden structure, which was replaced later by a brick edifice. This building was used until one day, during a storm, while Court was in session, the roof was blown off. To replace this building, the present Court house was built in 1881.

In the charter the following men were named Commissioners of the town:—George Lucas, Joseph Stewart, Roger Griffith, Matthew Jones, Zachariah Harman, Patrick St. Lawrence, Nathan Stedman, James Massey and William Riddle. It was the duty of these men to lay the town off, sell the lots, and govern the town until others were elected to take place their place.

When the Commissioners laid off the town, the Court house square was designated as the center, with the principal streets laid off in four directions from there. These streets were: Hillsboro Street, to the North, East Street, South Street and West

Street. In 1889 the town limits were increased by the General Assembly. The boundaries have not been since changed.

As the County, in which the town was situated, was named in honor of the Earl of Chatham, the town was named in honor of his son, William Pitt, who was at that time Premier of England. The name of the town was spelled "Pittsborough" until in 1889 it was changed to "Pittsboro."

The second house built in Pittsboro is still standing, although not on its original location. It formerly stood where now stands the Cornwallis filling station. This house is now located immediotely south of the jail. It is interesting to note that this house was built by Patrick St. Lawrence, one of the first Commissioners of the town; and it was built in such a costly and substantial manner that both the owner and the contractor who erected it were made bankrupt.

For many years Pittsboro was a summer resort. As such it attracted many visitors.

It was in Pittsboro that the Reverend William Bingham had his famous school. Two of his pupils afterwards became Governors of North Carolina. They were John Owen and Charles Manly.

There are four churches in Pittsboro, all of which are old. The Methodist church was built in 1827; Saint Bartholomew's Episcopal Church was built in 1833; the Baptist Church in 1847; and the Presbyterian Church in 1851.

In 1837 the Masonic Lodge was built. On October 12, 1793, the Pitts-Masonic Lodge, which was then called Independence Lodge Number 12, assisted in laying the corner stone of the Old East building at the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

Of historical interest is the fact that General Cornwallis camped on the Mial Scurlock land, at the site of the old Chatham Courthouse, when he marched through North Carolina, after the Battle of Guilford Court house in 1781.

One of the first great steps toward improving the town was the building of the railroad from Pittsboro to Moncure, about 1886, where conection was made with the main line of the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

More recent improvements that have been made in Pittsboro are as follows: paved sidewalks in 1911; electric lights installed in 1922; paved streets by the construction of State highways in 1925; and waterworks in 1936. One of the most recent improvements is the Camp Hospital, which treats patients from Chatham and adjoining counties.

The largest single industry in Pittsboro is Chatham Mills, incorporated, which weaves silk and cotton labels. This mill was started in 1924. It now employs over one hundred people.

Pittsboro is located in the educational center of the State, being only seventeen miles from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and thirty miles from Duke University at Durham. It is, also, only thirty-five miles from the State Capital, Raleigh. The town has an accedited high school and grammar school of its own.

Pittsboro, a town with an interesting history and the assurance of an equally interesting future, cherishes its past, lives in the present, and welcomes the future.

SOUTH OFFERS THE SEMINOLE TRAIL

(The Christian Science Monitor)

More and more thousands are "taking the Seminole route" in their annual fall migration southward, and the number traversing the same broad thoroughfare for the spring return from Florida climes, is increasing by leaps and bounds as the motoring public becomes better acquainted with the many advantages and points of scenic and historic interest that dot this super-highway from the nation's capital to Miami.

Right now this ultra-modern driveway occupies a strategic position in controlling traffic southward from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and New England points.

An attractive feature of the Seminole Trail is its close proximity to the Skyline Drive, the new scenic wonderland which the Federal government is spending millions to develop, and which will eventually link the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia and the Great Smoky Mountain National Park in North Carolina.

The Skyline Drive extends from Swift Run Cap, Va., to Front Royal, Va., a distance of approximately 65 miles. The southward entrance at Swift Run Gap is only 12 miles from the Seminole Trail at Ruckersville, Va., over a splendid highway, the Spottswood Trail (State route number 4.)

Heading south out of Washington, D. C., over the Seminole Trail, the first stop of importance the motorist encounters is Fairfax. In the tiny court house of this tiny town is preserved the original will of George Washington in his own handwriting.

Twenty-seven miles out from the Skyline Drive, at Culpepper, is located "Greenwood," where General Lafayette and President Monroe were once entertained. Four miles east is the tomb of Betty Washington Lewis, only sister of George Washington.

Proceeding to Charlottesville we find the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson and cherished by him as one of the greatest achievements of his career. Three miles out is Monticello, the home of Jefferson and considered an outstanding architectural gem by all who have seen it. Ash Lawn, the home of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, is also situated here.

A few miles south of Amherst courthouse is the seat of Sweet Briar College. At Lynchburg, a few miles further on, are vast coal and iron fields and marble quarries. It is also the seat of Randolph-Macon College. Continuing south, we come upon Altavista, the site of the largest cedar chest factory in the world.

Danville is the next stop and the last capital of the Confederacy, where Jefferson Davis signed his last papers as President. Danville is the home of the first woman to sit in the British house of commons—Lady Nancy Langhorne Astor, who wrote, "My Two Countries."

Greensboro is the first town after crossing the North Carolina line. It was the home of O. Henry, famous short story writer. Near here also was fought the Battle of Guilford

Courthouse in 1781. The town is a large industrial center.

Continuing south for perhaps 16 miles, there is High Point. Here, too, the traveler will find the largest bureau in the world—32 feet high, 27 inches wide and 14 feet deep. This unique structure houses the offices of the Chamber of Commerce.

Charlotte, N. C., county seat of Mecklenburg county and known as the "Queen City of the South," is where the first Declaration of Independence was signed on May 20, 1776. Andrew Jackson's birthplace is a few miles farther down the road, an humble but impressive cabin, while at Pineville, just outside of the city of Charlotte, James K. Polk was born.

We next pause at Kings Mountain ten miles south of Gastonia, near which is located the famous battle field of the same name where the British forces were completely routed at the hands of the American patriots, October 7, 1780.

Crossing into South Carolina, the Seminole Trail enters a State redolent with memories of the past but alert to present and future progress. Gaffney, the seat of Cherokee county, is within 12 miles of the Cowpens battleground, the scene of one of the most decisive battles of the Revolution. Limestone College is also situated here.

A few minutes leisurely motoring brings us to Spartanburg, a city of educational and industrial progress nestled in the picturesque foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Here are Converse College for women and Wofford College for men.

Within a 20-mile radius of Spartanburg is Glenn Springs, one of the oldest and at one time most popular resorts in the United States. Approximately 32 miles south of Spartanburg is Greenville, one of Dixie's greatest textile centers.

At Greenville the Seminole Trail leaves the main line of the Southern Railway and goes to Anderson and the old Pendleton district. Not far away is Clemson College, the South agricultural and mechanical college, and the home of John C. Calhoun.

Passing through 22 miles of rare natural beauty, there appears the city of Eatonton, Ga., the birthplace of Joel Chandler Harris, author of the famous "Uncle Remus" stories. Still further south, about 36 miles, is Macon, Ga., seat of Wesleyan College, Mercer University as well as the Georgia Academy for the Blind are situated here. The boyhood home of Sidney Lanier, poet laureate of the South, stands a short distance from Macon.

The Seminole Trail follows Federal route No. 41 from Macon to the Florida border, via Perry, Cordele, Tifton, into Valdosta, the center of a magnificent agriculture region. Numerous clear-water lakes dot this section.

Winding its white ribbon on through Florida, the Seminole Trail passes Lake City, Silver Springs, St. Petersburg, Tampa and Fort Myers, continuing on to Miami over the Tamiami Trail through the Everglades, original habitation of the Seminoles from which the route derives its name.

"To pretend is just to confess that you're ashamed of what you really are."

BEING ALIVE

(Boy Life)

What is finer than a person who is fully and thoroughly alive? Alive, that is, in mind and spirit. It is glorious to be fully alive in body, with every nerve and muscle athrill with health. But that in itself does not mean much to your friends and associates, but being intellectually alive is one of the secrets of an attractive personality.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famous author, was one of the best-liked men of his time. William Dean Howells, in his reminiscences tells this incident of Holmes. An acquaintance once said to him:

"Holmes' you are intellectually the most alive man I ever knew."

"I am, I am," cried the doctor, with vivid satisfaction in the fact; "from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I'm alive, I'm alive!"

And so he was to the end of his long and useful life. At sixty, Dr. Holmes wondered if he were getting too old to write his next book, "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Mr. Howells tells how the query was answered:

"He lived twenty-five years after that self-question at sixty, and after eighty he continued to prove that threescore was not the limit of a man's intellectual activity or literary charm."

His quality of being alive was a big factor in his long and useful life.

To look with alert and friendly eyes at other people, to be interested in the things that interest them, is to go far on the road to being well liked. This comes more naturally and easily to some folks than to others, but it is a gift that can be cultivated. Try it; it is well worth your while.

If you are sometimes bothered by a feeling of awkwardness, or an inability to think of anything to say when in the company of others, the surest remedy is to become genuinely alive to somethng that interests the other person. This takes your thoughts away from yourself, and so relieves your embarrassment, and, at the same time, is a nice courtesy to your companion, one that usually will be appreciated. To do this well and acceptably takes practice, but the ability is worth the effort.

The heart of the matter has been summed up in a very few words by a very wise man, long, long ago. You can find the saying a part of a verse in the old Book: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy, or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome, or within another a life he can assist to greater heights.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his boys are keeping our tables well supplied with fresh pork, five large hogs having been slaughtered this week.

The boys on our farm forces have been working at top speed during the past week, husking and hauling corn in an effort to get it all in before the coming of bad weather.

Superintendent Charles E. Boger and E. Farrell White, superintendent of public welfare of Cabarrus County, attended a district conference of welfare workers held in Charlotte last Thursday.

Several boys who had previously undergone treatment for fractured arms, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, last Wednesday, for observation. Dr. Roberts removed the cast from one boy's arm and reported that all of them were doing fine.

Mesdames John Pipkin, C. E. Stout, Leo McCombs and Clifford Cook, all members of the Kannapolis Circle King's Daughters and Sons, visited the School last Tuesday, bringing with them a number of fine magazines for the use of our boys. This is a fine gesture on the part of these good ladies and we are appreciative of their kindly interest in the boys.

Following a custom of several years' standing, Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, sent a goodly number of fine magazines for our boys. A few days later, Mrs. Leslie Bell, acting for the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, brought out a nice lot of leading magazines. This contribution to the boys' amusement is greatly appreciated both by the boys and officials of the School.

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from a case supervisor of the Guilford County Department of Public Welfare concerning Harvard Winn, a former member of our printing class, who was allowed to leave the School about two years ago. Following are excerpts from her letter:

"In October, 1930, I took to your institution Harvard Winn. I am sure you are more familiar with the facts in the case than I am—that we had a great deal of trouble with him at that time.

"Something over a month ago a young man called at my office. I did not recognize him, he had grown so much and had such nice manners, and when he told me he was Harvard Winn, I could hardly believe it.

"When he was sent to Jackson Training School his mother showed a very poor attitude about the whole matter, and condemned everybody

who had anything to do with it.

"During Harvard's visit he talked at length, thanking me for all that had been done for him, saying that he realized the right thing had been done when he was sent to the Training School. He also said he wanted his mother to come up and see me, that he was living with her in Alamance County at this time.

"Some time during the following week, his mother called at the office. She said she had come at Harvard's request to express regret for her attitude toward this office at the time the boy was sent to the School. She admitted that she was entirely wrong in the whole matter and said she was glad Harvard had the opportunity of being at the School.

"In this morning's mail I have a letter from Mrs. Winn telling me that Harvard was in a C C C camp."

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the twelfth chapter of Romans, and the subject of his highly interesting talk to the boys was, "Peace."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hughes pointed out that three different nationalities, in early days, were represented among the settlers in Cabarrus County—English and Scotch-Irish, Dutch and Germans. The English and Scotch-Irish group settled in the section of the county known as Poplar Tent, while the Dutch and Germans made their homes in Mt. Pleasant.

All went well until an incident occurred which stirred up considerable discord in the lives of the citizens of this county. They could not agree on the location of a county seat. The Scotch-Irish and English group wanted it in the Poplar Tent section, and the Dutch and German folks insisted that it be located in Mt. Pleasant. After a long argument it was decided to have the county seat half way between the two places, and it was named Concord, which means agreement or harmony. Thus the quarrel was settled and the citizens of the county once more lived in peace.

The speaker then stated that should the younger folks here today ask their parents or grand-parents why it was that their forebears, coming from different countries, believed in peace, brotherly love, harmony, etc., the answer would be that while they were of different nationalities, they were all Christians.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then spoke of a certain city in New England where one may walk along its streets and hear thirty different languages spoken, yet the people seem to be living happily together. This is due to the fact that most all of them are Christians. Our entire land is made up of people from all over the world. Harmony exists because we are all one great family, although of different nationalities, trying to live together in peace as Christians.

If our country is doing these things which have to do with the sweetest things of life, continued the speaker, why is it that the world has warring nations? This is because those nations have not given enough thought to the teachings of Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

The speaker then called the boys'

attention to the bad habit which exists in this country—that of showing contempt to people of other nationalities. Here in our midst we have different races. It is not the right Christian spirit for the white people to ridicule the negro. While we are not required to recognize the black man as our social equal, it is our Christian duty to help him rather than hold him in contempt. We cannot get alone peaceably with people of other nations as long as we treat them with contempt. The world will not be at peace as long as one nation feels superior to another. It is not a matter of the country to which we belong, but it is the love of God in our hearts which prompts us to respect the feelings of other people.

The speaker then told of a hospital unit of sixty-five men leaving for France during the World War. Before they embarked a service was held in Trinity Church, Boston. In a crowded church the Bishop told these men that there was no difference in nationality, as far as relieving suffering was concerned, and urged them to take the Cross of Christ as their emblem, and wherever they found suffering to remember that they were soldiers of Jesus, who went about doing good, and to minister to all in His name.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told the following story of the World War: A German aviator was trying to bomb the Allies' line. An American ace engaged him in combat, high up in the clouds, finally shooting him down. The plane crashed to earth behind the German lines. The American immediately landed his plane alonside, and, finding his enemy in a dying condition, asked what he might do for him. He asked the German to forgive him, expressing his regret that his country had forced him to shoot down such a fine chap—a man whom he had never known.

The German replied that he, too, was sorry that his country had compelled him to fight against people who had never harmed him, and likewise begged forgiveness. Before he died, the German gave the American his parents' address and requested that he write them. The American did so, returning a testament containing a picture of the dead man's mother and other belongings. He also begged them to forgive him for taking the life of one he did not hate. A reply came from the parents, saying this was their only child. It also stated that any one who could write such a letter surely possessed the true spirit of Christ. They begged him to visit them when the war was over, saying that their lives would be lonely, and asking if they might adopt him as their son.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes said that instead of teaching our young people how to carry on wars, it should be the duty of the Church to teach them to hate warfare, and by so doing the world would never again see such suffering as was caused by the World War. And, here in our country, if we would learn to hate race prejudice and try to live as brothers, guided by the teachings of the Master, all hardships and suffering would be wiped out and we would be truly happy as a Christian nation, ever seeking to spread the spirit of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 14, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ivey Eller
Leon Hollifield
Edward Johnson
Edward Lucas

COTTAGE No. 1

Howard Cox
William Haire
William Howard
Jack McRary
Fonnie Oliver
Howard Roberts
Albert Silas
Jerry Smith
Frank Walker
Preston Yarborough
R. L. Young

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps
Julius Green
Melvin Jarrell
Clifton Mabry
Fred Seibert

COTTAGE No. 3

Henry Floyd
Norwood Glasgow
John Hampton
William McRary
James McCune
Kenneth Raby
William Smith
Allen Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

Garrett Bishop
Odell Bray
Paul Briggs
James Hancock
Hugh Kennedy
Thomas Maness
Charles Mizzell
Frank Raby
Thomas Stephens
William Surratt
Leo Ward
Odell Wilson

COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen
Harold Almond
William Brothers
Ernest Beach
Burman Holland
Richard Palmer

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson
Fletcher Castlebury
Robert Dunning
Robert Deyton
Noah Ennis
Columbus Hamilton
Leo Hamilton
Thomas Hamilton
Leonard Jacobs
James Rackley
Jack West
William Wilson
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE No. 7

Lacy Green
Caleb Hill
Robert Lawrence
Wayland Morgan
Elmer Maples
J. C. Mobley
Milton Pickett
Jack Pyatt
Joseph Wheeler
William Young

COTTAGE No. 8

Lloyd Banks
Howard Baheeler
Duke Davis
Fred May
Rayvon Michael
Warner Peach

COTTAGE No. 9

Wilson Bowman
J. T. Branch
Thomas Braddock
William Brackett
Edgar Burnette
James Coleman
George Duncan
Odie Hicks
Mark Jones
Eugene Presnell

Hubert Short
Cleveland Suggs
Homer Smith
Samuel J. Watkins
Thomas Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

Ralph Carver
Floyd Combs
Milford Hodgin
Mack Joines
James Penland

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Harold Bryson
Howard Clark
Earl Duncan
Lawrence Guffey
William Kirk
Donald Newman
Filmore Oliver
Theodore Rector
William Tobar
John Uptegrove
Fred Williamson
Berchell Young

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen
Frank Dickens
Ewin Odom
Ross Young

COTTAGE No. 13

Norman Brogden
Wilson Bailiffe
Harry Flowe
Robert Hailey
Vincent Hawes
Ney McNeeley
Jordan McIver
Eugene Patton
Claudius Pickett

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews
L. M. Hardison
Hoyt Hollifield
Caleb Jolly
Cleo King
Raymond Mabe
Connie Michael
Alvin Powell
Wilson Rich
Wallace Sommers
Robert Wilson
George Worley

DO IT WITH A SONG

Somehow the task seems lighter
  When we do it with a song;
It stills the heart's complaining
  And keeps the courage strong.

No lot seems so grievous,
  Nor filled with cares the day,
When love takes up the burden
  And sings along the way.

Somehow, though skies are gloomy,
  Or roads are rough and long,
He will not lack for comrades
  Who travels with a song.

—Nellie Good.

NOV 27 1937
CAROLINA ROOM
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 27, 1937 No. 48

ETERNAL

"In thy face I have seen the Eternal," said a great man to his wife who bent over him in the last hours of his life on earth. And why not? For in that face were written faith, hope, love, and even a multitude of those virtues that can never die. And in every face that reflects the face of Jesus Christ may be seen the Eternal. The invisible God is constantly being translated into the visible God in those lives and faces which reflect his image. Are men who look upon us reminded of God or of Satan?—Selected.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

BUILDING IN BOYS

Who builds in boys builds lastingly in truth,
And "vanished hands" are multiplied in power,
And sounds of living voices, hour by hour,
Speak forth His message with the lips of youth.

Here is the Hous of Hope, whose doors are Love,
To shape young souls in images of right,
To train frail twigs straight upward toward the Light;
Such work as this Gol measures from above.

And faring forth, triumphant, with the dawn,
Each fresh young soul a missioner for weal,
Forward they carry, as a shield, the seal
Of His example—so His work goes on.

Granite may crumble, wind and wave destroy;
Urn, shaft, or word may perish or decay,
But this shall last forever and a day—
His living monument, a boy!

—Selected.

BIG BROTHERS

The city of Charlotte, alert to the needs of the times, never fails to measure up to every emergency in a manner that is most satisfactory. For instance, when the appeal was made for a cottage to make adequate room for the Mecklenburg delinquents the response was most generous. The Mecklenburg Cottage with boys from that county on the Jackson Training School grounds tells all in picture, making a most delightful human interest story. This cottage will continue to stand as a monument to the superb leadership of the sainted Dr. A. A. McGeahey, pastor of Second Presbyterian church, and his co-workers.

One good work at some time inspires another. In fact we never know just how far the influence of a good life extends. We do know that beauty, truth and justice are companions of the soul, and yield a smooth, and far-reaching influence.

The next forward step of humanitarian interest by Charlotteans has been projected by the Charlotte chapter of the American Business club. Members of this club some time ago offered to take over the task of acting as "Big Brothers" to first offending young boys found guilty of crimes in court. The American Business club as Big Brothers to these youngsters is engaging in a business that has its values reckoned in the salvaging of human souls. These men have a vision, they know the boy's problems, especially do they understand that many boys go astray because of economic circumstances,—bad environment, broken homes and poverty. If some one just in the nick of time gives the steadying hand to such a boy doubtless he will be saved as an asset to society instead of big shot criminal.

We commend the ambition of the "Big Brothers," and feel sure their efforts will eliminate many misdemenors committed by the boys, and in the mean time will follow up all boys with interest who have been paroled from the industrial schools of the state.

There are in other big cities of the United States the organization known as the "Big Brothers" to the underprivileged boys, and the reports are the "Big Brothers" are exerting a most wonderful influence for good among delinquents.

* * * * * * *

HIGH SPOTS DURING WELFARE CONFERENCE

The welfare conference made up of executives and workers of fifteen counties in this section of the state held a very interesting and profitable meeting in Charlotte last week. The theme of the conference, "A forward look in public welfare in North Carolina", was developed in interesting and instructive talks, headed by Mrs. W. T. Bost, State Welfare Commissioner.

Mrs. Bost with satisfaction and pride in the accomplishment announced that in the 100 counties in the state each had a welfare superintendent, with additional 300 case workers and 200 clerical workers; with all of these she emphasized the help is not adequate

to meet the demands. This, we think, is a wonderful long step forward toward ministering to the needy from all walks of life.

Well, we recall the placing of the first welfare officer, or superintendent in Cabarrus county. It was absolutely considered unnecessary, and was accepted as a lazy man's job. This step forward in making people see that welfare work was a necessity and not just an experiment has taken time but all good things come by long suffering and patience. Mrs. Bost has continued to "sit steady" in the boat, without fanfare, till people have begun to understand "we are our brother's keeper."

The requirements today to become a welfare worker are many,—college training, then special training elswhere with some experience. We do not raise a hand against all of this, but do know the most essential requisite is to be welfare minded, if the work is a success. There are many angles to welfare work as Mrs. Bost emphasized and it takes all one can muster,—courage, a heart and much physical reserve to meet the demands in this work.

The present incumbent, Mrs. Bost has realized much progress in her work,—interest has been awakened, so her administration has naturally been one of continued joy and hope for the future of the state, in every phase of humanitarian work.

* * * * * * *

THE NEGRO AT NORTH CAROLINA SANATORIUM

The Sanatorium Sun carries a most interesting article captioned "New Hope For The Negro". In the same issue is a picture, showing the front of the building known as the Negro Division, on the Sanatorium grounds, that cares for one hundred and thirty patients, including twenty five children. A new wing to the same building will be opened shortly that will room 50 more adults.

In this article the empahsis is the cause of high mortality rate among the Negroes,—some maintain that it is due to a lack of racial resistance to tuberculosis, while others say it follows poor housing conditions, the lack of proper food and insufficient clothing.

However, these conditions inspired the building of the "Negro Division" giving the tubercular negro advantages for an arrested case the same as any other patient. The officials realizing that after a case is arrested habilitation is almost impossible, because

many occupations, other than manual labor, are closed to the negro. The majority of negroes are house maids, farmers, or wives of farmers and the such like, therefore, such work would soon undo all good realized at the Sanatorium because of trying to carry too heavy a load.

So the aim of the officials of this institution is not only to cure physically but to enrich the lives of their patients by teaching them to do something as they are convalesing, and to profitably pass the time when dismissed.

These are some of the accomplishments of the Negro patients while convalescing. We feel that the story shows interest and a fine spirit upon the part of the head of the institution. The object is to make a life and not just a living. We should read and know more of our state:

Crocheting and knitting are the most popular with the women. One patient has crocheted ten bedspreads in less than two years, which is quite a record for a bed patient. Many sew, even make their own clothing. Several are talented in drawing and painting, which is as interesting to the other patients as to themselves. Another makes pasteboard doll houses, designed and furnished exactly like real houses. Scrapbooks are favorites with all the patients. There are scrapbooks filled with pictures, poems and clippings about every imaginable subject, as well as the memento scrapbooks. Some of the men have become experts in woodcraft—making picture frames and other articles that are readily sold.

The children go to school, where Mrs. L. A. Marks the wife of the Negro doctor, teaches them. As in the Main Division, the youngsters go to school half the day with lessons and books just like any other grammar school. The majority of adults can read and write, but those who cannot are taught by those who can, thus reducing the State's Negro illiteracy percentage.

* * * * * * *

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

During the yesteryears the homes were bee hives of all kinds of activities, but the machine has supplantd home training,therefore, the responsibily of vocational guidance has fallen upon the schools. Realizing the need of vocational training the school officials are busy

making plans for all state schools to have a thoroughly equipped department for this phase of work. The more we teach young people to use their hands according to adaptability the demand for recreational play grounds will not be so urgent. The Smithfield Herald tells briefly the need of vocational guidance, with the fundamentals of an education, in all institutions:

Vocational guidance is a comparatively new expression in our "educational" vocbulary. Educators have had something of the sort in mind for years, but it took the depression to emphasive the need for being prepared for some definite work. It has been demonstrated in recent years that skilled workers always receive preference over the unskilled when jobs are to be filled.

Educational leaders are thinking more now, not only about training for jobs but how to have people happy in their jobs, how not to have them become square pegs in round holes. Some schools are adding a course known as vocational guidance, designed as one writer in the Christian Science Monitor expressed it "to help persons choose, prepare for, enter into, and make progress in that work for which each is best fitted by temperament and capacity."

The movement is a good one, but as we stress vocational guidance and training, it must not be overlooked that a good high school education is very valuable in attaining success in any vocation. The fundamental subjects, reading, writing, arithemtic, history and all the rest give a training that helps one to adapt himself to circumstances, and in these changing times that might be necessary. A boy might prepare for a certain vocation, but by the time he was forty time might bring such changes that there would be no demand for his type of work. His formal education would then stand him in good stead as he undertook to adapt himself to changed circumstances.

As we endeavor to make of Johnny a carpenter, or a fireman, or a policeman, or a locomotive engineer, let us not forget to impress him that he will make a better carpenter, a better fireman, a better policeman or a better engineer, if he finishes high school. Too many drop out before the senior year is reached.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

THE ECHO

"Take time to speak a loving word
Where loving words are seldom heard,
And it will linger in the mind
And gather others of its kind.

"Till loving words will echo where
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare,
And somewhere on thy heavenward track
Their music will come echoing back."

Never put off until tomorrow the kiss of today. Tomorrow may be too late.

Because some people have sharp faces is no reason they should look daggers at other people.

Seeing is not always believing. There are a great many people whom you can see but can't believe.

When you get to know a fellow,
And his faults you cease to tell;
For you seldom hate a fellow
When you know him very well.

A doctor is quoted as saying that the world is going crazy. Going? Why nearly half of it is already crazy—on war and turmoil.

Years ago doctors used to bleed their patients. Nowdays their bills accomplish that purpose. But the doctors must live whether the patients do or not.

He sits around the house all day,
And on his pipe he'll suck;
He kicks 'cause things don't come his way
And blames it on his luck.

We have heard for years that money talks. Not freely. It hasn't said a thing to me in quite a while. Might as well be tongue-tied, as far as I am concerned.

An evangelist declares that "h—l is drawing nearer every day." It does look so, from the way they are raising it in the far east. I am glad it is that far away—and will remain so.

Speaking in round figures, the statement is made that there are at least a million women in the United States who are grossly overweight. And equally as many are under wait for the right fellow to come along.

A Texas weather man says "if a telephone line sings, and sings loudly, you can look for a cold spell." Down in this part of the country, when two female gossips get to phoning the line does not get a chance to sing.

A smart chauffeur named Zack Cole—
Thought he was the gamest of men
Ran his car up a telephone pole—
But he'll never do it again.

The modern girl don't need a beau,
To take her on trips near and far;
For now she can be on the go
Since she's learned to steer her car.

"There's plenty of room at the top," they say.
But the way the new women have got 'em,
In matters of dress, I'm free to confess,
There is just lots more room at the bottom.

No special or class tax is justified. Chain stores and all other types of stores should pay all the taxes levied against business generally, which they do—and no more. To make them the butt of additional taxation is unsound public policy—and the people, especially the people whose budgets

must be carefully planned, bear the harsh brunt of it.

The New Deal appears to be tempering its course, and being steered in a more conservative direction. The President is talking of budget-balancing, and there has been a cut-down in Federal activities, notably in the relief field. And the sentiment of Congressmen, who are worried by the stock collapse, is generally in favor of taking a cautious line. A continuance of this trend could do as much as anything to encourage business.

The other day I found an item of human interest tucked away on the inside of one of our big papers. It told of a man in New York State, who, when he was 70 started singing lessons, and the other day at 86, they said he sang " in good voice." That is encouraging to all who have never taken voice culture. There's hope for them. Singing snatches of present-day songs will help, if you can do no better. Singing is one way to keep young. If you have a million dollars, you can sing as you please, and will not be silenced by your family, or any of the grandchildren. But, without a song, what is wealth anyway?

The nine members of the Supreme Court of the United States of America are composed of both Democrats and Republicans, and their decisions are usually unanimous. It simply vindicates the confidence of the people in the Supreme Court that it makes no sacrifices for political expediency. Its rulings are based on founded logic and thought, the test of ages. Basically speaking, the Constitution is heart, mind and very soul of this nation, while the Supreme Court is the guardian of the Constitution, where only reason dominates. So long as our Supreme Court is loyal to the Constitution, and so long as the people respect it as an institution, the political structure of the United States is secured. No one can point to any incident in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States that would even suggest a lack of faith in its integrity and patriotism. Regardless of our individual or even collective opinions, the Supreme Court performed, and is performing its duty, nobly, courageously and loyally.

THE GOSSIP

For thirty years Miss Dutton's tongue was loose,
  She wove her gossip like the viscous threads
  A female spider, knowing hunger, spreads
For moths. She paralyzed with bitter juice
Distilled within herself. A thousand times
  Unwary creatures felt her poisoned bite;
  Nothing stayed her savage appetite
Yet she was hardly conscious of her crimes.

  The memory of her shrill, vindictive laugh
  Is all Miss Dutton has for epitaph.

—Carmen Judson.

TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

By Samuel Glenn Hawfield

On the morning of November 11, 1937, near the hour when the world was in the midst of commemorating the eventful time when the weary soldier boys of the World War laid aside the arms of warfare to enter into the joys of peace, my (our) FATHER, William Dallas Hawfield, laid aside his armor and went away to that bourne from whose shores no traveler returns. Only a few months previously our family circle was broken when our mother slipped away into the Great Beyond. Now time in its ceaseless course has written another chapter in the family archives and another chair is vacant.

Our hearts were saddened beyond the sentiments expressed in mere words when we bade farewell to his face, for he was fair and handsome. What he did in life is finished, and now it belongs to the ages.

Time and time again, in the vigor of life, had he gone away from home on some business mission or some pleasure trip, and although we missed him then and with eager hearts anticipated his return, yet in no moment did we doubt that in due time he would return. There were no allurements over which he was not master. He loved his home and those of his household loved him.

In remembering him while he dwelt among us there flash across the mind many memories of his triumphant life. There was music in his soul. In silence, meditation and communion with the Divine, he tuned his heart to the melodies of Heaven. Then by the fireside in the home and elsewhere from the depths of his spirit, he sang the harmonies of his life into the hearts of those about him. Southern folks songs and sacred hymns were his favorites.

In all of the many activities pertaining to farm life he was a master artisan. There was in his spirit a consuming purpose to do all things well and to do them promptly. He was skillful as a blacksmith, carpenter, ploughman and planter. The advice he gave his children was: "Be sure that you push your work, and do not let your work push you."

At the age of twenty-one, as was the custom in those days, particularly in large families, he launched out into the world. A product of Mecklenburg County, he turned his face towards the borders of Union County where he was to meet and win his companion. They were together in life for almost fifty years and now they are together in death. In early manhood he learned the lesson of practicing thrift and strict economy. Throughout his life it was his custom to care diligently for his farm tools and equipment, his live stock and other possessions. He dug ditches, terraced hill-sides and opened new farm lands to the end that at the harvest season there would be plenty. In obedience to a keen sense of his parental responsibility, he was provident in all things.

Although by fate he was denied entrance into the courts of learning, and was never versed in the culture and literature of the classics, yet through study, reading and association he acquired much of the world's practical wisdom and knowledge. Be-

cause of his own limitations he wished for the on-coming generation the best chance possible. He was genuinely interested in the development of good schools for boys and girls. He gave generously of his time and substance to the cause of public education. His contribution in this field represents a rich heritage to those who linger.

Likewise he was faithful in serving the church—always willing and glad to do his part. As a churchman he served as a Steward in the Methodist church, as a teacher and superintendent in the Sunday school. In humility and meekness he served as best he could.

The twenty-nine years of college life made possible for his eight children—some more and some less—were hallowed by his unmeasured toil and sacrifice. Those who were beneficiaries of his sacrifices should always strive to do the things which he would gladly have done, but for the force of limitations.

Perhaps the crowning glory of his useful life was his keen sense of honesty. The principle of honesty was ever dominant and operative in his life. His theory was to owe no man anything. Thus in sobriety, temperance, meekness, morality and honesty he walked before God, purposing in his heart of hearts to do right.

"Oh, my father, gone before me
To our home beyond the hill;
Though the way be dark and stormy,
Let me walk beside thee still.

"Though far my thought may wander
From thy calm serenity;
In the evening when I ponder,
Then my thoughts return to thee.

"When the sun is shining brightly,
And my spirit's gay and free,
In the evening, quickly, lightly,
Then my thoughts return to thee.

"When floods my landmarks cover,
And my world is rocking me;
Oh, my father, friend, and lover,
Then my thoughts return to three."

THINKING

At night before I sleep I lie
And think and think, and wonder why.
Why tables have legs and cannot walk;
Why pitchers have mouths and cannot talk.
Why needles have eyes and cannot wink;
Why pins have heads and cannot think.
Why houses have wings and cannot fly;
Why flowers have beds and cannot lie.
Why clocks have hands and cannot write;
Why combs have teeth and cannot bite.
I think and think till I can't sleep,
And have to start in counting sheep!

—Exchange.

CAPT. ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

By Dale Carnegie

I know of no story more heroic more inspiring, or more tragic than that of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, the second man to reach the South Pole. The tale of how Scott and two companions met tragic death on the Ross Ice Barrier still has the power to sway mankind.

The news of Scott's death reached England on a sunny afternoon in February, 1913. Crocuses were blooming in Regent Park. England was stunned as nothing else has stunned her since Nelson's death at Trafalgar.

Twenty-two years later, England dedicated a final memorial to Scott—a polar museum, the first polar museum in the world. Arctic explorers from all over the earth gathered at its dedication. Across the front of the building runs a Latin inscription of Robert Scott. It says: "He sought the secret of the Pole. He found the secrets of God."

Scott began his tragic dash for the South Pole in the Terra Nova, and from the moment the ship nosed her way into the icy water of the Circle, he was beset and bedevilled by bad luck.

Enormous waves battered the hull. Cargo was swept from the deck. Tons of sea water thundered down into the hold. And boiler fires were swamped. The pumps were clogged. And for days the gallent ship rolled helplessly in the trough of the smashing seas.

But Scott's bad luck had only begun.

He brought along tough little ponies that had been hardened to cold on the frozen tundras of Siberia, but they suffered agonies. They floundered helplessly in the powdered snow; they broke their legs in treacherous crevasses and had to be shot.

The dogs too—veteran huskies from the Yukon—went wild and dashed blindly over the edge of the glacier crack.

Then Scott and his four companions made the final dash for the pole alone, harnessed to a sledge that weighed a thousand pounds. Day after day they slogged over fields of rough ice, each man pulling, gasping and choking in the thin frigid air nine thousand feet above sea level.

Yet they did not complain. At the end of the cruelest journey ever undertaken by man lay victory, lay the mysterious Pole, undisturbed since the Six Days of Creation — the Pole where noting lives nor breathes, nor stirs—not even a wandering gull.

And on the fourteenth day they reached the Pole—but—only to find consternation and heart-break. Before them, at the top of a stick, a tattered piece of cloth flaunted triumphantly in the bitter wind. A flag—the flag of Norway! Amundsen, the Norwegian had been there before them! —and they realized that after years of preparation, after months of torment, they had been cheated of victory by five short weeks.

Crushed with disappointment they started home.

The story of their tragic struggle back toward civilization is an Odyssey of suffering. The stinging blasts coated their features with ice and froze their very beards. They

stumbled and fell and every injury brought them a step nearer death. First Petty Officer Evans the strongest man in the outfit, slipped and crashed his skull against the ice, and died.

Then Captain Oates fell ill. His feet were frostbitten. He could hardly walk. He knew he was holding his companions back. So one night Oates did a godlike thing. He walked out into a raging blizzard to die in order that others might live.

Without heroics, without melodrama, he calmly announced: "I'm going outside. I may be gone some time." He was gone forever. His frozen body was never found. But today a monument stands on the spot of his disappearance, and it reads: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman.

Scott and his two conpanions staggered on. They no longer looked like men. Their noses, their fingers, their feet were brittle with cold. And on the nineteenth of February, 1912, fifty days after they had left the Pole they pitched camp for the last time. They had fuel enough to make two cups of tea apiece, and enough food to keep them alive for two more days. They thought they were saved—they were only eleven miles away from a depot of buried supplies. With one terrible march they could make it.

Suddenly they were overwhelmed with tragedy.

Down over the rim of the earth roared a howling blizzard, a fury of wind so fierce, so sharp that it cut ridges in the ice. No creature on earth could face it and live. Scott and his men were held prisoners in their tent for eleven days while the blizzard raged and snarled. Their supplies were exausted. It was the end and they knew it.

There was a way out—an easy way out. They had opium, a large quantity of opium brought along for just such an emergency. A big dose of that and they could all lie down to pleasant dreams, never to wake again.

But they ignored the drug. They resolved to face death with the fine sportsmanship characteristic of old England.

During the last hours of his life Scott wrote a letter to Sir James Barrie, describing the end. Their food was gone. Death was almost upon them. Yet Scott writes: "It would do your heart good if you could hear us fill our tent with ringing songs of cheer."

One day eight months later when the Antarctic sun shone peacefully over the gleaming ice, their frozen bodies were found by a searching party.

They were buried where they perished—buried under a cross made of two skis lashed together. And over their common grave were written these beautiful words from Tennyson:

Has your religion any difficulty in it? or is it in all respects easy to you? Are you simply taking your own pleasure in your mode of living, or do you find your pleasure in submitting to God's pleasure? In a word, is your religion a work? For if it be not, it is not religion at all.—Newman.

AMERICAN STORY OF EDWARD BOK EMMIGRANT BOY

By Dale Carnegie

One day a hungry little boy coming home from school stopped before a bakery window to admire the hot buns and custard pies.

The baker stepped out and said to him:

"Look pretty good, don't they?"

"They would replied the Dutch boy, "if your window were cleaned."

"Why, that's so too," said the baker. "Maybe you'll clean it for me."

And that was how Edward Bok got his first job. It paid him only fifty cents a week but it looked like a fortune; for his people were so poor that he used to go out in the street with a basket every day and collect stray bits of coal that had fallen in the gutter where the coal wagons had delivered fuel.

That boy, Edward Bok, had come to this country so utterly ignorant of English that he couldn't understand a word the teacher said to him and he never got more than six years of schooling in his life; yet he became one of the most successful magazine editors in the history of American journalism.

He admitted he was almost totally ignorant of what women like to read; yet he built up the greatest woman's magazine in the world, and kept its circulation pyramiding and sky-rocketing until, in the month he retired, two million copies were sold, and one million dollars' worth of advertising appeared within the covers of a single issue.

Edward Bok was editor of the Ladies Home Journal for thirty years. Then he retired and wrote the story of his life, called the Americanization of Edward Bok.

After washing windows for the bakery shop, Edward Bok began collecting jobs wtih the same gusto which most boys reserve for collecting stamps. On Saturday mornings, he ran a paper route, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, he peddled ice water and lemonade to the thirsty passengers on the horse cars; and in the evenings, he began to write up birthday parties and pink teas for the local newspaper. Finally, he was averaging between sixteen and twenty dollars a week—all in the extra time after school. He was only twelve years old and he had been in America less than six years.

He was only thirteen when he left school to become an office boy for the Western Union; but he didn't for one moment give up the idea of an education. Instead, he started to educate himself. He saved until he had enough money to buy an encyclopedia of American biography—and then he did an unheard of thing. He read the lives of famous men and wrote them asking for additional information about their childhoods. He wrote General James A. Garfield, who was then running for President, and asked if was true that he was once a towboy on a canal. He wrote General Grant about a certain battle and Grant drew a map for him and invited this fourteen-year-old boy to have

dinner wtih him and spend the whole evening talking to him.

By this same process, this boy who was working in a telegraph office for six dollars and twenty-five cents a week, soon made the acquaintance of most distinguished men of his day. He visited Emerson, Brooks, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Louisa May Alcott, General Sherman and many others.

Mingling with these distinguished people gave him a confidence, a vision and an ambition that were priceless.

One day he saw a man open a package of cigarettes on the street, take out a souvenir photograph and throw it away. Edward Bok was always on the look-out for new and famous people to write—so he picked up the photograph and looked at it. It was a picture of a famous statesman, but the other side of the photograph was a complete blank. Bok thought "If there had been a short biography of this famous man on the other side, probably this picture wouldn't have been thrown away."

That gave him an idea. The next day in his lunch hour he set out to find the company that published the photographs. He got hold of the man in charge and talked to him. He talked so eagerly and so convincingly that before he left, he had an order to supply a hundred such biographies at $10.00 a piece—or ten cents a word. Soon he was asked to supply so many that he couldn't possibly do all the work himself. so he had several reporters working for him, supplying him biographies at $5.00 a piece—or exactly one half the price he himself was getting.

Finally he threw up his telegraph job entirely and tackled the publishing field in earnest.

He was just twenty-six when he went to Philadelphia to take charge of the Ladies' Home Journal; and he was just fifty-six—in the prime of life—when he closed his desk for the last time and said "I'm through."

In those thirty years, he had created for himself a unique place in American journalism. Of course he had made a fortune, but a man's success isn't measured in money alone. Let's see, for example, what Edward Bok did for you personally.

Well, to begin with, the food you get is probably purer and more wholesome because of his fight for pure food laws. The city you live in is doubtless cleaner and more sanitary because he waged a relentless campaign against dirty and unsightly city dumps. The house you live in is probably more beautiful built and more tastefully furnished because of his unremitting crusade against the stuffiness and ugliness of the late Victorian era. In those days, house designs were as ugly as they were ornate, and as expensive as they were horrible. Mr. Bok was the first man to recruit the best architects in the country to supply house plans so cheaply that anyone could afford them.

A smile is a light in the windows of the face, by which the heart signifies it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries upon the plant.—Henry Ward Beecher.

WHAT THE ALDERSGATE COMMEMORATION IS

(North Carolina Christian Advocate)

In one of their semi-annual meetings in 1936, the bishops of our church inaugurated what is known as the Bishops' Crusade. It is a movement with two definite objectives which were to be accomplished within two definite periods of time. The first objective was to raise a debt of $385,000 on the board of missions of our church. That goal was reached and the first phase of the Bishops' Crusade closed in May, 1937. The second objective is definitely spiritual. It is to deepen the religious life of the membership of our church. This constitutes the second phase of the crusade and is to come to a climax on May 24, 1938. This date marks the two hundredth anniversary which John Wesley had in a little meeting house in Aldersgate Street, London, of which he said, "I felt my heart strangely warmed." The bishops of our church believe that there is need of a heart warming experience in the members of our churches today, and particularly in those who are leaders and teachers.

This experience of John Wesley so transformed his life that it is looked upon as one of the most remarkable religious experiences in the history of the church. This experience really marks the beginning of the great religious awakening out of which grew the Methodist Church.

The bishops appointed Bishop Arthur J. Moore to be the leader of the first phase of the crusade, and Bishop A. Frank Smith to be the leader of the second phase. This second phase of the crusade was launched at the annual conference of 1937, and is called by Bishop Smith the Aldersgate Commemoration because of the large place which the Commemoration of Wesley's Aldersgate experience has in it and because of our need for such an experience which may do for us in our day what Wesley's experience did for him in his day.

So this entire period which begins with the annual conference of 1937, actually gets under way in local churches in January, 1938, and continues through Aldersgate Day. May 24, 1938, is the period of the Aldersgate Commemoration. So far as the church school is concerned it should not end on that day but the good results of the emphasis which will be made during these months should continue to abide in and give power to the lives of church school officers and teachers for many years to come.

The most precious thing anyone, man or store, anybody or anything—can have, is the good will of others. It is something as fragile as an orchid. And as beautiful! As precious as a gold nugget—and as hard to find. As powerful as a great turbine, and as hard to build. As wonderful as youth—and as hard to keep.—Amos Parish.

AMERICA'S FIRST MONEY

By Earle W. Gage

As we proudly come into possession of the present American pieces of money, of which there are numerous kinds and denominations, from the little red penny to the thousand dollar bill, few of us realize that it is only a little time ago that there was no American money. Not one person in a thousand that you meet can tell you about the early struggles of the Pilgrims, Puritans and other colonists to establish what has now become one of the strongest and wealthiest monetary systems in the world.

In the early days of the settlement of New England, a very simple system was used instead of money. Shells, wampum, pelts, corn, salt fish, powder, and shot were all used to pay for services. Ministers, who served in churches, were not paid so many dollars a year, as now; they received a house and garden spot, provided by all the community, and each of the families of the town paid its share toward the minister's keep by contributing so many sheep, so many bushels of corn, and so on. The only money in circulation, little of which was ever used far inland from the seaport towns, was English and Dutch coins. Every settler held one of these coins, no matter how small its value, in high regard, and the more such coins the pioneer home could boast, the more wealthy was that family considered.

It was early discovered, however, that these coins, which usually came from trading with the Dutch, the Western Islands, and elsewhere, were being drawn to Europe by merchants from whom the pioneers secured their supplies. For this reason the Legislature of Massachusetts determined to set up its own mint. This did not meet with favor in England, as the coining of money was considered a royal prerogative.

However, a mint was established in 1652 and a certain John Hull named mintmaster. From a silver alloy were struck 12-penny, 6-penny, and 3-penny pieces, which contained about three-quarters of the weight of metal of the English coin of the same value. These were stamped NE on one side; on the other side, Roman numerals indicating the value of the coin. "For their paynes and labors in melting and refining and coyning, the mintmaster for himself and officers" was alowed to take one shilling out of every twenty shillings which he stamped.

It was not very long before fraudulent coins appeared, causing the Legislature of Massachusetts to issue the following: "For the prevention of washing or clipping of all such pieces of money, as shall be coyned within this jurisdiction, it is ordered by this Courte and the authoritie thereof, that henceforth all pieces of money shall have a double ring on either side with this incription—Massachusetts, and a tree in the center on the one side—and New England, and the yeere of our Lord on the other side."

At first the tree took the form of a willow; later of an oak, and finally of a pine. The pine was used on a great number of coins, and from the pine-tree shilling were designed similar seals for most of the New Eng-

land colonies, and later the states.

An interesting tale is told of Hull, the mintmaster, and the pine-tree shilling. Upon the marriage of one of his daughters, he ordered his servants to haul forth a great strong-box filled with coins. He then placed his favorite daughter on one side of the great balancing scales of the mint, and heaped the huge pan on the opposite side with shining coins, until a balance was obtained "Guard her well, young man," said Hull to his daughter's choice, "for she is worth her weight in gold."

The pine tree seems to have been a favorite symbol with the authorities of Massachusetts. They used it at the time when they were expecting that events in England would afford them the opportunity of becoming independent and later they used it on the state flag, April 11, 1776.

After 1775, when the mint was closed, no trace had been found of coins in Massachusetts until 1776. In the intervening years paper money, foreign coins, and the pine-tree money were used.

In 1776 the copper cent was issued for the first time, having a pine tree and the inscription "Massachusetts State" on one side, and on the other side a goddess seated upon the globe, holding the staff of liberty in one hand and a cap in the other, with a dog lying at her feet. This design was encircled by the inscription "Liberty and Virtue." At the present time only one of these coins is known to exist. Could anyone locate one of these coins, it would be worth almost any price.

Then there is what was known as the "Indian Eagle" coin. This was among the last coins to be minted by the State of Massachusetts. Coining by parties other than the government of the United States was forbidden in the Constitution, ratified in 1789. On one side of this coin appears the American eagle, having in his talons a bundle of arrows and an olive branch symbols of defense and peace, with a shield on his breast inscribed with the word "cent," the date of issue, 1788, stamped at the base of the coin, and the whole Indian with his bow and arrow, a star near his forehead denoting the state, and a circumscription of the word "Common wealth."

WHEN YOUR SHIP IS LOST

Don't sit and mourn your ship of dreams
  That may be lost at sea;
The world still moves, the sunlight gleams,
  Success is yet to be!

Don't waste the years in vain regret
  For joys that passed you by;
The future's yours, there's promise yet,
  Great things before you lie!

—Selected.

WILL THE COUNTRY STAND FOR IT

(Suffolk News-Herald)

According to Dr. Paul Popence, eminent sociologist, "trial marriage, long dicussed as a theory, is actually here in practice." It is not coming, but has arrived, says this authority. He bases his conclusion upon incontrovertible evidence—the marriage and divorce records of Los Angles county, California. It is unnecessary to say the Hollywood film colony is located there.

There is nothing particularly startling in this revelation. Nor is the practice of trial marriage confined to the Los Angles area or to the state of California. Easy divorce and hasty marriage, because of the ease with which the marital bonds may be severed, have made the practice general throughout the entire country. It would be a national scandal but for the reason that those who contract them are as a rule the wealthy or social elite.

Years ago when polygamy was in flower, the people went up in the air over the practice in Utah. Citizens of all religious faiths, Catholic and Protestants, Gentile and Jew, almost rose up in arms against it. Overwhelming public sentiment demanded that the practice cease. As a result polygamous marriage in Utah was long since abolished.

But in comparison with trial marriage, polygamy is highly respectable. The former is entered into with no intention of making it permanent. At best it is nothing more than a cloak for illicit cohabitation of sex-mad young people who are openly decent only because society demands it. A polygamous marriage entailed obligations—that those who contracted them must keep them. They did not desert their children to consort with other men or women.

The polygamous marriage did not strike at the home, the family, basic unit of the nation. It only ran counter to sound public opinion and good morals. Trial marriage, besides making a farce of a sacred institution, destroys the home and with it undermines the foundation of the state and nation.

Men and women now count living husbands and wives on the fingers of both hands and when there are children, are forced to depend upon birth certificates for proof of their parentage. The savage father or mother did better;they at least followed the God-given instinct of parenthood.

Habit is like a river. It starts away back in the distance at a tiny spring, on the hillside and grows as it flows by additions from other springs and from the rain and snow that falls along its course. It finally grows beyond the power of man, yet if rightly directed it helps him. If not, it may, and often does, drown him.—Exchange.

TREASURE TRAIL

By Miriam E. Mason

All the way home from Miss Betty's with the little books that the young Sunday school teacher had given them as favors for their "treasure-hunt" party, the children wondered and wondered about the strange quest that she had set for them.

"It seems to me," said David firmly, "that she should have given us bags to put treasure in, not books. How could you put treasure into a book—even if you did find it?"

Yet that was what Miss Betty had told them to do when she gave each child the little book with the tiny pencil attached.

"Put the treasure that you discover on the trail this week into this book."

Since there must always be a clue on any treasure hunt, Miss Betty had given the children a clue.

"The clue is found on the children's side of the Public Library," she said, and thought a moment. "It is also found in the home of Joan and David —and—yes, I am sure I saw one in the window of the City Art Store last week."

All the children looked mystified. Miss Betty had said that this was a very easy treasure hunt, with the plainest sort of clues.

"And I shall give some extra treasure to the one who is the best hunter," promised Miss Betty. "I shall paste a gold star in his or her treasure book!"

It was a cold, gray afternoon, and Joan, who was growing tall, shivered a little as she and her brother turned their corner.

"Treasure," she said dreamily, and repeated the word, "treasure. Isn't that a lovely word, David? I wish I could find some real treasure. If I could, I'd go straight down to Selzer's store and buy that brown coat with the fur collar and cuffs."

About that time they came in sight of the little white house where they lived. When they opened the door and went in, the children forgot their puzzlement over clues and treasure; for the little house was filled with warmth and brightness and the good smells of hot supper and fresh gingerbread.

After supper mother brought out a big box, which she placed smilingly upon Joan's lap. "It is a month till your birthday," she said, "but daddy and I thought you would enjoy this so much now!"

Joan opened the box, and there was the brown coat that she had wished for. It seemed almost too good to be true. Joan nearly wept with happy excitement, and David and Patsy, the little sister, were just as pleased.

Their father laughed. He worked on a newspaper down-town, and as a rule, there was not much money left in his pay envelope after the bills were paid. "I'm so glad we found that old history of Boon county," he said to the children's mother. "It's what gave me the idea for writing those little history stories and getting paid extra for them. The old book's been a perfect treasure!"

"Treasure!" exclaimed Joan and David together. "Do you suppose the treasure is a book?"

David looked wise and excited. "I bet it's got something to do with books —you remember the clue is in the library, too."

The next day the brother and sister went to the library to see if they could get on the trail of the treasure there.

However, after a little while, they had to admit that they were lost, completely lost.

"Because we can't just write down the names of all the books in the library," said Joan. "I would take too long. And besides, Miss Betty said this was a strange sort of treasure—that the more you spent, the more you had, and that it would last forever."

Joan was wearing her new coat, and feeling very much dressed up. On the way home she noticed that the place in Selzer's window which it had occupied was now filled by a beautiful blue suit, just the size and style for her mother.

"I wish mother had that blue suit," thought Joan. "I almost wish she'd got it for herself instead of buying this coat for me."

But when she told this to her mother, Mrs. Underwood only smiled.

"I saw that blue suit," she said. "It is pretty, isn't it? But, dear, I get much more fun out of seeing you wear that new coat than I'd have got from the suit. That's the way it is when you love somebody a whole lot—their happiness is worth more to you than gold."

And suddenly, like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle when it begins to fit together, Joan saw the three clues to the treasure trail.

"It's a poem," she rushed to tell David. "Why, it is easy, David—it's that poem that's at the bottom of the pitcure over our fireplace, and on the wall of the library, and on some of those little glass framed mottoes at the Art Store."

"Of course," David looked at the picture above the fireplace in the living room—the picture of a little house where a family sat together about the fire. Underneath it was a poem, worked in cross-stitch:

A home, though but a humble
place within its walls may hold
A wealth of priceless treasure,
rich in love's eternal gold.

"There you are," declared Joan excitedly. "There's the clue as plain as she said and the treasure must be love."

David nodded doubtfully. "I think you're on the right trail, all right; but how do you put it down? We were to put in here."

"We were to make our trail," said Joan, "or write down the places where we found the treasure. Well, here's the first place I've found it!"

She brought out her rose-colored notebook and in big letters she wrote across the top page: "At home."

"That's not enough to say," criticized David practically. "You've got to be exact when you're making a trail."

"Very well," said Joan meekly, and added: "In my clothes. In my new winter coat."

"I shall put 'In the kitchen,' grinned David. "I noticed that mother had made a cocoanut cake especially because I like it so well."

They wrote busily for quite a while. The "At Home" page was filled on both sides. David suggested "The Neighborhood" for the next page, remembering kind old Mrs. Ellison, who was such a comfort to the sick, and their friends.

"It's like a circle," said Joan thoughtfully. "There's the town itself—somebody had to love children to build a school for them, and a

church, and a hospital for sick people—"

"And a library full of books—"

"It is a circle!" cried David. "See you've got to count the outdoors, the sunshine and flowers and vegetables. If God hadn't loved people, he wouldn't have put all those things there, would he?"

Joan was writing busily, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright.

"Why, David, we're rich!" she cried. "We're rich! And we never even knew it!"

ABOUT DIESEL ENGINES

A great deal is being heard, these days, about Diesel engines but not many people know the difference between the Diesel type of engine and any other.

The principle of the Diesel engine is that if you compress the fuel of an internal-combustion engine enough, it will heat up, from pressure alone, to the point of explosion. The ordinary gasoline engine requires an electric spark to explode the fuel in the cylinder. The Diesel engine needs no electrical equipment, no battery, no wires, no sparkplugs. It can run on cheap oil fuel such as is used in oil-burning furances—even on crude oil. Therefore, it is economical in fuel, and in cost of upkeep.

The Diesel's handicap is its weight. It needs extradordinarily strong cylinders to withstand high pressure. On ships and locomotives weight is not such a serious matter. On airplanes it is very serious; yet aircraft makers are experimenting and have built as least one successful Diesel-engined plane. The advantage in the air is that the Diesel engine gets more power from a pound of low-grade oil than a gas engine gets from a pound of gasoline, thus lessening the fuel load. Also the oil is not inflammable, so the danger of an airplane catching fire is eliminated.

Light-weight Diesel engines are coming into use for trucks. Motor manufacturers hold out hope for a practical Diesel engine for passenger cars. If they get it, they promise fifty miles to the gallon of oil, costing less than half as much per gallon as gasoline—and no sparkplug or battery trouble.

That's something to look forward to.

A KING IS FOUND

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

About 1350 B. C., King Tutankhamen was buried in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Son-in-law of the Pharaoh Ikhnaton and himself a Pharaoh for not less than six years, he was buried with splendor and riches and became, in time, a little remembered figure, known only to a few specialists in his country's history. His political unimportance helped to keep his tomb undiscovered, and an incident which occurred two hundred years after his death caused it to be completely hidden. This was when the architects of Rameses VI were excavating the tomb of that Pharaoh just above King Tutankhamen's tomb. They ordered their workmen to throw their waste limestone chips down the slope below it, and thus the final resting place of the young Pharaoh was completely covered. And throughout the centuries he remained there, unknown, unsung, not even searched for, while the lonely peaks of the Theban hills kept watch and men toiled and dug throughout the valley for relics of better-remembered kings.

For many years Howard Carter, head of an expedition maintained by Lord Carnarvon, had searched and excavated in that vicinity with the certain conviction that he would uncover a tomb. He was beginning to feel that success would not be his, when, on November 4, 1922, he uncovered the steps leading down to an entrance gallery. Although he could not know it then, and many weary months were to elapse before he would know the full import of his discovery, those sixteen entrance steps led to the most amazing excavation that man had ever made in the desolate Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

When the stairway was discovered, scientific doubts were immediately raised. True, they might lead to a tomb; and equally true, they might lead to a tomb that had never been completed or to one that had been plundered. Beyond those entrance steps lay three thousand years of history untouched and unseen by man since the middle of the fourteenth century B. C., or else they would lead only to disappointment. On down the workmen dug, and presently a doorway appeared—a doorway bearing the royal arms of a Pharaoh! A closer inspection showed that the seal had been broken. This they learned on the twenty-fourth when the whole of the stairway had been uncovered. The door was opened and the passageway inside was found to be completely filled with stone and debris. This was cleared away, and on the twenty-sixth they came upon a second doorway, thirty feet from the outer door. With trembling hands Carter made a small breach in the upper left hand corner of this door. As his companions gathered round him, scarcely daring to breathe, he inserted a light and peered into the room. At first he could see nothing, and then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he began to discern its details. Struck with amazement, he remained silent for a long time. His eyes were seeing strange animals, statues, gold and other priceless objects hidden from the sight of man for thirty centuries. Finally he was able to speak and to tell his co-workers that

he became more famous than Charlie Chaplin or Jack Dempsey. He crowded international affair off the front page, and he was intimately discussed by more people than he ever dreamed would be in this world. Dressmakers brought out "King Tut" costumes. A New York musical comedy changed an entire act to bring him to Broadway. There were innumerable poems written about him, while restaurants, babies and parlor cars were named for him. The man of three thousand years ago became the man of the hour.

The discovery of him meant all of this and much more. It meant a new chapter in history. King Tutankhamen's time was a critical period in the history of Egypt. That great power was breaking up, and every bit of historical information concerning it is of great importance. From the objects found in his tomb historians have been able to reconstruct his time and to determine much of the art and craftsmanship of his period. The magnificent burial equipment of this comparatively unimportant Pharaoh gave a new conception of the wealth and luxury of Egyptian civilization. What must have been the funerary splendor of more famous and longer-lived rulers? The cemetery ghouls took away the answer to that query long ago, but much of the answer becomes apparent from King Tutankhamen's tomb. It led archaeologists to believe that one thousand years before Christ, and before the tomb-robbers had done their work, there must have been a greater collection of gold and precious furniture in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings than ever before or since has been in one spot.

To have added that one chapter to he saw "wonderful things."

Wonderful things they were, more marvelous than any tomb had yet disclosed. Through the hole in the doorway he could see three gilt couches, their sides carved to form monstrous animals. There were two life-sized statues, kilted and sandalled in gold; exquisitely painted and inlaid caskets, alabaster vases, beautifully carved chairs, and chariots glistening with gold and inlay. There was so much that he could neither see nor remember it all. So awe-struck was he that it was several minutes before he remembered that there was no coffin nor mummy in the room! Had they found only a cache? Quickly and thoroughly his eyes searched the room for some answer or clue, and another doorway was noted. The mummy, if in the tomb, must lie behind that door. However, it would be many weeks before they would know. In the meantime the objects in the room must be photographed and then carefully removed. By November 27th, they had discovered another antechamber. There again, amid great confusion, were other priceless objects. The condition of this room strengthened the already felt conviction that ancient tomb-robbers had attempted to plunder the tomb. By February 27th, they were ready to open the final sealed doorway. While a distinguished company looked on, the doorway was opened and there, surrounded by rare and beautiful objects and resting in a coffin of solid gold, they found King Tutankhamen.

Overnight "King Tut" became a household word. Newspapers and newsreels carried the story throughout the civilized world. The discovery fired the imagination of everyone, and

the history of Egyptian civilization was Howard Carter's greatest hope. Modern journalism, by making "King Tut" known throughout the world, added another important result to his discovery. Through their efforts, King Tutankhamen became the most effective propagandist that archaeology has ever had. More than all the learned tomes ever written, more than all the lectures which might be given, "King Tut" showed to the world the great value of archaeology. He furthered its work by providing a result such as could not be imagined. He proved that all men could discuss the subject with interest and curiosity, and he brought world-wide interest and financial support to the hard and laborious work of archaeologists and historians.

THE TEN GREATEST TREES

The ten trees which are most important to mankind—what are they? The American Nature Association is said to have put the question recently to the secretary of the American Foresters.

The list which that authority submitted follows: the date palm, the cocoanut palm, the almond, apple, fig, mulberry, oliver, lemon, cinchona, and rubber trees.

These trees are important because they contribute significantly to the needs of mankind in the form of food-clothing, valuable oils, medicine, beverages and a variety of highly desirable products.

The mulberry furnishes the food upon which the silkworms live and the bark of the cinchona is a source of quinine.

The coffee tree, which contributes its full share to the comfort of mankind, is missing from the list and so is the pine tree which only just now is coming into its full stature in the South. In the days of "wooden ships and iron men," live oak from the South was a famous shipbuilding material in America. The sugar maple has long been one of New England most useful trees.

The Huntsville Times, however, calls attention to one still more significant omission in the Forester's list—the cedar; not only important in the manufacture of lead pencils so long, but more important still in this part of the country as a source of Christian trees. An unhappy world, it would be indeed, if there were no Christmas trees.—Selected.

20—J. C. Cox, Carl Kepley, Caleb Hill, Fred Williamson.

19—Frank Pickett, Charles Taylor, William Kirk, Filmore Oliver, Jerome Medlin, Claudius Pickett,

18—Woodfin Fowler, Arthur Martin.

17—Edward Lucas, Mack Setzer, James Wilhite, Robert Bryson, Joseph Tucker, J. C. Mobley, Thomas Braddock, William Martin, Fletcher Boggs, Caleb Jolly.

16—William Haire, R. L. Young, James Hancock, Melvin Walters, Fletcher Castlebury, Frank Dickens, Robert Hailey.

15—Julian Gregory, Odell Bray, Lacy Burleson, James Rackley, J. T. Branch, James Coleman, Hobart Gross, Wilson Rich.

14—Thomas Little, Lloyd Pettus, Archie Castlebury, Hugh Johnson, Edgar Burnette, C. D. Grooms, Earl Stamey, Earl Atwood, Edward E. Murray, Lawrence Guffey, Charlton Henry, Julian Andrews, John Brown, Joseph Hyde, Connie Michael.

13—Eugene Stallings, Robert Orrell, Frank Raby, Robert Jordan, Kenneth Messick, Randolph Davis, Joseph Cox, James Elders, Hubert Hollaway, Ross Young, Clarence Douglas, Doyle Holder, Warren Bright, Raymond Mabe.

12—Albert Silas, James West, William New, Allen Wilson, Ralph Johnson, Thomas Maness, Leo Ward, Odell Wilson, Heller Davis, Mark Jones, Thomas Sands, Clyde Adams, Paul Mullis, James Reavis, Harry Flowe, Isaac Hendren, Paul Shipes, William Warf, Alvin Powell, Wallace Sommers.

11—James Johnson, Howard Roberts, Coolidge Green, James Mast, William McRary, Kenneth Raby, Shelton Anderson, Hurley Davis, Ralph Webb, Frank Glover, Leonard Jacobs, George Wilhite, William Estes, Elmer Maples, Wallace Smith, William Tester, William Young, Wilfred Land, Wilson Bowman, Hubert Carter, Elbert Kersey, Cleveland Suggs, Thomas Wilson, Edward Chapman, Glenn Collins, James Martin, Charles Bryant, John Drum, Theodore Rector, Berchell Young, Charles Batten, Ewin Odom, Charles Williams, Troy Powell.

10—Henry Cowan, Clifton Mabry, Garrett Bishop, Lewis Donaldson, Edward Fisher, Ernest Hudspeth, Hubert McCoy, Jack Tate, Joseph Sanford, Robert Lawrence, Wayland Morgan, J. D. Powell, Eugene Presnell, William Knight, Harold Bryson, Donald Newman, Julius Stevens, Ben Cooper, Lonnie Sloan, James Stepp, Garfield Walker, Robert Wilson.

9—Marvin Bridgeman, Fonnie Oliver, Richard Wrenn, James McCune, Henry Harris, Robert Mims, Thomas Stephens, James Seawell, Thomas Doby, Canipe Shoe, William Beach, Giles Green, James Jordan, Milton Pickett, Mack Joines, John Uptegrove, N. C. Webb, Asbury Marsh, Clarence Mayton, Horace Simmons, Harvey J. Smith, Eugene Patton, John Smith, Clyde Barnwell, James Kirk, Walter Hill, John Mathis, Harold Walsh.

8—Carroll Dodd, Blanchard Moore, Jack McRary, Preston Yarborough, Carl D. Shoffner, James Eury, Henry Floyd, Charles Furchess, John Piner, William T. Smith, Charles Mizzell, Ernest Beach, William Brothers, Robert Dellinger, Robert Deyton, Thomas Hamilton, Lacy Green, Houston Howard, Charles Davis, Odie Hicks, Floyd Combs, Rufus Linville, Earl Duncan, Albert Goodman, David Hodge, Alton Morgan, Alphus Bow-

INSTITUTION NOTES

Sylvester Sims, of Charlotte, who left the School more than ten years ago, called on friends here last Monday. This lad has developed into a fine looking young man with a most pleasing personality. He has made an excellent record since leaving the School, and is now employed as salesman for a chemical company, manufacturers of dye stuffs.

Hubert Grimes, who was permitted to leave the School ten years ago, visited us the other day. Hubert is now 24 years old and lives in High Point, where he is employed in a box factory, and reports that he is getting along very nicely. He is married and has one child. In a conversation with one of the School officials Hubert stated that he felt that his stay here had been of great benefit to him.

The hunting season opened the first of the week, and quite a number of the members of the School staff took advantage of the opportunity to bag a few birds and rabbits. Having learned long ago not to ask a hunter or fisherman about the result of such expeditions, we have no information as to the amount of game killed, but since several of them have the reputation of being good marksmen, we feel quite sure their efforts were not entirely in vain.

Joe Stockton, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who left the School about two years ago, called on us one day last week. He is now employed in a box factory and states that he likes his work and is getting along nicely. He told us that he thought his stay at the School had done him a world of good. Joe is a nice looking lad, and he seemed unusually proud of the small hirsute appendage that he was coaxing to grow upon his upper lip. While quite small at present, we feel quite sure it will eventualy assume greater proportions.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Longhurst, of Concord, were visitors at the School last Sunday afternoon. They spent some time at Cottage No. 2, where the boys had a fine time frolicing with their dog, "Toby," for quite a while. Before leaving, Mr. Longhurst gave the boys of that Cottage a number of fine magazines and distributed about twenty neckties. While it is needless to say the lads were delighted with their gifts, we would like to take this opportunity to express appreciation, both for the boys and officials of the School, for this act of kindness on the part of these good friends.

The following summary of the Cottage Honor Roll indicates the number of times boys have been on same during the past twenty-three weeks, from the week ending June 6, 1937 to the week ending November 7, 1937:

23—Edward Johnson.

21—Neely Dixon, Homer Smith.

man, Frank Lewis, Norman Brogden, Irvin Medlin, John Robbins, Harvey Walters, George Gibson, L. M. Hardison.

7—William Pitts, John Hampton, Grady Allen, David Oham, Robert Dunning, Woodrow Wilson, Fred Dysen, Lloyd Hite, Holly Atwood, William Brackett, Hubert Short, Samuel Watkins, Felix Littlejohn, Jack Foster, Willard Garrett, Morris Starnes, Claude Ashe, Fred Clark, Robert Coffer, Curtis Coleman, Harry Connell, Lee Dowless, Desmond Truitt, William Hawkins, Hoyt Hollifield, James H. Riley, Richard Thomas, Harless Triplett.

6—Leon Hollifield, Fred Wheeler, Bunn Shoe, Frank Walker, Samuel Ennis, George Goodman, Frank Crawford, Edgar Hatley, William Surratt, Harold Almond, Theodore Bowles, Jack Harward, Charles McCoyle, William Wilson, James Corn, John Penninger, Ralph Rainey, John Tolbert, Gladston Carter, Edgar Merritt, Fred Carter, Marvin Edwards, William Powell, Spurgeon Dowless, Felmond Lane, Granville Cheek, Jones Watson.

5—Howard Cox, William Howard, Horace Journigan, Jock Norris, Robert Watts, Norton Barnes, Julius Green, Fred Seibert, Earl Barnes, Kenneth Conklin, M. C. Cranford, Norwood Glasgow, Max Hedrick, F. E. Mickle, Burl Smathers, John Grider, Henry James, James Page, Columbus Hamilton, Roscoe Honeycutt, Richard Patton, Jack West, Blaine Griffin, Kenneth Spillman, Percy Strickland, Rayvon Michael, Warner Peach, Robert Gaines, Jeff Gouge, Milford Hodgin, James Nickolson, Walter Blevins, Edward Carpenter, Talmage Dautrey, Richard Honeycutt, S. E. Jones, Lester Jordan, Arthur Ashley, Jordan McIver, Frank Wilson Henry Hallman, John Ham, William Thore, Glenn Williams, Edward Martin.

4—Robert Allen, William Anders, Robert Coleman, John Kellam, William Burnette, John Capps, Douglas Hinson, Max Lindsay, Raymond Sprinkle, Myron Whitman, Jewell Barker, Howard Cook, F. M. Younger, Wesley Beaver, Joseph McPherson, Thomas Sullivan, Noah Ennis, James Lane, Ray Pitman, Paul Angel, James Davis, N. B. Johnson, Lloyd Banks, Haynes Hewitt, Fred May, Charles Russell, James C. Hoyle, Percival Shuler, Matthew Duffey, William Peedin, Jack Springer, Dewey Ware, Max Eaker, Franklin Hensley, Andrew Powell, Burris Bozeman, Ney McNeely, William Mickey, William McGraw, William Suite, James McGinnis, Edward Patrum, Ira Settle, Robert Teeter.

3—Jerry Smith, Lindsay Jones, Oscar Roland, Earl Bass, Robert Maultsby, George Shaver, Fred Vereen, James Bartlett, Paul Briggs, Hugh Kennedy, Grover Lett, J. C. Branton, Jack Clinard, A. L. Gaines, Richard Palmer, George Ramsey, Hubert Smith, John Elliott, Joseph Wheeler, Harvey Ledford, Norman Parker, Charles Freeman, Junius Brewer, Jack Carter, Ralph Carver, Jack Haney, William R. Williams, Burl Allen, Joseph Hall, June Malone, William Trantham, Vincent Hawes, Bruce Kersey, Harry Leagon, John Crawford, Marvin King, Thomas Trantham, Harold Thomas, Roy Cruse, Cleo King, Carl Toney.

2—Virgil Baugess, Clatley Branch, Roy McAbee, Frank Cobb, Henry Fredere, Kenneth Gibbs, Melvin Jarrell, Floyd Lane, Thomas McRary,

Eugene Green, Jesse Holleman, Grady Pennington, John King, Colby Buchanan, Burman Holland, Monroe Keith, Burl Rash, Richard Singletary, Marvin Wilkins, Jesse Cleveland, Spencer Lane, J. W. McRorrie, Albert Newton, Ernest Mobley, Jack Pyatt, Loy Stines, Felix Adams, Duke Davis, Junius Holleman, Edward McCain, Grover Revels, Edward Whitaker, Glenn Richardson, Luther Wilson, Allen Bledsoe, Carl Speer, William Tobar, Edward Saunders, William Stevens, John McIntyre, Robert McKee, Dallas Holder, George Worley.

1—Ivey Eller, Charles Cole, Bruce Link, Julian Myrick, Arthur Craft, Warren Godfrey, James Jordan, Robert Keith, Wilson Myrick, Brooks Young, Lewis Andrews, Carlton Brookshire, James Burns, Harley Matthews, Jack Morris, Ernest Davis, William Barden, Holdren Sweeney, Ernest Talbert, Jack Turner, Clinton Keen, Henry Smith, William Suite, Jack Sutherland, James Finley, Dewey Sisk, Boyce Watts, Howard Baheeler, Sam Belk, Letcher Castlebury, Samuel Everidge, Richard Freeman, Lonnie Holleman, William Jerrell, George May, Harvey Smith, Craig Chappel, Luther Landrum, Emerson Barnhill, Walter Cooper, James M. Hare, James Howard, Walter Merrit, James Penland, Weaver Penland, Oscar Smith, Joseph Christine, Baxter Foster, Coy Green, Allard Brantley, Joseph D. Corn, Alexander King, James V. Harvel, Douglas Mabry, Raymond Andrews, John Church, Howard Todd, James Watson.

THIS MAY SPREAD

Commissioners of St. Joseph county, Indiana, have recently tried a novel stunt and one that could be used to good advantage. They have given every road in the county a name, with signs at each intersection bearing the names of the highway intersected. Then they have numbered each farm house along each road, painting the number on the farmer's front gate, above his front door or on his mail box. Now when one sets out to find a farm house in the county all he needs to know is what road it is on and the house number. No more asking for directions and getting information about like this: "Go down the dirt lane just beyond the foundation of the old school house, then go about half a mile, turn left, pass a farm with a windmill," etc. The new system promises to do away with all that, and since it can be worked out in one county just as well as in another there is hope that, eventually, it may become general all over North Carolina.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending November 21, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Ivey Ellers 2
(2) Leon Hollifield 2
(2) Edward Johnson 2
(2) Edward Lucas 2
James Butler

COTTAGE No. 1

J. C. Cox
Edgar Harrelson
Blanchard Moore
Julian Myrick
(2) Fonie Oliver 2
(2) Albert Silas 2
(2) Jerry Smith 2
(2) Preston Yarborough 2
(2) R. L. Young 2

COTTAGE No. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 3

Neely Dixon
James Eury
(2) Henry Floyd 2
(2) John Hampton 2
James Mast
(2) James McCune 2
(2) William McRary 2
William New
Frank Pickett
(2) Kenneth Raby 2
(2) W. J. Smith 2
Fred Vereen
(2) Allen Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Garrett Bishop 2
(2) Odell Bray 2
Hurley Davis
(2) James Hancock 2
Henry Harris
(2) Hugh Kennedy 2
(2) Frank Raby 2
(2) Thomas Stevens 2
Melvin Walters
James Wilhite

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Grady Allen 2
(2) Harold Almond 2
(2) Ernest Beach 2
James Page
James Seawell
Ralph Webb

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Robert Dunning 2
(2) Noah Ennis 2
Frank Glover
(2) Columbus Hamilton 2
Spencer Lane
(2) James Rackley 2
Cunipe Shoe
Hubert Smith
George Wilhite
(2) William Wilson 2
(2) Woodrow Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 7

Archie Castlebury
Hugh Johnson
(2) Jack Pyatt 2
Kenneth Spillman
Wallace Smith

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) J. T. Branch 2
(2) Edgar Burnette 2
Gladston Carter
Woodfin Fowler
C. D. Grooms
James C. Hoyle
Thomas Sands
(2) Homer Smith 2
(2) Thomas Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 10

Emerson Barnhill
(2) Floyd Combs 2
John Crawford
James Howard
(2) Milford Hodgin 2
(2) Mack Joines 2
Edward E. Murray

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Bryant 2
(2) Harold Bryson 2
(2) Howard Clark 2
(2) William Kirk 2
William Martin
(2) Donald Newman 2
(2) Filmore Oliver 2
(2) Theodore Rector 2
(2) John Uptegrove 2
(2) Fred Williamson 2
(2) Berchell Young 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Charles Batten
Joseph Cox
Ben Cooper
James Elders
Max Eaker
Hubert Holloway
S. E. Jones
Alexander King
Asbury Marsh
Jerome Medlin
(2) Ewin Odom 2
William Trantham
(2) Ross Young 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Norman Brogden 2
Clarence Douglas
(2) Robert Hailey 2
(2) Jordan McIver 2
(2) Claudius Pickett 2

COTTAGE No. 14

Harry Connell
Doyle Holder
James Kirk
John Robbins
Paul Shipes
Garfield Walker
Harvey Walters
Monte Beck

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Julian Andrews 2
Warren Bright
Granville Cheek
Hobart Gross
(2) L. M. Hardison 2
Joseph Hyde
(2) Hoyt Hollifield 2
William Hawkins
Clarence Lingerfelt
(2) Connie Michael 2
Raymond Mabe
James McGinnis
(2) Alvin Powell 2
(2) Wilson Rich 2
James H. Riley
(2) Wallace Sommers 2
Richard Thomas

Have you ever considered this seriously—Saturday night given to the devil and perhaps a sleepy church attendance to the Saviour?

Does the confirmed boy or girl say, "Now I know it all; away with the Catechism!"? If so, there is something wrong in his or her training.

Sometimes it seems that a certain class of people is more concerned about that yearling and heifer than about the young man and woman in the family.—Lutheran Witness.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 4, 1937 No. 49

UNWELCOMED VISITORS

Worry is the child of Care—
They are an unpleasant pair,
Artists both of cruel design,
Sculptors, merciless of line;
Creeping into cheerful places,
Etching wrinkles on our faces,
Painting shadows under eyes
Molding features into guise
Disagreeable. Their delight
Turning brown hair into white;
Worry is the child of Care—
They're a most unpleasant pair!

—Ray H. Gross.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AN OLD FOGY'S FAITH

Old did you say? Yes! Old as the hills
Our faith is recorded in time's annals;
We believe in a way that was tested and tried,
And found satisfying by those who have died.

Old, did you say? And so is the race,
And the method by which you are setting the pace;
The desire to do as you please in this life,
Comes down from the past, with the savage was rife.

Sure, our faith is old, yet is ever new;
It satisfies me and will satisfy you;
It guides us along with service and song,
Spreading peace and good will as we journey along.

Yes, our faith is old, but it meets the demand
For a guide to life in a strange pilgrim land;
Our faith will be old when the last sun is set,
Like fresh air and sunlight, it must be used yet.

—D. Earl Ramiel.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

Elsewhere in this issue we carry a short story as to how the Christmas seal was conceived and when and by whom it was introduced into this country. It is now used at Christmas season by forty nations of the world, and the funds realized are used by anti-tuberculosis agencies to fight the never ending war against the white plague.

We note with great interest that Morganton and Burke county are going to unite their interests and forces in a big way, hoping to sell enough to make it possible to secure a school nurse. This is a forward step, because to take any case in its early stages there is

every chance in the world to save that person, young or matured, and at the same time safeguard the general public.

To give publicity to the sale of the Christmas seals for such a cause,—a nurse for the schools—carries an appeal and should boost the sale of the seals considerably. The need of a nurse in any and every kind of a school is imperative, and a close watch over the youths of the country will give the poor child of the community a chance for "a sound mind within a sound body."

Morganton and Burke officials have used their heads in putting before the people such an appeal—welfare of the child—and some way we have a "hunch" the seals objective in Morganton and Burke will be achieved. This idea is suggestive,—and other counties will without doubt follow suit next Christmas.

* * * * * * *

LIBRARY ON WHEELS

James E. Gourley, director of the Charlotte Public Library, and J. A. Mayo, a trustee of this same institution, beginning December 3, will initiate into rural Mecklenburg a book-mobile service that will furnish educational and entertaining literature to people of the county. The plan is to establish fifty deposit stations for the circulation of these books, which they hope will, in the ceaseless course of tme be established permanently.

This venture upon the part of the officials of the City Library will surely be welcomed by the county people, and accepted by the general public as a major step forward in the progress of the rural school children a swell as a joy to the older residents of the county.

These fifty deposit stations for good reading matter wil serve as a profitable and fine pastime for youths of the county, and doubtless will give the young people something to think about other than aimlessly riding around in the country. Nothing inspires more to higher ideals of living than clean, wholesome books.

* * * * * * *

DISAGREEABLE CHARACTERISTICS

The editor of Young Folks gives an estimate of the "meddler" and the "secretive practices",— either of the two are undersiable contacts. In the following he admonishes against meddling and secretive procedures as qaulities that create distaste and a feeling

of suspicion,—the latter is never desired by straightforward thinking people. Candor in every phase of life inspires confidence. To have the confidence of people is a wonderful asset, especially so in public life:

It may be that the meddler gets pleasure out of meddling, but the good that results from meddling is not easily found. We do not mean investigation, or seeking for knowledge. We think of persons who go out of their way to see and hear, but apparently for no beneficent cause. Idle curiosity may induce such meddling. But the busybody in other people's affairs which do not relate to himself in any way, is never to be trusted; his motive is questionable.

The world can get along well with straightforward people, whose motives are noble and whose ways are unconcealed. The things that are "done in a corner" rarely have uplifting value. Secretive procedures are rarely above suspicion, and usually the discovery is made that something of hypocrisy is involved, or at least implied. To be delivered from all such is an appropriate prayer. Not infrequently there is occasion for so praying.

Our own disgust at the meddler should register in our own thinking a determined stand against ever being guilty of meddling. It we dislike it in another, we should shun it in ourself. Whatever we point out as besmirching another, will likewise besmirch us, if we do not diligently avoid it. Let nobody ever have any occasion for disliking us because we are meddlers, or work under cover.

* * * * * * *

WOMEN CAN SAVE WORLD

Miss Muriel Lester, London, founder and director of Kingsley house, a London social settlement, a work similar to the Jane Adams Hull House, in speaking to an assembly of women in Richmond Virginia, challenged the church women to proclaim boldly their convictions and asserted that thereby the world would be saved from the cataclysm that threatens it. She urged the women to rethink their inehritance, both social, national and religious, and to have the courage of their convictions, because "it is never necessary to do anything one knows to be evil," she continued, and furthermore "we are conditioned to face the cross."

Along with her wholesome advice she told of her extensive travels

in the east. She related the customs of many of the Orient, and specially emphasized how the women of India gained their social and religious freedom dating back for centuries.

The story in a nut-shell is the power that rules the home, trains the child and other things can render a most wonderful influence in restoring the old time confidence that will lead to a love for our fellowmen. A woman is expected to have a higher moral and higher ideals than her brother. They are the leaven that smooth out all ills among christian citizenship, said Miss Lester, the social settlement worker of London.

* * * * * * *

ELBERT HUBBARD

Elbert Hubbard, born in 1856, near Bloomington, Ill., the son of a country doctor, had a varied experience, and by some would be called eccentric, temperamental or whatnot, because of his versatility. He stoppd school at the age of 15 with a fair hold on the three R's, but in manual training was a wizard, using tools with the skill of an artisan. He, too, was authority in naming the trees of the forest, the birds of the air, the fish of the sea and all kinds of grain and vegetables. He doubtless as a youth on the farm, and the son of a country practitioner absorbed a wonderful store of knowledge in natural history that can never be acquired through books. In fact Hubbard is credited with saying that "a country boy needs no sympathy for God is always on his side." He must have felt the presence of the Master while roaming the fields, the forest and at the same time observing nature.

However, biography tells us that he finally grew restless and went out west. He followed many phases of work for a livelihood. He first worked in a print shop, peddled soap, worked on lumber docks and taught a district school. But during his many attempts to find himself he read extensively such authors as Emerson, Carlyle, Macaulay and Shakespeare. He conceived the idea of going on the stage so memorized Hamlet.

His biggest making money scheme was when he was manager of a soap factory. He evolved an idea,—the club or coupon profit sharing plan of selling merchandise that worked to a gain of millions.

He sold his interest and went to Harvard College. He was not

popular as a writer, but public opinion or prejuduce never phased him. As publisher of "The Philistine" he voiced in no uncertain terms what the editor thought, and thinking people sat up and took notice.

He was a fearless writer, telling his view points without reservation, but that is journalism of another age. There is now no pronounced stand unless profitable in some way. When complaints came to him, his reply was "if you want a perfect periodical write it yourself."

In reading of his life it was evident he had a tender feeling for the working men, women and children of plain people. During the days of his wanderlust he kept his mother apprized as to his movements, and often stated that "every good man is the son of a fine mother,—one who has enshrined in her life motherhood."

The successful career of Elbert came to a worldly end when the Lusitania sank May 7, 1915 but will always be recalled for his beautiful Roycraft books that are masterpieces to art no less than beautiful paintings or sculpture.

* * * * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

Time passes all too swiftly for the older members of the Jackson Training School. But for the boys the time intervening between Christmas of last year and this seems like ages. For there is not a holiday in the whole calendar year that fills the life of the old and young with greater hope and joy. It is the season that inspires for universal love, and practice of giving to dependents, especially to those whose lives have been checked by misfortunes.

According to the previous custom of this little paper we carry a list of contributions for the good-cheer fund. It is an old, old story, but as usual we have five hundred boys, some have people and there are many others who have not a soul to remember them during the most joyous season when others are celebrating the birth of the greatest personality the world has ever known.

The boys have never been forgotten by their friends during the Christmas season, and we continue to have faith. As proof of this we give with appreciation the first contribution for 1937, "Christmas Cheer Fund:

7-7-8 ..... $25.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

A PRAYER

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.

"Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I."

I am thankful for Thanksgiving—at all times for all things.

With wars in Spain, and the far East, and rumors of war, how can we expect the angels to sing this month, "Peace on earth, good will to men"?

Haven't you noticed that those people who talk so much about what is wrong with the country, and what ought to be done, never do anything about it except talk.

The ultimate consumer is always the one to bear the brunt of taxation.

What do you do with your old clothes? asked a newspaper. I give mine to the Salvation Army, or the managers of a rummage sale. That reminds me that there are many people who mend their old clothes instead of their ways.

There are more "hit-and run" people in the world than some motorists. Take for instance the one who will get credit from one grocer and runs to another to spend his cash.

The best bait to catch suckers is a brilliant offer of something for nothing. About what you will get in the end—nothing worth nothing.

As long as we have professional reformers, with good, fat salaries, there will always be something to reform.

Labor Statistics Bureau says that food prices have been declining for the past two months. I am quite sure those people do not buy at the same store that I patronize.

There is a growing tendency these days by all concerns to shut the door of endeavor to persons growing old. There is a place in this world for youth with its fire and ambition; for middle age with its loyalty and mastery of details; and also for old age with its richness of experience, clarity of thought, and the wisdom of its councils. Old age doesn't fare very well in this topsy-turvy world. Perhaps if it had been consulted more freely, conditions might not be in the jumbled condition in which they are today.

I picked up the following somewhere. I do not know the author:

How much did Philadelphia Pa?
How much does Columbus O?
How many eggs did Now Orleans La?
What grass did Joplin Mo?
We call Minneapolis Minn?
Why not Annapolis Ann?
If you can't tell us why
We'll bet Topeka Kan.

A farmer visited his son's college. Watching student in a chemistry class,

he was told they were looking for a universal solvent. "What's that?" asked the farmer. "A liquid that will dissolve anything." 'That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

The other day W. D. Adcock a clerk in the Peoples' store, on Mangum street, was laughing fit to kill. As I approached, in passing, he said, between paroxyms of laughter: "For one time in my life a prospective customer has gotten away with me, A man came up to me and asked if I could fit him in a pair of shoes? I told him I thought I could. We began the fittal. I tried on him every shoe we had in the house. Nothing doing. Even the shoe-box was too small. Never saw such feet before in my life. He wore No. 14's. It looked as if more than two feet of his legs were turned down on the ground. Couldn't fit him. It got me."

— —

Word comes from Pittsburgh that they are about to begin the erection of a memorial to Stephen Foster in the shadow of the sky-scraper University there. Some day no doubt there will be pious pilgrimages to the shrine and due honor will be paid to the man who was denied it during his lifetime, who suffered destitution and died in obscurity. Foster was never one of the world's great composers, if musical greatness includes—as probably it must—high technical skill in the weaving of harmonies. His was but a simple pipe, giving forth unmingled melodies, artless but immortal. Musical academicians may have sneered at the "Ethiopian' song of the 60's, but Foster wrote "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Old Black Joe," and these songs which will last as long as our speech endures, are a monument to his memory more enduring than any stones Pittsburgh can erect. People now peer almost reverently at the first editions of these old songs, safely under glass in the Congressional Library, and some Foster melody is bound to be sung, sooner or later, wherever two or three are gathered together in one place. It was his fate to be forgotten while he lived, not so uncommon a destiny after all, perhaps. In his old age he asked for bread, and now they give him a stone.

LAUGH A LITTLE BIT

Here's a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble-hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the bedlam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

THE CHURCHYARD OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

By Clara Louise Dentler

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid"
"Let not ambition mock their useful toil"
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"
"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"
"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

To every person young or old, these lines are familiar. So familiar, perhaps, that few stop to question from what they are taken, or who was their author. The student, however, recognizes them at once as lines taken from the most famous poem in the world: Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

It is because this poem has become so loved and found such a ready response in the hearts of men and women wherever the English language is spoken, that they want to see the "Churchyard."

On any summer day as we motor out from London to Stoke Poges, we find plenty of other people bent upon the same route. All are going to visit Stoke Poges Church, in whose yard Thomas Gray received the inspiration for his immortal poem.

A highly typically English hedge encloses it. We enter through a quaint gate, not very different from the old-fashioned "kissing-gate." The first part of the cemetery is rather new, but as we approach nearer to the church we come upon the very ancient burial ground.

Close by the east wall on the right hand side of our path, is the tomb of Gray; on the left side is the giant, wide-spreading yew tree that he mentions in the poem.

Before stopping at his grave, or entering the church, let us pause under the sheltering branches of the yew, and recall something of the young poet who has left us such a rich heritage in his English masterpiece. Had the trees not grown to such great height, we could still look away over the fields to the red brick house where Thomas Gray lived with the mother whom he idolized, and his dear Aunt Mary, second only to his mother in his affections.

A quiet youth, somewhat given to melancholy thoughts, he loved to wander through this churchyard, reading the solemn inscriptions on the tombstones, and meditating on the seriousness of life, and the certainly of death. It was while living in the village, a young man of twenty-six, that he began the "Elegy", but he did not finish it until eight years later, though working on it at intervals all these years.

He has been called the most perfect of all the English poets. In his fifty-five years of life he wrote but twenty-one absolutely original poems; the others that make up his work were largely translations. Yet of the twenty-one, two have become classics: the "Elegy" and "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College." This same churchyard was the scene of this last-

named poem also, as in his day he could enjoy an unobstructed view of the famous school from this spot. It is said that much of it was composed beneath this very tree whose shade we are now enjoying.

When we gaze about us and notice the extreme narrowness of these old graves, it is quite plain to us why he chose to call them "narrow cells", for such they appear to be. The lofty spire which he so greatly admired on the church, is no longer there, because it became dangerous and had to be removed about ten years ago. When we first visited it after the removal, we felt that much of the charm of the picture had departed with it, but we have grown accustomed to it now, and the Norman base that remains seems every bit as lovely. With this one exception, the place remains today as Gray knew it: the peaceful quiet, the droning bees, the feeling of absolute aloofness from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Thomas Gray was always a student. He never wanted to be away from the task of study; he knew no happier life than browsing in the vast libraries of Cambridge University, where he lived much, and died in Pembroke Hall. His body was brought to this spot that he had made famous for all time. A step across the path brings us to his tomb, the rectangular brick vault by the church wall. His mother and aunt had gone before him, and he requested that he be placed in the same grave with them. He was. He had already placed this incription on a tablet covering the vault:

In the Vault beneath are deposited,
In Hope of a joyful Resurrection,
the remains of
Mary Antrobus.
She died unmarried, November 5, 1749.
Aged 66

In the same pious confidence,
beside her friend and sister,
here sleep the remains of
Dorothy Gray,
Widow, the careful, tender Mother
of many children, one of whom alone
had the misfortune to survive her.
She died March 11, 1753.
Aged 67

A tablet on the wall of the church contains a fitting tribute to the poet.

The church itself is a typical English village church. This one, however, boasts an age that would give it quite interest enough in itself, were that all. It was built during the first half of the fourteenth century, in all probability about the year 1330. The reason of the approximate date is that a church stood here since 1100, but just when it was changed to this form is not perfectly certain.

Its sturdy walls of chalk and flint and its rugged oak beams seem to prophesy that it may well stand another thousand years. Although familiarly known as "Gray's Church," its real name is Saint Giles, the Parish Church of Stoke Poges. The combined name is for two early lords of the manor house close by: one Stoke, and the other Poges. The church was placed on the manorial land, for in medieval times, the lord was head of the spiritual as well as of the temporal affairs of those who lived on his vast domain.

The porch on the south side brings us right into the south aisle, a good point to stand for a general survey of the church. It is not large, but with its side chapels, it can nicely accommodate the parish congregation.

The village has but about fifteen hundred people living in it.

Some very quaint memorials adorn the walls, many of them going into minute detail about the deceased. The poems have been penned by relatives or friends whose special gift was not the writing of poetry. Meter and rhyme are frequently sadly awry.

The Gray family pew is the regulation stiff, uncomfortable, boxed-type found in all country churches, and in some city ones too. Another pew holds particular interest for Americans because it is the one used by the Penn family, whose illustrious son William founded our own Pennsylvania. His family are buried here, but his body is interred in the small Quaker cemetery over at Jordans, about six miles away. The Penns lived in the manor house from 1760 to 1840. On the north side of the church is a special door by which the lords entered the door itself and the vestibule were the personal property of these gentlemen, and not owned by the church. This entrance was called "The Cloister." The north aisle into which it leads is important to us for a couple of reasons.

First, there is in it an old window, called "The Bicycle Window," so named because of the figure riding something resembling the modern vehicle. It has a large wheel and a small front one. The rider sitting astride of it seems to propel himself by a sort of walking motion of his feet on the ground. There is a date on it of 1643, making it the first representation of anything approaching the likeness of the modern bicycle.

The glass in the other windows contains the coat of arms of Roger Manners, a name that means nothing at all to us until we sharpen our memories and recall that he was the son of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Her daughter's family is also represented here in the windows.

Again we go to the churchyard, for after all that is the spot more closely than any other associated with our poet Gray. We have frequently been here in the morning or early afternoon, but we have been fortunate sometimes to be here at sunset, when we find the landscape at its loveliest. It must have been at this time of day when it best portrayed to him his dream of death. There is no greater charm than the cool quiet of an English countryside. At Stoke Poges it seems to be the acme of perfection.

A new cemetery was added on the north about twenty-five years ago. We stroll through it to see the fine stone memorial to Gray; it stands about three hundred feet away from the church he immortalized. From here we look away toward Eton for that "distant prospect" which he enjoyed. The poem is not so well known by name as the "Elegy," but one line of it at least, probably everybody has quoted sometime, even when he did not realize its source. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Eton considers Gray almost as its patron saint, and at commencement each graduate is presented with a volume of Gray's poems. So for a century and a half the poet has lived in the hearts of his countrymen, and if one takes the trouble to examine the visitors' register, he will realize that he also lives in the hearts of countless Americans.

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

(Selected)

The amazing story of diamonds never loses its charm for mankind. Sheba brought to Solomon gems, From the days when the queen of and in all probability diamonds, and nearly a half-ton of gold, until the present, the interest of man in diamonds has never waned. She was an Arabian queen, and her small kingdom was in the southwestern part of the peninsula of Africa, where for centuries, in Rhodesia her people had worked profitable gold mines. The scene of the operations is marked today by the ruins of what was a large and populous town. In the middle of the ruins is a granite fortress with innumerable labyrinthine passages. In the same ruins are the massive workshops where the gold and gems were prepared. There are even now to be found furnaces and crucibles used for melting and casting of gold bars A number of gold ingots have been found in the shops and in the temple.

It is in South Africa that the largest diamond mines are located. The South African mines, controlled by a syndicate, yield ninety-six per cent of all the diamonds of the world. This is, in fact, a monopoly. They affirm that it costs only $12 a carat to produce diamonds in this region. But a cut diamond of one carat bought at a jeweler's shop costs from $300 to $500, according to the quality. The price is kept high by limiting the output and the number of diamonds allowed to be sold. It was in 1870, on a farm about six hundred miles north of Cape Town near the Vaal River, that a curious circular depression was found. On the clay plastering the children of the Boer farmer noticed glittering pebbles. They proved to be diamonds. Today, in this same circular depression, there is a monstrous hole, nineteen acres in surface extent and nearly a quarter of a mile

The first discovery of this kind was also purely accidental. In the same country a little child was noticed by an Irishman, while on a hunting trip, to be playing with some pebbles. He asked if he might be granted permission to take one of them with him. He picked one of the largest, and at Cape Town he sold it for $1,000. Two years later a Dutch trader learned that a Kaffir witch doctor had an enormous diamond which he sought to by. He traded a yoke of oxen, his wagon and tent and his gun for a diamond, which weighed eighty-three and a half carats. This diamond finally sold for $125,000, and is known as the "Star of South Africa."

Soon a diamond rush resulted, and the farms of the Boers were overrun with diggers. The diamonds were found in a yellow, earthy material down to the depth of forty feet. Then a soft, bluish-gray rock was struck, which was the real matrix of the diamonds, the so-called "blue ground," that today produces the glittering wealth of these mines. Even down to a depth of twelve hundred feet, the diamonds are distributed so

evenly that one hundred carloads of dirt may be said to yield one hundred carats of the stones.

A laborer, 1893, found a large stone at Jagersfontein, and handed it over to the owner. This proved to be the famous "Excelsior" diamond, an irregular crystal that looks like the broken-off end of an icicle. It was pure white, and weighed seven and a half ounces. Near the center was a black spot, and to get rid of this defect the stone had to be chopped in two. From the larger piece was cut the "Jubilee" diamond, presented to Queen Victoria on the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. It was of 239 carats, one and five-eighth inches long and one and three-eighth inches broad and an inch in depth. The other part was split into ten pieces yielding three very large diamonds of 158, and 147 and 130 carats. This idea of cutting up a stone was so far unknown, but when a stone which weighed into the pounds was found something had to be done with it. That stone was the "Cullinan," by far the largest ever known.

The manager of a mine was walking over his ground when he saw a stone whitish in color, which was four and a quarter inches long, two and a half inches broad and one and a half inches thick. It resembled a piece of transparent, glittering ice, and weighed ninteen ounces. It was too to be marketable. According to the rules of reckoning value, in relation to size it was worth at least $45,000,000. The problem of its disposal was solved by presenting it to King Edward VII on his 66th birthday as a gift from the South African Government. This was split into several pieces. The principal stone was cut into a pear-saped stone of 516½ carats, which was worth $2,500,000. The next one was cut into 310 carats.

Many dramatic tales have been told of the discovery of diamonds and gold in Africa, until this seems the fabled land of gold and white ivory. It seems impossible that such amazing wealth could be the result of accidental discovery, but such is true. After these matchless stone were found there remained the more necessary process of cutting and polishing them until they sparkled with all their grandeur and beauty. Even the most valuable diamond will not shine with all its capacity until it is polished.

Many stories are told of gems in ancient times, worth so much that emperors sometimes bartered half of their possessions to gain control of them. It is said that the rajah of Burmah at one time possessed the only ruby mine on earth, and that from their depths rubies had been taken which at night time would light an entire room with their brilliance. It is to be remembered that rubies shine the greatest at night. Some rubies have been found which in themselves were entire fortunes. Solomon compares wisdom to rubies, for in ancient days rubies were most valuable of all possessions.

HORACE MANN WAS FATHER AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Beulah Lyerly

Horace Mann is known as the father of our common schools. He was born May 4, 1796, near Franklin, Mass. His father Thomas Mann, a farmer of small means, died when Horace was 13.

Horace Mann's schooling up to age 15 consisted of a few weeks each year in a small school. After a period of special study, Mann entered Brown university from which he graduated in 1819, taking up the practice of law. He took a keen interest in public affairs, and concerned himself with the welfare of the poor and unfortunate. Thru his influence an act was passed April 20, 1937, creating the Massachusetts Board of Education. In June he was elected secretary, and devoted the remainder of his life to the cause of education, with such zeal and effectiveness that he is often spoken of as the father of the American public school system.

Horace Mann saw clearly that the American experiment at self-rule could not hope to succeed without the universal education emphasizing the highest morale, civic, and cultural values. He saw that there could be no real equality or democracy unless people had the opportunity to develop their talents and their tastes. If you want confirmation of that statement, if you want to see the real importance of the American school, ask your self what hope there would be today for the children of any poor family if the boon of free schooling were denied them.

Following are a few exerpts from the writings of Horace Mann from his "The Letter to School Children".

A boy's heart is not like his vest or his jacket, which would split open if he should grow into a man in five minutes. The heart may be very small—so small as only to embrace one's self in its thoughts and desires—this make a very mean, selfish person. The heart may be enlarged so as to embrace a town —this makes a good townsman. Or it may take in one's whole nation—this makes a patriot. Or it may take in all mankind—this makes a philanthropist. Or it may embrace the whole universe and the great Creator of it—this makes one God-like; and, all the way from the narrowest limit to the vastest expansion, its happiness will be in proportion to its enlargement.

Again, you were made to learn. Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your mind will pine and famish, too. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers and mothers, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where

you are now—at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing: and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen in the world is a little mind in a great body.

Quotations from Horace Mann:

The object of the common school system is to give to every child a free, straight, solid pathway by which he can walk directly up from the ignorance of an infant to the knowledge of the primary duties of man.

The highest service we can perform for others is to help them to help themselves.

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark, all is deluge.

A patriot is known by the interest he takes in the education of the young.

The common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man.

In our country, and in our times, no man is worthy the honored name of statesment, who does not include the highest practicable education of of the people in all his plans of admiration.

Had I the power I would scatter libraries over the whole land as the sower sows his wheatfield.

If there was a cause, if ever there can be a cause, worthy to be upheld by all of toil of sacrifice that the human heart can endure, it is the cause of education.

I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.

The following poem is from "The Washington Post" and written by Mary Ruth Parrish.

HORACE MANN

Whate do you think it would be like
If there were no schools for you?
Not a place like there is in these days
With books and instructions too.
Long ago the boys and girls
Had nothing half so nice,
They had to sit on a wooden bench
And were usually cold as ice.
And to pay for their education
They had to bring coal and wood,
And oil and baskets and woolen scrafs
And anything else they could
That was 'til one named Horace Mann
In a little log cabin was born,
In a miserable dimly lighted room
On a cold and frosty morn.
He wasn't a healthy, happy boy
Like the children of today,
And what with helping his father and mother
There wasn't much time to play .
But he grew to be one of the most wonderful men
That America ever knew.
He brought to the world the Public School,
A school for me and you.
To show our thanks to this wonderful man,
We should work as hard as we can,
And appreciate what he has made possible for us.
Our own school —Horace Mann.

NO IMPRESSION

So many lives are like the stone
That's tossed into the lake,
A little ripple that drifts away—
That's all the mark they make.

—Eleanor L. Stuart.

A BOY'S SERVICE

By Elizabeth Underhill, in Boy Life

"Speed boldly, Jean; the safety of God's elect depends on thy fleetness and courage," said a French peasant woman, as, standing at the door of a hut perched over a gorge in the Cevennes mountains, she bade farewell to her young son. He, mounted on a small white pony, looked fearlessly out of his bright blue eyes, and tossing back his abundant tresses of fair hair, bent to kiss the mother's hand; then descending a steep, winding path, over which his intelligent animal picked a slow, sure footing, the young rider disappeared in the dark aisles of a pine forest.

Jean Cavalier was ten years old; his cradle had been rocked to the howl of mountain storms; he was accustomed to scale heights with fearless agility, being sure-footed on paths that only the mountain-born could safely tread, and he now dauntlessly faced a hazardous ride and the peril of imprisonment to save the lives of five hundred Christian men and wo-huts, sheep-cotes, cottages in the low-men. It was nearly noon; all the er adjoining valleys were deserted by their inhabitants, who had started at dawn for the secluded mountain of Bourges, there to seek consolation and strength in the worship of God.

This was the period of that so-called "religious" war in France, which lasted twenty years, and in which the King, Louis XIV, employed sixty thousand soldiers to exterminate three thousand Protestants because they persisted in worshiping their Maker in their own fashion. Through the upper valleys, for some weeks previous to the time of this story, there had been found, in rock cavities and hollow trees, bits of wood carved with the words, "Manna in the desert," and with certain symbolic marks whereby all the faithful knew that the great pastor, Brousson, emerging from his secret cavern dwelling, would meet and minister to his persecuted flock in the afternoon of the first day of the year 1703, at the Bourges Mountain. Notwithstanding all precaution, news of the intended convocation had reached the town of Hais, and Captain Daiguirrie with six hundred men, was comming up from the plain, eager to surprise and butcher the innocent congregation —a kind of achievement not infrequent in those tragic years.

Just before noon today, Jean, when climbing the rock back of his father's hut in serch of a missing goat, spied the red bonnets of the cavalcade traversing a defile far below; he knew well their terrible purpose, and hurrying down said to his mother:

"I have seen the King's troops going up; there's none to give warning but me."

Twenty minutes later, Jean was riding alone through the dim forest, intently counting the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he could elude and outstrip the assassins. Issuing at length from the woods he paused, hesitating between two routes—one smoother, though longer—by which, trusting to his nimble pony, he might speedily arrive, unless overtaken by the troops; the other led through ravines and over rocks into the very heart of the mountains, and was a

hazardous path, even for a skilful climber. If he took the latter, he must abandon his horse and finally deciding on the smoother road, he was turning toward it when he heard the sound of a conch-shell, and, on the instant, a flash of scarlet streamed around a spur of the forest. Quick-witted Jean rode at once to meet the advancing soldiers.

"Whither go you?"asked the captain.

"To the upper hills to seek my father," replied Jean.

"This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel in alone," said the officer.

"I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none," returned the child calmly.

"You shall come with me," continued the captain, suspiciously; "so fine a boy must not grow up a rebel. I shall dedicate you to the service of the King and the church."

Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors, apparently in submissive composure; but the vigilant little fellow, quick in expedients, contrived to fall back gradually, till, when the dismounted troops, painfully climbing, were half way up a steep ascent, Jean was among the hindmost. A brook wound around the base of the hill, and Jean knew that near the stream was one of those caves, common in a country of volcanic formations, the entrance to which was concealed by thick, clustering bushes. Seizing an opportune moment the active boy turned his pony, dashed down into the brook, leaped from his steed and ran into the cavern. Some minutes elapsed befor the more clumsy soldiers could descend; when they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was visible. Little Jean trembling crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search; but soon, eager for a larger prey, the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band.

When the last echoes had died away, and only the brook's gurgle was audible in the stillness ,Jean ventured from his retreat, aware that the distance had been increased, and the time for rescue lessened by his capture, but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure; prayer and action were one, as lightly leaping from boulder to boulder, by intricate windings about pinnacle and crest—here following the bed of the mountain stream, there swinging himself by gnarled roots over deep chasms—the intrepid boy hastened breathlessly on.

Not far away, some hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform amid the desolate hills. Muskets stood near, ready for a sudden call to arms. Around the worshipers was a chestnut forest, through whose enormous

—THE END—

trunks and leafless boughs the wind moaned in melancholy cadence accompanying their psalmody and suplication. On a flat, smooth stone, at the base of a precipitous rock, stood the minister who, while little Jean sped toward them, was thus addressing the congregation.

"What fear you? Did not God nourish His people in the wilderness? Did He not send the ravens to feed His prophet, and will He not again work miracles? Has not His Holy Spirit comforted His afflicted children? He consoles—He strengthens us. Will He not in time of need cause His angel to go before us?"

Concluding this, the preacher advanced to a natural stone slab serving as a sacramental altar, and the assembly in reverential stillness, to which peril added a solemn awe, came forward two by two, bareheaded, A cry startled them.

"Fly! the enemy comes!"

The startled throng, gazing up knew not the son of their neighbor and friend, Roland Cavalier. The solemnity of the place and the danger always near their worship, had infused their exalted minds with a sense of the immediate presence of the supernatural, and the simple-hearted peasants though the child, Jean, a veritable messenger of heaven.

They quickly dispersed through pass and defile, and when the troops arrived, the early stars shone down on the deserted rocks and lonely forest.

Jean joined a party of fugitives, and lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant faith. While the commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, most of the congregation always maintained that God sent an angel to save them.

HOW DO YOU LOVE YOUR CHILD?

How do you love your child? asks Mildegarde Hawthorne, in an exchange, selfishly or unselfishly?

It is the mother who is the wise friend of her children who is the loving mother, who sees to it that their bodies are healthy and well fed, and that they are given proper training in exercise and good habits, who helps the young minds develop, and seeks to find the best type of schooling for each one of them; who doesn't insist that Tom shall go to college or Will be a doctor or Kate stay at home, but who finds out what Tom and Will and Kate are best fitted for, and helps them to work for that end.

It is the mother who delights in seeing her children happy, not in seeing them indulged, and who can stand noise and clatter when young nerves are wild with joy and must have expression, but who finds the time and takes the pains to insist on good manners, who loves her children.

She may prate of sacrifices all day, and perhaps she may have sacrificed herself; but if she looks for reward and demands payment it was never love that prompted the sacrifice, it was a special form of self-indulgence.—Exchange.

COMING OF DAWN

By Clara Bernhardt

Winter came early and stayed long at Trail's End. Already in October, the country was sheeted over, and the river beginning to harden. June Madden reined in her horse, and looked out over the northern bleakness, shielding her eyes from the glare of sun and snow. Four years in the northland had disciplined her eyes, and far to the horizon, where the newcomer would have seen nothing, she could discern a spiral of smoke.

"We must get over there before dark, Jerry."

They had covered twenty-five miles since morning, visiting lonely and wide-spread cabins. The nurse was momentarily tempted to put off this last call until the morrow, but experience had taught her that by next day someone else would be needing her . Bending low over Jerry's neck, she tried to forget how her limbs ached and her eyes throbbed. She supposed she had been foolish not to use the car, but it was an inhuman thing to get stranded with up here, and horseback had been a temptation in the crisp light of the autumn morning. She rubbed Jerry's neck, he whinnied responsively, and the girl was glad she was on his broad back instead of having the lonely comfort of her coupe.

At the trapper's shack she dismounted, and a thrill of pleasure coursed through her, anticipating the old man's delight at seeing her. He had been in bed a month, and it was unlikely he would get up again.

"I was beginnin' to think you'd not make it, nurse."

She smiled down at him, noting with professional keenness the outward indications of his condition. "I told you Thursday, Joe."

"Yes'm. I might a-knowed Thursday means Thursday to you."

Taking off her leather coat, June rolled up the sleeves of her heavy blouse. "It just about meant Friday this time, Joe. They have a bad epidemic of 'flu over at the Gulch. Took me longer than I expected." She talked as she worked, the sound of her voice a lightsome thing in the old bachelor's quarters. When he was comfortable, she went to the stove and made tea.

"Where's Harvey?" On her calls she rarely encountered the lad who lived with Joe.

"Tendin' the trap lines. He'll be back soon after dark."

She looked at him narrowly, and Joe

"Gone since morning, I suppose."

avoided her eyes. She had her hospital look, and they had discussed that before.

"He fixes me up afore he goes. I'm all right. Gosh-all-hemlock, a feller don't mind bein' alone all day, even if he is tied to a bed!"

She nodded, understanding the old man's desire to remain in his cabin. Nevertheless, picturing him alone when he might urgently need help, she thought longingly of the small hospital.

"If it comes to dyin'," Joe mused, "I'd a heap sight sooner kick off here than in that hospital place. If you die you die."

"Nobody's talking about dying," June said with a briskness which deceived neither of them.

Joe blew his tea. "That doctor would like to stick me in the hospital, drat his hide."

"I won't let him. He was here this week?"

"Two days ago, lookin' haunted around the eyes, as if he'd been prospectin' for gold and couldn't find none."

"Dr. Conboy doesn't know diabase from pitchblende, Joe."

His eyes twinkled. "And neither do you, nurse. You just been talkin' to some old prospectors. Well, let me tell you, there's other gold besides What's in rocks. Somethin's bothering that young fellow, bothern' him a lot, too."

The old trapper's words stayed with June all the way back to Trail's End. She had noticed a difference in Dick Conboy since coming back from his summer vacation. Sometimes, June Madden's well shaped mouth would curve contemptuously when she thought of him. Again, watching the unerring swiftness of his doctor's hands, admiration burned within her. She thought how strange was the combination of such skill with such weakness, and forced herself to remember the circumstances which had brought him north.

There had been a scandal in a city hospital. Two public ward children had died after receiving serum, and a third who received none, had recovered. There was an investigation, and the serum found impure. The newspapers played up the incident until the young doctor who had administered the serum was forced to leave the hospital. He came to Trail's End, and urgently as they needed a doctor in the isolated district, she had it against him that he had fled from the city.

Wearily she rode on through the half darkness. In the village a boy led away her horse, and as she was about to enter her door, she was halted by the doctor's voice.

"You should have been here long ago. You left the Gulch two hours before I did."

"Made several more calls. Someone wanting me?"

"No, but you'll be wearing yourself out."

She smiled at that, and not for the first time, Dr. Conboy noticed how a smile softened her alert eyes. Although in the year he had worked with her at Trail's End they had been in many trying situations together, not once had he seen her calm assurance broken. Admiring this quality, he was also checked by it, and half impatiently he closed the door. There was something he wanted to talk to her about, and was hindered by a feeling she would brush personalities aside. She had kept their relationship on a cool, impersonal basis, and even while respecting the only attitude it was advisable to take in the buzzing town, the young physician resented it.

June's "girl" poked her head in from the kitchen. "Supper'll be ready in a minute."

Glancing at Dick, she read the loneliness in his eyes. "You'll stay?"

In her bedroom, she looked at her weathered knickers and on a sudden impulse she slipped into a frock of green chiffon with no sleeves and a low back. She was faintly surprised at her reflection in the mirror. To her own eyes she looked a different person from the trimly efficient public health nurse with whom she was so familiar.

When she re-appeared, the d...

rose impulsively, his eyes making her realize she had betrayed her code. The knowledge brought a faint color to her cheeks.

"You are beautiful, June."

"Said he, with extreme surprise." Her hand was steady as she lighted the candles on the table. "The last time I wore this was at the Royal York."

Remembering that world of gleaming lights, soft music and beautifully gowned women, they looked at each other across the table, two exiles in a land of snow and silence; two exiles suddenly conscious of their captivity. He was the first to speak.

"I had not thought of you in the Royal York. It seems as thought you have always been here."

"No. I was born in a city of skyscrapers and somke."

"Do you never want to go back?"

"Sometimes. Until I get there." Looking at the candles reflected in the silver, she thought of that evening at the metropolitan hotel, how Rex Battle had played Strauss, and they had danced. Even in the midst of the waltz, with Gran't arm around her, her heart had cried out for Trail's End. She had gone back the following day.

"Why are you here?" Dick Conroy asked, grey eyes searching hers.

June's flippant retort died and she replied simply, "There is work to be done."

He frowned. "There is work to be done in the cities too."

"There are always many willing to do the work in the cities. I belong here."

Dick leaned back in his chair, more at peace than he had been in months. When he went from June's cottage, all his unrest would return, and he shrank from troubling the moment with his inner perplexities. Here was warmth and graciousness. Beyond loomed his barren room at the hotel, and the leering ghosts from his past.

Conscious of his eyes upon her, June smiled with a companionable directness.

"You are brave," the man said, to his own surprise.

"Because I stay here? I love Trail's End. I made my choice, and now I stay by it. There is no bravery in that."

Thinking how she faced danger, alone and unafraid, in the teeth of a fifty-below wind or amid the epidemic-ravished Gulch, Dick smiled denial to her statement. Then he said slowly,

"I made my choice too, but it was a coward's choice."

When she was silent, he turned to her, eyes burning. "You knew why I came out here to Trail's End?"

"Yes."

"I always felt you knew, and despised me for it. Even as I despise myself."

"Why you came was your own business. You have done you work here, and done it well. I admire you for that."

"It was my second mistake, coming here. The first was administering the serum without testing it. Who could have imagined it was spoiled? Such a thing had never happened before." He was gone from the room of shadows and firelight, and back in the confusion and torment of the hospital. "It was bad there. And then there was Nina, the girl I expected to marry. Whenever we went out together, she was ashamed of me. I could

feel it. And I was fool enough to think by getting away from the city, I could get away from the whole ugly business." Walking over to the fireplace, he poked at the log until a geyser of sparks vanished up the chimney. "It's the third mistake I'm afraid of now. Read that." He gave June a letter.

Handing it back, she said only, "You are going?"

"I don't know." He had debated it many times since Dr. Scalion made him the offer in the summer. It would be difficult, going back and facing the things he had run away from a year ago. On the other hand, it was an opportunity to win back his own self respect and the confidence of those who had scorned him. The city meant Nina, too, who hated the north. He though of her as he had last seen her, remote and tantalizing, saying, "If you come back, we can discuss it. But I won't go to Trail's End." In his heart, he had never expected it of her, yet her words gave finality to it.

Looking at June, quiet and serious, he wondered about her; about her life before she came north, and since. It was easier to talk to her tonight than he had ever found it, and Dick felt she was the one person who might help him.

"What would you do in my position, June?"

"In your position, I . . ."

She was interrupted by a hurried knocking, and going to the door, was greeted by a man's exicted voice asking for the doctor. He had walked in from his cabin, and his daughter was desperately ill.

As Dick put on his coat, June noticed how tired his eyes were. It would be midnight before he got back. Heedless of her own weariness she said, "Shall I go too?"

"No. Get some rest, or you'll be a good candidate for the 'flu. If you're needed there, I'll call you in the morning."

By morning they found the condition of the sick child very grave. Driving back to the village with Dick, June's voice was disturbed. "I wish I could have stayed with them. If anything happens to Lexie . . ."

"Her mother is doing everything. And after all, those 'flu patients . . .'

"I know. Sometimes I regret one's duty to the many limits attention to the few. It is the few we learn to love. I was there the night Lexie was born. It was my first case in Trail's End, in fact I was scarcely off the train before I was rushed out there. How I longed for a doctor that night!"

Driving along through the crisp autumn morning, surrounded by the sounds of the forest, each imprisoned by his own thoughts, they were conscious of a unity of spirit outside and beyond themselves. A unity which was severed abruptly, when reaching the road toward the Gulch, Dick would have taken it.

"Are you forgetting? We must go into the village to telegraph for serum."

The doctor was silent.

"If we catch the Airways pilot, it would mean we'd have it by evening."

Dick spoke, his voice expressionless "I wasn't intending to use serum."

"Not use it? But it is Lexie's one chance." She looked at him in amazement which turned to dismay as she remembered. Serum. The city hospital. Thinking of Lexie, she was tempted to use her authority as public health nurse and insist he procure it. But there was more to it than that, and instead she said gently, "Might it

not be just as well to have it on hand in case you change your mind?"

He would not change his mind. He had lain awake most of the night making the decision. He looked at her miserably, tight-lipped and strained, and something in her eyes compelled him to turn the car around.

At the Gulch they worked hard all day, going from one house to the next. There were already three deaths, and it had frightened the other victims. One man thought he was back in a German prison camp, and resisted their ministrations. In the next house, a fevered German murmured,

"Du bist eine gute Fraulein." Aware of the doctor at his wife's side, he added, "Und her Arzt. Ich wollte ohne ihm gestorben sein."

"What does he say?" the doctor asked.

"Without you he would have died."

"Oh." He turned away.

It was late when they were through If it had not been for Lexie, they would have stayed overnight at the Gulch, and though the subject burned between them, they did not mention it. Several times the man glanced thoughtfully at his companion, who though she gave no sign, was aware of it, as women always are aware of being looked at by men.

June spoke. "The river. In another week it will be frozen over."

"Until the spring."

She wondered if he would be here then, or gone back to the realm of dusty pavements and tall buildings. "Did I ever tell you how I forded the river once on horseback, when something had happened to the bridge? One slip, just one . . ."

"Would have led to destruction."

She repeated the words, and for both of them, they held a more significant meaning than the surface one.

When they reached the village, they stopped at the post-office-general-store, the center of community life, officially known as Herb's place. June found herself praying that the serum would be there, and when the doctor came out with a small parcel in his hand, thankfulness surged through her.

"It will mean all night out there. If you're tired, I can managed alone."

"I'm coming along. But first we'll have something to eat at my house."

In half an hour they were again on their way, refreshed and eager for the work ahead. A deep excitement gripped June as they neared Matthew's cabin, and its faint light pierced the pines. Life in the north was replete with drama. Mrs. Matthews met them at the door, gaunt and anxious. To June she said,

"Lexie's dying, nurse. I've seen people die before, and I know. My Lexie . . ." He voice faded, and both women thought of that night when they had fought to give her life.

"Dr. Conboy has something that will save her. We won't let her die."

Faint hope lighted the mother's eyes. "You mean he can make her live?"

"I think so. Some serum which came in by airplane." Drying her hands on the rough towel, June followed Dick into the room where Lexie lay, burned by pain and fever. The darkness of her lashes and curly hair was accented by the briliant color in her cheeks, and when she opened her eyes, they were bright and unknowing. Reminded of the last child he had tended with this disease, Dick's mouth

twitched, and he turned abruptly away, and began opening the box of serum.

In the kitchen, as June sterilized the syringe, the eyes of both parents were upon her, apprehensive and hopeful. She reassured them, and returning to the bedroom, found the physician seated with bent head beside the sick child, the tiny bottle in one hand. When she came with the syringe, he made no attempt to take it. Looking at her with fear in his eyes, he said tensely,

"I can't do it, June. I can't. The same illness, the same serum . . . almost the same child."

She placed her hand upon his shoulder, and in the stress of the movement, neither was aware that he covered it with his, gripping her fingers.

"Lexie will die without it." Taking the phial from him, she cut its pointed glass top, and began drawing the liquid into the syringe. He watched as a man watches the approach of an inevitable catastrophe, powerless to avert it.

"Suppose it is impure, June? There's no way of testing it here."

"It won't be impure." Stooping over Lexie, she rubbed the chubby young arm with alcohol. In her delirium, the child saw June, and flinging her arms around her neck cried.

"Don't let him get me, Mummie!"

Soothing the child with one hand, June felt the hypodermic being taken from the other, and glanced up to find the doctor facing her, face strained but purposeful.

"This is my job. I'm going to do it. If . . . if anything goes wrong, I don't want you mixed up in it.'

"Nothing will go wrong." Her voice was all the ressurance he needed. The night was gone when the serenity of quiet breathing returned to Lexie. Only then did Dick Conboy leave her side, and come to June, where she was standing by the window, watching the coming of dawn beyond the hills.

"We've won, June."

She looked at him, marveling at the change wrought by the restoration of his faith. Despite weariness, his eyes were younger and more glad than she had ever before seen them.

"You mean you have won."

"No, we have. Without you, I sould have lost. I would have failed here last night, and failed Trail's End.

"Then you're staying? I'm glad." June's voice was warm and happy.

He touched her arm. "June, I realized a lot of things last night. That was only one of them." His voice tapered, and they stood in silence. Finally Dick spoke, humbly and appealingly. "Do you think you could learn to care for a bungling practitioner who loves you very much?"

The reflection of the sunrise was on the face turned toward him. "For a year I've been trying not to love him and . . ."

And the rest was lost.

The person who thinks that no one understands him is one who does not understand others. He needs to find that common knowledge of how to get along in life other people seem to possess. He needs to avoid the eccentric in thought, deed, and habit. He must avoid requiring special attention from his family, his hostess or his associates.—Selected.

CHRISTMAS SEALS, INVENTED BY DANE, NOW FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS IN 40 NATIONS

(Smithfield Herald)

The approaching holiday season returns those annual harbingers of happiness and health—the Tuberculosis Christmas Seals, which celebrate this Yuletide their 30th year in the United States.

An institution in America for three decades, these little stamps have become an important part of Christmas, besides swelling the total of funds to combat tuberculosis and enlisting thousands in the never-ending war against the "white plague." The value of the seal sales campaign is evidenced in constantly decreasing tuberculosis mortality rate, although the battle against the disease is far from won.

Although United States has adopted Tuberculosis Christmas Seals as a charity of national scope, the idea for them did not originate here, but in Denmark.

Handling a huge volume of Christmas mail in his capacity of postal clerk, E. Holboell of Charlottenlund, near Copenhagen, conceived the idea of obtaining funds for charity through the sale of a simple stamp, which senders would affix to their letters and packages. In 1904 he presented his idea to the Danish government and received not only the approval and co-operation, but also the patronage of the king and Queen.

Proceeds were given to construction of a much-needed children's tuberculosis sanitarium. More than four million stamps were sold.

Three years later Jacob Riis, living in America, received a letter from his former home in Denmark. The envelope bore regular postage and other strange stamps. Investigating, Riis learned of Denmark's successful campaign against tuberculosis. Impressed with the idea he wrote a magazine article on the subject, introducing the plan to United States.

At Wilmington, Del., a Red Cross worker, Miss Emily Bissell, faced the difficult task of raising funds to save a children's tuberculosis sanitarium, or seeing the work of several years ruined.

Then the article Jacob Riis had written came to her attention. The idea of Christmas Seals was sound, and it had been found practical in Denmark. Despite predictions of failure she pushed forward with her plan and in 1907 the first Christmas Seals went on sale in America.

An unidentified Philadelphia newsboy bought the first one. Four hundred thousand seals were sold the first year.

Under the direction of the American Red Cross the idea rapidly spread across the nation, with sales increasing annually. In 1919, however, when the Red Cross was forced to devote all its energies to World War activities, the National Tuberculosis Association was founded, and has conducted the sale of seals since that time.

Today more than 40 nations of the

world support their anti-tuberculosis agencies through the sale of Christmas Seals. Approximately 40 million seals are sold anually in United States.

The dream of a Danish postal clerk came true, and as he said on a visit to United States in 1924, seeing the greatness his idea has achieved: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Due to rain there is little work being accomplished on the farm. However, the boys are busy hauling grit and rebuilding roads.

Also Warren Meddlin, now 16 years of age, is going to school in Greensboro. He is serving as messenger boy for the Postal Telegraph. Warren was paroled about a year ago.

Fred Dyson, is now living at Stanfield, Stnaty county. He was paroled about 2 months ago, and is now making good learning the farm activities on the farm of Mr. Walter Little. Fred was a guest of the school last Sunday.

Adolph Watson left the Jackson T. School twelve months ago. Adolph Watson was looked upon as a hopeless case by his own people,—a prophet without honor at home,—is making good to the amazement of all who knew him. Adolph has a good home on the farm of Mr. Sam Bivins at Stanfield.

Ralph Wright, from Ireldell county was paroled about ten years ago. But time does not blot out the J. T. S. from the minds of our old boys.

Ralph is now holding a position in Hosiery Mill, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Ralph stopped over to introduce us to his bride. He is now splending some time in Florida.

Elmer Maples and Columbus Hamilton had the misfortune to break their arms. They received treatment at Orthopedic Hospital. They have been dismissed by the surgeon of the hospital.

The latest information is that Elmer fell and hurt his arm, but the local physician thinks the hurt of Elmer's arm is not serious.

Hip! Hip! and Hurrah! Are the jubilant expressions from all the boys when they hear about the new "Talking Picture Machines", the machanics are now installing. This machine will certainly help to break the monotony of school activities. The talking machine will rebound for good if used properly—it certainly will give the boys much cheer.

This institution always takes recog-

nition of the old boys when they visit the School.

Just lately Hubert Gray, Greenville, N. C., aged 17, stopped in to looked over his old camping grounds. He looked fine and reflected, a clean life. He is going to school at Belmont Abbey. While here, Hubert served as house boy in his cottage.

The School Dairy

Mr. John A Arey, North Carolina State College, Raleigh, extension dairy specialist, gave a rating to the school herd of cows as one of the best dairy herds in the state. That is a fine record for the institution herd that is kept specifically to supply the school with dairy products, and it is a distinction that is appreciated by the entire school. These cows are fed and milked by the boys, and better yet, one of old boys of the institution has the management of the dairy barn. So the school receives in this rating two commendations—the efficiency of the dairy under the guidance of one of the old boys. The best in every way is the goal of the Jackson Training School. In fact our hope is to grow larger by serving better.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day at the Jackson Training School started off with an understanding of the significance of the day, consequently was observed in the right spirit. The first feature of the day's activities was under the guidance of the superintendent when he had the five hundred boys, including officers, assemble in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, and then reminded them of their manifold blessings, from whence they come, and in return they should realize the same and give thanks. With their minds in a state of preparedness the boys appropriately observed the day set apart as one of thanksgiving instead of just an occasion for a rollicking time. The hour for the regular devotion was 11 o'clock. Again the boys and officials went to the school auditorium and there enriched their souls by engaging in one hour of song service, praper followed with a sermon by Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist church, Concord. Rev. Baucom took his text from the 1st chapter of Romans, 8th verse " I thank my God through Jesus Christ". He referred to St. Paul as one of the greatest missionaries and emphasized the influence of such a life. In his sermon Rev. Baucom emphasized the many blessings of mankind, too numerous to enumerate, from God, the creator and sustainer of the universe, (not by a maybe or just happen so) but by His provision, or by His providential care and we today are the beneficiaries. Rev. Baucom thinks clearly and in a most impressive manner held the attention of his audience. He spoke of Christ as the high priest and the greatest personality ever known. For all things of material worth to life, the minister on this occasion closed by extolling God, saying, "I thank my God for all things through Jesus Christ." After this hour of true worship the boys retired to their respective cottages and had the privilege of having a turkey dinner with other good things to eat. This Thanksgiving Day of 1937 for the boys of this institution closed with sports on

the athletic field. For this envent of general thanksgiving the weather was ideal, the spirit exhibited by boys reflected contentment, and with an understanding heart they seem to know that some one cares for them.

Sunday Service

Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte, loves our boys, is a true and loyal friend of the Jackson Training School. He has proven his loyalty, because for twenty years he has arranged for divine worship on the fourth Sunday, and never yet has he failed to carry out his mission. He, too, is choice about selecting the minister along with some of the best musical talent the city of Charlotte can offer.

This past Sunday Mr. Shelton solicited the interest of Rev. Ed. G. Caldwell, founder and pastor of Knoxville City Temple, Knoxville, Tennessee. This minister of the Gospel preached a most impressive sermon, appreciated by the boys ,officials and others in the audience. Rev. Caldwell was highly commended for the manner in which he reached down and gave a forceful message to the boys.

The singers on ths occasion, Jean Davis and Bill McGarrahan rendered a splendid program of sacred music that added greatly to the impressiveness of the service. The entire program consisting of the sermon, song and prayer carried the spirit of true worship in the strictest sense. Such messages are more appreciated by the boys than the general public realizes. Théir souls are enriched by the Gospel. Mr. Shelton and his helpers are always welcome visitors to the Jackson Training School.

SOUND ADVICE

It's great to be alive, my lad
  It's nice to live and do.
Tasks well done bring joy and fun,
  And satisfaction, too!

Be honest every time, my lad,
  No matter what rogues say;
Dishonesty—howe'er concealed
  E'er comes to light some day!

Choose your friends with care, lad,
  Be sure they're square and true;
What the world thinks of your friends,
  It also thinks of you!

—DeForest Hamilton.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending November 28, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Ivey Ellers 3
(3) Leon Hollifield 3
(3) Edward Johnson 3
(3) Edward Lucas 3

COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan
(2) J. C. Cox 2
(2) Howard Cox 2
Jack McRary 2
(3) Fonnie Oliver 3
Reece Reynolds
Howard Roberts 2
(3) Albert Silas 3
James West
(3) Preston Yarborough 3
(3) R. L. Young 3

COTTAGE No. 2

Norton Barnes
James Blocker
William Burnette
John Capps 2
Postel Clark
Frank Cobb
Arthur Craft
William Downes
Samuel Ennis
Leo Forrester
Kenneth Gibbs
[illegible] Godfrey
[illegible] 2
Melvin Jarrell 2
[illegible]
James [illegible]
Robert Keith
Floyd Lane
Max Lindsay
Clifton Mabry 2
Wilson Myrick
Thomas McRary
Nick Rochester
Oscar Roland
Fred Siebert 2
Duane Shoffner
Raymond Sprinkle
W. J. Wilson
Brooks Young

COTTAGE No. 3

Neely Dixon 2
Harold Dodd
(3) Henry Floyd 3
Coolidge Green
(3) John Hampton 3
(3) William McRary 3

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson
(3) Carret Bishop 3
Harley Davis 2
(3) James Hancock 3
(2) Henry Harris 2
John King
Hubert McCoy
(3) Frank Raby 3
(3) Thomas Stephens 3
William Surratt 2
(2) Melvin Walters 2

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Ernest Beach 3
George Ramsey
Thomas Sullivan
(2) James [illegible] 2
(2) Ralph Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 7

[illegible] Roll

COTTAGE No. 8

Charles Taylor

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) J. T. Branch 3

Thomas Braddock 2
William Brackett 2
(3) Edgar Burnette 3
(2) Gladston Carter 2
James Coleman 2
(2) Woodfin Fowler 2
(2) C. D. Grooms 2
Odie Hicks 2
Mark Jones 2
Eugene Presnell 2
Earl Stamey
Hubert Short 2
(2) Thomas Sands 2
Cleveland Suggs 2
(3) Homer Smith 3
Luther Wilson
S. J. Watkins 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) John Crawford 2
Matthew Duffy
Jeff Gouge
(2) James Howard 2
(3) Milford Hodgin 3
(3) Mack Joines 3
William Knight
(2) Edward E. Murray 2
Oscar Smith
Torrence Ware
William R. Williams

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Charles Bryant 3
(3) Howard Bryson 3
(3) Howad Clark 3
Earl Duncan 2
Baxter Foster
Lawrence Guffey 2
(3) William Kirk 3
(2) William Martin 2
(3) Donald Newman 3
(3) Filmore Oliver 3
(3) Theodore Rector 3
Julius Stevens
(3) Fred Williamson 3
(3) Burchell Young 3

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman
(2) Charles Batten 2
Allard Brantley
Fred Carter
(2) Ben Cooper 2
(2) Max Eaker 2
Charlton Henry
(2) Hubert Holloway 2
(2) Alexander King 2
(2) Asbury Marsh 2
(2) Jerome Medlin 2
(3) Ewin Odom 3
William Powell
Howard Saunders
Harvey Smith
(2) William Trantham 2
(3) Ross Young 3

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Clarance Douglas 2
(3) Robert Hailey 3
Isaac Hendren
(3) Jordan McIver 3
Irvin Medlin
Eugene Patton 2
(3) Claudius Pickett 3

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell
(2) Monte Beck 2
(2) Doyle Holder 2
(2) James Kirk 2
Felmond Lane
(2) John Robbins 2
James Stepp
(2) Garfield Walker 2
Jones Watson
Thomas Trantham

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Warren Bright 2
John Brown
(2) Granville Cheek 2
Sidney Delbridge
(2) Hobart Gross 2
(2) Joseph Hyde 2
(3) L. M. Hardison 3
Dallas Holder
Caleb Jolly 2
(2) Clarance Lingerfelt 2
John Mathis
(3) Connie Michael 3
(2) James McGinnis 2
(3) Raymond Mabe 3
(3) Alvin Powell 3
(3) Wilson Rich 3
(2) Harley Riley 2
Ira Settle
(3) Wallace Sommers 3
(2) Richard Thomas 2
Harold Walsh
James Watson 2
George Worley 2

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., DE No. 50

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CHRISTMAS SEALS

There appears on the 1937 Christmas Seals of the National Tuberculosis Association a jolly and colorful town crier. Garbed in his warm caped coat of brown and his three-cornered hat, he brings to mind one of the most popular and ancient characters of many lands —the man who went from house to house in the small towns and villages to warn of dangers, spread the news, and protect the householders.—Sunshine Magazine.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor — MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LIFTERS vs LEANERS

There are just two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses
Are always divided into just two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

There are two classes of people that make life either delightful or miserable—the optimists, who always have a hope and see good, and the pessimists who fail to see the glories of the sunshine if possible to find the tiniest cloud. For the pessimist it takes a mere speck of a cloud to anticipate that the worst yet is to come.

In moving about socially or in a business way one hears comments, favorable or unfavorable as to the results of the work at the Jackson Training School. We have heard the remark that the investment is too great for the good accomplished. That comes from the mind of a mercenary person. And furthermore the same people with such a thrend of mind would think differently if their children, homeless and defenceless, had no other place of refuge.

Besides if familiar with the parable of the "lost sheep" where there is greater rejocing over the return of the one lost than the ninety and nine which went astray. Truly the "Son of man came to save that which was lost".

It is interesting to know that there hardly passes a day Superintendent Boger does not receive a message, either verbal or written, evidencing the fact that an old boy is making his own way, not a dependent at least, as a reputable citizen. Surely it would not, or could not be expected to salvage them a hundred percent.

Now, this letter from an old boy is given in brief. He is one of the many that have been enrolled, and his letter tells the same story many others have written:

Dear Mr. Boger:

Once I was in the gutter, but in the year and a half spent in the school it did much to aid me in straightening life out. I am now a senior in the High School, a member of the Beta Gamma—boy's club of high scholarship standing, sports writer of our High School paper, a member of our Drama Class and I feel that I have the respect of my fellow students.

This is the summary of a letter from an old boy, others could be given of equal interest. Surely such give hope and faith that this institution in the ceaseless course of time will continue to stand as a beacon light to young boys, a refuge for those wanting to know the true life.

* * * * * * *

THE HIGH SCHOOL BURNED

The burning of the beautiful Concord High School this past week was a terrible loss, and a calamity that touched the heart of Concord, because of the many homes having children who have passed through the doors of this building for purpose of making stronger

manhood and womanhood. Despite the many hardships of school life there lingers around this charred structure many delightful memories.

On Wednesday night about 10 o'clock, the fire was discovered, and very soon the red flames leaped in their fury from one to another till a major portion of the handsome building was destroyed. It is considered one of the most disastrous fires known in the history of the city. The things that effect childhood, young mandhood and womanhood, never fail to be taken most seriously with the realization there is no time to halt the progress of the youths, the men and women of the future.

From every angle of society the finest commendation has been given the firemen who fought heriocially to save the structure, and at the same time they were endangering their lives. But like heroes fighting in defence of their homes they never faltered in the face of the danger that surrounded them. We owe much to the city firemen, and feel under obligations to the firemen from our neighbor city, Charlotte, who responded to the call and came instantly to aid in every way to save the Concord High School building. This gracious act exemplies that we are "our brothers keeper". We cannot live independent and alone.

The school officials have been busy arranging a schedule so the school children will not lose any time in their work. From all reports, we have every assurance that Superintendent A. S. Webb will rise to the emergency and the school activities will soon be running on an even keel.

* * * * * * *

BOYS' READING HABIT

One of the features recommended for Boy Scouts' program of activities is good literature for the leisure hours. The chief scout executive states that reading as a pastime is inexpensive, the pleasure is lasting and is a strong factor for influencing clean thinking and good habits.

Realizing that good literature helps boys over many rough places, imaginary or real, Mrs. E. E. Peele, Charlotte, who knows by experience the boy's problems, has been untiring in her efforts to assemble books of fiction, biography and poetry by the best writers.

Mrs. Peele has for her goal a larger number of books in a large, sunshiny room with tables and comfortable seats where the boys of the Jackson Training School may spend many profitable hours. Environment and example, we know, plays two thirds part in shaping the course of a young person life.

The following is taken from the Concord Daily Tribune.

One of the soundest features of the Boy Scouts' program is the emphasis which it puts on good reading as a leisure time activity for boys. Dr. James E. West chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts is calling attention to this feature by designating the week of December 12-18 as Boys' Life Week.

The Handbook for Boys which Dr. West has created is one of the most widely read books in modern history, more than 5,700,000 copies having been distributed since it was first printed in 1910.

Also familiar to all Scouts is the magazine, Boys' Life, which Dr. West edits. Following these, there is a whole host of wholesome, stimulating books available to boys in the book stores and libraries.

"No entertainment is so inexpensive as reading; no pleasure so lasting," says Dr. West, "No one thing in my judgment is so much a factor for influencing the attitude of mind and habits of conduct."

True enough; and parents generally should do all they can to help the Boy Scouts of America in its effort to establish the "reading habit" in growing boys.

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DON'T OVERLOOK CHRISTMAS SEALS

Thousands of people have been sent a supply of Christmas Seals, the sale of which is used to combat tuberculosis, and most of these will buy the seals by sending to the treasurer the amount asked. Some of these will use the seals and some will not. This is a worthy cause and one in which each and every person should have a part if it is the buying of only one seal. Those who can buy in larger quantities should certainly do so.

Not only is it important to buy the seals, but is important to use them. Certainly the committee will get and use the money which is paid for the seals, but they want them used so that the people may see these seals and thereby know that they have been purchased and that there will be funds for fighting tuberculosis during

the coming year. We have known individuals and firms to buy several dollars worth of these seals and after Christmas day find that they had not been used and throw them into a wastebasket. As an advertisement they would have been worth a great deal if used as they should have been.

Buy seals and buy as many as possible, but use them on the mail before the Christmas holidays and you will feel better.

* * * * * * *

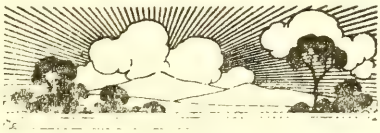
THE CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

Time passes all too swiftly for the older members of the Jackson Training School. But for the boys the time intervening between Christmas of last year and this seems like ages. For there is not a holiday in the whole calendar year that fills the life of the old and young with greater hope and joy. It is the season that inspires for universal love, and practice of giving to dependents, especially to those whose lives have been checked by misfortunes.

According to the previous custom of this little paper we carry a list of contributions for the good-cheer fund. It is an old, old story, but as usual we have five hundred boys, some have people and there are many others who have not a soul to remember them during the most joyous season when others are celebrating the birth of the greatest personality the world has ever known.

The boys have never been forgotten by their friends during the Christmas season, and we continue to have faith. As proof of this we give with appreciation the first contribution for 1937, "Christmas Cheer Fund:

7-7-8	$25.00
Hurman Cone, Greensboro, N. C.	25.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro, N. C.	5.00



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

THE HEART THAT SINGS

"I'd rather have a heart that sings
The praises of my God;
A heart with song that sweetly rings
Along the path I trod
Than have a heart of bitterness
Toward God and humankind;
That never lifts nor trys to bless,
Nor seeks the good to find."

Youth lives on hope, and old age on memories .

Somehow, I know not how, trouble just seems to avoid some people, and continually dogs other people's footsteps.

Out in the Middle West five girls in one family have bought permanent waves with their relief money. Some people believe in going to the poor house in high style, on the wave of prosperity, whether it be permanent or not.

Honesty is an index of good character. Dishonesty the lack of it.

Many a one-horse farmer seldom raises more than his hat, on his one-acre farm. And some don't even do that.

The excuse and complaint so many women make about not having anything to wear, must have started in the Garden of Eden. It is as old as the human race.

Many people tell their visitors to "make themselves at home," and at the same time wishing they were.

A whole lot of person never see the beauty in a rose. They are always looking at the thorns, and are afraid they will be stuck.

If good, old common horse sense was a fire, some people wouldn't have enough to set fire to a match. How does it strike you?

A great deal is being said now-a-days about vitamins in food products. But I cannot understand why the most important vits are in the things I do not like to eat.

When you borrow trouble you may expect to pay a lot of interest in worry. For worry follows close on the heels of borrowing, and you know the borrower is servant to the lender. And sometimes the lender is a very hard master.

It frequently happens that very amusing incidents occur in the courts of our land. I note one. A lawyer had instructed his client to be very cautious and not say anything that was not strictly the truth. When the case came up the lawyer asked his client if he did not drive a delivery wagon. "No, sir," answered the witness. "I thought you did," replied the lawyer, and then asked, "What do you do for a living, then?" And the darkey said: "I drive de hoss dat pulls de delivery wagon, sir." That drew a laughter in the court room.

Some men are so selfish that they are not satisfied with a five-day week,

but want five-day week ends. That's where they show their weakness.

Just to show how absentmined some people can get, I know quite an aged lady, with her spectacles up on her forehead, saying, "I've lost my glasses and can't look for them until I've found them."

Congress should overhaul the income and other taxes. Above all, it should broaden the tax base, which would not only increase federal revenue, but would give millions of citizens a new sense of responsibility for the operation of their government. If the present administration, with its top-heavy Congressional majority will really make a serious start toward tax reform, it will perform the greatest possible service to the country, and to the resurrection of our lost recovery.

It is a matter of impossibility to legislate brains. There is growing realization on the part of merchandising groups, that those merchants who back laws to penalize their competitors, are courting disaster. This point of view dominates some remarks recently made by Hector Lazo, Executive Vice President of the Co-operative Food distributions of America, who said: "Merchants who perfer to place their reliance on discriminatory or class legislation will find themselves left behind by the parade. There is no law that can legislate brains for the man who fails to use his own, nor inject ambition, and self-reliance into the heart of the lazy." Under a process of free competition, with equitable laws and tax and labor policies applying to all, the merchandising system which gives the public the most for its money will make the fastest progress. Brains and energy and ideas—not restrictive laws—are what make for merchandising development, and for better service to the consumer.

SALUTE TO THE TREES

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth stone warm;
Some for the roof and some for the beam
And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

—Henry Van Dyke.

TELEGRAPHER RECALLS WRIGHT'S FIRST FLIGHT

By G. E. Dean, in Charlotte Observer

Bishop Milton Wright,
7 Hawthorne Street,
Dayton, Ohio.

Success four flights Thursday morning, all against twenty-one mile wind. Started from level with engine power alone; average speed through air thirty-one miles; longest fifty-nine seconds; inform press; home Christmas.

(Signed)
Orville Wright, 5:24 P. M.

One late afternoon in December, 1903, Alpheus W. Drinkwater, veteran telegraph operator in charge of the U. S. Weather bureau on Roanoke Island, N. C., was busy tapping out the above wire with his telegraph key in the sitting room of his modest little home at Manteo. Five hours earlier, two young Dayton, Ohio mechanics, Orville and Wilbur Wright by name, had flown across the sands of Kitty Hawk in 12 seconds of sustained flight in a heavier-than-air machine.

Mr. Drinkwater, 62 years old recently, vividly recalls that winter afternoon 34 years ago when the first bit of news that man had conquered the air went out to a dubious world. He still holds down his job as weather observer and telegraph operator less than 20 miles from where the Wright brothers first few.

"Whatever the machine does, don't write; telegraph," the Wright brothers' father had urged the young inventors before they left Dayton Bishop Wright was a missionary pastor in the United Brethren church and then lived on the west side of Dayton, Ohio.

The Wright brothers had made thousands of experiments with aircraft on the sands of Kitty Hawk before their first motor-driven machine rose in 12 seconds of sustained flight to cover 120 feet in its course. Isolated Kitty Hawk was chosen for the experiments because the U. S. weather bureau at Washington had advised them that here they would find wind (and plenty of it) along with a free and unobstructed field with slopes and a soft spot for landing. The brothers first visited Kitty Hawk in August, 1900, and began their experiments with gliders because they could not afford to construct expensive powered air-machines to smash up in experiments. The village of Kitty Hawk, a mere speck on the map of the North Carolina coast, was then more than six hours by water from the nearest town of any size, Elizabeth City.

They found the natives of this straggling fishing village on the remote sand bar between the Albermarle Sound and the Atlantic ocean only mildly amused at the first efforts to fly through the air. Here on the flat beach and soft sands they tested their gliders. During the summer of 1900 and again during the summer of 1901, the Wright brothers made many experimental flights with gliders. They practised with controls, wind-pressure, mathematical calculations with a great bird-like contraption of wires,

wood and cotton wings. The Coast Guardsmen along the beach and the natives of Kitty Hawk stood by while they made flight after flight in these outlandish looking things during the summers of 1900 and 1901.

A. W. Drinkwater, whose duties as telegraph operator took him up and down the beach between Kitty Hawk and Manteo, knew the Wright brothers and was following their experiments with keen interest. Hence, on that winter afternoon in 1903 when they jubilantly stormed his little house on Roanoke Island with the news that they had actually done what thousands of years of experiment had seemed to prove couldn't be done, he was more than a little surprised.

It was in September, 1903, that one of the natives of this wind and storm-swept sand-bar visited a restaurant in Norfolk, Va., for the purpose of purchasing a barrel of Lynnbaven, Va., oysters.

"There are two 'looney Yankees' down at Kitty Hawk trying to fly and they want to eat some Lynnhaven oysters before they die," the fisherman told the restaurant proprietor.

Harry P. Moore, a 21-year-old reporter for the Norfolk Virginian Pilot, overheard the conversation and thus was first to break the news to an astonished world three months later when the Wright brothers actually flew.

Surfmen who patrolled the beach near Kitty Hawk had found in Harry P. Moore, then a rising young Norfolk newspaperman, a valuable friend. Certain well-timed publicity had helped them considerably and they had not forgotten him. So when Harry P. Moore communicated with Kill Devil Hills coast guard station on the night of December 17, 1903 by long distance telephone, the surfmen told him of the first flights. But in their enthusiasm they told him that the Wrights "flew over the place . . around the hills . . . down by the water; they must have flown three miles!"

On the basis of this information the Norfolk newspaper broke the news across its front page with a two line streamer announcing that the Wright brothers "had soared three miles in the teeth of a high wind over sand dunes and waves at Kitty Hawk." A sub-head announced "no balloon attached to it," and continued: "Three years of secret hard work by the Ohio brothers was crowned with success."

Few newspapers believed that such an event had actually occurred when offered the story. Several managing editors of large western newspapers actually refused to pay for a query which amounted to only 22 cents. One Ohio newspaper, published in the Wright brothers' own State, sent a sharp reply: "We don't want any of that 'wild cat' stuff!"

Between 1903 and 1908, the Wright brothers visited Kitty Hawk many times and made hundreds of experimental fights with their gasoline-powered flying machine. On May 6, 1908, they made flights in their new machine constructed in their workshop at Dayton which rose into the air under its own power and flew a distance of two and seven-tenths miles at a speed of approximately 46 miles an hour.

By this time, Mr. Drinkwater's little telegraph office on Roanoke Island was besieged with newspapers correspondents from a dozen different newspapers who had come to Kitty Hawk to witness the flights. Among

them was R. Bruce Salley whose press message to the New York Sun has since become a famous document and now preserved in the Congressional Library in Washington. Salley's dispatch was the first telegraphic report announcing the Wright brothers' sustained flights on May 6, 1908. Part of it reads as follows:

"The big flying machine, built by Wilbur and Orville Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, and designed especially as an instrument of war, was launched at Kill Devil Hill, near Kitty Hawk, this afternoon for the first time. While the flight was short, merely to test the steering gear, it was entirely successful, the machine being at all times under control of the Wrights whom it carried. The steering gear tested was the embodiment of a new idea. It was found to work satisfactory but needed adjustment. But that did not prevent a continuation of the flight, which apparently could have been continued for 100 miles. The Wrights think that they have in their last machine a perfect navigator of the air. An effort will probably be made to fly the ship to Cape Henry, Va., a distance of 75 miles and return."

By the time Salley's history-making dispatch went out, the London Daily Mail, the New York American, Collier's Weekly and the New York Herald all had correspondents at Kitty Hawk. Mr. Drinkwatetr was to send upwards of 40,000 words within the short space of a week on the first flights after it was successfully demonstrated by Orville and Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk that flight through the air in a power-driven, heavier-than-air machine, was possible.

Mr. Drinkwater recalls that R. Bruce Salley did not get his information from the same source as Harry P. Moore, the Norfolk reporter who "scooped the world" on the first flight in 1903. The Wright brothers worked alone and their operations were shrouded in secrecy. Salley left Manteo before daybreak on May 6, 1903, and hid in the woods near Kill Devil Hill and from his hiding place witnessed a flight of over 1,000 feet early on the afternoon of May 6. He returned to Manteo immediately and filed 600 words on the flight to Norfolk, Washington, Baltimore and New York newspapers.

On Roanoke Island today are three men who assisted the Wright brothers in launching their first plane from the brow of Kill Devil Hill that bitter, windy morning in December, 1903. They are John T. Daniels, Captain Adam Etheridge and John T. Moore. The latter was only 18 years old when the first flight was accomplished. John T. Daniels, a retired coast guardsman, was caught in the first airplane as it raised in flight and dragged several yards, and he suffered a lacerated thumb and a bad scare.

Mr. Drinkwater is president of the Kill Devil Hill Memorial association an organization formed nearly 10 years ago to honor the Wright brothers with a memorial at Kill Devil Hill, near Kitty Hawk, the scene of the first flights. Out of this organization came the $225,000 granite memorial to Orville and Wilbur Wright which surmounts the 90-foot sand dune now safely anchored with grass. More than 300,000 persons have visited the monument to Wilbur Wright, who died in 1912, and Orville Wright, one of the few inventors who has lived to see the full fruits of his genius.

LIBRARY WILL RENDER SERVCE FOR RURAL COMMUNITIES

(Selected)

James E. Gourley, director of the Charlotte Public Library, announced today that the Board of trustees of the Library has accepted the loan of the bookmobile belonging to the North Carolina Library Commission for the months of December and January, for the purpose of supplying books and magazines to the rural communities of Mecklenburg county.

The first trip into the county for the bookmobile, which will arrive in Charlotte on December 2, will be made December 3. Mr. Gourley has a tentative itenary mapped out for the first day, which includes a visit for the bookmobile into the Caldwell, Croft, Huntersville, Davidson, Cornelius and Davidson sections of the county.

The bookmobile will go into the county with its sides filled with attractive books for both adults and juveniles. These books will be selected from the shelves of the Charlotte Public Library and deposited out in the county at temporary deposit stations.

To date there have been twenty-five such places which have expressed their desire to library trustees to act as distributing points to the rural residents, who are very anxious to receive the use of the library books. Mr. Gourley states that it is the hope of the library to establish fifty such stations within the next months time. thereby giving rural Mecklenburg ready access to the many books which many have been deprived of with exceptions of those who were able to make trips into the main Charlotte library.

It is the intentions and hope of the library director to continue this service into the county after the bookmobile returns to the library Commission the later part of January. He stated that if no truck is available for the continuation of this service at this time, that cars will be used for carrying the books out to the receiing stations. He further added that the Charlotte Public Library will be able to take care of fifty such stations with little difficulty. These stations will be set up in centrally located places in the different sections of the county, which will be centrally located for its immediate residents. Such deposit stations will not necessarily all be in stores in the communities, but some will be placed in homes or filling stations, as central accessibility so demands.

Mr. Gourley is especially anxious that those residents of the county who have made no requests or inquiries about this new and needed service, to communicate with him by letter or person at the Charlotte Public Lirary in Charlotte within the next week.

This educational project on the part of library officials will meet ahearty responce in rural Mecklenburg, as many communities have long suffered from the lack of proper library facilities.

SECOND SUNDAY IN THE MONTH AMONG THE N. C. WALDENSIANS

By Hoyt McAfee, in Charlotte Observer

Every second Sunday in the month serices at the Waldensian church in Valdese are conducted entirely in French. Attendance usually hovers around the fifty mark. Only young men and women in their middle and late twenties, and the more mature persons of the colony, turn out to worship on this particular occasion.

On your way to participate in the unique second Sunday service, you note this sign in front of the trim, sturdy, and compact Waldensian church: "The Waldensians are a religious body dating from the middle ages . . . A group from the Cottian Alps (Southern France and Northern Italy) that founded Valdese in 1893."

You do not enter the Waldensian church where it faces the highway. Instead, you go around to what we would term its rear—but which, in reality, is its front entrance. Your arrival has been well timed. For it still lacks 11 o'clock forenoon by a few minutes.

You hear knots of men chatter, amid a solemn and comparatively hushed atmosphere, in their rapid-fire patois. To plunge their minds deeply into the spirit of the day, they converse in the same language in which Rev. John Pons, their preacher for this special service, will deliver his sermon. On all Sundays save the second, the Rev. J. H. Caligan, youthful and slender and earnest, holds services at the Waldensian church in English.

Near you cluster elderly women, serious of face, garbed in drab slip-on jackets and simple dresses, with gay white bonnets crowning their heads. These make them stand out from the crowd, and lend brightness to their appearance. They talk, first with animation, then in a more leisurely tempo, in the Waldensian patois.

Presently the chimes of the church bell signify that it is 11 o'clock, the hour for the morning service to begin. Promptly the small throng moves inside. You do likewise. A sweeping glance reveals that the church has three rows of seats: two narrow ones on the side; a broad and accommodating one in the center.

Waldensian men sit down on the row of seats to the right; you, a visitor, go to the left side; while the women in their bright bonnets and a scattering of young girls from a group in the middle. Rarely do the men and women of the older generation sit together at church; it's an old Waldensian custom having its origin in Europe, one they brought with them to America, and one they have faithfully observed ever since. I counted three men in the middle row of seats with the women, but they were members of the younger generation.

Music from the pipe-organ snug in a recess back of the preacher's pulpit floats over the room in softly-vibrating tones. It ceases. A hush descends. Rev. John Pons announces the first song in French. His congregation rises, each individual holding a small book printed in French before him and before her, and begins to sing a hymn

in that tongue.

After its close the minister, grave-faced, low of build, stocky, advances to the fringe of his dais and prays in French. At near intervals silence reigns as he pauses momentarily . . . Then, in a twinkling, he resumes where he left off. Another pause or two intercepts the forward progress of his prayer; thereafter it is ended.

After his flow of Frence words rolls to your ears with a smoothness and clarity of pronunciation acquired of practice. Every person present listens attentively to what he has to say. Everybody, supposedly, except yourself, understands him. Occasionally you recognize a term which gives you an inkling as to the nature of his remarks.

When it comes times for the Sunday offering, two men rise from their seats near the front and pass through the congregation, accepting contributions.

By now Rev. Pons is ready to launch his sermon, during the course of which he speaks altogether in French; his voice calm, clear, and well-modulated. Stained glass windows impart dignity and solemnity to the interior. A reverenced hush steals over the place. Keen attention attaches to the preacher's every gesture and the stress he places on certain passages in the Bible.

Having spoken some thirty minutes, he brings his sermon to a finish. One more song in French, another short prayer in the same language, and the service for the day is closed.

First the women file out of the church, followed by the men. Outside, there is a warmth of handshaking, an change of greetings, compliments, and well-wishes until next meeting. Even now, one person addresses another in French.

Wishing to seize advantage of this opportune occasion, you approach the women bedecked in their colorful bonnets and kindly ask them to pose for a picture. They seem unimpressed. So you enlist the assistance of Rev. John Pons, who has no difficulty in persuading them to stand together for a snapshot.

A final rush of words in French, thence the small crowd parts—its various members going back to their homes. By worshipping on second Sunday after the French manner, singing in that tongue, hearing a message from their minister in its fluent phrases, they maintain the link of sentiment that binds them to the homeland of their ancestors—Southern France and Northern Italy.

Now, Mr. Benjamin Perrou, a pleasant-faced and cordial Waldensian, takes you into tow and insists upon playing host for the remainder of the day. You gratefully accept his offer. In his home you breathe an air of hospitality and easy informality. You discover that the Waldensians live simply, and that they pluck a wholesome zest in so doing. Their food is much like that served on an American table. Their customs—particularly of the middle-aged and younger people—resemble ours virtually in every detail.

Their favorite drink is pure, effervescent wine—which they drink moderately with their meals. It is made from fresh grapes grown in vineyards in back of and parallel with their houses and they store plenteous quantities of it in their spacious and handy cellars.

Shining gems of Waldensian his-

tory bounce to the surface as your generous host talks about his people. You visualize their beginning, itself a religious movement started by Peter Waldo, rich citizen of Lyons, France, about 1170. Pious and unlearned, the sought to paramount the simplicity and soul-satisfying value of religion. He frowned upon the ecclesiastical conditions of his age and crusaded for a return to the beliefs of early Christianity. To further this cause he sold his material goods, hit the open road, and preached what he thought was right and the truth to groups of eager listeners who gathered by the wayside.

Waldo urged a life of penance, voluntary poverty, sobriety, chastity, truthfulness, and industry. Stern critics admitted the beneficial uplift of these teachings. Yet his efforts, on the other hand, brought down a storm of crticism and censure upon his head. One pope would excommunicate his sect; a succeeding one would reluctantly tolerate it. Dread inquisitions condemned the movement and its followers. Thus the whiplash of persecution began to strike out and sear its mark upon these hardy people.

But Waldo had fired the imagination of stout-hearted Waldensians with a captivation idea. He fanned the spark into flame that spread until it inspired others. A steady stream of converts added impetus to the movement, despite persecution. During the centuries that they were made religious footballs for popes and rulers, Waldensians either fled their homes numbers of times or saw them burned to the ground, their worldly possession utterly wiped out. Some were hanged as examples. Others met violent deaths. No stone was left unturned by their tormentors to stamp them out, but they steadily grew stronger.

To augment their strength they allied themselves with the Hussites in Bohemia. As early as 1532 they joined hands with the Swiss Calvinists and the reformers in Germany. This alliance tended to consolidate their gains; still they were far from immune from persecution.

During the 18th century they were harassed very little. Notwithstanding this improvement in the treatment accorded them, they could still hold no office, own no real estate, nor have physicians of their own faith. About this time the long shadow of Napoleon dominated the European political and military scene. He granted the Waldensian church a constitution. This Victor Emmanuel abolished in 1814—but the document was partly restored two years later at the instance of the representations of England and Prussia.

Then came a year for rejoicing—1843. Charles Albert bestowed equal political and religious rights upon the Waldensians. Their hour of substantial triumph was at hand. Since then their progress has been consistent, though not swift in pace.

Mr. Benjamin Perrou explained that the parents and grandparents of Valdese Waldensians dwelt mostly in Northern Italy. They were patriotic, sturdy, industrious, and simple in their habits. Hard-workers, every one of them. Independent of spirit. As they lived so near the border of Southern France, they frequently crossed into that country to make visits and to trade. In their daily lives they had occasion to resort to the use of French more often than to Italian. So the former was very useful to them, and

they adopted it as their spoken language.

When the Waldensians left their native heaths among the Cottian Alps of Northern Italy and the sunny clime of Southern France in 1893 to search for new homes and new opportunities in America, they headed for what is today Valdese, because their leaders had received information describing this site as similar to the rugged terrain of their homeland.

But the fact that it was a virtual wilderness did not deter them in their determination to found a colony in the new world and build homes for themselves and their children.

Severe tasks confronted them. Privation and suffering they endured. Hard, lean years whacked them squarely on the chin; still they persevered. Reverend Charlie Tran, a peracher, was their spiritual guidance in those trying days. His encouragement bolstered their courage when it threatened to sag.

Valdese sprang up, a product of Waldensian spunk, energy, and enterprise. Its growth has been slow—though constant. Waldensian influence has molded its character. Some 500 alert and energetic persons comprise its colony today. They all live comfortably and cleanly and patriotically, proud that they had to weather economic storms in the past, for it was an experience that let substance and solidity and selfreliance to their characters.

Hosiery mills, cafes, restaurants, stores, bakeries, and other businesses bespeak the Waldensian touch and financial backing. North Carolinians mingle with Waldensians, go to school with them, work beside them, and marry them. Their likes and tastes are pretty much the same. Practically every distinction that existed in the past, has gone the way of the flight of time.

It has not always been so, however. Mr. Perrou recalled with amusement that when young Waldensians would venture past the houses of North Carolinians living in Valdese in the early days of its growth, that they frequently had to evade rocks hurled at them. Early inhabitants distrusted them; were unwilling to let their children mix with the youthful Waldensians.

That early chasm no longer separates them. It has been bridged. Now the destiny of the North Carolinians of Valdese is harmoniously interwoven with that of the Woldensian. And that is at it should be—and assuredly it is a bright picture to contemplate.

Another discovery of mine was that the Waldensians celebrate the Saturday nearest February 17 with much the same spirit that we do July 4th. It packs a special significance for them: For it marks the date, a century or so ago, when Catholic persecution of them ceased.

"I must teach you how to play boccie, the favorite Waldensian Sunday sport," Mr. Perrou suggested after we had chatted at length. So over to the clubhouse we drove. Two games were already in progress when we arrived. Interest was high enthusiasm abundant. Every player gave the sport his best, and each toss of the ball was the signal for some one to chatter in staccato Waldensian patois (French version.)

These participants paid no heed to the broadcast of an exciting sporting event of national import. They

were wrapped up in their wholesome diversion, one that Valdese alone, of all Southern cities, boasts.

Boccie originated in Europe. Waldensians who came to America and settled at Valdese retained their liking for it. Down through the years its popularity has remained at flood-tide, and its devotees have derived gusty enjoyment from the exercise and camaraderie it affords.

This game is played on a runway, surmounted by a roofed shelter, some 80 feet long. Mr. Perrou and I were teamed against history teachers Yates Holland and Forrest Hunt. We had three balls—plain ones; they a like number, though their were "grooves." They all had roughly the size of your closed fist. A smaller pellet, called the "boccia,," was rolled toward the other end by me. After it I tossed my large ball, seeking to ease it as close as possible . . . to the target before me. . .

Our opponents, with their three pellets, attempted to better my mark. Their failure to do so was the signal for my colleague to heave two tosses. Finally, we had two throws closer to the "boccia" than those of our foes; therefore we scored two points.

We walked to the opposite extremity of the run-way, picked up the balls, went through the exact routine described in preceding paragraphs. All tosses about which there was a shadow of doubt were measured. You won a game when you chalked up twelve points. Whoever maneuvered his ball nearest to the "boccia" rolled it to the new position for others to throw at.

Ordinarily, when you turn loose your ball two forward strides are permitted. Should you desire to displace your opponents' toss, however, you step three paces, then hurl your pellet, underhand fashion like the bowlers, at his shot. Sometimes, too, it is good strategy, in the course to play, to drive the "boccia" forward or to the side. In this way you may garner a point or two by isolating the tosses of your rivals.

All afternoon the Waldensians devoted themselves to their popular game of boccie. Good nature and clean sportsmanship were rampant. Civic and business leaders took part. And so keen were the contests that they wrangled a wealth of gusto from them until evening shadows lengthened and twilight began to creep over the land.

SERVICE

"You may grow to great riches and glory,
  You may toil for yourself through the day,
You may write in your record and story
  The struggles you've met on your way.
But vain is the fame that you boast of,
  And wasted the years that you scan,
Your strength you have not made the most of,
  If you render no service to man."

—Selected.

PARK IS BEAUTIFIED AT KING'S MOUNTAIN

By Conrad Frederick Smith, in Charlotte Observer

The peace of a sunny November afternoon hovers over the top of a sharp, mountainous ridge whose rocky brow surveys the autumn-tinted hills of the sisters Carolina where they meet at Kings Mountain. Through the winey air gleams the last vibrant hues of the sumacs, the maples, ashes, and oaks, that are shedding their dresses before returning stark-limbed to face winter's cold.

From the battlefield along the narrow ridge you see the piercing peak of Kings Mountain to the last and beyond that its sister Crowders Mountain. To the south you see Baker's Knob and a number of smaller peaks that march in the purplish haze and are lost on the horizon. To the north you see tiny stacks and tanks that denote bustling towns and thriving industrial communities.

In the warm sunshine that bathes the tall shaft of granite erected to Kings Mountain's heroes, you listen to the low, mournful notes of a dove and watch a solitary buzzard wheel lazily in the sky. You wonder that this remote hilltop ever resounded to the crackle of long rifles, the screams of dying men, that here was fought the battle that can be rightfully called one of the great decisive conflicts in American history.

And naturally your mind runs back to the events that called for the sacrifice at Kings Mountain. The year was 1789 and the colonists' fortunes were at a low ebb in the south. Cornwallis had badly defeated General Gates at Camden and Sumter and his men had been beaten a day later. Cornwallis had moved on to Charlotte Town on Sugaw Creek and his able lieutenant, Colonel Patrick Ferguson had rallied many Tories to his trained band of red-coated regulars.

In September Ferguson had marched north as far as Gilbert Town and sent a prisoner hustling to the west with the message that the British would lay waste the country and hang its leaders if they did not proclaim loyalty to the crown. The way seemed clear for British dominion over all the rebel territory, for hadn't Clinton taken Charleston, and hadn't Cornwallis prepared to wring obedience out of North Carolina?

But Ferguson had not reckoned the strength and courage of the mountain men. From the coves and hallows of th Watauga, Clinch and Holston they came to Sycamore Shoals, received the blessing of the Rev. Samuel Doak, who invoked the might of the Lord and Gideon, and crossed the mountains above the Tow River. On their way, these hardy backwoodsmen, determined that no autocratic king should rule them in their faraway homes, were joined by General William Campbell and 200 Virginians. Under Sevier, Campbell, and other leaders, the deerskin-shirted soldiers pressed on through North Carolina and were met up with by other leaders —Hambright, Chronicle, Williams and others.

On the Broad river they camped, bided their time for a few days, and marched suddenly by night to the

rocky imminence where they knew the 1,400 or more British were camping. Colonel Ferguson heard of their advance but welcomed a battle that would show the mountain men where they belonged.

On the afternoon of October 7, 1780, the backwoodsmen deployed around the ridge and at a signal advanced on the British. The latter were no cowards, and they marched down shoulder to shoulder, with bayonets thrusting wide. Back the Americans fell to rally again as they took shelter behind trees and rocks. On they came again, their long rifles spitting death. The British regulars were not used to such tactics and fell back. Ferguson blew his silver whistle from his big white horse, but he was shot down. Soon his second in command, Captain de Puyster, went down.

After an hour's fighting the 900 Americans had completely defeated the British. Cornwallis did not receive his reinforcements and instead of advancing into North Carolina, retreated. His retreat eventually ended in his surrender at Yorktown a few years later.

The story of the battle and its results is familiar. Not familiar to everyone is the fact that United States government is fashioning the rugged battlefield and its environs into a beautiful national military park. A near-by CCC camp is providing much of the labor, and the work is progressing steadily. Roads are being cut into the steep hillsides and footpaths made. Flowers and shrubs have been set out, and when the work is completed, the place should be a showplace for the nation. Uncle Sam now owns hundreds of acres, the original tract having been donated by the D. A. R. chapter of York, S. C., which for many years owned it. Congressman W. F. Stevenson of South Carolina and Congressman A. L. Bulwinkle for many years bent their efforts toward making this a Federal park.

Greatest impetus given the movement was the visit of President Hoover to the Sesquicentennial celebration in 1930. The President watched a parade of many thousands, then addressed 100,000 that packed the enormous natural amphitheatre. No small part of credit for the success of that great undertaking should go to the late Charles A. Williams of Charlotte and to Clarence O. Kuester of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, the latter general manager of the celebration.

In the years since the celebration public interest has grown steadily in Kings Mountain battleground. Located only about 35 miles west of Charlotte and easily accessible from the main highway by a good road, it draws many sight-seers, especially on Sundays. The old and the new monuments are visited, then all steps turn to the grave of Colonel Ferguson. For many years it has been a custom of visitors to throw a rock on the pile that covers his grave. The pile has grown so that it has been necessary to remove some of the rocks from time to time.

In years to come, Kings Mountain battleground is likely to become one of the best drawing cards for tourists and sight-seers in this part of the country. Present work of Uncle Sam should make it more attractive than it has ever been before.

ENCOURAGE TO DISCOURAGED

(The Christian)

In the book of Numbers Moses rebuked thee men of God and Reuben in the words, "Wherefore discourage ye the heart of the children of Israle."

It is said that Sir Walter Scott was shy and diffident as a lad, and even stupid at his lessons. The day he met the poet Robert Burnes, however, brought in him a complete transformation. Burnes read some lines he had written, and patted him on the head, said "You'll be a man yet, my laddie." Little Walter went home and wept for joy. He felt that nothing could daunt him now.

Was it not Benjamin West who said: "A kiss from my mother made me a painter,"

"It takes so little to make us sad—
Just a slighting word or a doubtful sneer;
And our footsteps lag, though the goal seemed near,
And we lost the joy and hope we had:
So little it takes to moke us sad.
"It takes so little to make us glad!
Just a cheering clasp of some friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand—
And we finish the task we so long had planned!
And we lose the fear and doubt we had
So little it takes to make us glad!"

Dr. Boreham reminds us of the story in Frank Rutherford's autobiography of his induction into his first church. Rutherford describes the ardour with which he preached. To him the great truths he uttered ment everything, and he poured out his soul with pent-up intensity. After the service was over he went into the vestry,but no one came near him except the janitor, who merely remarked that it was raining, and immediately went away to put out the lights and shut up the building. Rutherford had no unbrella, so there was nothing to be done but to walk to his lodging in the rain.

The aftermath was tragic. The overwrought nerves of the young preacher collasped. There came a nervous breakdown. Even his reason staggered. Eventually he forsook the ministry. It a sad story. If only there had been one understanding, earnest soul to shake hands with him, and show interest in his words and sympathy for the great truth he had spoken.

Success is not the reverse of failure. It is the scorn of failure. Always dare to fail; never fail to dare.

—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

THE WISHING STONE

(Florida Witness)

Once upon a time in a far-off land of Altopine was the town of Steppington. It had seven hills and seven mirror lakes. On top of the highest hill stood the king's palace, overlooking the town. The people who lived in Steppington thought it was the most beautiful place in the world.

Behind the town rose a dense forest. No one knew how large it was, or how far it extended. But there had been reports that in the midst of the forest lay a magic wishing-stone that could make any wish come true.

The legend was that many, many years ago two hunters entered the forest searching for game. When they came out they were ladened with bags of gold, silver and precious stones. They declared that they had found the wishing-stone and had wished for the gems. But no one since then had ever been able to locate the exact spot of the wishing-stone.

Every year the king made a speech to his people, praising them for their thrift and industry. And every year he reminded them of his promise to the man who would bring to him the wishing-stone. He would get in return half the kingdom and the king's beautiful daughter for his bride.

Men had come from far, and near to take part in the search, but all had failed to find the coveted prize.

In a small hut at the edge of the forest lived the woodcutter's son, Bailiff. He had often see nthe lovely princess as she rode through the streets in her father's coach, and he had grow to love her dearly. But she had never seen him, and of course could not know that he had resolved to find the wishing-stone so that he could marry her.

Early one morning he set out on his journey. All day he traveled, going deeper into the forest. At last he lay down to rest and fell fast asleep. When he awoke he heard someone crying, "Help! Help!" Looking around he saw a tiny elf. He was pinned under a toad-stool that had toppled over.

Quickly Bailiff ran to him and released him. The little fellow jumped to his feet, brushing the leaves from his bright red jacket. "Thank you, or thank you, kind sir," he cried. "How can I ever repay you for saving my life?"

"I am very hungry," Bailiff replied. "Could you give me something to eat?"

"Indeed I can. Come with me."

He followed the elf to a pool of water. Beautiful water lilies floated on its clear surface. Around the pool sat many little fairies, eating wild honey and dewberries and drinking milk from acorn shells.

When they saw Bailiff they cried, "Welcome, welcome! Come and dine with us."

The berries, milk and honey tasted so good that Bailiff soon felt refreshed, and he decided to continue his journey.

Turning to the little elf he said, "I am looking for the magic wishing-stone. Can you show me where it lies?"

"I can only tell you where it is. Elves and fairies are never allowed to go near it. For it is in a cave

that is guarded by a three-headed dragon, who never sleeps. I advise you to forget your quest and live peacefully here with us instead."

"That I cannot do," responded Bailiff. "For my happiness depends upon it. I must find the wishing-stone and carry it to the king, so that I may marry his daughter."

"Very well. As you wish. But remember to be very careful." He gave Bailiff directions for finding the cave, and added, "Your only chance to reach the wishing-stone will be while the dragon is out for his breakfast. If he sees you, he will slay you, surely."

Bailiff thanked him for his advice and hurried off. He traveled all day and twilight found him in sight of the dragon's cave.

Cautiously he tip-toed to the opening and peered in. He could see the fierce dragon slashing his tail back and forth. His eyes were as big as saucers and they smoldered with green flames. His forked tongue darted in and out of his red mouth. Beside him lay the magic wishing-stone. Its pearly whiteness gleamed in the soft light of the cave. It was so beautiful that Bailiff was more determined than ever to get it for his king.

He realized that he must be very cautious. For his short-handled axe that he carried in his belt would be of little service to him in a battle with a three-headed monster.

He searched about in the forest for some suital weapon. Finally he came upon just the thing he needed. It was a huge rock that stood as high as his head. If he could only get that rock down to the cave it would close up the opening completely. However, it would take many days' work to roll it that far. But when he thought of the beautiful princess and how much he loved her he could be as patient as the work required. For he must get that wishing-stone.

So each day he pushed it a few feet further down the hill. Finally it was so close he knew that one more push would send it rolling down to the mouth of the cave.

That night, as Bailiff lay on his bed of leaves, he was so excited he could not sleep. He waited eagerly for the new day to dawn. As the early morning sun peeped over the tree-tops he peeped through the bushes and watched the dragon come from the cave and slither down the hill and out of sight.

Quick as a flash Bailiff rushed into the cave and grabbed the wishing-stone and placed it in his pocket. Then he darted out again. He jumped behind the rock just as the dragon came in sight and crawled into the cave.

With a big shove Bailiff sent the rock rolling into place at the mouth of the cave. The opening was sealed up tight. Just then the whole forest resounded with the angry roars and bellows of the furious dragon, as he tried in vain to dislodge the rock.

Bailiff hurriedly took the wishing-stone from his pocket. Holding it in both hands he touched his forehead three times, and wished to be back in his own town of Steppington. Immediately he was whisked off his feet, and went sailing through the air. He came down just outside the king's palace.

He went at once to the doorkeeper and asked for audience with the king.

When Bailiff told him his mission he was ushered in with great dignity and ceremony right to the king's throne.

"O king, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter. For my credentials I have brought—this!" And he showed the king the magic wishing-stone.

"Well done, O my faithful subject," said the king. "Half of my kingdom shall be yours." He sent for the princess and when she appeared he told her that Bailiff was the man she was to marry.

The princess looked at Bailiff in surprise. And for the second time he clasped the wishing-stone in both hands and touched his forehead three-times. His wish was that she might love him as he loved her.

Looking up he saw the light of true love dawning in the princess' eyes. He held out his arms and she came to him, saying, "My beloved, at last you have come."

The king kept the magic wishing-stone and accumulated great riches. But Bailiff had all the wealth he could wish for, in the love of the beautiful princess.

Chicago's campaign of sex education is bitterly criticized by S. A. Baldus in a recent number of the Extension Magazine. His chief condemnation is aimed at the purely secular purpose of the educational program, which is intended to produce only prophylactic results—"the prevention of venereal diseases and pregnancies." Then Mr. Baldus significantly remarks: "The inherent weakness of the sex education proposal is that the public school is essentially secular, that is to say, worldly or unspiritual; not actuated by religious motives, nor controlled by religious principles. It must confine itself to temporalities; the things that are eternal are strictly taboo. It may concern itself with the body, or the mind, but not with the soul. God cannot be considered; Christ must not be mentioned; religion must not be taught. That is the meaning of the word secular. The teaching of a positive Christian morality is forbidden. The real reason for the general breakdown of personal morality is not that the boys and girls do not know enough about sex matters; they know too little about God. Too many of them come from homes that have become secularized—homes that are absolutely devoid of religion." Again the heart of the problem of morality comes back to the home and the church.

—Selected.

PUTTING ASBESTOS TO WORK

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Modern science is learning to put asbestos to work in a variety of ways. It has been known for some time, of course, as a fire-proofing and fire-resisting fabric, but within recent years a great many other uses have been found for this material.

Asbetos is still used in the making of fireproof curtains, which was probably one of its primary uses. It is being utilized also in fireproofing wooden walls, and as a sound-deadening material between walls and floors.

Its use is now being gradually developed for purposes of insulation, particularly in wood and stucco-finished dwelling places. When the fabric is placed between the wall of such buildings it serves a double purpose. It keeps out the cold in winter, and keeps out the heat in summer.

Housewives are familair with the uses to which asbestos may be put around the home. It is made into table pads and mats to prevent hot dishes from marking table surfaces. It is made into pads for use on gas and electric ranges and is put to work in the making of electric heating pads. Asbestos is learning to do the bidding of the aircraft, telephone and radio industries in a variety of ways. Future tests will doubtless provide many additional uses for it along these same lines.

An indication of the increased use of asbestos within the past year or so is shown in the annual production figures. The amount produced in the United States in 1935 was forty-four per cent greater than in the preceeding year. The amount actually used in manufactured products and in industry at the same time was seventy-five per cent greater than in the previous year.

What is asbestos? It is really stone—a sort of "shredded" stone that is noted for its strength and durability, as well as for its peculiar ability to resist heat. A long and tedious manufacturing process is necessary to turn this fibrous stone into a fabric—particularly into a great fireproof curtain that rolls up and down with the ease of any cloth curtain.

Our own country asbestos comes from far—scattered corners. Most of our domestic supply comes from the state of Vermont with Arizona, at the other end of the continent, in in second place. Small contributions to the national total are also made by Maryland, Montana and Georgia, representing three more widely scatered areas.

VALUE OF TIME

None of us can truly appreciate the value of time—the opportunity we have each day to live. As one grows older, the hours become more precious. We realize time passes quickly, and only in memory can any of it be recalled. The greatest of all wastes is the waste of time.—Selected.

HUNDREDS ADVISING HARVARD HOW TO SPEND HUGE GIFT

(Selected)

A rising stack of mail tonight bore witness to the interest of hundreds throughout the nation in a puzzler facing Harvard university's official family—disposition of the Nieman fund for better journalism.

Stacks of letters from all sections of the country, containing a variety of suggestions for the use of $1,200,000, are flooding the university. They came closely upon word that the will of Mrs. Agnes Wahl Nieman, widow of Lucius W. Nieman, founder of the Milwaukee Journal, had cleared the courts.

Mrs. Neiman left the bulk of her estate, once estimated at about $5,-000,000, to Harvard. After payments of various taxes, Harvard officials said they would finally be given approximately $1,200,000. Of this more than $700,000 already has been received.

One proposal with a flock of adherents called for fellowships for college graduates who have shown an interest in some phase of journalism.

Other circles have advocated a Harvard school of journalism, but Harvard officially frowned o nthat idea shortly after the will was made public in February, 1936, a few days after Mrs. Neiman died. Her husband died in October, 1935.

Other proposals being discussed in Harvard circles favored a separate undergraduate department in the college; prize awards similar to the Pulitzer prizes or establishment of a department for research into some element of journalism.

Harvard officials declined to comment on the discussion except to say on decision would be reached for several months, probably not until next spring. They have said they welcomed suggestions, however.

Mrs. Neiman asked in her will that the bequest be used to "promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States and educate persons deemed especially qualified for journalism."

The university was given "broadest discretion" in application of the fund. The will provided for awards of prizes to writers or students or to newspapers or magazines and for establishment of scholarships, fellowships or other stipends to aid persons deemed especially qualified for journalism. It also said Harvard could use the money in "any other means" deemed wise to promote the aims expressed by Mrs. Neiman.

"Nothing truly can be termed my own, but that which I make my own by using well; those deeds of charity which we have done, shall stay forever with us."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys of this institution had the pleasure of witnessing the first "talking-movie" thrown on the screen last Friday night. These boys were held in perfect silence which is an assurance that they enjoyed the picture and appreciate provision made by the state for them to have some recreation. We all know the old saying "all work and no play makes a dull mind," or words to that effect.

The "Talking-Movie" machine, is accepted by educators as a most valuable adjunct towards teaching history, and other subjects. With an understanding as to the value of the talking machine there is every assurance if the right films are available our boys will not only have delightful and profitable pastime, but receive valuable instruction in many ways that would otherwise require months of study. The school officials intend to keep in mind clean wholesome films so as to morally uplift the boys and at the same time educate.

In last week's issue of the Uplift in "Institution Notes" the reporter made an error in giving the name of our fine friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, but the fact was the reporter was trying to do the work of two men, therefore, the work rushed the reporter instead of the reporter pushing the print-shop activities. We are very glad to make the explanation, because it gives another opportunity to refer to one of the best friends the Jackson Training School has ever had,—Mr. A. C. Sheldon, the lover of boys. We all feel that the eternal freshness and interest of Mr. Sheldon is "born of the love of childhood." We all know Mr. Sheldon whenever and wherever we see him, admitting the fact we blundered about his name. There are times when a man is known by his works, and this holds true in the case of Mr. Sheldon.

Lacy Burleson, one of the baby, boys, ten years old, has been suffering from a swollen jaw. Lacy had the tooth ache. He was a little afraid at first when entering the dentist's office, but the gentle touch of the dentist soon soothed all fears, the baby tooth was extracted and Lacy returned home all smiles.

Miss Myrtle Thomas, the school nurse, states the health of the five hundred boys is good. Miss Thomas is a valuable acquisition to the school. She observes the boys closely, knowing an "ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure", Miss Thomas is firm in her belief that a much more effective health campaign can be accomplished with the infirmary and a diet kitchen.

The carpenter boys are busy repairing the room at the bakery known as the "proof room." This "proof room" is heated by steam and serves as a place for the dough to rise sufficiently before baking.

The barn force is placing coal in the rear of each cottage. This is necessary, so as to be prepared for cold weather.

The playground equipment is being repaired. Rings, slides and other devices are being added. The playground with slides, swings and other

things are thoroughly enjoyed by the smaller boys.

Lacy Burleson is ten and Jack West 9 years of age. They go to school in the morning and in the afternoon they pass their time doing odd jobs.

Lacy has already received a pop-pistol and other toys from home. Jack said if Santa Claus at the school did not come to see him he would not get a thing. Jack was told that the J. T. S. Santa would not forget him.

The many interested friends of the forgotten boy have never failed to remember the boys, so Jack, the chubby faced boy, is watching the Boy's-Cheer fund, that is carried in The Uplift.

Sunday Service

The Sunday afternoon service was held at the regular hour, 3 o'clock, in the school auditorium. The minister at this time was Rev. Lee S. Tuttle, Forest Hill Methodist Church. Rev. Tuttle is one of the new ministers of the city. He preached a helpful sermon to the boys and was fully appreciated. In return. Rev. Tuttle expressed himself as pleased with the boys.

The school welcomes Rev. Tuttle to the city and gives to him a warm welcome, hoping he will visit the school frequently.

THE OPTIMIST'S CREED

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.
To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.
To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.
To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.
To think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.
To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.
To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.
To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.
To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.
To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

—Christian D. Larson.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending December 7, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Marvin Bridgeman
(4) Ivey Eller 4
(4) Leon Hollifield 4
(4) Edward Johnson 4
(4) Edward Lucas 4
Mack Setzer

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Coleman
(3) J. C. Cox 3
William Howard 2
(2) Jack McRary 3
(4) Fonnie Oliver 4
(4) R. L. Young 4

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) Norton Barnes 2
(2) James Blocker 2
(2) William Burnette 2
(2) John Capps 3
(2) Frank Cobb 2
(2) Samuel Ennis 2
(2) Julius Green 3
(2) Melvin Jarrell 3
(2) James Jordan 2
(2) Max Lindsay 2
(2) Clifton Mabry 3
(2) Wilson Myrick 2
(2) Nick Rochester 2
(2) Oscar Roland 2
(2) Fred Seibert 3
(2) Duane Shoffner 2
(2) Brooks Young 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Louis Andrews
Kenneth Conklin
Frank Crawford
James Eury 2
(4) John Hampton 4
James Mast 2
James McCune 3
F. E. Mickle
William New 2
Frank Pickett 2
Grady Penninger
Kenneth Raby 3
Allen Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 4

Wesley Beaver
Odell Bray 3
Paul Briggs 2
(2) Hurley Davis 3
Lewis Donaldson
(4) James Hancock 4
(2) John King 2
Grover Lett
Thomas Maness 2
Lloyd Pettus
(4) Frank Raby 4
(4) Thomas Stevens 4
(3) Melvin Walters 3
Leo Ward 2
James Wilhite 2

COTTAGE No. 5

Grady Allen 3
William Brothers 2
(4) Ernest Beach 4
Winford Rollens
(3) James Seawell 3

COTTAGE No. 6

Robert Bryson 2
Fletcher Castlebury 2
Robert Dunning 3
Frank Glover 2
Leo Hamilton 2
Jack Harward
William Jones
Spencer Lane 2
Charles McCoyle
Ray Pitman
James Rackley 3
Cunipe Shoe 2
George Wilhite 2
Woodrow Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 7

Archie Castlebury 2

William Estes
Caleb Hill 2
Houston Howard
Hugh Johnson 2
N. B. Johnson
Robert Lawrence 2
J. C. Mobley 2
M. H. Pickett 2
J. D. Powell
Kenneth Spillman 2
Wallace Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 8

Felix Adams
Lloyd Banks 2
William Jerrell
Edward McCain
Warner Peach 2
Ray Reynolds
John Tolbert
(2) Charles Taylor 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Hollie Atwood
Wilson Bowman 2
(4) J. T. Branch 4
(2) Thomas Braddock 3
(4) Edgar Burnette 4
Hubert Carter
(3) Gladston Carter 3
Heller Davis
George Duncan 2
(3) C. D. Grooms 3
(2) Odie Hicks 3
(2) Earl Stamey 2
(3) Thomas Sands 3
(4) Homer Smith 4
(2) Luther Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 10

Allen Bledsoe
Junius Brewer
Floyd Combs 3
(2) Jeff Gouge 2
(4) Milford Hodgin 4
(4) Mack Joines 4
(2) William Knight 2
James Nicholson

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) Charles Bryant 4
(4) Harold Bryson 4
(4) Howard Clark 4
(2) Earl Duncan 3
(2) Lawrence Guffey 3
(4) William Kirk 4
Paul Mullis
(3) William Martin 3
(4) Donald Newman 4
(4) Phil Oliver 4
(4) Theodore Rector 4
(2) Junius Stevens 2
(4) Fred Williamson 4
N. C. Webb
(4) Burchell Young 4

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 2
(3) Charles Batten 3
(2) Fred Carter 2
Joseph Cox 2
(3) Ben Cooper 3
Frank Dickens 2
(3) Max Eaker 3
James Elders 2
(2) Charlton Henry 2
(3) Hubert Holloway 3
S. E. Jones 2
Lester Jordan
(3) Alexander King 3
Tillman Liles
(3) Asberry Marsh 3
Clarence Mayton
(3) Jerome Meldin 3
(4) Ewin Odam 4
(2) William Powell 2
James Revis
(2) Howard Saunders 2
(2) Harvey J. Smith 2
(3) William Trantham 3
Charles Williams
(4) Ross Young 4

COTTAGE No. 13

Auther Asheley
Norman Brogden 3
Jack Foster
Harry Flowe 2
James V. Harvel
Ney McNeeley 2
(4) Jordan McIver 4
(2) Eugene Patton 3
(4) Claudius Pickett 4

COTTAGE No. 14

Claud Ashe
Fred Clark
(3) Doyle Holder 3
(3) James Kirk 3
(2) Felmond Lane 2
Henry McGraw

(3) Garfield Walker 3
Henry Walters 2
William Thore
(2) Thomas Trantham 2

COTTAGE No. 15

Julian Andrews 3
(2) John Brown 2
(3) Granville Cheek 3
(2) Sidney Dellridge 2
(3) Hobart Gross 3
(4) L. M. Hardison 4
(3) Clarence Lingerfelt 3
(4) Connie Michael 4
(3) James McGinnis 3
(4) Alvin Powell 4
(4) Wilson Rich 4
(3) Harvey Riley 3
(4) Wallace Sommers 4
(3) Richard Thomas 3
(2) James Watson 3
(2) Harold Walsh 2
(2) George Worley 3

STILL FIGHTING FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Religious liberty has scored again in America though no Plymouth Roch may mark the spot. As the Puritans in 1620 revolted against persecution in England and sought successfully the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences on the bleak New England shores, so the Quaker Amishmen of Pennsylvania in 1937 have won the right to preserve their religious customs and to train their children to observe those customs.

A modern $112,000 PWA school building was completed a few months ago in the midst of an Amish community in Pennsylvania. It has electricity and radio; but the Amish religion forbids such innovations in their homes and a number of families with about 30 children refused to patronize the new school. Last week some of the Amish farmers conferred with the Pennsylvania governor and they are to be allowed to keep their one room school house. It is a matter of religion, decided Governor Earle.

The Amishmen or Mennonites came to America in 1683 induced from their homes in Holland by William Penn's offer of religious liberty. Through more than two centuries some of them have kept intact their religious customs and dress. Most of us welcome the conveniences of modern invention and hardly understand the viewpoint of a people who prefer a primitive life; but we glory in being citizens of a nation that guarantees the principle of religious liberty. And yet how little did those early settlers think that their descendants in 1937 would still be fighting for religious liberty.—Smithfield Herald.

ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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A WISH

When fulfillment has crowned every wish you
could wish;
When full to the brim and o'erflowing the dish
Held out for your joys; when your every
prayer
Has brought in reply all you asked—and to
spare;
When the world has done all the kind things
that it could do you—
May it then have but barely begun to be good
to you.

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HOPE

Perhaps I am not wise enough to know
Why happiness is always mixed with pain;
Why sun is blotted out by clouds and rain,
And then appears again. But it is so.

I do not understand why robins go
Away at autumn time; I can't explain
Why leaves must fall, or why the day should wane;
Or why we must give up the flowers that grow.

But I have learned, he has not lived but half
Who has not tasted joy that follows grief;
Who has not known the pleasure of a laugh
That follows tears. But, Oh, what sweet relief
Is mine when skies are clouded, just to know
Another day may bring a sunset's glow!

—Christine Grant Curless.

CENTENNIAL DAY—DECEMBER 8, 1937

The City of Concord had a birthday, the one hundredth anniversary of its organization as a corporate town, and the entire program was pleasing, satisfactory and most orderly. The many floats representing Concord and Kannapolis in a business way were colorful and artistic, those of the colonial period, and pre-war days of the sixties were true to life and were the occasion of many complimentary comments. In fact every one who participated in the parade, soldiers and others demonstrated a fine spirit of co-operation and a determination to make the one hundredth anniversary of the city of Concord a memorable date. The entire city and county, in-

cluding every class showed a keen interest in all that had been accomplished during the past one hundred years.

Many came from a distance to be either spectators or to participate in the celebration and declared the day a success in every detail of its program. The high light of the entire program was the dedication of the new Armory Hall, a much needed building for training of that faithful unit of our National Guard, always standing ready to respond to the call when needed.

Governor Clyde R. Hoey was the guest of honor. He made a most masterly address that gave an impetus to all who heard him to continue to build as they have in the past upon the foundations laid by their forebears. In the absence of George W. Coan, Jr., State WPA administrator, the dedicatory speech was made by John D. Spinks, deputy state administrator.

Rich in historic interest and with a hope for greater and better developments along every line of work in the future, Concord has already begun to look forward to its second century of progress.

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BIBLE SUNDAY

It was timely that Governor Clyde R. Hoey urged the churches of North Carolina to observe Universal Bible Sunday, December 12th. This celebration is sponsored by the American Bible Society that has been active for one hundred and twenty-two years and during that time has distributed 285,000,000 volumes of the Scriptures in more than forty countries, also translated in two hundred and twenty-six languages.

It is very easy to put off reading the Bible when other things interfere, but in the hours of dire distress the first thought is the Bible and we turn to that for solace and comfort. Some one has said the best test of a good book is that if it were taken away there would be a vacant place in the world. Without the Bible there would be no guide but darkness would prevail. Every good thought and impulse comes from the Word written in "The Book" and brings together all Christian people. There may be differences in doctrines of churches, but all bow to Him the maker and creator of all things—and the Bible alone gives that story. It is the oldest Book,

but always new, answering every need of humanity. The Bible has outlived all other books because the central figure is Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

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THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING

Recently a noted king celebrated his birthday. Preparations for it were made long in advance by his country. They did much to make him happy. They cheered loudly as he passed by. Flags and garlands were to be seen everywhere. It was a festive day.

Now all the world is about to celebrate the birthday of a King. A King whose kingdom embraces all the earth. Alas, not all celebrate it with the proper spirit. How are we going to celebrate it? We, too, will place garlands and greens and candles in honor of this great day.

Our King, however, wants a different kind of Christmas, a Christmas in which He would say, "Open your hearts all ye people," that He might enter in. He wants to find worshipful hearts, filled with kindness and sacrifice, not grasping hearts, thinking mostly of self.

As Christmas is a time of giving, let us give ourselves to our King more and more. And most of all, do not leave Christ out of our Christmas.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

THE SCENE IN BETHLEHEM, JUDEA, SHOWN

Mr. N. J. Mitchell is doing a nice thing for Concord, showing the scene in the little town of Bethlehem, Judea, when the Christ child was born. Mr. Mitchell has the right conception of celebrating this natal day of Christ, the greatest personality the world has ever known. This Christmas anniversary should not be celebrated by shooting fire works, and doing other things to satisfy personal desires, but do the things to glorify the Master.

Mr. Mitchell has gone to the expense and trouble to depict this scene, the stable, the manger, the Christ child, Mary, Joseph, the wise men, the shepherds, the star, and other parts making the picture as near as possible a true likeness of the night when the

angels sang the first Christmas carol two thousand years ago.

We feel that Mr. Mitchell's efforts should be commended, and that he should have the co-operation of all in making this a "Holy Night, A Silent Night" so that the scene will carry the message to many who do not appreciate the story in the truest sense. We trust that the solemnity of the occasion will not be interrupted by the bombing of fireworks.

This scene is on West Corbin street next door to the funeral home of Weddington and Mitchell. Last year thousands of people from Salisbury, Greensboro, Charlotte and other places nearby came to see the story as presented and declared it impressive and very instructive.

* * * * * * *

THE COLD WAVE—DECEMBER 1937

For one week the Carolinas, along with the other states of the South have been experiencing unusually cold weather for December. At the highest point in North Carolina, Mt. Mitchell, the temperature dropped to 14 degrees below zero Monday of last week, and in this community the temperature was 14 degrees above zero. This cold wave made people draw up in knots, so to speak, and walk fast to their respective destinations. From a vantage point to see and hear the pedestrians as they passed, it was not unusual to hear the remark "this is hard cold".

Even in the midst of the worst there is always something to be thankful for, and we feel quite fortunate not to have had sleet and snow during this cold wave of one week. The new residents of the city who have formerly resided in a colder climate think it is all a joke about this part of the country being "the sunny South". Let us hope that the worst is in the past and the remaining winter months will be more delightful. "The weather" for ten days has been the topic, but impossible to do anything about it.

* * * * * * *

WORTH REMEMBERING

In Governor Hoey's address centennial day in Concord, he said, "When Concord was incorporated our Federal Constitution was fifty

years old; the population of the United States was 15,000,000, against 130,000,000 today; there were twenty-five states in the Union whereas we have now forty-eight; the population of North Carolina was seven hundred and fifty thousand against three and a half million today." The summary of his address showed Concord had not only held her own, but had made wonderful progress in spite of wars, depression and other misfortunes. All of which show up a citizenship of the finest calibre.

* * * * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

Time passes all too swiftly for the older members of the Jackson Training School. But for the boys the time intervening between Christmas of last year and this seems like ages. For there is not a holiday in the whole calendar year that fills the life of the old and young with greater hope and joy. It is the season that inspires for universal love, and practice of giving to dependents, especially to those whose lives have been checked by misfortunes.

According to the previous custom of this little paper we carry a list of contributions for the good-cheer fund. It is an old, old story, but as usual we have five hundred boys, some have people and there are many others who have not a soul to remember them during the most joyous season when others are celebrating the birth of the greatest personality the world has ever known.

The boys have never been forgotten by their friends during the Christmas season, and we continue to have faith. As proof of this we give with appreciation the first contribution for 1937, "Christmas Cheer Fund:

7-7-8	$25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
A Friend, Charlotte,	1.00
Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte,	10.00
Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt. Public Welfare, Salisbury,	5.00
C. W. Swink, China Grove,	100.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Jes' Be What You Is"

"Don't be what you ain't,
Jes' be what you is;
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is.

"If you is jes' a little pebble,
Don't try to be the beach;
You can always pass the plate
If you can't exhort and preach."

It takes very little argument with a married man on what dictatorship means. He knows.

In British Columbia, a 5-year-old lad shot a bear. Wonder if he could do that well on Wall Street?

A whole lot of people will like you better if you will just listen to their troubles instead of telling them your own.

It is said that there is a divinity that shapes our ends. Roller skates, hatters and shoe-makers must be in that category.

If you entertain ideas of being a boss, let me give you a suggestion. Do not practice it too persistently in your own family.

The load we have to carry through life is heavy enough, goodness knows, but there are people who will persist in addinng grudges to it.

I have seen quite a number of people in my time, who, if their faces are their fortunes, they are bankrupt right now. Never a smile for anyone.

An Englishman has been awarded the Nobel peace prize for 1937. I was not aware that there was enough peace in the world to warrant a prize.

A correspondent writes me to know if it would be proper for him to call a kiss ellipsis. It might be right for him to do so, but I would call it a lip tickle.

A writer announces that John L. Lewis takes no physical exercises. He must be mistaken. Doesn't Lewis, at times, raise cane with such animosity that he sees Green?

It is told in the press that a man climbed a tree to escape an angry bull and ran his head into a hornet's nest. That's like life. Some men are always running out of one evil into another they know not of.

An evangelist asserts that "There's no money in heaven." This is a death blow to those who have been chasing money all their lives. And to those who have accumulated great wealth —they cannot take it with them to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

It is said that the halls of Congress have recently been air-conditioned at a cost of $3,000,000 to the taxpayers. I always thought they had enough hot air in the halls without going to that enormous expense to furnish additional air. I hope it is more cooling than what they have already had.

Common sense is a priceless faculty. Few difficulties in this world are so

complicated that they cannot be solved by ordinary horse-sense. Never be afraid to apply this old-fashioned remedy to your troubles. This thing the world calls wisdom is merely common sense in an uncommon degree.

One of the old-time printers—hand type setter—was in Durham the other day and told a good story on himself. Said there was a social function in the neighborhood, with a sumptuous feast. He attended and played off a dummy. He heard the ladies discussing him, and saying, "Poor fellow, he's deaf, let's fix him up a nice plate." And they did. When they handed it to him, he said: "Thank you!" His politeness made him forget his prank, and gave the ladies an unexpected surprise. Another evidence that many people are caught in their own tricks.

Our blessed Saviour could do few mighty works in His home neighborhood because of the unbelief of His relatives and friends. God, when He bestows moral and spiritual blessings —even many material blessings—requires a measure of help from us. It may be no more than an attitude. But without it He can do nothing. A thousand years ago Nature was just as ready for airplanes, radio and telephones, as she is today, but then she did not have human co-operation. Nature works her miracles when men learn rightly to work with her. God works on the very same terms. If the Holy Spirit has done no mighty works in us, it is because we have not believed. We have not done our part.

DAWN

A floating mist over hill and river—
A soft breeze making the treetops quiver,
And a pale, gray light in the eastern sky,
With a star in the west, saying, "Good-bye."

A rosy flush like the cheeks of a child,
Or the soft, pink tints of an orchid wild,
Covers the sky and the waters below
With a glory only God can bestow.

Then over the rim of the world there peeps
The eye of the sun to see who sleeps,
While the fairies dance in the path he makes
Across the ocean and rivers and lakes.

Thus comes the dawn—no longer 'tis dark—
Spreading its wings like a flying lark—
Filling with music the earth and the air
And driving away the dark and its care.

—Clement W. Hudson.

FORTUNE IN AN ATTIC

By Charles E. Goodspeed

One of the fascinating features of a magazine like the Atlantic Monthly is the book section. Reviews of new books just published and the advertisements of new books make poor folks wish they were millionaires. Some one has said that in a book survives three years it is then safe to invest money in it, that it will be a real addition to one's library. But with all the attractive titles staring out from the pages of your favorite magazine, the urge to buy books just off the press is just as impelling as the urge to try some new culinary delicacy to tickle one's palate. Who knows which of the new books will go down as classics? Who knows which of the authors will rank in future years with Dickens, Scott, Shakespeare or Edgar Allan Poe?

A century ago when Edgar Allan Poe was struggling for a physical existence and writing to keep the wolf from the door, how many purchasers of his books realized that they were buying the works of a man who a hundred years hence would be counted among the truest poets America would produce? Who would have thought that in 1925 a single copy of his first printed volume would sell for $14,000? Yet that is exactly what happened—but read the story as told in the "Yankee Bookseller."

Poe's "Tamerlane" was first printed in Boston in 1827. To own one of these books has been the dream, usually unrealized, of every bookseller.

In 1925 only four copies of "Tamerlane" were known. The next one was to come from Worcester, Mass. The Worcester copy was owned by a woman living with her aged sister on the second floor of a small house in the heart of the city . The rent of the first floor eked out by needlework comprised the support of the pair. In the midsummer of 1925 Mrs. Dodd, the owner, was seated in her room reading the Saturday Evening Post. An article attracted her notice—"Have You a 'Tamerlane' in Your Attic?" by Vincent Starrett.

But was Mrs. Dodd's the real book —might it not be reprint? Mr. Starrett, of course, could say and perhaps he would tell them where they could see it. He was the man to write to, and a letter was sent forthwith.

As the days passed to weeks with no reply, the hopes of the old woman faded, but on the advice of a friend they consulted the librarian of the Worcester Public Library. Mr. Shaw suggested that they write to Goodspeed's.

When Mrs. Dodd's letter announcing that she had a book entitled "Tamerlane," and printed in Boston in 1827, appeared in my morning mail, I was as skeptical as the writer in the Saturday Evening Post professed himself when others told him that they had the book. In fact, I did not even trouble to go to Worcester the next day, but waited for the more convenient week-end. When, however, I found myself in Mrs. Dodd's room and, with trembling hand, she produced her book, I got the first of the thrills which we both experienced that day, for a glance showed that she had what I never expected to see—a genuine and fine copy of the most valuable

book in American literature.

It was an interesting moment. Mrs. Dodd was eager, questioning—was hers the book of which Mr. Starrett wrote? Was it worth the 10,000 which he said it had brought? Where could she sell it?

I assured her at once that her book was genuine. As to its value, I had to speak with caution, for I felt there was danger of raising anticipations which might not be realized. The nearest approach to altruism of which I then found myself capable was to make the suggestion that she sell her "Tamerlane" through an agent on commission. To this proposition Mrs. Dodd readily assented, and agreed to put the book in my hands to sell for her; indeed, I think she would have accepted any advice which I might have given. Then, to anticipate the cavil of some doubting friend, I wrote a simple contract in which I agreed not to sell the book for less than $10,000 without first obtaining her consent in writing, and allowed myself a commission of 20 per cent.

I returned to Boston with the book in my possession. Half an hour later I left, Mrs. Dodd received an answer to her letter to Mr. Starrett. Unfortunately for him, he had been away from home and missed his chance at the book by thirty minutes.

It is one thing to price a book, but to sell it and get its maximum value is a different matter. My first offer of the book to Miss Greene, librarian of the Morgan Library, was declined on the ground that Mr. Morgan was not adding to his library books of purely collector's interest. I wrote next to Herschel V. Jones of Minneapolis. He was abroad. Owen D. Young then came to mind.

When next I saw Mrs. Dodd, she received me with treambling expectancy. Had I found anyone who was interest in her book? Did I think I could sell it? I answered her cautiously for fear of the effect of a too-sudden announcement. I told her that I had found a party who was interested in it—very interested in it, but the customer whom I had in mind had left home for a two-weeks' journey and I reminded her that a great deal might happen to him, but assuming his safe return, she might reasonably count her "Tamerlane" as sold. "And the price?" she asked, breathless with excitement. "You will remember," I replied, "the terms of our agreement provided that I should not sell the book for less than $10,000—which, less the commission, would net you $8,000." "And am I to get $8,000?" she exclaimed, incredulous. "Yes," I said, 'it is even better than that—you are going to get fourteen thousand!" For a moment I thought she might faint, but in two or three minutes she controlled her emotions, exclaiming with tears on her cheek: "It is realy so? I can go to Boston to the sales and I can take a taxi when I want to? Why, I'm a rich woman!"

A fortnight later I called at Mr. Young's Park Avenue apartment in New York. It was immediately after the breakfast hour. Mr. Young greeted me with his friendly smile and, calling his wife and daughter into the room, remarked that he would make it a family party. All three were curious to see this unusual treasure. It was the quickest business transaction to which I was ever a party, for as I handed Mr. Young the book, he took it with one hand and passed me his check with the other. Although the

price of the "Tamerlane" may have been more than any American first edition had ever brought, I think that the owner has never considered it a bad purchase.

LIVE WIRES

"Danger—Keep Away, Live Wires"

That is a sign that I read a short time ago. It was placed on a steel tower that supported the wires of a high-tension electric power company.

"You cannot fool with those wires without getting into trouble," was the remark a man near me made, and he was right.

Are you a live wire in your community? You should be and you should not brook interference of any kind when you are at work. The person who tries to distract your attention from your work is like the one who fools with a revolver and says, "I didn't know it was loaded," when it goes off and hurts someone. He causes lots of trouble and should be kept his disstance.

Every power company has linemen who try to prevent loss of current by keeping the wires in order. When a wire becomes grounded a great deal of electricity is wasted. This means a direct loss to the company, for the producing station has to do just so much extra work to make up that loss. So it is when you allow yourself to waste a few minutes now and then. You become a ground wire and somewhere extra work must be done to make up that lost time.

Be a true live wire if you aspire to be anything at all. Insulate all points of contact so that you can give your full time and energy to your work. By your attitude show that you, too, have a sign which reads, "Live Wire—Keep Away," and pretty soon you will advance and be put in the "high tension" class where you will receive the highest possible reward for your services.—Beatrice M. Parker

COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE

(Beaufort News)

A most splendid example of the work carried on by the U. S. Coast Guard and its various branches was shown recently off Cape Hatteras when the heavy laden S. S. Tzenny Chandris sunk, dumping her crew of 29 into the shark infested waters of the Gulf Stream's western edge. The U. S. Coast Guard radios picked up the first distress signals simultaneously with the other radio agencies. Immediately the Coast Guard started to work. It was difficult to determine the exact position of the tragedy because the ship sank before bearings could be taken. It was one of those 'needle in the haystack' tragedies. Soon the tanker Swiftshore bound for Boston came by and picked up six of the survivors and searched for others, but found none. In the meantime the U. S. Coast Guard Air Service and the Cutter Service started a search. Along the shores of the Outer Banks members of station crews also were on the outlook for possible survivors to drift close in shore. The foundering occurred too far off shore for the station crews to use their launches in the search. A fleet of cutters started towards the scene, and across the area flew U. S .Coast Guard and U. S. Navy planes. After much searching the planes started spotting the survivors in life belts struggling in the shark infested waters. The planes relayed signals to the cutter Mendota, which soon was in the vicinity. Fifteen survivors of the crew was saved by the Coast Guard. Had it not been for this far flung service for American waters 15 men would have gone to a horrible death—the victims of drowning or the bait for the blue man-eating sharks which inhabit the Gulf Stream. The Coast Guard has again proven its worth—The service always shows its worth in saving lives.

BOB TAYLOR'S EPITAPH

Bob Taylor, twice Governor of Tennessee, U. S. Senator and one of the sweet singers of the South left the following epitaph:

"I would rather be the humblest of those who have given hope to the hopeless and happiness to the distressed of my race than to live in history as a conqueror with my hands stained with innocent blood. I would rather be written in history as one who loved his fellowman than to wear the laurels that encircle the brow of the Iron Prince. I would rather sleep in some quiet church yard, unknown and unremembered, save by those in whose hearts I have scattered seeds of kindness and on whose lips I have conjured smiles of joy, than to be confined in a sarcophagus of gold, with desolate homes as my monument and widows and orphans as living witness to my glory."

AMERICAN FISH FEED THE WORLD

By U. V. Wilcox

Some people fish for pleasure, while others fish to make a living. In either case fishing has become highly scientific.

But you could hardly blame a South Sea islander if he grew impatient of his newly purchased rod and reel and suddenly leaped overboard to bring up the fish with his teeth. Such is the force of habit! He wants results;

Results count in the modern fishing business—results in quantity. At San Pedro, Calif., the harbor teems with modern fishing plants. One of the favorites brought in is the lowly sardine. So popular is this fish that Westerners called San Pedro the "Port of Sardines."

In China the merchant opens the sardine can and sells them one at a time, since many folk cannot buy a whole can. After the sardines are all sold the enterprising salesman sells by so much a spoonful the olive oil and the tomato sauce in which the fish were packed. This goes to those who cannot afford to buy a whole sardine. The Chinese pour the sauce over their bowls of rice for flavoring, thus securing some variation from the ordinary taste.

Even though the song associates "the flying fishes" with the "Road to Mandalay," during the past year over a million and a half pounds of canned sardines were shipped to Rangoon, India. On the Gold Coast of Africa, where there should be plenty of fish, the natives gather rubber for a living and eat American sardines. In fact, because the owners of these rubber plantations found the sardine both nourishing and economical food, last year they bought over a million and a quarter pounds from California.

Down on the wide plains of the Argentine, where the natives grow canary seed for the American birds, they trade their own product for the lowly sardine, and this satisfies both Argentine and America.

In Chile the natives labor under a torrid sun preparing nitrates for southern California orange groves. Here again the lowly sardine becomes a very important part of their daily diet.

In Alaska the Eskimo fishes for pleasure and business. He is a natural fisherman, and will catch a seal or walrus nine times out of ten, while a white man is fortunate to have one lucky catch. According to Col William S. Van Dyke the natives of this region are not wasteful in their hunting as are so many white men. Thoughtful of the future, they take only what they need and leave the rest.

Another popular fish is the tuna, which is the largest species of the mackerel. It is said that the Phoenicians used this fish for food, and salted tuna was served on the tables of the Romans. In this country it is used extensively for salads and sandwiches, being available in cans at practically every grocery store or delicatessen. Our country makes extensive exports to other nations.

Although tuna fishing provides great sport to some individuals, others look upon it as a means of livelihood.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS

By C. W. Fullwood

The annual appearance and disappearance of the birds have furnished problems of thoerizing rpeculation to the ornithologists of all ages. The colonists from England brought over a curious bit of British folklore to the effect that birds were accustomed to hibernate in caves, rocks, and hollow trees. In Cornwall there was a theory that swallows hid in the bottom of the rivers and sea. It was said they had been "found sitting in the old deep Tynne works and in holes in the sea cliffs."

Olaus Magnus, a banished Scandinavian bishop, living in Rome published in the sixteenth century a work full of ornithological absurdities. He told on the authority of old fishermen that torpid swallows had been drawn up in nets, and came to life after being warmed. He even gave a detailed account of the birds seeking a winter home in the clay at the bottom of the river. Once this fishermen's story was printed in Latin, on the authority of a bishop, it actually became a scientific fact and superseded the old theory of hibernation in caves and holes.

Bishop Godwin formed a new theory of hibernation in satellites in the solar system this was elaborated by Charles Morton, an Oxford scholar who in his old age was a resident of a town in Massechusetts. He preached a sermon from a text in Jeremiah, from which he constructed a theory that all kinds of migratory birds sought winter homes among the valleys and mountains of the moon. If some dissended that this was too long a wing flight, Morton was willing to compromise upon the suggestion that the earth might have smaller satellites—"little undiscovered gull islands in the heavens for the birds to roost upon." After Morton's death the speculative Cotton Mather adopted the theory and wrote a letteer to the Royal Society, in which he suggested that the marvelous flight of pigecns in the colonies made plausable the existance of a near-at-hand satellite, from which came these myriads of birds and to which they retired at the seasons close. But the English colonists after their settlement in the New World came in such close touch with nature that they came to accept our more natural solutions of the annual migration of the birds.

It is a far cry from the scientific groping of the sixteenth century to the wide awake ornithology of this twentieth century, and yet how little we know of the manner of the migration of our birds! Who knows when they come or the exact time of their going? We hear the advance guard merrily chirping some early spring morning, and then suddenly they are all around us. It is a fact that more birds remain with us in the winter than in former years. Bluebirds have been known to remain very late in the year, and the yellow-rump warbler has been seen in the winter. Indeed, it is not the rigors of our winters that cause the birds to leave us, but the scarcity of food. In mild winters a variety of the feathered tribe can be found in this locality. If a plentiful supply of seeds and other bird food was obtainable, most

of our birds would remain with us the year around.

The winter of 1903, the coldest in thirty years, there was a surprising number of birds around my home, Nyack, New York. How they managed to live with the thermometer ten and fifteen degrees below zero was beyond me. Even the downy woodpecker I saw one cold day drumming away on a tree in front of my window, and he found some dainty morsels which he ate with gusto. Dr. Abbott tells of seeing catbirds in winter. Indeed, a warm, sunshiny day in midwinter will call out a number of birds that we thought were safe in the Southland. Are they becoming acclimated or do they find it easier to sustain life owing to the increasing number of bird lovers who scatter food where the birds can get it?

To the casual observer, the arrival of birds in the spring seem to be quite regular, and many insist that however late a bird may be any one season, he is never earlier than a given date.

Thus the common house wren is migratory, remaning with us only from late in April until late in September. Some have said that the wrens are never seen before May 1, and then they are here in full force. Let one watch for the first birds of the season; wander all day about thicket and woodland as early as April 1, and you will be surprised at the number of birds that will come and go unsuspected by the careless observer, because he has not penetrated the haunts where these advanced couriers are awating the full company of the feathered songsters. There is more to be learned about birds in one hour of the early morning than in weeks of midday sunshine.

In fact, there is no regularity that can be depended upon in the arrival of our birds. Certain species are the advance guard; the bluebird, robin, wood thrush, catbird, yellow-breasted chat and the brown thrush are among the early arrivals. The catbird especially comes early to be on hand for the May foliage, and will often be found hiding in the thickets early in April. And he is noticeably silent in contrast to his valubility in summer. The warblers too are uncertain their coming and going, and, curiously, sudden changes of weather seems to influence their movements. They apparently can foretell atmosphere changes with a certainty that would put an official weather forecaster to blush.

It is safe to assert that there are a few of certain species always sent ahead to spy out the land as to the prospects for an early food supply and to return and report to the main army, for occasional birds will be met with in early April, and then will suddenly dissappear, as if they had found a scarcity in their usual feeding grounds and wing back to halt the main body in their northern flight. For as Darwin remarked, "Most animals and plants keep to their proper homes, and do not needlessly wander about, as is seen even with migratory birds, which almost always return to the same spot." Careful observation leads to the conclusion that the flight of our summer birds to their southern homes commences very soon after the period of incubation is over. After they have reared their young here, they one by one, squad by squad, commence their journey southward. This

departure commences really in the latter part of August. This is becoming less in late years. May it be in years to come that the migratory birds will be the exception and not the rule.

WHY THE WORLD LIKES DOGS

The most unselfish living thing in the world is your dog. If you are in danger, your dog needs only to hear your cry of distress to rush to your aid, without thought of his own life, fearless of guns and enemies.

The most patient thing in the world is your dog, waiting for hours at the top of the stairs to hear the sound of your footsteps, never complaining however late you may be.

The most grateful thing in the world is your dog. Whatever you give him, whatever you do for him, he never is guilty of ingratitude. To him you are the most powerful personage in the world and beyond censure; you are your dog's god; you can do no wrong.

The most friendly thing in the world is your dog. Of all the animal kingdom, he alone serves man without whip, without compulsion, glad to be by the side of his master, wherever he may be, whatever he may do, and sad in heart when his master is away.

The most forgiving thing in the world is your dog. The one virtue most humans lack is that of forgiveness. But your dog carries no grudge and no spite. Punish him even undeservedly, he comes to you, nudges his moist nose into your hand, looks up at you with pleading eyes, and wags his tail hesitatingly as though to say, "Oh, come on, let's be pals again."

The most loyal thing in the world is your dog. Whether you come home from Congress or from jail, whether you have lost your fortune or made a million, whether you return dressed in fashion's height or in rags, whether you have been hailed hero or condemmed as criminal, your dog is waiting for you with a welcoming bark of delight, a wagging tail and a heart that knows no guile. The world likes dogs because dogs are nearest to moral perfection of all living things.

—Captain Will Judy.

ANTIGUE CHANDELIERS PRESENTED TO ALL SAINTS, CONCORD

(The N. C. Churchman)

Antique chandeliers, presented to All Saints Church, Concord, N. C., by Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman in tribute to her mother, Mrs. Martha Rogers, were recently dedicated.

The four chandeliers were placed in the Church during extensive renovation work which included making the furnace into an "air conditioning" model, and painting of the interior of the Church.

Here is the history of the chandeliers: Prince deRohan Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon, had these four along with twelve others of the same size, and a much larger one, in his palace in what is now the Latin Quarter of Paris. This palace became in time the property of the nation, being one of the great show places of Paris. During the World War, this palace was hit by shells from long range guns, causing much damage. When the War was over, the building was declared unsafe, and was dismantled, the furnishings being offered at auction.

A Mr. Feldman, who with his five sons has three antique shops on the Rue de Royal in New Orleans, heard of the sale and went to Paris, where he purchased the sixteen smaller chandeliers and the very large one, the last being in Jewish Temple in New Orleans today. The twelve are in different parts of this country, where they are greatly prized, lighting up assembly halls and perhaps one other church.

Each chandelier holds twenty lights placed artistically amid the tracery of gold leaf, while from concentric circles are suspended prisms that give a soft tone to the lighting. Streaming from the crown above each chandelier are strings of crystal beads.

A typical comment from people who have seen the chandeliers is this from the column "Cheery" in "The Concord Daily Tribune." "The splendor of the coronation couldn't match the chandeliers hanging in the Episcopal Church. If you gathered up raindrops and suspended them with summer stars and sunlight patterned into gold leaves, you might have a replica of the chandeliers."

THE OPTIMIST

The optimist—the man who radiates good cheer, who makes life happier wherever he meets it, is always a man of vision and of faith. He sees the blossoming flower in the tiny seed, the silver lining in every cloud, and a beautiful tomorrow in the darkest day.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

MY BACK PORCH

By Mrs. Luke Woodbury

It is just a narrow strip, unsightly sometimes, always littered with wood, kindling, apples, eggs, muddy over shoes and other things, but it faces the rising sun.

Early, very early. long before daylight, I often come down to start the household work, the duties that pressed me to welcome the close of day and to think God for hours of rest. Many times I slip out on this little porch, closing the kitchen door behind me, just for a moment's luxury, I promise myself, but once lost in the loveliness of the dark world around me, I always stay longer than I mean to. No matter if it is spring, summer, fall, or winter; always it is an hour to be still before God, to think, to forgive, to yield, to become more reconciled to ones cross.

Sometimes one feels strangely drawn to this humble retreat like maybe He waits there.

There is so much mystery in God's darkness. Sounds — funny little hoarse chirps from birds just waking. All kinds of queer, tiny noises in the trees and shrubbery. The air is moist with the breath of a heaven close by. And, oh! the mysterious odors! Underfinable! could it be the "gypsy fairies" putting out their campfires. Often one feels the longing to run back if only for a little while, down the adventuresome path of happy childhood, out into the care free world of play where a day is long and a year unending.

But if you will stay and wait until that great ball of fire, called the sun, comes up, you will stand in awe, at peace with the world, at peace with the ills and trials of life. God is in that blazing sun, in the friendly light and warmth that brings you back from wanderings in unreality, to a sense of soldiership and duty; to a vision of the clean white page of a new day. Try it, fellow prisoners in household chains—this rendezvous with God and His early dawn. It brings strength and a joy that will cause many grievances to pack their tents and slip away.

INDIAN SUMMER

There is a special rhyme to it, and reason,
So, put the summer by, give autumn room.
This is the mystic intertwine of season,
With dreams of gardens held in straying bloom.

As if to say, "We'll bar the languid comer,
Yet open doors to Fall because we must!"
The wind blows up the inlet, trailing summer,
And sweeping leaves of autumn in a gust.

—Selected.

CORDELL HULL—DIPLOMAT

(Selected)

Staid old Washington has, since it became our nation's Capitol, seen some rather diverse characters at the helm of the State Department, but the tall, lank Tennessean and Jeffersonian Democrat who guides its destines under the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt has gradually emerged as one of the most able and respected men in the New Deal cabinet.

His life presents a picture dear the hearts of the "rags-to-riches" enthusiasts. Born in Pickett County, Tennessee, in 1871, he worked on his father's farm and timber lands, attended the rural school between trips on the logs when they were rafted down the river to Nashville, and after two and a half years of college and law school, was admitted to the bar at the mature age of twenty!

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he organized and captained a company of local volunteers, but history has recorded no special deeds of valor that he performed, and presumably he was glad to return after it was over and resume his interrupted career.

From 1907 to 1930, except for the Harding landslide of 1920 and '21, he served faithfully but inconspicuously in the House of Representatives, where he pleaded for liberal tariff policies with six Presidents. Under Franklin Roosevelt, he got his chance. The world wide depression had reduced international trade to a mere shadow of its former size, he left a half-completed term in the Senate in 1933 to become Secretary of State.

He got off to a bad start when, through no fault of his own, the London Economic Conference showed him apparently overshadowed by Moley, and he returned home with nothing material accomplished. But fate took a hand. Moley retired to private life and the Pan-American meeting at Montevideo gave him a chance to show his striking abilities.

Pas conferences had been worse than useless. American delegates had tried to run the show and had only succceeded in arousing resentment and animosity in the Latin countries: Hull tried a different method.

Quietly and sincerely he explained Uncle Sam's aims and policies: no armed intervention in South America under any circumstances; reciprocal trade treaties of mutual economic benefit; gradual lowering of all tariff barriers to the free movement of goods; and the replacing of Yankee imperialism with international goodwill and comradeship—in brief: the "good-neighbor" ideal.

It succeeded; his stock rose by leaps and bounds, but he remained modest and unassuming. With his wife, a charming Virginia woman whom he had married in 1917, he lives quietly at a family hotel near the Capitol. He will interrupt his work at the office to chat with anyone, though his public utterances are infrequent and cautious, and he has never evinced any desire for personal glory.

As such, he adequately symbolizes the ideal American diplomat, and if there were more like him in such positions, there might be less fear of another and more devastating World War in the near future.

WHAT'S WHAT ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY

(Selected)

As another service to its readers, the Enterprise each week will give authoritative answers to questions on the Social Security law. By special arrangement with the Social Security Board officers at Salisbury, N. C., the Social Security Board has consented to pass on the accuracy of answers to questions on Social Security, which may be asked by employers, employees, and others, through the Enterprise. Address inquiries to the Editor, the Enterprise, Mooresville, N.C. Answers will be given here in the order in which questions are received. In keeping with Social Security Board policy names will not be published.—Editor.

Q. Does the Social Security Act provide for maternal and child welfare service?

A. Yes. The act provides for maternal and child welfare service. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor administers these provisions.

Q. How many States have unemployment compensation laws under the Social Security Act?

A. Every State has an unemployment conpensation law approved by the Social Security Board under the provisions of the Social Security Act.

Q. Is the Social Security Board now making payments under the old-age insurance provisions of the Social Security Act?

A. Yes. The Social Security Board is making lump-sum payments to eligible workers, and to the estates or relatives of deceased eligible workers, under the old-age benefit provisions of the Act. Full information can be obtained from your nearest Social Security Board Field Office.

Q. Who has charge of tax collections under the Social Security Act?

A. The Bureau of Internal Revenue administers the tax provisions of the Social Security Act.

Q. Suppose my employer doesn't pay the taxes he collects from my wages, will I lose my old-age insurance?

A. The amount which will be paid you under the old-age benefits provision of the Social Security Act does not depend on the amount of taxes collected from you or paid by your employer under Title VIII of the Social Security Act. The amount you received will depend on the total you rwages earned in covered employment after December 31, 1936, and before you become 65 years of age. But the employer who does not obey the law and report the amount of wages paid each employee puts his employees at a disadvantage because the Social Security Board will not have a record of those wages when it comes time to compute the amount the Board should pay each worker under the old-age insurance provision of the law.

"He who finds beauty in simple things,
Knows the contentment happiness brings."

THE HIGH COST OF HUNTING

By George Ballard Bowers

Sports exacting a toll of human life are usually short-lived or modified to meet public objections. But hunting, the pursuit and killing of wild birds and animals appears to be an exception. Hunting accidents arouse little public interest for the reason, perhaps, that each case is published separately, the appalling annual aggregate becomes known to but a few people.

The California State Fish and Game Commission has published data of the hunting accidents of two years, gathered principally from newspaper clippings. In California twenty-two hunters were killed and five wounded in a year, and, in another year, twelve were killed and eleven wounded. The figures are not complete, as may have been inferred already, for frequently the facts of hunting fatalities are suppressed, and moreover, health records seldom describe such fatalities in terms that permit their identification.

Of the thirty two killed, seven had been mistaken for deer. Three deer hunters met death while amussing themselves by shooting owls, hawks,and other non-game birds of economic value to farmers.

The record of the dead and wounded makes no mention of the pain and sorrow of the widows and orphans. Nothing is said of the damage to agriculture because of the killing of thousands of hawks, owls and other birds that feed upon mice, rats and other pests of the tilled fields. Annually the roadsides, fields and forests are strewn with dead birds that served only as targets of ruthless and unthinking hunters. Compare the food value of the annual slaughter of birds and animals to the losses of agriculture caused by the destruction of those wild birds and animals necessary to preserve nature's balance!

If baseball and football had caused twenty-two deaths in a single year in any state, how long would those games be permitted? Recently there was a great public clamor against boxing because a single boxer had been accidently killed in a friendly bout. Millions of lines in the press told of the evil of boxing, and many measures were proposed throughout the United States to mitigate the dangers of that sport. But hunting accidents have brought no popular clamor for reform.

Let sport be taken out of the destruction of wild life. Men are not permitted to cut the trees of our national forests except to prevent loss to the state. Then only experts are sent to cut the trees selected for destruction. Would it not be better to inaugurate a similar system when it becomes necessary to destroy surplus wild birds and animals? That would take the sport out of hunting. Unnecessary destruction would be prevented; humane methods would be possible. There would then be no unnecessary pain to these creatures.

SENATOR VEST'S TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

(Selected)

Many years ago Senator Vest represented in a law-suit a plaintiff whose dog had been wantonly shot by a neighbor. Damages of $200 were asked, but after two minutes deliberation the jury awarded the plaintiff $500, as the result of the following words by his attorney:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become an enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him and the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounters with roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave-side will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

Take a tip from the Hindus and stop hurrying long enough to meditate a bit each day. Quiet thinking may open many doors that pounding cannot batter down.—Ouida.

OF HEROIC MOLD

(Lexington Dispatch)

They buried Miss Mattie Adams up at Shelby Friday. Miss Mattie had lived for sixty-six years in the same house,the house where she went as a girl to live with her aunt and her aunt's warblinded husband, and this had continued to be her home after the elders passed to their reward. As the Shelby Star put it, she was "the man about the house," carrying on the house work, tending a large garden, singing about her flowers, loving her fellowmen.

The uncle by marriage whom she cared for so gently after his mate had died was one of seven brothers who marched off to Virginia in the "Sixties." A busting shell took away one of "Uncle Pink's" eyes and a bouncing piece of stovewood got the other. Yet he carried on as a merchant until his death at a ripe old age, which was a good many years ago now, for "Uncle Pink" was not a boy when he went to war. How much of the aging veteran's life depended upon Miss Mattie all of his relatives knew, and she occupied a place in the heart of the family life set apart for one of nobility. Her own father had died on the battlefield and her mother's brother came home crippled from war, so that from earlie recollection she had carried on the work of rebuilding the life that war had done so much to destroy. And the bitter experiences of reconstruction on a South Carolina farm did not discourage her. She continued to sing and smile her way through life.

But Miss Mattie wasn't simply a goody-goody sort of person, for in spite of her innate goodness and unselfishness she recalled that once she cut the tail off a pig belonging to Rev. Tom Dixon, the elder, because the preachers pigs were pastering her garden. The tragic setting of her childhood didn't faze Miss Mattie, for The Star comments that she never lost her interest in and love for young peope. Her heart stayed young at 83, for she was of the stuff out of which heroes are made and she refused to give in. And as her remains lay in state at the Methodist church in Shelby Friday, doubtless most of these who filed by thought of Miss Mattie as merely being translated—not conquered by death.

THOUGHTS

What a man thinks either builds up his character or pulls it down. What a man thinks can overcome fate or strengthen it, can bring him into the line of his glorious destiny, or make him an outcast and a wanderer in desert places. Indeed, there is no limit to the power of thought, because it is a spiritual power of intense potency; it is the greatest power in the world.

—Henry Thomas Hamblin.

HOW JIM ENTERTAINED THE PREACHER

(Selected)

It may be difficult for many people to find things to talk about when the preacher comes to keep him entertained; but Mr. Tedder's pet crow, Jim, did not find it a difficult matter, if he couldn't talk. And the preacher himself admitted that Jim entertained him when the performance was over and laughed heartily over the bird's determination to have his attention.

It was wash day at the Tedder home, and the preacher's visit was not only a surprise to Mrs. Tedder, who was busy at the wash tub, but rather embarrassing to her; for, besides being very plainly attired, she had her clothes in the pot boiling and in the tub, too, and could not easily let go her hold. And it was just here that Jim came to her rescue and saved the day.

Jim had been down in the cotton field with the children and had been trying to assist them in picking out the cotton; but as he picked the cotton out of the bolls, he dropped it down on the ground, and it became dirty and the children had to pick it up and knock the dirt off. This was troublesome and a waste of time; so the children ran him out of the field, and he flew to the house arriving there a moment after the preacher's arrival.

No sooner had he arrived than his mischievous eye spied the preacher on the back porch. Jim was hot, thirsty, and hungry, and so directed his first efforts toward quenching his thirst and satisfying his hunger. Mrs. Tedder had left the dining room door open, and Jim flew into the dining room and got a biscuit off the table and took it out to the well where a bucket of fresh water was sitting on the well curb. He dropped the biscuit into this water and soaked it till it was very soft, and then hastily ate it. Then he wiped his bill. He was now ready for the preacher.

But the preacher had moved while Jim was eating his biscuit and was now on the front porch trying to get a little nap while Mrs. Tedder completed her washing. Jim soon located him and set himself to the task of entertaining him.

The preacher was stretched out on the porch bench with his hat over his face to keep out the light while he took a nice little nap before dinner was ready. But Jim had little sympathy for people who napped in the day time, and so proceeded with his entertainment. Right at the preacher's head were two or three bags of dried fruit resting on the porch railing, airing and sunning before being put away for winter. Jim decided he would show the preacher how nice it was. So he set to work to drill a hole in the nearest bag so he could get out a few samples. This was hard work, for the bags were of strong cloth, and Jim was evidently surprised at its resistance; but he took a resting spell and then hammered away with his strong beak again till an opening was made big enough to pull out the fruit. This done, Jim pulled out several pieces of fruit and threw them

on the floor for the preacher's inspection, and seemed surprised that they were not noticed. He had labored so hard to get the fruit out and now it was not even looked at.

Jim remained perched on the porch railing a few moments, resting from his hard work on the fruit bag and eyeing the preacher in a puzzled way. He had not given up the case, but was wondering what would wake the preacher up and make him take notice. He was not long in deciding what to do next and was almost as soon on the job. If the preacher had hoped to get rid of him by ignoring him, he was to be disappointed. Jim had no notion of quitting till he had some attention from the preacher.

In the porch railing were several missing pickets, and the little sockets in the bottom rail which had once held them were vacancies that Jim thought were out of place and needed filling up, and he at once set about filling them. He found a few peanut hulls out in the yard and filled them to the brim. And then he glanced up to see if the preacher had become interested in his work; but the preacher seemed determined to have his nap, and Jim saw that if he ever interested the sleepy-head he would have to do more than he had yet done.

Right at the preacher's head was a chair that needed bottoming badly, several of its splits being broken and out of place. Jim flew out in the yard and found splits for the work and went at the job energetically. But this was too much for him, and try as he would he could not place them so they would stay. After many attempts and as many failures he gave the matter up as hopeless. But he was not done with the preacher by any means. For him the best was yet to come, and this time he took notice of Jim, and that in a hurry.

The preacher had on a new pair of low-quartered shoes of which he was a little careful; and he had just given them a good shine that morning, and they were still somewhat shiny after his morning tramp. They attracted Jim's keen eyes next, and he now flew up on the bench right at them to inspect them. They evidently puzzled him, for he looked at them good and long, and then decided that they might contain something worth while, and he would open them right then and there. So steadying himself for a good blow, he began to hammer away as he had done on the bags of fruit. But he never got to see what was in those new shoes; for he had struck only one or two blows when the preacher came to an upright posture in such a hurry that Jim had to beat a hasty retreat for safety. But he had succeeded in getting the preacher's attention; and, perching himself on the porch railing at a safe distance, he exchanged glances with the preacher, who was examining his shoes.

Jim was not done entertaining yet, but decided to do it at a distance. He now flew into the room adjoining the porch and began tearing the back off a large picture that hung on the wall. He had not gone far when one of the girls came into the house and seized a broom and made for him, and he narrowly missed a clubbing.

He now flew out into the yard and perched on a big limb in a tall oak. Here he amused himself by squalls that frightened all the chickens and made them run for cover. A moment later a gang of crows came along and

cawed loudly, and he flew in another direction, for he was afraid of his own race. Then the preacher took his nap.

THE FUTILITY OF ATHEISM

There is much rolling of eyes and very pained expressions on the faces of some Americans because a comparatively few blatant individuals proclaim themselves as atheists. What of it? In a country where opinions and speech are free, even those most foolish are privileged to exhibit what little they have of brains. A keen observer has said that atheism, even when honest, is no more than disrespect for the other fellow's God. And as man has never reached to a knowledge of the Absolute, nor can he, it follows that it is more the man-made ideas of God that the people have quarreled over through the centuries. Voltaire is credited with the saying that if God did not exist, He would of very necessity have been invented. A French friend of this writer puts it thus: "In any explanation of the universe, God is a mathemetical necessity." As for the poor strutters of the moment who boast of atheism, they are like boys who whistle when passing a graveyard—they betray fear even when their denials are the boldest. Many of us will hold to the simple faith that was implanted in childhood. Others will have sought to reason out a working creed, going as far as the finite mind can soar in unsustained flight. Yet in this search for God we one and all must come to recognize the futility of thought. In very helplessness we cry to an echoing universe, each one of us "an infant crying in the night; an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry." Yet it is in the extremity of weakness that comfort is found; from very helplessness faith is born, and there comes assurance that "this I know, I cannot stray beyond His love and care."

—Masonic World.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Under the direction of Mrs. G. L. Barrier, quite a number of boys are rehearsing daily for the program to be rendered here on Christmas Eve.

The new motion picture machine is working fine, and the picture, "A Day at the Races," featuring the Marx Brothers, was shown here on Thursday night of last week, and the antics of those clever screen comedians kept the boys in an uproar during most of the performance.

W. L. Brittain, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who left the School about nine years ago, called on us the other day, Upon returning to his home in Morganton, he drove a truck for his father, continuing in that position until four years ago, when he went in business for himself. He is now the owner of two large transfer trucks and is engaged in hauling fruit and produce. Young Brittain is now twenty-five years old and has been married two years. He stated that he has been getting along very well since leaving the Training School.

Brady Helms, a former member of our shoe shop force, who left here about ten years ago, dropped in to see his old friends a few days ago. After staying at the School for eighteen months, Brady returned to his home in Cramerton, where he was employed in a shoe shop for about two years. He then went to work in a cotton mill, and about two years ago he secured employment with a painting contractor. Because of illness he has been out of work for some time, but he stated that he hopes to resume his duties as a painter in a week or two.

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the birth of Christ, as found in Luke 2: 8-20, and the subject of his most inspiring talk to the boys was "God's Christmas Gift."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Sommers stated that the Christmas season is one that really does something to us. It gets into our blood for months before. We love to see the beautiful decorations sparkling on all sides at this time of the year. They look pretty and mean something to us.

For some of us, continued the speaker, the Christmas season brings memories of days gone by and loved ones who have passed on. It brings to our minds the thoughts of home, relatives and friends. It makes us want to give and creates within us the desire to be worthy to receive.

We want to give something to somebody at Christmas time, said Rev. Mr. Summers, because we, as true Christians, are filled with the desire to do something good for man. God had this in mind when He gave us His greatest gift—His only Son. This is one season in the year when we should be at our best, and if we do not have that spirit, we fail to get the real Christmas gift.

The speaker then called attention to the message—"Fear Not"—heard by the shepherds on the Judean hills on the memorable night, more than 1900 years ago. That same message is sorely needed in the world today. In fact, as our minds dwell upon conditions at the present time, we have a right to fear. In some countries men are at war; there is great unrest in the business world; difficulties are arising in our schools and churches. All of us are wondering what is to become of the nations of the entire world. The world is in a calamitous condition today as it was many, many years ago when Jesus bade his hearers to "be not afraid."

While we are living in an atmosphere of fear, said the speaker, God has a message for us—"Fear not! I bring you good tidings"—and nothing could be more welcome at this time than good tidings, assuring us that there would be no more strife among men; that His people here on earth would no longer know need, want, hunger or other hardships. The message that God brings is one of great joy. It is not the surface happiness which comes with small gifts, but a message of true joy which will lift the clouds from our hearts. God's glad tidings come to all people regardless of race, rank or station. It gives all men the right to live as children of God and the rights and privileges of Heaven, if they will accept Jesus, the great gift of God to the world.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that we should ask ourselves these questions: Has Christ been born in our hearts? Have we received the good tidings? God gives us the chance to put our trust in Jesus, who will place us in the right way.

The speaker then stated that as the Christmas message comes to us, it is useless unless Christ is spiritually born in us. In the world today there are many who will not enjoy this happy season unless they receive help from those more fortunate than they. They are looking toward them for happiness, and it is the duty of all Christian men and women to render such assistance as is in their power.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers said that God's message to His people is that He stands ready to give this greatest of all Christmas gifts—His Son—if we are ready and willing to accept.

BLAME THE LADIES

"What do the ruins of Ancient Egypt really prove?" wonders a writer. Probably, among other things, that Ancient Egyptian wives insisted on having a shot at backing the chariot into the garage.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since November 14, 1937.

Week Ending December 12, 1937

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Marvin Bridgeman 2
(5) Ivey Eller 5
(5) Leon Hollifield 5
(5) Edward Lucas 5
(2) Mack Setzer 2

COTTAGE No. 1

Henry Cowan 2
William Haire 2
Edgar Harrelson 2
(2) William Howard 3
(3) Jack McRary 4
(5) Fonnie Oliver 5
Frank Walker 2
Preston Yarborough 4
(5) R. L. Young 5

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) Clifton Mabry 4
(3) Nick Rochester 3
(3) Fred Seibert 4

COTTAGE No. 3

Earl Barnes
(2) Frank Crawford 2
Coolidge Green 2
William McRary 4
(2) F. E. Mickle 2
(2) William New 3
(2) Frank Pickett 3
(2) Kenneth Raby 3
(2) Allen Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 4

Garrett Bishop 4
(2) Odell Bray 4
(3) Hurley Davis 4
(2) Lewis Donaldson 2
(2) Thomas Maness 3
Charles Mizzell 2
Hubert McCoy 2
Robert Orrell
(2) Lloyd Pettus 2
(5) Frank Raby 5
(5) Thomas Stephens 5
(4) Melvin Walters 4
(2) Leo Ward 3
(2) James Wilhite 3

COTTAGE No. 5

Harold Almond 3
(2) William Brothers 3
(2) Winford Rollins 2
Thomas Sullivan 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Fletcher Castlebury 3
(2) Robert Dunning 4
Robert Dellinger
Noah Ennis 3
(2) Frank Glover 3
(2) Neal Hamilton 3
Roscoe Honeycutt
Clinton Keen
James Lane
(2) Spencer Lane 3
(2) James Rackley 4
(2) Canipe Shoe 3
William Wilson 3
(2) Woodrow Wilson 4
(2) George Wilhite 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Archie Castlebury 3
Blaine Griffin
Lacy Green 2
(2) Caleb Hill 3
(2) Houston Howard 2
Lloyd Hite
(2) Hugh Johnson 3
James Jordan
Kenneth Messick
Wayland Morgan 2
Elmer Maples 2
(2) J. C. Mobley 3
(2) Milton Pickett 3
(2) Wallace Smith 3
William Tester
William Young 2

COTTAGE No. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Wilson Bowman 3
(5) J. T. Branch 5
(3) Thomas Braddock 4
James Coleman 3
(2) Heller Davis 2
(2) George Duncan 3
(4) C. D. Grooms 4
(3) Odie Hicks 4
Mark Jones 3
Elbert Kersey
Eugene Presnell 3
(3) Earl Stamey 3
Hubert Short 3
(4) Thomas Sands 4
(5) Homer Smith 5
(3) Luther Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

Emerson Barnhill 2
John Crawford 3
(3) Jeff Gouge 3
(5) Milford Hodgin 5
James Howard 3
(5) Mack Joines 5
Felix Littlejohn
James Martin
Edward E. Murray 3
James Penland 2
William R. Williams 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Joseph Cox 3
(4) Ben Cooper 4
(2) Frank Dickens 3
Richard Honeycutt
(4) Alexander King 4
(4) Jerome Medlin 4
(3) William Powell 3
(3) Howard Saunders 3
(5) Ross Young 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Arthur Ashley 2
(2) Norman Brogden 4
(2) Jack Foster 2
(2) Harry Flowe 3
Robert Hailey 4
(2) James V. Harvel 2
(2) Ney McNeely 3
(3) Eugene Patton 4
(5) Claudius Pickett 5

COTTAGE No. 14

Clyde Barnwell 2
Robert Coffer
(4) Doyle Holder 4
(4) James Kirk 4
(3) Feldman Lane 3
Troy Powell
John Robbins 3
Paul Shipes 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) John Brown 3
Joseph Hyde 3
(5) L. M. Hardison 5
Hoyt Hollifield 3
Caleb Jolly 3
(4) James McGinnis 4
(5) Alvin Powell 5
(4) James H. Riley 4
(5) Wallace Sommers 5

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day and night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others to see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

—Selected.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 25, 1937 No. 52

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TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

It isn't far to Bethlehem town!
It's anywhere that Christ comes down
And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.
The road to Bethlehem runs right through
The homes of folks like me and you.

—Madeleine Sweeny Miller.

—— PUBLISHED BY ——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

Nineteen hundred and thirty-six years ago three men were journeying toward Bethlehem when the radiance of a Star came to them from afar, lighting their way to the humble manger where lay the infant Jesus, most blessed of babes.

Over Him bowed the Virgin Mother, starry eyed—awed by her Gift. Mary—holy Mother of Jesus.

The miracle of His birth has been the wonder of all men on earth for generation upon generation. Yet still more wondrous is the conception of life as He lived it.

A simple carpenter by trade, He was, by inspiration, a simple philosopher; by practice the great teacher, and in truth the noble sufferer . . .

In every era do we have great men . . . and so in every age is greatness the inspiration to teach the truth.

Christmas—1937—and still the Star of Bethlehem casts its mighty beams of light over the world.

Great is the spirit of Christmas that can wipe away the years and change grave men and women into smiling children, ready to serve and to be served in the sweet simplicity of childhood. . .

Strong is the Spirit of Love that can bring us all to understand that there is none less, none greater, none rejected on this blessed Christmas Day . . .

We are all children of one family, at peace in the name of a Child . . .

Merry Christmas . . . and may the New Year bless you immeasurably . . . .

CHRISTMAS

As we approach the natal day of the Christ child it is difficult to see life as it was nearly two thousand years ago. To think of the King of Kings in the manger of a stable where men slept because of the crowd in the rock-walled hamlet of Bethlehem, a village of Judah, five miles South of Jersulaem, is harking back to days prior to modern hostelry.

Those familiar with sacred history know that the purpose of the visit of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem was to pay taxes to the Roman Emperor, Agustus Gaesar. The visit of these two char-

acters under such circumstances gives to life the elements of faithful and conscientious citizenship.

"No room in the Inn" evidently was a hard blow to the elderly, solemn faced Joseph knowing the condition of his radiantly young and beautiful wife, Mary. He led their donkey to the rocky grotto used as a stable. It was there the miracle birth gripped fellow lodgers, but yet they did not realize they were looking upon a face that would dispel darkness.

His birth teaches the lesson of humility and meekness; the songs of the angels that a Savior was born, was adoration, and the gifts of the wise men are suggestive of a life of generous giving.

The natal day of the Prince of Peace, the miracle of the heaven born child,—the marvel of the ages, continues to guide faltering footsteps, besides has brought all creeds and races to dwell in peace and kindliness toward one another.

Knowing the lessons drawn from the birth of Christ—humility and brotherly love—are we willing in the words of Henry Van Dyke to stoop "down and consider the needs of little children, to trim our lamp so that it will give more light and to carry it in front so that the shadow will fall behind, also to give to the unfortunate so that they may taste of the joys of the more fortunate?" If so the spirit of Christmas is thoroughly understood.

* * * * * * *

SOCIETY UNFAIR TO DELINQUENTS

How to treat the "tough-kid" has been suggested by Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner of New York City. He thinks "society is unfair" to the child of the street for the reason that instead of helping him to a "career of usefulness and productivity" the method pursued,—arrest and incarceration, make potential criminals. To incarcerate without the kindly touch of interest only makes the youth, guilty of the first offence hard, feeling that no one cares.

Reading between the lines it is easy to discern that this New York official understands that in the school life, or any institutional life to teach the fundamentals of an education without stressing the spiritual, hygienic and manual training, with the goal to make useful citizenship, the best results are not realized.

"For one hundred years," states the commissioner, "we have been arresting, prosecuting, convicting and incarcerating, and for the reception of these neglected young people we cannot build jails fast enough." So the conclusion drawn there is something wrong about the whole system. If true that crime costs this country annually about $15,000,000,000 the same money, and much less, could be spent to prevent crime by giving the right treatment to the hopefuls at least. Punishment is not the cure for the youth in his first offence. Make a personal issue of the question. How would you treat your child if guilty of a misdemeanor, grave or to the contrary? You would take him home, talk to him kindly, showing the right way, and the best available would be the environment desired. A child naturally likes to be given a little love at least. The country is spending lots of money to elminate crime but the progress in that particular work is slow. There is much written about it, but little accompished.

The New York commissioner thinks arresting, convicting and jailing children wrong, but "there place is in their homes with their families," he declared "We have got to get to this problem before the boy or girl is lost to society. It is not the economic loss we are concerned with; it is the heartache and anguish."

* * * * * * *

A HERO OF OUR OWN TIME

Those who would have us believe that the day of noble acts and self-sacrifice, of real heroism, are over, will have to make exceptions now and then. We think the case of the Louisiana man who offers to give one of his eyes to a young friend who is threatened with blindness undoubtedly demonstrates that we have heroes in our own time. Let us quote why John Amos, a farmer is willing to make this sacrifice:

"Frank (the afflicted boy) has been good to me. Not many young fellows would bother to cheer up an old fellow like me. My left eye isn't any good to me, and I haven't so very long to go. It won't make any difference whether I have one eye or two. If you figure that one of my eyes can help Frank to see, I want you to take it and give it to him as a present."

In other words, John Amos would go through life sightless that

another may see for such an operation may destroy the other eye. Here is something that money cannot buy, yet this aging farmer stands ready to give up if necessary what most of us consider priceless. No greater love has any man than that.

An act of self-immolation like this requires more courage than to face a foe in deadly combat on the firing line because one has at least a fighting chance and there is the added stimulus of others at one's side as wll as the roar of cannon, roll of drum and fluttering battleflag. But when one travels the road alone and reaches such high decisions in a moment of calmness, it is superb. Louisiana should put the name of John Amos in its hall of fame.

—Suffolk News-Herald.

* * * * * * *

TINY TIM

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit. "As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see." And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one!"—Charles Dickens.

* * * * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

Time passes all too swiftly for the older members of the Jackson Training School. But for the boys the time intervening between Christmas of last year and this seems like ages. For there is not a holiday in the whole calendar year that fills the life of the old and young with greater hope and joy. It is the season that inspires for universal love, and practice of giving to dependents, especially to those whose lives have been checked by misfortunes.

According to the previous custom of this little paper we carry a list of contributions for the good-cheer fund. It is an old, old story, but as usual we have five hundred boys, some have people and there are many others who have not a soul to remember them

during the most joyous season when others are celebrating the birth of the greatest personality the world has ever known.

The boys have never been forgotten by their friends during the Christmas season, and we continue to have faith. As proof of this we give with appreciation the first contribution for 1937, "Christmas Cheer Fund:

7-7-8	$25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
A Friend, Charlotte,	1.00
Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte,	10.00
Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt. Public Welfare, Salisbury,	5.00
W. J. Swink, China Grove,	100.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Miss Mary Robinson, Supt. Public Welfare, Wadesboro,	3.00
Willard Newton, Pasadeua, Calif.,	2.50
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Juvenile Commission, City of Greensboro,	2.50
W. R. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Bunn Baraca Class of Hayes Barton Baptist Church, Raleigh	10.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
L. C. Williams, Supt. Public Welfare, Graham	5.00
E. B. Grady, Concord	5.00
W. F. Bailey, Director Park and Juvenile Commission, High Point,	5.00
W. E. Stanley, Supt. Public Welfare, Durham,	9.00
Charlotte Kiwanis Club	15.00
Mecklenburg County Commissioners,	100.00

A. C. Sheldon and Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, candy, apples and oranges for all the boys and employees of School.

Schoenith, Inc., Charlotte, 250 lbs. candy

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

YULETIDE GREETINGS

For this Yuletide season it is my desire that there may come to you, my dear reader, a veritable treasure trove of Happiness as a ship full laden with a cargo of life's most precious things; bringing you undreamed of success and prosperity, health and friends; contentment in fullest measure. And I sincerely wish that each new day may bring you added joy, added inspiration, and never strength to lighten life's path throughout the coming year.

OLD HURRYGRAPH.

The Meaning of Chrstmas

There are three facts about the Nativity, each distinct, yet blending into one, like wonderful lights focused upon the babe lying in the manger at Bethlehem. The first is that of the Shepherds. "And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the fields, and keeping watch by night over their flock." What a familiar picture. A stretch of landscape, hill and valley, somber tinted, lying dim and shadowy under the stars and a December moon. In the distance lie the groping shadows of a town. Close at hand, in a protected valley, lie a flock of sheep. Those shapes, that move a little, are shepherds who, while the world is sleeping, watch over the sheep. How long the night must seem, how dull their silent task, how far away the stars.

Here is a picture of the world, your world and mine, a world more or less lonely, so far beneath the stars! The great concern of life stands vaguely outlined on the horizon, while a little valley holds us and our work, our waiting and watching over things intrusted to our care. What message can we dream of reading from the sky above our heads?

But we have not looked closely enough at the Judean shepherds and their flock to find the real lesson that they teach. They are not ordinary shepherds; theirs is not a common flock. These sheep are the temple flock destined for holy sacrifice. These shepherds are guarding Jehovah's sheep; it is a sacred duty they perform. Is that not also a picture of your task? You fathers and mothers especially, who are caring for the lambs of the flock, are custodians of something so sacred that it will be suitable for an offering to God. And the shepherds are types of all of us who devoutly make our work, however commonplace and monotonous it may be, a ministry to God, a service of His sanctuary.

The second fact is that of the Angel. "And the angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them." This is not so familiar a picture. It someway seems beyond the reach of poet's pen or artist's brush to adequately portray this wonderful scene. The very strangeness of the scene makes it most fascinating. As one able writer says: "We do not often speak of angels in these days, still less are we inclined to believe in them. Now that

we have science what is the use of angels?" On the contrary, what are matter, force and natural law but the methods of the infinite intelligence of God? Transcending all material forces is God's Law. "The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear Him." However lonely, however dull your task, without any suggestion that God has any message for you, would you not like to believe that you are overshadowed by His guiding, guarding presence? God is speaking today more plainly than ever, but how few have ears to hear. Are you conscious that God is speaking to you day by day? If not is it not because you are not listening? If we do not hear His voice, it is because we feel that we belong to this world instead of among the angels.

The final fact is the message of the angels. Did the shepherds understand it? At first they were afraid, but as soon as they caught the words: "Be not afraid: I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people. For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord"—they were reassured. And they said, "Come let us go to Bethlehem." The message of the angels would have gone for naught, would have meant only a novel experience, a thrilling memory for the shepherds, if they had not responded to it, acted upon it by going to Bethlehem. And now we shall miss the joy of the message if we merely hark back 2,000 years and consider it a story of the past. The message is just as much for us today as it was for the shepherds. Today the angel of Jehovah is speaking words of comfort, of hope, of peace of life exulting, to those who are faithfully performing whatever task God has entrusted to them, and who are waiting for His appearing. Can we not, like the shepherds, go back to our work after Christmas morn, conscious of the fact that we are doing a sacred duty for God, and be in tune with Him that we may hear His voice, and then, obeying His message, go out and find our Savior?

A TWO BILLION DOLLAR LEAK

By Philip P. Jacobs, Ph. D.

Tuberculosis is a costly disease, costly to the individual, costly to his family, costly to industry, costly to the community. All of us, taxpayers and rent-payers, must pay for sickness, whether we are ill or well. For the tuberculosis patient there are such tangible expenditures as loss of wages and income, doctor and hospital bills, besides the cost that comes from the danger of spreading this disease to his friends and family.

At this very moment there are no less than 500,000 active cases of tuberculosis in the United States. This year, 1937, about 70,000 persons have died of tuberculosis, most of them youth adults, for this is a young person's disease. If you will multiply 500,000 living cases by $4,000, which is the carefully computed cost of a tuberculosis case to home, industry and community, you will get the stupendous total of two billion dollars.

That's what these 500,000 cases of tuberculosis will cost you and everyone else who lives in the United States.

But most of that cost is unnecessary, since tuberculosis is a disease that can be prevented. In fact, it can be eradicated. That two billion dollars is like a leak in a great dam or dike, where the water that should be saved for productive uses, runs away needlessly.

Why not stop this leak? We know how to do it; we have been able to reduce the havoc of tuberculosis from 150,000 deaths some thirty years ago to about 70,000 at the present time. Three decades ago 175 persons out of every 100,000 then living died annually from tuberculosis, while today the corresponding rate is about fifty-five.

We have learned from experience how to control tuberculosis. We know that hospitals for treatment of the disease and for health protection are our main line of defense against the disease. We have proved the clinics, doctors, tuberculin testing and X-raying of high school and college children and young adults, together with competent public health nursing, are essential to find tuberculosis in its early, curable form, and to prevent its spread in home, school, and industry. We know that health education in the school and in the population at large will teach people how to avoid tuberculosis, and, above all, we know that organization of community resources and of focused public opinion on the problem of tuberculosis is a mighty aid in getting rid of this "white plague."

Why, then should we allow a leak of two billion dollars of indifference on the part of the public. Some people know how to prevent tuberculosis, but everybody should know how to prevent it. The tuberculosis associations of the United States, local, state, and national, have been the leaders in the fight against tuberculosis. Their biggest task is now before them. With the distinct gains that have been made in the last thirty years, many people think that tuberculosis is conquered, but this is far from being the case. Tuberculosis stil is Public Enemy No. 1 among the young people of this nation. The job of conquering tuberculosis can be completed, but it needs the support of every man, woman and child in the country.

The appeal of the Christmas Seal is one way in which everybody can help to fight tuberculosis. But it is only one way. Your money is greatly needed to provide the sinews of war to the fighters who are leading the attack on this disease. But more than your financial support is necessary; your moral support and your enthusiastic co-operation are also needed. Enlist today in this life-saving campaign.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

The author of this famous poem, Clement C. Moore, was a learned professor of Hebrew in the General Theological Seminary of New York City.

Christmas Eve, 1822, Mrs. Moore sent her distinguished husband to market for a Christmas turkey. On his way to and from market he seems to have caught the joy of the festive season, and on his return, he went to his study and wrote the poem, which he read to his children after dinner that evening.

Their attention and delight showed their appreciation of the poem, and then it was filed away among the Professor's papers, and there it might have remained to be brought out the next Christmas, had not some relative come to visit the family and the children told about the delightful poem their father had read to them. The visitor asked for a copy and took it home, where it was kept till the Christmas of 1823, at which time it was furnished to the editor of the Troy Sentinel, and published in that paper, December 23.

The author's name was not given, but it was supplied to inquiring readers by the relative who had furnished the copy to the editor.

It is said that Dr. Moore was not quite so well pleased as one might imagine the author of such a pleasant poem should be to have it published. It may be that to a Hebrew scholar it seemed beneath his dignity, but he later published a small volume of children's poems.

True to the old adage, a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, the author of The Night Before Christmas, and of Alice in Wonderland were both eminent scholars, and both had that eternal freshness born of the love of childhood, and wrote with that personal and direct manner as if telling the story around the fireplace to eager eyes and ears.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By Henry Van Dyke

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere making of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world

owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts, to try understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

"STILLE NACHT, HEILIGE NACHT"

By Lois Snelling

Of all the Christmas melodies, the best known and best loved is undoubtedly the tenderly beautiful "Silent Night, Holy Night." This favorite is by no means the oldest of the carols, for it has been sung for little more than a hundred years. But so perfectly fitted to the occasion is the soft cadence of the music, so vivid is the picture painted by the simple words, that it stirs the heart-strings as no other song has the power to do. As the words rise and fall on the frosty air at Christmas time, no imaginative mind can fail to catch a glimpse of the picture which inspired their writing—the brilliant, guiding star; the awe-stricken shepherds, silently following its glow; the wise men, with their lavish gifts; the ancient Eastern village, wrapped in slumber; the sordid manger, strangely turned into a place of splendor; solemn, peaceful dumb creatures; a weary, patient man with gentle hands and eyes filled with love; a young woman, who has just experienced the miracle of motherhood; a Child, towards whom all heaven and earth seem to be bending.

It was Christmas Eve of the year 1818. At Oberndorf, a little village in the Austrian mountains, a young preacher was worried. At St. Nicholas' Church they had been preparing for special music for the Christmas services, and Josef Mohr, the assistant pastor, had been very enthusiastic about the program. But alas, the church organ had broken

down! A repairman was working on it now, but it would not be in proper condition in time for tomorrow's service. Josef Mohr glanced hopefully at the guitar which hung on his study wall. As he stared at the instrument, an idea took form in his mind. Then the idea began gradually to take shape in words—beautiful, simple, heart-warming words!

Later there was a knock at the door of Franz Gruber, organist at St. Nicholas' Church. The organist had been as much worried about the collapse of his instrument as the preacher was, so he hastened to answer that knock. There on his threshold stood Josef Mohr, a bright light in his eyes, a piece of paper in his hand. He had written, he explaimed to his friend, a Christmas poem. Could not Franz Cruber compose a suitable air for it? If he could arrange it for two solo voices, a chorus, and a guitar accompaniment they could use it at the church tomorrow.

The organist agreed to try . He read the poem, and as he read his heart swelled with joy—just as yours and mine swell today when we hear the words of "Silent Night, Holy Night." Of course, it was "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," that Gruber read, for the verses were written in German. He immediately seated himself at his spinet, and began to search for the chords which he wished. At last, when he had completed the immortal melody, he took the written score to his friend. On Mohr's guitar he picked out the music. Then together they sang the song. When they had finished, they stared at each other in mutual admiration. What a composition had been accomplished between them!

The next day "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" was sung at St. Nicholas'. Doubtless all who heard it were thrilled by its beauty, but there was one on which it made a special impression. This was Karl Manracher, the man from the Zillertal who had been employed to repair the organ. Throughout that Christmas Day, Manracher found himself softly humming the tune that lingered so persistently in his mind. When his work in Oberndorf was completed and he returned to his home in the mountains, to his native section known as the Zillertal, the melody of the Christmas song was still haunting him. There in the Zillertal he sang it, and soon it was being sung by all the people of the district. It was heard by a troup of famous concert singers, who immediately added it to their repertorie. These singers made a specialty of folk songs, and when they went out into the world and gave their audiences "Stille Nacht," the contribution was accepted as a folk song from the Zillertal." It was for many years known throughout Europe by this term.

It was not until 1854 that the origin of the long popular melody was given any particular consideration. At that time court musicians at Berlin started an investigation. Inquiry was made at St. Peter's Church, in Salzburg, as to whether or not a manuscript of the song might be there. Salzburg is but a short distance from Oberndorf, and it happened that the youngest son of Franz Gruber was then serving as a choir boy in St. Peter's. He related the story of how the song happened to be composed, and the Berlin inquiry was forwarded to his father. Franz Gruber then

wrote out a complete statement of the occasion which resulted in the writing of "Silent Night" and sent it to Berlin, thus definitely settling the authorship of one of the dearest melodies known to Christendom.

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

(Selected)

"Is there a Santa Claus?" is the question Virginia, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Philip F. O'Hanlon, put to editor of the New York Sun in December, 1897. Her letter was received by Edward P. Mitchel, who turned it over to his associate, Francis P. Church, to answer. With some reluctance Mr. Church undertook the assignment. The product of his fine nature, mellow wisdom, and sound craftsmanship was the editorial article "Is There a Santa Claus?"—believed by many to be the most famous editorial arcticle that has ever been written. It has been reproducted in every conceivable form, in every quarter of the globe, yet a generation after its original publication the demands for prints is unsatisfied. The call for them is greater in the weeks immediately preceding Christmas, but it continues throughout the year.

The editorial follows:

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great satisfaction that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"'Dear Editor:

I am eight years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says: "If you see it in the Sun it's so."

Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon,
115 W. 95th St.'

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existance. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood flls the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies.

You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is on sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the babey's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man or even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now he will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood."

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

By Maude Protzman

Our use of Christmas candles in modern times is chiefly for decorative purposes. Often we select candles which will blend best with out holiday decorations. Yet, as they cast their soft light from centerpiece and mantel, we have a distinct feeling that candles are especially appropriate at Christmas time.

This feeling no doubt is prompted by the fact that for centuries Christmas candles played an important part in the legends and customs of many lands. When superstition and fear reigned, candles were associated with protection and guidance and later their use seemed in keeping with the Christmas spirit.

Long ago people constantly feared witches, evil spirits and darkness. Legends tell us that when Christmas candles burned blue it was a warning that these much feared witches drew near and people were instantly on guard. Soon, these legends said, the evil spirits avoided the homes where Christmas candles burned and in time a Christmas candle burning in the window was a protection against all evil influences.

A legend much loved in Ireland and told in other countries is the legend of the Christmas candle burning in the window on Christmas Eve to light the way of the Christ Child. On bleak, desolate heaths there were few lights to guide the feet of a stranger. On Christmas Eve, this legend says, the Christ Child wandered about seeking someone to befriend Him. He did not always appear as a little child but might come as someone needing help. So on Christmas Eve no stranger, beggar or outcast was refused food or shelter and a candle burned in the window to light the way of anyone

who might be lost.

Food and its production has always been an important problem of every country so we find much folklore based upon the subject. Christmas candles were used to tell which crop would produce an abundant harvest. The candles were snuffed in a box filled with mixed grain; the greatest number of one kind of kernels clinging to the candle foretold, it was believed, the kind of grain which would produce the greatest yield.

Today Christmas candles in all colors and sizes are so plentiful and reasonably priced that anyone may have them. There was a time, however, when the making of Christmas candles was a solemn ceremony.

In one legend we read how only beeswax was used in the making of special Christmas candles. It seemed to the people that a substance made from the fragrant juices of flowers was more fitting than tallow which was commonly used. To make the candles a pure white they were bleached in the sun. Sometimes the making of these candles was a ceremony at which hymns were sung and prayers offered.

Long before the Christian era people blindly sought guidance in their everyday life and looked for signs in both light and fire telling what the future held for them. It was this custom which caused many superstitions to surround our Christmas candles.

There is one legend which tells how Christmas candles were named for members of the family and should one of the candles go out before sunrise great calamity would befall the one whose name it bore. This, of course, caused the candles to be guarded with great care.

As superstitions faded these signs read from Christmas candles were taken in a much lighter spirit and ceased to hold out false hopes and fears for the people, but legends have kept them alive and today we still know some of the things which the dripping candles foretold.

In the perfect drops were seen tears for the watcher. Curves and lines all carried messages of joy, sorrow, false friends and new friendships to be made. Sparks flying from the wick foretold mysterious messages, while dripping wax which formed triangles gave promise of successful ventures.

Some early Christian teachers condemned the use of Christmas candles thinking they were too closely associated with pagan superstitions, but light has stood for hope and guidance in all ages and most people saw only good in their use.

It was a star which led the Wise Men to the manger where the Christ Child lay and for generations, legends tell us, a Christmas candle burning in the window was a symbol of the Star of Bethlehem.

Holly wreaths, sprays, and mistletoe, branches of laurel and pine all are used in our Christmas decorations. To us these evergreens are simply beautiful plants with which we decorate our homes and adorn our churches at Christmas time.

There was a time, however, when around these same evergreen plants there clustered a wealth of legends. To a few of them superstition clung so persistently that they were feared and shunned by the ancients.

The use of evergreens at celebrations and festivals dates back so

far its origin is lost in antiquity. With the coming of Christainity it seemed natural for the early Christians to use, in decoration, plants which their ancestors had associated with good fortune.

In some countries laurel was the symbol of triumph and victory. The Greeks believed a spray of this plant could protect them from evil influences. Messages of great importance were wrapped in laurel leaves to assure their safety.

The supposed magic of this plant could touch both poet and athlete. A spray under the pillow of a mere writer of rhymes could, it was believed, transform him into a great poet. Wreaths of entwined laurel were placed on the heads of victorious athletes as a badge of honor and to make sure of future success.

Mistletoe, which to us has a light and even humorous significance, was called the Golden Bough by the ancients. In every country where it grew legends, folklore and myths told of its wonderful power. The Druids believed that in order to have the magic touch mistletoe must be cut with a golden knife and caught before it touched the ground.

Legends of the mistletoe are similar in all countries. It was used as a guard against lightning. Enemies, it was said, meeting under a tree on which mistletoe grew would become friends. Other legends tell that a spray hung over a baby's cradle would keep away mischievous wood spirits and that its leaves dried and scattered over the fields would assure abundant harvest.

For many years ivy was held in disfavor as a Christmas green. It was associated with the coarse revelry attending festivals given for the pagan god, Bacchus. But, as superstition faded, the beautiful ivy became a member of our Christmas greens. It was prized for its many good characteristics. It would grow in places where other plants refused to thrive. It covered with a mantle of green scarred walls and deserted ruins. In time its old association was forgotten, and it became the symbol of fidelity. Ivy is now to be found twined in our Christmas wreaths and trailing from our evergreen decked mantels.

Holly, with it lacquered leaves and brilliant berries, is one of the most beautiful of our Christmas evergreens. Legends in which holly played an important part were similar to those surrounding the mistletoe. Where superstition reigned people seemed to be ever fearful of the evil influences of witches. It was believed that branches of holly hung over doors and windows would drive away these wicked spirits and prevent their evil charms. Holly, like mistletoe, was supposed to influence the harvest.

The stately, fragrant pine has become our favorite Christmas tree. Sometimes just small pine branches lighted with miniature candles serve as a Christmas tree. Often a large pine tree in a public park is decorated and illuminated so that all the children in the city may enjoy it.

The folklore of many countries refers to the pine. It is called the symbol of loyalty as it remains unchanged through summer heat and winter storms. It held a place of honor among the Greeks and was highly prized by the Romans. Legends in Germany and Sweden were woven around the soft murmur of the pines. Although the legends vary some it was

generally believed that the gentle sighing which the pines made was caused by an enchanted voice.

Articles made of pine wood, legends tell us, held a magic power over the users. When used by kind and generous people they brought prosperity and good fortune, but the same articles used by selfish, unkind people had just the opposite effect.

Besides the evergreens of which we have spoken there are many others used in our Christmas decorations, and about most of them are woven similar legends. For centuries they have been referred to in literature. They have been the theme of stories, songs and poems. In Isaiah we read: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."

SELECTIONS FROM DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

Of course you have read this immortal Christmas story, or portions of it in your school reader, but it may be pleasant to recall again some of its characters.

To being with Scrooge: Oh! But he was a tight-fished hand at the grindstone. Scrooge! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire. He iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. Even the blind man's dog appeared to know him; and when he saw him coming would tug its owner into doorways and up courts; and then would wag its tail as though it said: No eye at all is better than a evil eye, dark master.

Next we have Scrooge's nephew, who comes breezing into the dingy office with:

A merry Christmas, Uncle—Bah, said Scrooge. Humbug. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Come, then, returned the nephew gaily. What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough.

Nephew, returned the uncle sternly, keep Christmas in your way, and let me keep it in mine.

But you don't keep it.

Let me leave it alone, then, said Scrooge. Much good may it do you! Much good has it ever done you!

Well, uncle, I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin—as a good time, a kind forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time I know in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people in different stations in life as if they were really fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And, therefore, uncle, though it has never

put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good. and I say, God bless it!

The nephew left in good humor, but paused at the door to give the season's greetings to the clerk, Bob Cratchit.

Soon the time came to close the office, and Scrooge said to the clerk, You'll want all day off tomorrow, I suppose.

If quite convenient, replied Bob.

It's not convenient, said Scrooge, and it's not fair. If I were to stop half a crown for it you would think yourself ill used, and yet you don't think me ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

It is only once a year, said Bob.

A poor reason for picking a man's pockets every twenty-fifth of December, but I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here earlier the next morning.

After this cheerless Christmas talk one might suppose Bob would not feel very gay on his way home. but he came across some boys sliding down hill and he joined in their sport and went down twenty times in honor of the Christmas time.

Scrooge went to his lonely lodgings and his old partner appeared to him. his partner Marley. who had been dead seven years, but his name was still over the office as the firm of Scrooge and Marley. He told Scrooge that he had walked the earth unseen and beheld the sorrows he could not help and felt the remorse of a life spent in gathering gold rather than in doing good, and now he has come to warn Scrooge of a like fate. He promises Scrooge that three spirits will come to visit him, they are the spirit of the Past, of the Present and of the Future.

The Spirit of the Past took Scrooge back to his school days at a boarding school for boys. It was Christmas time and he sat alone while the other boys were gone home for the holidays. Then the door opened and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in and putting her arms around his neck and often kissing him, addressed him as her dear, dear brother.

I have come to bring you home, said the child clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. To bring you home, home, home!

Home? little Fan, returned the boy.

Yes, said the child, brimful of glee, home for good and all. Home forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home's like Heaven. He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said, Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world.

You are quite a woman, little Fan, exclaimed the boy.

And the Spirit of the Past said to Scrooge; She was always a delicate creature whom a breath might have withered, but she had a large heart.

So she had, said Scrooge. I'll not deny it.

And she lived to be a woman and had children, said the Spirit.

One child, replied Scrooge.

Your nephew.

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind

and answered, Yes.

The next scene is where Scrooge worked as a young man. It is Christmas eve, and Fezziwig the boss cries out.

Yo ho, my boys, No more work tonight. Christmas eve! Let's have the shutters up. And you wouldn't believe how those fellows went at it. They plunged into the street and had the shutters up and came back panting like race horses.

And Scrooge and the Spirit looked on while the place was made ready for a grand time for the clerks and Mrs. Fezziwig and her daughters and their friends. At last the time came to say good night and Merry Christmas, which Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig did as their guests left the room.

A small matter, said the Spirit to make all these silly folks so full of gratitude.

Small echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to Scrooge to listen to the two clerks who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig, and when he had done so, the Spirit said, Why is it not small? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money, three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?

It isn't that, Spirit, He has the power to render us happy and unhappy, to make our service light or burdensome, a pleasure or a toil. His power lies in words and looks in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count them up. What then, the happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

Then as the Spirit looked at Scrooge he seemed uneasy, and the Spirit asked what was the matter?

Nothing particular, said Scrooge.

Something, I think, the Spirit insisted.

No, said Scrooge, Only I should like to say a few words to my clerk just now. That's all.

At last Scrooge takes leave of the Spirit of Christmas Past, and the next night comes the Spirit of the Present, and we see the family of the clerk getting ready for the great Christmas feast of roast goose.

Christmas dinner at the Cratchits was celebrated in a manner worthy of the season. Bob comes home from church with Tiny Tim on his shoulders.

And how did Tiny Tim behave in church? asked Mrs. Cratchit.

As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember on Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk, and blind men to see.

And then the happy family gathered around the table and Bob said, A Merry Christmas to all. And they all joined in with the cry, and at last Tiny Tim, said, God bless us every one.

The Spirit of Christmas Present bade Scrooge, farewell and he waited for the next night when the Spirit of Christmas to Come should visit him. And then he again went to the home of Tiny Tim.

It was quiet there, very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet.

The mother laid her work upon the

table, and put her hand up to her face. The color hurts my eyes, she said.

The color! Ah, poor Tiny Tim.

Bob came home, and the children climbed upon his knee and tried to comfort him. Don't mind it, father, don't be grieved.

On Sunday Bob went to see the grave of Tiny Tim, and when he came home he said:

It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little child! cried Bob, My little child!

And then the Spirit showed Scrooge his own room and himself lying dead on his bed, and the servants robbing the room of everything they would lay their hands on, and then the Spirit left him.

When Scrooge awoke it was a bright Christmas morning and he saw that the room was his own and that he was very much alive, but a changed man. He sent a big turkey to his clerk and went to see his nephew and became like a father to Tiny Tim, and he became as good a friend, as good a man as good a citizen of his town as any in that town, and so we say with Tiny Tim, who did not die, God bless us, every one.

And may the reader of this short sketch have the pleasure of reading the whole story as told by that matchless master of our Mother Tongue, Charles Dickens, whose boyhood was a most wretched one, owing to the lack of business ability on the part of his father, who was like Micawber, always waiting for something to happen, but not doing what he might. Charles spent two years pasting labels on boxes of shoe polish, but his mother was ambitious for her son and taught him Latin, and his sad experiences in youth were woven into his stories like Copperfield and the Christmas Carol, the most wonderful Christmas story in the world outside the Bible.

LITTLE-MISS-STAY-IN-THE-CORNER

By Helen Elmira Waite

The Sheridans always knew when Miss Carew had been satisfied with Jean's painting lesson, "because, if Miss Carew says 'That's not so terrible as it was last time,' it makes Jean act as though she were Galli-Curci!" Guy had once sighed, to which Jean promptly retorted, "Well, when she really praises a thing, it does give you a good excuse to burst into song. And you don't even need praise to make you think you're a second Pablo Casals!"

"Cold December hath come in—"

Jean was caroling now as she paused on the stair-landing and looked at the room below. It wasn't a perfectly appointed room, like Miss Carew's pleasant sitting-room, which always made you feel as if you were part of a picture, or the dignified library of Sylvia Kent's home, where it seemed as if you must speak in whispers, but it certainly did look as if you could be happy there, and the

warm, softly-lighted room looked a very friendly place to Jean after her quick walk through the early winter dusk. Guy was busy at the table, his auburn hair standing straight from his head, while the table and floor were covered with spoiled sheets from his large pad. Jean grinned. She knew the symptoms. Guy was having his evening battle with geometry. Rhoda was sitting in the corner by the fireplace, the light on her soft hair, her fingers busy with gay-colored embroidery silks. Good little Rhoda, she hadn't forgotten that Jean had asked her to get her silks out of the tangle the Peter-kitten had made of them when he found her work-basket on the floor!

"Cold December hath come in . . ."

"Are you sure?" Guy looked up in mock surprise. "It feels more like April to me. But if you and the calendar both say so—o-oh! I see! you meant yourself! I agree with you. Your heart certainly is cold to inflict your singing upon me when you see me suffering so over this torture called geometry!"

"There was a young boy called Guy,
Whose 'cello could sing or sigh.
With it, early and late,
He was really great,
But the simplest sums made him cry!"

came Rhoda's soft voice from the corner.

"Any why, I ask you, should a genius be made to suffer so?" Guy asked pathetically. "I really don't believe I'll be able to stand the strain much longer—"

"Oh, Guy! Is it as bad as that?" Rhoda sounded all sympathy. "Perhaps you'd better not eat any of my hot cinnamon buns tonight. They might upset your delicate nervous system. I'm sure mother will give you plain bread if you explain—"

Guy's book went shut with a slam. "Hot cinnamon buns! Where are they! Quick! Quick!"

The Sheridan table was laid with the precious old blue Lafayette china. Jean and Guy stared at it and then at Mrs. Sheridan. That china, with the Sheridans, was a sign that something very important had happened.

"I had something nice happen to me this afternoon," Jean began, "but I don't see how you knew it unless it came by mental telepathy."

"It didn't," said her mother. "Perhaps all this is just in honor of Rhoda's buns. Don't you think they're important enough to deserve a celebration?"

Guy sighed patiently and Jean wiggled. The Sheridans knew perfectly well that it took something far more important than cinnamon buns to induce mother to bring out her beloved Lafayette china, but mother's smile could be the prettiest, most aggravating thing, and when that mischievous note was in her voice—well, their impatience climbed up several degrees, but there was no coaxing her into telling her secrets until she was ready to unfold them!

"What was it happened to you?" Daddy asked Jean. "I can't stand too many mysteries. It feels like Christmas already."

"Well," Jean hesitated and spoke a little slowly, "perhaps—perhaps it doesn't seem so much to anyone else. It's just that Miss Carew has been asked to paint the scenery and do the costumes for the Christmas play, and I'm to help her." She sounded a little apologetic now her news was out, but the light in her face showed

how happy she was over it, and the Sheridans knew without her telling them what an honor it was to have Miss Louise Carew select you as the pupil who was to assist her with such work.

"Oh—Jean, really?" Rhoda cried joyously. "I saw Ann's copy of the book of the play, and it says half the effect depends on the scenery—and you are going to help paint it!"

"It is an honor," Mrs. Sheridan said quickly.

"You see what comes of belonging to a clever family," drawled Guy.

"And I think you deserve a little reward for being such a credit to your clever family," pursued her mother, bringing forth a thick gray envelope. The very sight of it made Jean give a little squeal of joy. "Aunt Christine—"

Letters from Aunt Christine were things of joy. For the past dozen years, since her husband's death, she had gone exploring all the odd corners of the earth. One letter might come from Albania, the next from Czecho-Slovakia. Guy's birthday present might come from Turkey, Rhoda's from Alaska. And her letters alone were as good, Rhoda said, as a trip abroad. Aunt Christine had the knack of making you feel as if you were there be side her, chuckling over a mishap or holding your breath over an adventure—

"Where is she now, Mummy?" Rhoda was asking.

"In California. She has just come from Japan."

"What is she going to explore next?" Guy inquired, "Timbuctoo?"

Mrs. Sheridan's swift smile was mysterious to her children. It was a little grave, very sweet; and if ever a smile was mysterious, it was that one. "Listen!" she said.

They listened. Two pages told of the voyage from Japan, of the loveliness of California. Then Mrs. Sheridan turned to the third page.

"But," said the letter, "I haven't been at all well, lately. I have a very bad case of homesickness. No, you needn't laugh, because homesickness isn't at all funny. And that's what it is. I want to come home—to a real home all my own. I'm tired of gallavanting over the globe. I want to get acquainted with my family. And now, Elinor, I'll have to confess what I've done: "I've bought the Stevens house on Elm Street—you know we always loved it, and I'm coming there to live just as fast as I can settle my business—and I'm a fast settler! I thought of inviting you all there for Christmas, but you've probably made your plans, and so I'm going to begin the new year by entertaining my own family. Oh, Elinor, I'm hungry for snow! Oh—oh, I can hardly wait to get my arms around you all."

There was a postcript: "Will you invite me to the Christmas Gathering of the Clan?"

Mrs. Sheridan folded the letter. Only Rhoda noticed her fingers weren't steady. The rest were too busy absorbing this staggering news. Aunt Christine—coming to Grantadle—now, in time for Christmas—Aunt Christine—tired of journeying into all the interesting places—homesick for Grantdale, when she was used to seeing all the beautiful corners the world possessed!

"The Stevens house!" Jean managed to gasp finally. "Three houses away!"

"Inviting us there for New Year's murmured Guy. "Imagine—an actual Aunt Christine!"

No more geometry for Guy that night. Rhoda's theme for tomorrow afternoon lay forgotten. Who could remember such affairs when Aunt Christine was coming home!

Ann came flying over half an hour later. Ann was a Bradford, but she was Aunt Christine's niece, too.

"Have you heard?" she demanded excitedly. "Aunt Christine sent mother an invitation—did you ever hear anything so glorious? Aren't you aching to see her? I've been thinking ever since I heard—perhaps I can ask her if my voice is—is worth training. Of course, I know what Miss Shirley says—did you know I'm to sing the soprano solos in that Christmas thing?—but—well, Aunt Christine's traveled so much—she must have heard the best music in Europe—"

Guy nodded understandingly. "That's what I've been thinking."

"Perhaps she'll be able to give me some new designs for my painting," mused Jean.

Rhoda, busy with Jean's tangled silks again, looked into the blue and orange flames dancing up the chimney, and said nothing at all. Rhoda had no talents to ask anyone's advice about.

Other letters from Aunt Christine followed that first ecstatic one. Would Elinor please obtain the keys of the Stevens house, find a woman to air and clean it, and would her brother Ken buy coal for her and get her furniture from the storage house? She didn't want to visit with even her own brother and sister. She wanted to begin living in her own home as soon as possible.

"Oh!—and please don't think you'll be doing me a kindness to arrange the furniture," one of the letters said. "I want to have the fun of turning those empty, lonely old rooms into a home all by myself!"

The Sheridans and the Bradfords found, after a day or two, that they could go on doing the same things they had been doing before the bomb burst upon them. They had to, if they were going to do the things expected of them for the Christmas play. Ann studied her solos; Guy was asked to play his 'cello between the scenes of the play; Jean discovered she had to give her full attention to her work with Miss Garew if she was to keep her much wished-for place at Miss Carew's assistant.

"December sixteenth!" Despite the fact she was on Glaremount Street and in full sight of everyone, Jean danced two or three gay steps. "December sixteenth! And day after tomorrow—Aunt Christine! Can you really believe we're going to see her at last? I can just remember her—"

"I was only five myself when she started her journeys," Ann mused. "The only thing I remember is that she told me the loveliest stories." She hesitated a minute, and then laughed a little. "I'm beginning to wonder if I'll get stage-fright with her—"

Rhoda, who had gone with them to Madame Claire's to select Ann's costume for Christmas Eve, started and shivered a little. She had wakened that morning and lay for a few minutes watching the tiny, lazy flakes of the first genuine snow-storm the state had seen that season drift past her window.

"I'm so glad you've come!" she told them. "I don't like a warm, south-breezy Christmas myself, and Aunt Christine said she was hungry for snow. Day after tomorrow—" And then, suddenly, a little imp of fear

clutched at her heart. Where it came from, Rhoda didn't know, but it certainly was there! Suppose—suppose she had stage-fright with Aunt Christine? Suppose—oh, that was ridiculous, and Rhoda was ashamed of herself for thinking of it, but suppose Aunt Christine didn't like her? Aunt Christine was gay and poised and wise. She had done so many things, she had met so many great people. And she was wonderful herself. Like Jean and Ann and Guy, with their talents and ambitions. Rhoda wasn't like that. She didn't seem to have a single talent that you could put your finger on, and as for ambition—well, Rhoda once had confessed her pet ambition at a picnic, when everyone else was telling theirs, and she had never forgotten the joyous howl that went up. It was funny, she realized now. Nobody but Rhoda Sheridan would have thought of such a thing. And long ago Uncle Ken had named her "Little-Miss-Stay-in-the-Corner," and the name did fit. She usually did stay in corners, feeling shy and embarrassed; people seemed to expect her to be as clever and talented as the rest of the Sheridans and Bradfords! Rhoda suddenly threw her two pillows across the room! Why couldn't she have been as clever and sparkling as Jean and Guy and Ann? Why couldn't she have had just one talent?

There had been a listless droop about her shoulders all day. Now she straightened them with a little jerk. The air was full of soft flakes. People were hurrying by with their arms full of mysterious packages. Sweet-smelling Christmas trees and gay holly-wreaths were being sold at the corner. This was no way to feel at Christmas! She wouldn't!

"And you want to be a singer, Ann!" she mocked gayly, "and then think of getting stage-fright just because you're going to meet an aunt! Come on in and get some of the ginger-snaps mother made this morning! Ginger-snaps and stage-fright don't go together!"

The Sheridan door was opened for them by a tall, slender person with gray hair and eager blue eyes.

"Your mother said I needn't wait to meet you a second longer than was necessary!" Aunt Christine laughed, but there was a break in it, "I've so much time to make up for when I missed knowing you! I told you I was a fast settler of business. I suppose I shouldn't have come two whole days ahead of time—I knew my house wouldn't be ready, but I couldn't wait! I've got to make up for so much lost time!"

And suddenly Rhoda knew she could never have stage-fright with Aunt Christine!

By the time she had been in Grantdale a week her nieces couldn't imagine what life had been without her. It hardly seemed possible to remember such a thing, she had slipped into their lives so completely. Ann's small sister Betty could be found at her heels any hour of the day. Guy took her out in his ice-boat, and announced he'd rather have her as a companion than any other girl he knew. She listened to Ann's singing of the solos for the Christmas Play, and told her that anyone who had such a voice should be very happy. She liked Guy's playing and told him so. She even went with Jean to Miss Carew's studio, and caused Jean to sing all afternoon by telling her, "If you

will be content to make haste slowly, and not think you're ready to be a successor to Rosa Bonheur, I think we'll be proud of you some day."

"And what is your ambition, Rhoda, my child?" Aunt Christine demanded with a funny little light in her eyes. She had telephoned to ask if her nieces would like to come down to the Stevens' house—it was the Lothrop house, now, of course—and help her turn the west room from a dreary old barn into a bedroom where you would be sure to have happy dreams. Jean had almost wailed and Ann rebelled against the rehearsal they had to attend that afternoon, but they knew Mrs. Mathiews' feeling toward people who missed rehearsals, and only Rhoda had been able to accept the invitation.

Rhoda, excited and flushed, was at that minute sitting atop a step-ladder, arranging a row of delicate trophies from Japan with deft fingers. She turned slowly before she reached for the next article, flushing a little at the question. Then she saw the odd expression in her aunt's eyes as she sat on the floor, and answering mischief-imps danced into her own.

"I don't believe I have any talents. And I'm glad of it! If I played a violin or wrote poetry, I'd probably have had to do something for that play, like Jean and Ann, and have to be bored with rehearsals instead of—of going to Asia, Europe and Africa with you this afternoon!"

Mrs. Lothrop shook her head sadly. "You needn't try to be polite, honey. You're scrubbed the attic floor and washed the windows, because Mrs. Kehan neglected it. And you've helped me move all sorts of furniture. Don't tell me you'd rather do that than write poetry!"

Rhoda dimpled, and Rhoda had an enchanting dimple. "Yes, I would," she maintained stoutly, "—with you!"

Aunt Christine leaped to her feet and made her a curtsey. Rhoda bowed from the step-ladder.

"I'm not so sure about the talents, Miss Sheridan! Not so sure at all. I think you'd make a pretty good diplomat!"

But as she turned back to her shelves, Rhoda felt a sudden and very warm gratitude for Mrs. Mathiews for insisting on perfect attendance at rehearsals. She was sorry about Ann and Jean missing all this fun with Aunt Christine, but oh, down in her heart she knew she was glad to have been the only partner in Aunt Christine's magic. It was magic, it must have been, to transform a dreary lonely house into a happy-feeling home. And it did feel like that! It really did!

"I can't wait to sleep here!" sighed Aunt Christine, turning the key in the door just as the first, faint stars peeped over the snowy hill. "And to think I'm going to have my family here in little more than a week. You can't know what it means to have a home, a home of your own after so many years, Rhoda! You may use your imagination, but you can't really know."

Rhoda's fingers closed tightly on the gloved hand next her, but, although she strove desperately to find some works with which to tell Aunt Christine that her imagination had told her a little of what a dreadful thing it must be to wander, always wander, because newspapers and magazines were forever asking you to hunt out queer people and quaint ways, when your heart wanted to go home, she couldn't find a single adequate word.

So they walked back to the Sheridan home in silence, with the deep blue shadows over the snow about them, and the leafless trees standing quiet against the pale sky. But sometimes silence isn't a poor thing, and Rhoda was almost sorry when the door opened and they gayly lighted living room. At sight of them, Jean sprang to her feet with an excited "Oh-h!" gathered several bulky packages into her arms and sped up the stairs.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" said Aunt Christine, looking after her.

"Are you still hungry for snow, Aunt Christine?" Jean asked at dinner, "and do you like ice?"

"I certainly do," Aunt Christine answered promptly, "I like the kind you eat, and I like the kind that grows on the river in winter."

Jean laughed. "That's the kind I meant. Ann and I were thinking this afternoon, as we came past the lake—"

"Jumping Jerusha!" Guy looked up from his muffn in astonishment. "Whoever would have thought the lake would have that effect? Don't you think you'd better travel past it oftener?"

Jean ignored him. "We thought perhaps you'd like to skate. And there isn't a rehearsal tomorrow."

"I love it. Rhoda, we'll have a vacation tomorrow afternoon, too!"

The next afternoon was nearly a perfect one for skating. Crisp, with no wind and the sky line an azure bowl. Rhoda's feet danced as she and Aunt Christine and Jean set out for the Bradford house to call for Ann. This was the first free afternoon she had had since the ice was thick enough to be safe, and above all other sports Rhoda loved skating—perhaps because it was the only one she could do really well, she told herself with a chuckle, but there was something about the swift glorious sensation that gave her a sense of joy nothing else did.

"Be ready in a minute!" Ann was pulling on her sweater as she opened the door. "Isn't this a gloriferous day? I think it was made specialy for your benefit, Aunt Christine! Oh, Rhoda, Grandma wanted to see you when you came."

Rhoda went at once to the sunny corner where Ann's delicate little grandmother usually spent her winter days. Rhoda really enjoyed visiting gay little Mrs. Seton; she played games with her, sewed with her, told her the funny little things which happened at school in exchange for Mrs. Seton's stories of old days. Somehow you would never have expected Ann to have time for such things, but Rhoda always did.

"Rhoda," Mrs. Seton pulled her over so that she could whisper in her ear, "I wonder if you could go with me in the car to Darcy's this afternoon to do my Christmas shopping? Flora's too busy, and so's Ann. But we'd have a good time, wouldn't we? Or perhaps you've something special for this afternoon?"

She searched Rhoda's face wistfully, and Rhoda hoped she could keep back the wave of disappointment. Not to go skating—not to go skating with Aunt Christine—but Grandmother Seton could only venture out on days like this, when it was clear, and not too cold. And there would be other days for skating. She smiled at grandmother.

"Of course we'll have a good time! And I'll treat to ice-cream! You run

upstairs and get ready."

With grandmother safely out of hearing, she explained softly and swiftly to the others. Aunt Christine opened her lips, but the others took it quite as an everyday matter.

"Oh, Rhoda doesn't mind things like that," she heard Jean carelessly explaining as the three went down the steps, "she'll have just as good time with grandmother as she would skating. If grandmother had asked her to play chess this afternoon, she'd have enjoyed that. That's why we call her Little-Miss-Stay-in-the-Corner."

Rhoda closed the door with a little more force than was necessary!

There is a feeling about the day before Christmas no other day in the whole year can give you, mystery, excitement, hurry, but beyond that a certain feeling of sweetness and waiting, it is very hard to explain. Rhoda felt it very early, and she knew by the look on Aunt Christine's face when she came to help with the preparations for the family gathering tomorrow, that she felt it, too.

Jean was in the midst of stirring the materials for her own special Christmas cakes together when she was summoned to the phone. From the sound of her voice it wasn't a welcome message. She came back with flying feet.

"Mrs. Mathiews wants her final rehearsal now instead of this afternoon!" she said rapidly. "You wouldn't think she'd need me—I'm just in the chorus, but she says she does! Rhoda, you'll have to finish those cakes! Where's Guy!"

'I'll tell him," said Rhoda quickly.

Ten minutes later the Bradford car was at the door and Ann, cheeks like poinsetias, dashed in!

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Elinor! Merry Christmas, Aunt Christine!" Her hands were full of unmanageable packages, and she clutched at them wildly. "Where's Rhoda? Oh, Rhoda, be a nice cousin and do these things up for me, won't you? Here's the paper and ribbon. My packages always look so—so lumpy! And you make such darling bows!"

Rohda eyed the packages a little dubiously. "Well, I'll try to have them done for you by—next week!"

Ann blew her a kiss. "You'll have them done inside an hour! Guy, if you don't want to be scalped, hurry up!"

"Can't find my music!" snapped Guy irritably. "I've looked on my desk, and the table, and the piano, and—"

"You said last night you'd put it where you'd know where it was," Rhoda's voice was shaking with laughter, "so you put it in your 'cello case."

"So I did!" Guy's face cleared. "Girls, why don't you come?"

"I'm here!" Jean panted at the foot of the stairs. "Rhoda, you remember those little place-cards I started to paint for tomorrow? I've thought every day this week I'd finish them, but something else always bobbed up. They're up on my desk. You finish 'em. won't you, there's a dear!"

She caught sight of the queer light in Aunt Christine's eyes just then, and flushed a little. 'Perhaps you think we're awful, Aunt Christine, but truly, Rhoda doesn't mind doing odd little jobs. She—she likes it!" her voice was hurried. "Of course, we wouldn't ask her if she didn't!"

Aunt Christine smiled with perfect understanding. "I know. It must be nice to have a person like that in the family."

Everybody said the Christmas play was the loveliest thing Grantdale had ever seen, and Christmas at the Sheridans was certainly more merry than it had been for years.

For some reason the week between Christmas and New Year is always the shortest of the whole year. It was gone, Rhoda thought, before she had begun to enjoy it.

But on the last day of the old year Aunt Christine telephoned and asked her to come to tea, "just tea for two." There was a blinding snow-storm in progress, but nothing would have kept Rhoda home.

"Not such a Little-Miss-Stay-in-the-Aunt Christine. "I feel quite complimented."

Rhoda's dimple showed. "Oh, I love a chance to be out in it!"

It was a very happy afternoon, and then just after she had brought in the candles, and lighted the tree, Aunt Christine leaned over the table toward Rhoda, and her voice was serious:

"Rhoda, I asked you this once before, but this time I am in earnest: What is your ambition? I'm pretty sure you have one. Everybody has."

Rhoda laughed a little. "But—but I really haven't any talents!"

"I didn't ask about your talents."

A silence fell over the little room while the soft winter dusk crept in.

"Won't you tell me, dear?" Aunt Christine's voice was very sweet.

Rhoda's head had been bent, now she lifted it and her eyes met Aunt Christine's squarely. "Yes, I will. I—I have an ambition, but it's a very funny one. I—I want—" she stopped, but she went on bravely, "yes, I want to be the head of a Children's Home, the nicest, happiest children's home in the country! I want to have all the tired and frightened and lonely children come there, and learn how to be happy and strong and brave. I want them to forget their home is different from any other child's. I don't want them to be ashamed of it—they'll be proud! And I want to love them all!"

The soft voice faltered just at the end. Then, "Isn't—it—isn't it foolish?"

"No!" said Aunt Christine, "it is not! Rhoda, I'll tell you something: When I first began to realize how very homesick and lonely I was, I said, 'I'll go back to Grantdale and be happy. And I'll see whether one of my nieces or nephews has a special talent, and if I think she or he will really a mount to something. I'll pay for thei rtraining.' And behold, what did I find? Why, they all had talent! I think they will each one amount to something! How was I to choose? But one was the most promising of all. One gave up skating so that an old lady could go shopping. One taught a frightened little girl that it would be fun to speak a prologue before the Christmas play. One sang to a little girl when she was suffering with a bad tooth ache, and her sister had gone to a party. One had executive ability, a clear head and—"

'But we made a game out of learning the prologue, and I've had toothache myself, but—but I haven't any talents—" Rhoda's throat was choked. How had Aunt Christine learned all those things? "Guy—and Jean—and Ann—"

Aunt Christine took both Rhoda's hands. "Rhoda, which is better, to paint a lovely picture, sing or play so that thousands will applaud, or to paint beautiful pictures on a child's

mind, and put a song into his heart? You'll need training and study to be able to realize your ambition, but the money for it is my New Year gift to you. Oh, Rhoda, never say again that you haven't a talent, dear! Don't you know it's a great talent to be willing to work for others? Don't you know that you play your music on people's hearts?"

The silence fell again. Rhoda and Aunt Christine turned to look at the fire sending up blue and gold and rose flames. Except for the light of the candles, the rest of the room was dark, but suddenly, in the fire, both Rhoda and Aunt Christine caught a glimpse of that far-off land where beautiful dreams sometimes come true.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS TIME

By C. W. Hunt

Heavenly Father, in all things we acknowledge Thee. In sickness, in sorrow, in pain or at ease, we look unto Thee the Great Giver of all good. And it is in this faith that we approach this joyful Christmas season with hearts filled with gratitude to Thee for all that we, as individuals and as citizens of a great country enjoy as we celebrate the anniversary of the coming of the Savior of the world, and like the angels at His birth we would lift our voices and join in that song: "Glory to God in highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

And as our hearts go out in praise and thanksgiving for these things so dear to all who name the name, we too, would remember Thy goodness, Thy bountiful goodness in material things. We have had the bad and the good, but at this time we desire to thank Thee for the "Bitter and the sweet," and again confessing that Thou doest all things well. In the language of Thy servant Job we would say: "Though He slay me yet will I serve Him."

We thank Thee for the seeming change that has come over us, when we would give our brother, our neighbor more kindly consideration, and that those who have are more willing to share with those who have not. Thou knowest, O God, it has not always been so. Grant, O God, that this feeling on the part of men to men may grow and deepen until all of us will feel that we are indeed "Our brothers' keeper." We pray Thee to deepen this conviction in the hearts of men so that henceforth none may be sufferers on the account of greed of others, but that each may have a heart so filled with love for our fellows that each will want to see the other secure.

Thy manifold blessings cannot be measured, and we come at this Christmas with hearts aglow at the prospects of the coming of a better day for the weak and discouraged; and in it all, our Father, we give Thee thanks and praises for our safer position today. Bless us in all things, and when this Glad Season has ended, and we pick up our work again, may all of us be better men and women, resolved to bring all good things to pass. Amen!

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